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ned, with the additional advantage of discipline and drill. In one institution in Bond Street male as well as female nurses and rubbers may be had, and in Great Marylebone Street a male nurses (temperance) co-operation has opened an office. Among the conditions of this new society a course of three years' training must precede membership; total abstinence is obligatory, and a preference is given to married men with families. No doubt there are other institutions for male nurses, but they must be few and far between, for we rarely hear of a male nurse being in attendance where he might with propriety be installed. In New York a great movement is going on in this direction notwithstanding opposition and clamour. If therefore it ever became as easy to send out a male nurse as a female, a motherly married nurse (if such a thing exists), or unmarried middle-aged woman (if there is one); in place of the young and flighty, many of the present difficulties, dangers, and anomalies would be overcome, and the new profession as a profession would take a more dignified place in public estimation.

Passing from domestic difficulties we must now review difficulties of another sort—those which spring in the very nature of things from the training and medical education given to nurses in these advanced days.

We have only to look over the following course of studies, which is a fair example of the curriculum adopted at most of our London hospitals, to realise that a nurse leaves the hospital of her apprenticeship stored with a considerable amount of medical knowledge.

The lectures on anatomy and surgery are delivered by the Demonstrator of Anatomy during the months of March, April, and May. There is a written examination, which lady pupils must attend, at the end of the course. The following is the syllabus:

- (i.) The skeleton and the anatomy of the limbs.
- (ii.) Simple fractures, and the principles of treatment.
- (iii.) Anatomy of the joints. Hip disease.
- (iv.) The spinal column, its injuries and diseases.
- (v.) Head injuries and the principles of treatment.
- (vi.) Treatment of wounds. Antiseptic dressings.
- (vii.) Hæmorrhage and its treatment.
- (viii.) Minor surgical operations.
- (ix.) Tumours, &c.

The lectures on physiology and medicine are delivered by the Demonstrator of Biology during the months of June, July, and August. There is a written examination, which lady pupils must attend, at the end of the course. The following is the syllabus:

- (i.) Food: its digestion and absorption.
- (ii.) The diseases of the alimentary canal.
- (iii. and iv.) The lungs and respiration. Diseases of the respiratory organs.
- (v.) The heart and heart disease.
- (vi.) The urine and diseases of the kidney.
- (vii.) The skin and cutaneous diseases.

(viii.) Contagious diseases.

(ix. and x.) The nervous system; nervous diseases and elec....

(xi.) Diet; clothing; ventilation.

During the months of December, January, and February, the lady pupils are taught the elements of pharmacy and dispensing, in the dispensary of the hospital, by the Head Dispenser. The course includes a series of lessons upon the sources, properties, and uses of various drugs, with practical instruction in the preparation of mixtures, pills, and powders. There is a written and practical examination, which lady pupils must attend, at the end of the course.

If they fail to pass their examinations they are required to go through the course again. Thus by living on the spot, surrounded by doctors, watching the progress of cases till they are 'relieved by art or released by death;' by living, in fact, in the midst of object lessons, day and night, over a prolonged period, and further by attending such lectures, the modern nurse enjoys advantages that many fully fledged doctors might envy. For those who intend to remain permanent staff sisters, or to become hospital matrons in future, the more advanced studies might advantageously be pursued, but, all being trained alike, it is not altogether surprising that a little confusion arises occasionally in the highly trained nurse's mind as to her ultimate position in regard to the patient and doctor. When once she is launched on the world she is often called to attend people who can ill afford the fee ranging from two to three guineas a week exclusive of extras. This in addition to the doctor's fees falls heavily on those whose means are small and whose families are large. With a nurse on the spot who can criticise the treatment, and who is only too proud to air her own medical knowledge, it is quickly felt that the doctor's visits may be curtailed, and with the undermining of his authority, and the gradual assumption of responsibility on her part, friction between the two is not unlikely to follow. That it does follow is not unknown behind the scenes of medical life, for nurses have occasionally been dismissed for assuming they were in charge of the case, instead of being in charge of the doctor's patient. I have known more than one nurse utterly ignore the doctor's orders with regard to diet, on the ground that he was trenching on her province. 'Oh, we never consult the doctor about diet,' said a nurse in my hearing one day to the lady's maid of the patient; 'we always attend to that ourselves!' The case was one turning entirely on diet, and was exercising the minds of several of the leading consultants of London.

Another I knew of refused to give the morphia prescribed by the doctor, saying 'she always threw it away, and gave milk and water instead, which did just as well!'

Dr. Charles West in his book refers to Sir William Gull's celebrated saying to the Queen after the Prince of Wales's recovery from typhoid fever.

'Madam [he said], His Royal Highness has been nursed as well as if he had been in a hospital.' This speech [continues Dr. West] points out the weak points of many of the nursing associations. The nurse out of the hospital is under no discipline. She is a sort of free lance, engaged in combating disease together with the doctor, but by no means always subject to his direction. A sentry told off to a certain post must remain there, and do unquestionably as he has been ordered. The nurse too often feels herself under no such obligation. She not only passes her own judgment on the doctor's orders, but too often criticises them to the family, as I remember in a case under the care of one of our most distinguished surgeons, and an officer of one of our largest hospitals. 'The nurse' said to the family with reference to some of his directions, 'Oh, these are old-style ways; we have done away with all of them, and do quite different now.'

Conceit is their besetting sin. . . . Sometimes the nurse has a favourite doctor, and disparages the one in attendance. . . . Not infrequently, too, they are what, if they were of the opposite sex, we should call masterful, and without sufficient reason exclude the wife or the children from the sick-room without making up for it by any special personal interest in the patient. . . . I remember once assisting a peeress, whose daughter, of still higher rank than she, was dangerously ill, to wash the medicine and wine glasses on the sick-room table, because the nurse considered it an office beneath her.

These remarks coming from an experienced London physician, and which I have inserted here after writing this article, go far to confirm my own views, and those of many others, that the modern nurse is too often above her position even in great houses, and in more humble homes is out of harmony with her surroundings.

One of the objections raised to the high training of male nurses in the New York Hospital is the fear that men will make it a stepping stone to medical practice, legal or otherwise. The line of demarcation between the certificated male nurse, after two or possibly three years' hospital training, and the qualified doctor is so slight that boundaries can easily be overstepped. A little further study, a few examinations to pass, and the portals are opened to an inferior class of men. Similar objections might apply equally to women nurses, but for the more serious barrier existing between the certificated nurse and the fully qualified female M.D. It is no thin line of demarcation here, for it would be an impossible drop for a woman accustomed to the excitement of hospital life, with house surgeons, house physicians, students, flirtations, and prospective marriages, to enter the gates of the female school of medicine, and walk the wards of a hospital managed solely by women; and this she would have to do before she could pass into the world a fully qualified doctor. Still, failing the legal right to practise, there remains the right to nurse, with the delightful fact that the two things are easily fused together in the public mind, the result being a world overrun with *medical women*, legal and semi-legal. The legally qualified might with some reason take exception to the encroachments of this army of medical illegals treading on their heels, but the only complaint we hear of on the part of the lady doctors is the difficulty they find in getting modern trained nurses to act under them at all!

At the present moment a curious and interesting discussion is going on in one of the nursing journals headed 'The Future of the Private Nurse,' the correspondents trying to find reasons for the waning popularity of the trained nurse. Samples of bad conduct are given. One nurse refuses to lift a patient who is very ill, saying 'she was not trained for that work.' Another hung the tubing of a douche can on the nail on which hung a large crucifix. She was made to remove it, but next day hung a thermometer in the same place.

A still more grave aspect is to be found in the advertisements which hold out as an attraction to young men that 'Sister' or 'Nurse' So-and-so is the masseuse at such an establishment. Behind all this lies a question which can only be dealt with by the police, and which it is unnecessary to dwell upon here.

Looking at the question of modern nursing from the more moral point of view, we find the district and rural poor well provided with good and faithful nurses, through the Queen's Jubilee Fund and various public and private charities, and for the rich there are plenty of good nurses to be had; but there is still the large middle class unprovided for, and who find the ground cut from under their feet. They can no longer get a nurse for ten shillings or a guinea a week as formerly, and cannot afford nor provide the requirements for a nurse *à la mode*. The charges, being universally the same for the simplest as for the most complicated case, the cost of ordinary and prolonged nursing, especially where two are required, falls, as I have already said, heavily on the family. Many persons, moreover, object to the sense of superiority exercised by the nurse over them. I heard of one the other day in a modest establishment who entertained her youthful patient with an account of her doings in the hunting field, adding that she always had a groom behind her.

'Did your mother keep a parlourmaid?' asked the child simply. 'Oh no, dear,' she replied; 'my father kept a butler!'

At a conference lately held at Stafford House, under the auspices of the 'Council of County Nursing Associations,' some of the speakers maintained that some women were efficient nurses from the beginning, others became efficient with experience, and others were hopeless from the first. One of the questions under discussion was the minimum amount of training required, and I believe it was generally agreed that one year's training and six months' district work, as with the Queen's Jubilee nurses, would suffice.

In the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore (the finest and most perfect hospital in the world), the full term for the training of nurses is two years. They are all taught invalid cookery, and are thus qualified for every kind of nursing even in the most out-of-the-way parts of the earth. In America generally two years' training is the maximum. In Sweden it is the same, and in Copenhagen the minimum for private nursing is one year.

Surely for a guinea a week an intelligent woman after a minimum training, which I do not profess to decide, ought to understand the hygiene of the sick-room, know how to carry out the instructions of the doctor, how to make the bed, keep the room clean if necessary, adapt herself to the household, and render strict obedience under a sense of duty and in simple good faith. In talking this matter over the other day with one of our most eminent surgeons, he stated his belief that any woman of good intelligence could soon be taught all that it was necessary for her to know in the sick-room. If she has not intelligence (which includes tact) and lacks natural sympathy and tenderness, no amount of hospital training will endow her with these qualities. It may be pleaded that we should be opening the doors of this new profession to a lower class of women altogether, and that the main object of the higher training is to raise the standard. Now, in every class there are good, bad, and indifferent to be found—even in the higher class, as I have shown—and in making the suggestion of less medical training for a humbler class it is quite possible that many of the difficulties I have ventured to indicate might be overcome through the wider difference in class between nurse and patient. In any case, what we want is to fill the immense gap that exists between the humble celibate of Roman Catholicism and the accomplished, and often flippant, woman of modern times. That the public should be able to define the status of the nurse should be no difficulty in these days of registration, badges, institutions, and organisation generally.

For complicated abdominal and brain operations, and for typhoid fever, the highly skilled nurse will always be necessary, and for the rich she can always be obtained; but beyond this we should make an effort to satisfy the requirements of those who neither need nor desire the presence of an expensive highly trained nurse any more than they need or desire the daily visits of a first-class consultant.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY.

THE BURIAL SERVICE

WHAT is continuity? What constitutes the continuity of any familiar object? Putting aside all question of atoms and what no magnifying power can show us, a material object may be said to be 'continuous,' so long as the extension and connection of its structure persist uninterrupted, and while it remains distinguishable on all sides from adjacent objects—in a word, so long as its internal and external relations continue essentially unchanged.

The continuity of a moral entity—e.g. a scientific society—may similarly be estimated by the persistence of its internal and external relations; by its members remaining always devoted to the same objects. If the governing body of an orthodox medical society changed it into one devoted to the promotion of homoeopathy, such a society could not be called with justice 'continuous.' But the 'continuity' which we now find most frequently discussed is continuity between the Established Church of our own day and the Church as existing in England when Henry the Eighth began to reign.

Such continuity is loudly asserted by some worthy and excellent persons, while by others, no less excellent and worthy, it is entirely denied.

It appears to us that this question of continuity must be judged in the same way as we judge about the continuity of other entities, material or moral; namely, by examining the permanence of its internal and external relations.

We propose to confine ourselves, in this article, to an examination of only one of the Established Church's internal relations—its relation to and amongst its own members with respect to what concerns the ritual of the dead, which in that Church consists only of the burial service.

Our endeavour will be to test this question in the cold, dry light afforded by clear and indisputable facts only.

For this purpose we must see what was the nature of the change in this respect which took place at the Reformation. Before that event, the ritual, like the Mass, varied more or less according to the uses of Salisbury, York, &c., as these then differed more or less from diocese to diocese throughout Western Europe. But the differ-

ences which existed between them, and between them and the Roman use, were so unimportant that for practical purposes they might be altogether disregarded.

Nevertheless, though it will be convenient to take the present Roman ritual as a type, because it is an existing, living ritual, as the starting point of our examination, we will nevertheless indicate the main points in which our pre-Reformation usages differed from it. Probably the Roman rite of the sixteenth century was more like those usages, and has since been simplified.

We are the more disposed to set out in this manner because there are very many educated persons who have no knowledge of, but may like to know, what the Roman ritual respecting the departed really is.

The liturgical services of the Church of Rome are (as were those of the English Church before the Reformation) : (1) Mass, and (2), the 'Office' or Breviary service. The latter consists of Mattins and Lauds, Prime, Tierce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Compline. They constitute the 'canonical hours,' which every priest is bound to recite daily. Besides these, there are the various rites of Baptism, Confirmation, Marriage, Burial, &c. It is with the Burial Service we are now principally concerned. Nevertheless, as there is a special Breviary Service, or 'Office' for the Dead, as well as a special Mass for the Dead, we feel that to omit all notice of them here would be to give a very inadequate notion of the Roman, and pre-Reformation English, ritual with respect to the departed. For the Office and Mass really form parts of a full funeral service, though, of course, not of the Burial Service.

The Office for the Dead consists of Vespers, Mattins, and Lauds only, the other 'hours' not being represented in it. In funerals solemnly performed, Mattins and Lauds, which constitute what is called the Dirge, are sung in church in the presence of the corpse and mourners, before Mass. Only after Mass has been finished is the corpse carried to the grave.

The Vespers for the Dead, which are sung or recited on the eve of the funeral, consist of the 114th, 119th, 120th, 129th, and 137th Psalms, with antiphons sung before and after each, while at the end of each Psalm is sung (instead of 'Glory be to the Father' &c.) 'Eternal rest give to them, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon them.' Then, after another antiphon, follows the *Magnificat*, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord,' the *Pater noster*, and the following responses :

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord,
And may perpetual light shine upon them.
From the gates of hell .
Deliver their souls, O Lord.
May they rest in peace.
Amen.

O Lord, hear my prayer.
 Let my cry come to thee.
 The Lord be with you.
 And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

Lord, we pray Thee to absolve the soul of Thy servant —, who hath died unto the world that he may live unto Thee. And wheresoever while he walked among men he transgressed through the weakness of the flesh, do Thou in the exceeding tenderness of Thy mercy, forgive and put away. Through Our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Mattins, which form the first part of the *Dirge*, consist of three divisions, each of which is called a *Nocturn*. All three of these, or only one, may be sung, as desired. The Mattins begin with the following words, forming what is called the *Invitatory*:

'The King unto whom all live, O come let us adore.'

To this immediately succeeds the '*Venite, exultemus Domino*,' 'O come, let us sing unto the Lord.' After each verse of the *Venite*, the whole, or only the latter phrase, of the *Invitatory* is alternately repeated. The last verse, instead of being, as in the ordinary office, 'Glory be to the Father,' &c., is made up of the words before cited, and which repeatedly recur, 'Eternal rest give to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.'

The first *Nocturn* is composed of the 5th, 6th, and 7th Psalms, with antiphons, the *Pater noster*, and three lessons taken from the 7th and 10th chapters of the Book of Job; certain responses being said after each. Thus, for example, after the second lesson is said:

Thou who didst raise up Lazarus from the grave, Thou, O Lord, give them rest and a place of forgiveness.

Who art to come to judge the living and the dead, and the world by fire, do Thou, O Lord, give them rest and a place of forgiveness.

The second *Nocturn* consists of the 22nd, 24th, and 26th Psalms, with antiphons, the *Pater noster*, and three lessons from the 13th, and 14th of Job with responses.

The third *Nocturn* contains the 39th, 40th, and 41st Psalms, with antiphons, the *Pater noster*, and three lessons from the 17th, 19th and 10th of Job with responses.

Lays is made up, first, of the following Psalms and canticle, with antiphons; namely, the 50th, 64th, 62nd, and 66th Psalms, the Song of Hezekiah (Isaiah xxxviii.), and the 148th, 149th, and 150th Psalms. After these come the words:

I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me:
 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'

And the following antiphon:

I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

Then comes the *Benedictus*, or the canticle of Zachary, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel.'

After which the just cited antiphon is repeated, then the *Pater noster*, while the collect, already given at the end of Vespers, concludes the Dirge.

The High Mass, which follows next in solemn funerals, differs from Masses which are not for the departed, in the following respects:

The vestments worn by the Priest, Deacon, and Subdeacon are black, ornamented with white or gold, and incense is not used before the offertory.

The Psalm *Judica* is not said, and the *Introit* is a prayer for eternal rest. The following is the collect:

O God, whose property it is ever to have mercy and to spare, we humbly beseech Thee, on behalf of Thy servant —, whom Thou hast to-day summoned out of this world, that Thou wouldest not deliver him into the hands of the enemy, nor forget him for ever, but command him to be received by holy angels to the region of Paradise, that, forasmuch as in Thee he hoped and believed, he may not suffer the pains of hell but possess eternal joys. Through, &c.

The Epistle¹ is from the 4th chapter, 12-17 verses, of 1 Thesalonians, which is followed by a special Gradual and Tract (praying for all the faithful departed) and the well-known sequence '*Dies iræ, dies illa.*'

The Gospel is from St. John, chapter xi., 21-27 verses. The offertory is as follows:

O Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pains of hell and from the deep abyss; deliver them from the mouth of the lion, that hell may not swallow them up, and they may not fall into darkness, but may the holy standard-bearer Michael bring them into the holy light, which Thou didst promise of old to Abraham and his seed. We offer to thee, O Lord, sacrifices and prayers: do Thou receive them in behalf of those souls whom we commemorate this day. Grant them, O Lord, to pass from death to life; which thou didst promise of old to Abraham and his seed.

Immediately before the Preface the following prayer is said privately:

Be merciful, we beseech Thee, O Lord, to the soul of Thy servant —, for which we offer Thee the sacrifice of praises, humbly beseeching Thy majesty that, by these offices of pious expiation, it may be found worthy to arrive at everlasting rest.

No change is made in the Canon of the Mass, but the *Agnus Dei* is thus modified: First there is twice repeated

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, give them rest;

and then once more with the word 'eternal' placed before 'rest.'

Immediately after he has received Holy Communion the priest says:

¹ On All Souls' Day the Epistle is from 1 Corinthians xi. 51-57.

May light shine upon them, O Lord, with Thy saints for ever, because Thou art merciful. Eternal rest give to them, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon them, with Thy saints. Because Thou art merciful.

The Post-Communion prayer is, then sung, as follows :

Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that the soul of Thy servant —, which has to-day departed from this world, being purified by this sacrifice and delivered from sins, may receive pardon and everlasting rest.

Finally, instead of the '*Re Missa est*' and the blessing, the priest once more prays 'May they rest in peace,' &c., and the Mass ends. Then follow the 'absolutions.'

The priest and assistants, with the processional cross and lights, come down from the altar to the coffin, when the '*Libera*' is said, 'Deliver me, O Lord,' &c., as given below,² under the title of 'the Responsory' in the Burial Service.

Afterwards the two first words of the *Pater noster* are said, and while it is continued silently, the priest walks twice round the coffin incensing and sprinkling it. Then the words : 'Lead us not into temptation,' 'But deliver us from evil' are repeated aloud. • Immediately afterwards the priest says the following prayer :

Absolve, we beseech thee, O Lord, the soul of thy servant — from every bond of sin ; that, rising again in the glory of Thy resurrection, he may enjoy a new life amongst Thy saints and elect, through, &c.

Grant him eternal rest, O Lord.

And let perpetual light shine upon him.

May he rest in peace.

Amen.

Masses for the dead may be and mostly are said, not only on the day of burial, but subsequently, especially on the 3rd, 7th, and 30th days after burial, while private masses may be said for the repose of the soul of a deceased person, every day indefinitely.

THE BURIAL SERVICE

The following is a translation of the Latin ritual for the interment of a corpse, i.e. the Roman Burial Service : •

The Priest, meeting the corpse at the entrance to the cemetery, sprinkling it with Holy Water, says :

If thou shalt observe iniquities, O Lord, Lord, who shall endure it ?

He then recites the 129th Psalm (*De profundis*) and the 50th (*Miserere mei, Deus*).

Having entered the church the following responsory is said :

Come to his assistance, all ye saints of God, meet him, ye angels of the Lord, receiving his soul and presenting it in the sight of the Most High.

May Christ receive thee who hath called thee, and may the angels conduct thee into Abraham's bosom.

Receiving his soul, &c.

Eternal rest give to him, O Lord.

And may perpetual light shine upon him.

Presenting it in the sight of the Lord.

I am the resurrection and the life, &c.

Our Father (*silently, and then aloud*):

And lead us not into temptation.

But deliver us from evil.

From the gate of hell

Deliver his soul, O Lord.

May he rest in peace.

Amen.

O Lord, hear my prayer.

And let my cry come unto Thee.

The Lord be with you.

And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

Absolve, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant from every bond of sin; that rising again in the glory of Thy resurrection he may enjoy a new life amongst Thy saints and elect, through, &c.

Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord, because no man shall be justified in Thy sight, except Thou grant him the remission of all his sins. Therefore we beseech Thee not to let the sentence of Thy judgment fall heavy upon him who is recommended to Thee by the true supplication of Christian faith; but may he deserve, by Thy assisting grace, to escape the sentence of condemnation, who whilst he lived was marked with the sign of the Holy Trinity, who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

The Responsory.

Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death, in that dreadful day when the heavens and the earth shall be moved; when Thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.

I tremble and do fear for the scrutiny to be, and Thy wrath to come, when the heavens and the earth are to be moved.

That day is the day of anger, of calamity, and of misery, a great day and very bitter, when Thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.

Grant him eternal rest, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon him.

Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death in that dreadful day when the heavens and the earth are to be moved, when Thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.

Lord have mercy upon us.

Christ have mercy upon us.

Lord have mercy upon us.

Our Father.

And lead us not into temptation.

But deliver us from evil.

From the gate of hell

Deliver his soul, O Lord.

May he rest in peace.

Amen.

O Lord hear my prayer.

And let my cry come before Thee.

The Lord be with you.

And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

O God, whose property it is, &c.

(The collect of the Mass before given, *ante*, p. 41.)

Then the corpse is carried to the grave, and in the meantime is said :

May the angels lead thee into Paradise, may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming, and bring thee into the holy city of Jerusalem. May the choir of angels receive thee, and mayst thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who once was poor.

If the corpse is buried in an unconsecrated cemetery, then the grave is blessed as follows :

Let us pray.

O God, by whose mercy the souls of the faithful find rest, vouchsafe to bless this grave, and send thy holy angel to guard it ; and absolve the souls of all those whose bodies are buried here from all the bonds of sin, that they may always rejoice in Thee with Thy saints for ever, through, &c.

Here the corpse and grave are sprinkled with holy water and incensed. When the corpse is deposited in the grave :

The *Benedictus* is sung, the words 'Eternal rest give to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him,' serving as the last verse, and the antiphon 'I am the resurrection' &c. being said or sung before and after the *Benedictus*.

Then is repeated :

Lord have mercy on us.

Christ have mercy on us.

Lord have mercy on us.

Our Father &c.

(While the corpse is sprinkled with holy water) :

And lead us not into temptation.

But deliver us from evil.

From the gate of hell

Deliver him, O Lord.

May he rest in peace.

Amen.

O Lord, hear my prayer.

And let my cry come before Thee.

The Lord be with you.

And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy mercy to Thy servant departed, that he may not receive the punishment due to his sins, who was desirous to hold fast Thy will ; and as here true faith unites him to the company of the faithful, so may there Thy mercy unite him to the choir of angels, through, &c.

Amen.

Grant him eternal rest, O Lord.

And let perpetual light shine upon him.

May he rest in peace.

Amen.

May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

Here what may be strictly called the 'burial service' ends ; but whilst returning from the grave to the church, the 129th Psalm (*De profundis*) is once more repeated, and before and after it the antiphon : 'If thou shalt observe iniquities, O Lord, Lord, who shall endure it ?'

Such is the Roman Burial Service in the present day.

The Vespers and the Dirge of our ancient use of York were almost identical with the present Roman use. That of Sarum was nearly

as similar, only two Psalms being different, as the reader can easily see for himself.*

Also the Mass for the Dead according to the Sarum use hardly differed from the Roman rite of the present day. As to that of York, the 'absolutions' were a good deal longer.⁴

The Burial Services proper of both York and Sarum differ much in trifling details from each other and from the present Roman service; but possibly less from that of four centuries ago.

It would take up far too much of our space to give in detail these differences, but any reader who desires to ascertain every point of divergence can readily do so through the help of the Surtees Society.⁵ Both of them were much longer than the present Roman service,⁶ and that of Sarum was exceedingly long. But, neither one nor the other contained fewer or less explicit prayers for the departed than does the existing Roman rite, while as regards the ceremonies of sprinkling with holy water and incensing corpse and grave, this was performed twice in the use of York, and four times in that of Sarum, while in the Roman, the corpse and grave are incensed but once. The *Benedictus* was sung in the Sarum rite as it is in that of Rome; but not in the York rite. In both, earth was thrown down upon the corpse, but only in the Sarum rite were the following words said by the priest: ⁷

I commend thy soul to God the Father Almighty, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Nothing in the Roman ritual is stronger than the prayers in both of the old English services, especially the absolution⁸ pronounced over the corpse in the grave,⁹ and the numerous prayers at the end of the York service, most of which had a place in that of Sarum also.

All three rites end with the words 'May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed by the mercy of God rest in peace.' Only in the Sarum service is there a prayer for remission of the departed's sins through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints.¹⁰

* In vol. lxiii. of the *Publications of the Surtees Society*. For the Offices of the Dead, according to the use of York, see pp. 60-90, and for the Sarum use see pp. 66-74*. The Sarum Mass for the Dead is to be found from p. 75* to p. 80*.

⁴ See *op. cit.* pp. 92-4.

⁵ For the Burial Service of York see *op. cit.* pp. 95-102; for that of Sarum see pp. 80*-85*.

⁶ The Roman rite may be said generally to differ from other rites by its greater gravity and simplicity.

⁷ *Op. cit.* p. 83*.

⁸ *Dominus Jesus Christus, qui beato Petro apostolo ceterisque discipulis suis licentiam dedit ligandi atque absolvendi, ipse te absolvat ab omni vinculo delictorum. et quantum meo fragilitati permittitur, sis absolutus ante tribunal Domini nostri Jesu Christi habensque vitam eternam et vivas in secula seculorum. Amen.*

⁹ It was interred with the corpse in the use of Sarum.

¹⁰ It comes just before the end, and these are the precise words:

Satisfaciat tibi, Domine Deus noster, pro anima famuli tui — fratris nostri sancti

We assume that our readers are familiar with the Burial Service as now used by the Anglican Church, which is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer.

With the enforcement of the first form of that book by the government of Edward the Sixth, in June 1549, the first great change was the discontinuance of the Dirge (or Mattins and Lauds for the Dead) and a profound transformation of the 'celebration' or 'Mass.'

From it the Introit, Gradual, Tract, *Dies Iræ*, Offertory prayer, Secret, Communion, and Post-Communion (all of which, as we have seen, contained direct, plainly expressed prayers for the eternal repose of the deceased) were struck out, and, of course, there is no mention of sacrifice for the dead. Before the consecration, however, at every funeral Communion service, the following words were used: '*We commend unto Thy mercy (O Lord) all other Thy servants, which are departed hence from us, with the sign of faith, and now do rest in the sleep of peace. Grant unto them, we beseech Thee, Thy mercy, and everlasting peace,*' &c.

The celebration, when there was a burial of the dead, began with the recitation of the Forty-second Psalm. The Collect was the same as the one at the end of the Burial Service now in use, except that after the words 'at the general resurrection in the last day' it continues 'both we and *this our brother departed*, receiving again our bodies, and rising again in Thy most gracious favour, may with all Thine elect saints obtain eternal joy. Grant this,' &c.

The Epistle was the same as in the Roman Mass on the day of burial, and the Gospel (St. John vi. 37, 40) as in the Roman Mass said on the anniversary of the deceased. The Burial Service of the First Prayer Book differed from that now in use as follows:

After the three passages read on meeting the corpse—(1) 'I am the resurrection,' &c.; (2) 'I know that my Redeemer,' &c.; (3) 'We brought nothing into the world,' &c.;—followed directly the service at the grave, which consisted in the first place of the four passages now used: (1) 'Man that is born,' &c. (2) 'In the midst of life,' &c.; (3) 'Yet, O Lord,' &c., and (4) 'Thou knowest, Lord,' &c. After which the 'Priest' is directed to cast earth upon the corpse and say: '*I commend thy soul to God the Father Almighty, and thy body to the ground, earth to earth,*' &c., finishing as does the passage which in the modern service is directed to be said, 'while earth shall be cast upon the body by some standing by.'

Then was (as now is) said, or sung, the words, 'I heard a voice,'

Dei genetricis semperque virginis Mariæ et sanctissimi apostoli tui Petri omniumque sanctorum tuorum oratio, et præsentis familie tuæ humilis et devota supplicatio, ut peccatorum omnium veniam quam precamur obtineat, nec eam patiaris cruciari gehennalibus penis quam Filii tui Domini nostri, Jesu Christi pretioso sanguine redemisti. Qui tecum,' &c.

&c., and then, without 'Lord have mercy on us,' and 'Our Father,' there followed directly 'Let us pray,' and the prayer:

We commend into Thy hands of mercy, most merciful Father, the soul of our brother departed —. And his body we commit to the earth, beseeching Thine infinite goodness to give us grace to live in Thy fear and love, and to die in Thy favour: that when the judgment shall come which Thou hast committed to Thy well beloved Son, both this our brother, and we, may be found acceptable in Thy sight, and receive that blessing which Thy well beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear Thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father: Receive the kingdom prepared for you before the beginning of the world. Grant this, merciful Father, for the honour of Jesu Christ our only Saviour, Mediator, and Advocate. Amen.

To this was added a second prayer, in part like the last prayer but one of the existing service:

Almighty God, we give Thee hearty thanks for this Thy servant, whom Thou hast delivered from the miseries of this wretched world, from the body of death and all temptation; and, as we trust, hast brought his soul, which he committed into Thy holy hands, into sure consolation and rest: *Grant, we beseech Thee, that at the day of judgment his soul and all the souls of Thy elect, departed out of this life, may with us, and we with them, fully receive Thy promises, and be made perfect altogether, through the glorious resurrection of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.*

As to what followed, the rubric said: '*These Psalms with other suffrages following are to be said in the church, either before or after the burial of the corpse.*'

Then followed the 116th, 139th, and 146th Psalms, the lesson from 1 Corinthians, chapter xv. (as in the existing service); the service then concluded as follows:

Lord have mercy upon us.

Christ have mercy upon us.

Lord have mercy upon us.

Our Father, &c.

And lead us not into temptation.

But deliver us from evil. Amen.

Enter not, O Lord, into judgment with Thy servant.

For in Thy sight no living creature shall be justified.

From the gates of hell

Deliver their souls, O Lord.

I believe to see the goodness of the Lord

In the land of the living.

O Lord, graciously hear my prayer.

And let my cry come unto Thee.

Let us pray.

O Lord, with whom do live the spirits of them that be dead: and in whom the souls of them that be elected, after they be delivered from the burden of the flesh, be in joy and felicity: *grant unto this Thy servant, that the sins which he committed in this world be not imputed unto him, but that he, escaping the gates of hell, and pains of eternal darkness, may ever dwell in the region of light, with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the place where is no weeping, sorrow, nor heaviness; and when that dreadful day of the general resurrection shall come*

make him to rise also with the just and righteous, and receive this body again to glory, then made pure and incorruptible: set him on the right hand of Thy Son Jesus Christ, among Thy holy and elect, that there he may hear with them these most sweet and comfortable words: Come to me, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom which hath been prepared for you from the beginning of the world; Grant this, we beseech Thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

This first Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth had but a very short life, being authoritatively replaced by the second one by a law which came into force on the 1st of November, 1552.

We have italicised such of its parts as, more or less plainly, continued the immemorial practice of the Catholic Church in England of solemnly and distinctly praying for the dead. In the second book, every one of these passages (though they carefully referred *not to present or speedy deliverance* of the souls prayed for, but only to their state after the general resurrection) were expunged, and they so remain to the present day. Not only is such the case, but '*the celebration of the Holy Communion when there is a burial of the dead*' is left out altogether, and though its collect '*O Merciful God*'¹¹ has had a place given to it (as '*the Collect*') at the end of the existing Burial Service, yet the petition that '*this our brother departed . . . may obtain eternal joy*' has been expunged from it.

Also the '*Psalms and suffrages*' which the first Prayer Book directs '*to be said in the church, either before or after the burial of the corpse*,' were also and still remain entirely eliminated, probably because it was thought¹² they might be supposed to represent and take the place of the ancient *Dirge*. The two Psalms used in the present service were recited neither in the Burial Service of Sarum or York nor in that of Rome.

It is then a plain fact that in the reign of Edward the Sixth a change was made which (save for the short reign of Mary) has continued to the present day. What is the value and significance of that change?

Surely no teaching is likely to come more home to the hearts of men than that which relates to the future state of those nearest and dearest of whom they have just been bereaved, which affirms their power to help those they love and lament, and directs the modes in which that help may be most effectually rendered.

¹¹ See *ante*, p. 46.

¹² Dom Gasquet and Mr. Edmund Bishop, in their valuable work entitled *Edward the Sixth and the Book of Common Prayer* (John Hayes, 1890), p. 299, note 1, suggest this, and say: 'The reason of this last omission is probably to be found in an interrogatory of Hooper in 1551: "*Item: whether the curates teach that the psalms appointed for the burial in the King's Majesty's book for thanksgiving unto God for the deliverance of the dead out of this miserable world be appointed and placed instead of the dirge wherein they prayed for the dead*"' (*Later Writings*, Parker Soc. p. 146).

In the opinion of Bucer (according to authorities quoted by Gasquet and Bishop) the collect contained no intercession for the dead at all, and this was his reason for recommending its incorporation in the burial service.

Seeing, moreover, that Christianity is mainly concerned in teaching men about a future life, forms of Christianity could hardly be more divergent than two which taught quite different, contradictory doctrines, and enjoined opposed practices respecting that future.

The Catholic Church in England had ever taught that the souls of most men and women went to an intermediate state, wherein they could be comforted and speeded on their road to bliss, by the prayers of the faithful, especially by the liturgical devotions of the Church, and above and beyond all else by the ineffable and adorable sacrifice of the Mass, which could be repeated again and again, according as private devotion might inspire.

The Church erected by Edward the Sixth, and that which represents it to-day, has practically taught, by precept and example, with the exception of the 'non-jurors' and the zealous followers of the Tractarian movement, that there is no intermediate state, that the dead can neither be comforted nor aided by private prayers. It abolished also all liturgical services to that end, while the sacrifice of the Mass, long actually penal, was commonly represented by it, as an odious superstition, if not an act of idolatry.

From the time of Elizabeth till near the middle of the present century, not only were prayers for the dead thus neither practised nor enjoined by the established Church of England, but, in harmony with the teaching of the 22nd Article about Purgatory, they were positively disapproved of; children being generally taught, as we were, that "as the tree falls so it shall lie" and that no amelioration of the fate of each soul could take place between death and the day of judgment. So widely diffused, tenacious, and energetic was this sentiment, that inscriptions on tombstones asking for prayers were not allowed—we ourselves, not many years ago, could not obtain permission from the *Times* to add the letters R.I.P. after the announcement of a death.

It is true that of late the Ritualists have, since the resurrection of the Catholic Church in this country, revived many of the old Catholic practices. It has also become the custom to hold what appear to us to be singularly empty and unmeaning 'commemorative services' after the deaths of distinguished persons. In these services, however, no prayers for the dead ever can be said without violating the law as to ritual.

Nor is there in the Burial Service any recognition, as in the Catholic service, of the probable danger of suffering on account of sin, and the present need of the departed sinner for the pious suffrages of survivors. Men and women of no special piety are popularly regarded as ready for Heaven, and sure to enter it, if we may judge by the nauseous hymns, so commonly sung, proclaiming that the trials and troubles of the deceased are at an end, that 'the pilgrim's task is o'er,'

&c., and joy and peace already gained. Even in the Burial Service itself the words 'in sure and certain hope' are always used.

The Catholic Church, by *official* acts, linked the living and the dead in the closest bonds of pious charity. The Edwardian Church, by *official* acts, cut them utterly asunder, and opposed and discountenanced all such charity.

To assert that these two thus profoundly divergent bodies can be 'one,' or to teach that they are or can be reasonably deemed '*continuous*,' is surely nothing less than an insult to the reason of those to whom such assertions or teaching are addressed. But in reality, the divergence is still greater, for very generally amongst Anglicans the eternity of Hell is not believed,¹³ though it would be unjust to charge the English Church with any official abandonment of that Catholic doctrine save that it does not exclude from its communion men, even clergymen, who publicly deny that tenet.

There is yet another very important matter to note. The change thus made with respect to the ritual and teaching as regards the dead—this evident breach of continuity—was not only a breach with the past, but was, and is, a breach with the Christian world *external to the Roman Communion* as well as within it. It was a rupture with what members of the English establishment so often appeal to as 'the undivided Church,' and with the teaching and practice of the East no less than of the West.

That such is the case our readers can soon see by referring to the Rev. Dr. King's work on the Russian Church.¹⁴ We are persuaded that many of our readers will be glad to see what the Greek Burial Service actually consists of, and what are the other practices of that Church in the present day, with respect to the departed.

Dr. King's work being more than 120 years old, we have been fortunate in being able to ascertain that what is therein set down actually applies to the Greek Church of our own day. We have been able to ascertain this through the great kindness of the Archimandrite Dr. Antonios Paraschis, the head priest of the Greek Church in Bayswater, who has taken great trouble to explain, both verbally and in writing, the matters we have wished to ascertain. We regret much

¹³ It was my belief that such was the case, and my conviction that the Church's doctrine accords with right reason, the highest morality, and the greatest benevolence, which led me to write the article which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* of December 1892. I therein said: 'It is not inexorable severity and the continuance of chastisement, but mercy and forgiveness, which the aspects of nature and their scientific study render difficult of belief. We know only too well that pain and agony exist here. What ground can we have for denying the possibility of their existence hereafter?' 'Observation of daily life lends force to Cardinal Newman's assertion (*Grammar of Assent*, p. 386) that 'God is one who ordains that the offender shall suffer for his offence, not simply for the good of the offender, but as an end good in itself, and as a principle of government.'

¹⁴ See *The Rites and Ceremonies of the Greek Church in Russia*, containing an account of its doctrine, worship, and discipline, by John Glen King, D.D. (London, 1772). This book is in the London Library, St. James's Square.

that space does not allow us to describe more fully what the Oriental rite is.

In the Greek Church, as in the Latin, there is both 'Office' (consisting of Vespers, After Vespers, midnight service, Mattins (the Latin Lauds), Prime, Tierce, Sext, and None) and Mass, and both of these are said and sung specially for deceased persons, though there is not a distinct Office and Mass for the Dead, as in the Latin Church, but special prayers are said after Vespers, Mattins, and after Mass when these are performed for a person deceased. A portion of these are also said immediately after death, as soon as a priest has incensed the corpse, and the same portion is also recited at that part of the Burial Service which takes place in the house.

Blessed be our God, O most Holy Trinity.

Our Father, &c.

O our Saviour, let the soul of Thy servant rest with the spirits of just men made perfect, and grant him that blessed life which is with Thee, O Thou lover of mankind.

O Lord, let the soul of Thy servant find peace in Thy peace, where all Thy saints repose: for Thou alone art the lover of mankind.

Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

Thou art God who didst descend into Hades, and delivered those who were bound. Do Thou, O Lord, give rest unto the soul of Thy servant.

Both now and for ever even unto ages of ages.

O only pure and unblemished Virgin, who in perfect purity broughtest forth God, intercede for the salvation of his soul.

Have mercy upon us, O God, after Thy great goodness: we beseech Thee, hear us, and have mercy upon us.

Lord have mercy upon us (*thrice*).

Again we pray for the repose of the soul of the servant of God — and for forgiveness of his sins voluntary and involuntary.

Lord have mercy upon us (*thrice*).

That the Lord God may grant his soul to rest where the righteous rest.

Lord have mercy upon us (*thrice*).

We pray for the mercy of God, the kingdom of Heaven, and forgiveness of his sins from Christ the immortal King and our God.

Grant this, O Lord.

Let us pray unto the Lord.

Lord have mercy upon us.

The Priest then says this prayer:

O God of all spirits and of all flesh, who hast destroyed death, and trodden down Satan, and hast given life to the world: grant, O Lord, to the soul of Thy servant — departed this life, to rest in pleasant, happy, and peaceful places; from whence pain and grief and sighing do flee away. Forgive, O blessed Lord, Thou lover of mankind, forgive the sins he hath committed by thought, word, and deed; for there is not a man that liveth and sinneth not: Thou only art without sin, Thy righteousness is everlasting righteousness, and Thy word is truth.

Exclamation. For Thou, O Christ, our God, art the resurrection and the life, and the repose of Thy departed servant —, and to Thee we offer up our praise together with Thine everlasting Father, and Thy most holy, blessed, and life-giving Spirit now and for ever, even unto ages of ages.

Amen.

Deacon. Wisdom.

Choir. O Thou who art purer than the cherubim, &c.

Then the Priest says this dismissal :

Christ, our true God, who rose from the dead, through the prayers of His most pure Mother, of our faithful and inspired fathers, and of all His saints, will cause the soul of this His servant — departed from us to dwell in holy habitations, and to be numbered with the righteous, and will have mercy upon us, for He is good and the lover of mankind.

The foregoing (after other prayers) is repeated both after Vespers and Mattins (Lauds) when they are said for the dead, and after the Mass on the day of the funeral and after each commemorative Mass sung subsequently. Private Masses may be said as often as desired, especially on the third, ninth, and fortieth days, and on the anniversaries of birth and decease, and these may be continued for centuries, precisely as in the Latin Church.

At these memorial¹⁵ masses for the dead, black vestments are worn.

The actual Burial Service—after what we have here given has been performed in the house—is as follows :

The corpse having been brought to the church the 91st and part of 110th Psalm are said, and 'Again and again let us pray unto the Lord in peace,' with the prayer 'O God of all spirits' before given. Then another part of the 110th Psalm, with 'Have mercy upon Thy servant' added at the end of each verse, and the prayer once more. Then the conclusion of the Psalm, with Alleluiah after each verse.

Then follows a series of very short hymns, after each of which is said 'Blessed art Thou, O Lord. O teach me Thy judgments.' The last hymn is as follows :

* Dr. Antonios Paroschis has kindly written to me as follows: 'The Memorial Service for the repose of the souls of the dead is performed in two ways :

'The first and most proper way is to celebrate the Divine Liturgy [*i.e.* Mass]. By so doing we make an offering of atonement for the souls of the dead. The second way is without the Divine Liturgy, and is only prayer and supplication for the dead. In the first way, when celebrating the Divine Liturgy the Christian names of the deceased are mentioned in the *Prothesis*, publicly in the *Gredit Entrance* and in the *Diptychs*, while the choir is singing the *Megalymnion* ('Hymns to Our Lady'). At the end of the Divine Liturgy the priests, deacons, and bishop, if one be present, stand round a table placed in the centre of the church bearing lighted candles and a mourning tray, containing corn and currants, which is called *Calix*. The bishop or head priest begins with the usual benediction: 'Blessed be our God, &c.' Then follow the 119th Psalm and the *Troparion* of the Burial Service (Dr. King, p. 344). Next comes the *Contakion* of St. John Damascene: 'What pleasure of life is unmixed with sorrow,' &c.

Afterwards is said three times, "Thrice Holy, O most Holy Trinity and the Our Father," and the rest as said beside the body immediately after death. Then the bishop or head priest says three times: "May thy memory endure for ever, O our brother, who art worthy to be blessed, and to be had in remembrance." In conclusion the choir thrice repeats the same, adding the words: "Through the prayers of our holy fathers, O Lord Jesu Christ our God have mercy on us."

This second mode (similar to the first except, as before said, that the Divine Liturgy is not celebrated) is also said at the end of Vespers and of Mattins for the dead, or at the grave.

O God, give rest unto Thy servant, and place him in Paradise: where the choir of Thy saints and great men shine forth as the stars, give rest to Thy departed servant and forgive him all his sins.

Glory be to, &c.

Let us praise the threefold light of the same Godhead, crying out: Holy art Thou, O Father eternal, and Thy co-eternal Son, and Thy Divine Spirit! illuminate us who worship Thee with faith and redeem us from everlasting fire.

Both now, &c.

Hail! O chaste Virgin, thou who for the salvation of us all didst bring forth God in the flesh; by thee mankind found salvation. Grant, O chaste and glorious Mother of God, that by thee we may be restored to Paradise.

Alleluiah (three).

The prayer 'O God of all spirits' a third time repeated.

(In some places the whole of the 119th Psalm is sung, sometimes only one part.)

Then comes the 51st Psalm, after which a long series of hymns, called 'the Canon,' follow, which are sung in some places and omitted in others. It contains an invocation to the Blessed Virgin in each hymn.

The prayer 'O God of all spirits' is also said once more, with the following Contakion:

Give rest, O Christ, to this Thy servant with Thy saints, where sorrow and pain and sighing are no more; but where everlasting life abounds.

To this succeed three more hymns, the last paragraph of which addresses the Blessed Virgin as follows:

O thou who art the holy tabernacle, the ark and table of the law of grace, O pure Virgin, thee do we acknowledge; for by thee remission of sins was given to those who are justified by the blood of Him who was incarnate in thy womb.

Then the prayer O God of all spirits, &c. is again said, and this is followed by the long Troparion of St. John Damascene, depicting the sorrows of life and death. Then the beatitudes are recited with short appropriate prayers, after which the Epistle from Thessalonians i. 13-16, and the Gospel from John v. 24, 31 are read, followed again by the prayer O God of all spirits, &c.

Next follows the ceremony of the last kiss, given to the corpse or to the coffin, and a long series of passages called Stichera are recited, ending with the words:

O Parent of God, we beseech thee intercede with thy Divine Son that he who is departed hence may enjoy repose with the souls of the just. O unblemished Virgin, grant him to enjoy the eternal inheritance of heaven in the courts where the righteous dwell.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Then follows a recitation of words spoken as it were by the deceased, ending thus: Therefore let me entreat and beseech you all, pray earnestly unto Christ our God that I may not be tormented with the wicked according to my sins, but be received into the light of life.

The service finishes as follows:

Through the prayers of Thy mother, O Christ, and of Thy fore-runner, of the prophets, of the apostles, of the pontiffs, of the blessed, of the just, and of all Thy saints, give repose to this Thy servant deceased.

Thrice holy, O most holy Trinity.

Our Father, &c.

O our Saviour, let the soul of Thy servant rest with the spirits of just men made perfect, &c.

O God of all spirits, &c.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Dismission.

Christ, our true God, who rose from the dead.

Then the Priest says three times :

May thy memory endure for ever, O our brother, &c.*

The following absolution is then given :

The Lord Jesus Christ our God, who gave His divine commandment to His disciples and apostles to retain and remit the sins of those who fall: from whom also I have received power to do the same, pardon thee, my spiritual child, whatsoever sins voluntarily or involuntarily thou hast committed in this present life, now and for ever even unto ages of ages. Amen.

The corpse is then carried to the grave, the Priests going before singing :

Thrice holy, O most holy Trinity, our Father, &c.

When the body is laid in the grave the Priest, taking up some earth in a shovel, casts it on the coffin in the form of a cross, saying : The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the round world and they that dwell therein. He then pours some oil from a lamp, or scatters some incense from the censers upon it, and the grave is covered in, the Priest saying : O our Saviour, let the soul of Thy servant rest with the spirits of just men made perfect, and grant him that blessed life which is with Thee, O Thou lover of mankind. O Lord, let the soul of Thy servant find peace in Thy peace, where all Thy saints repose ; for Thou alone art the lover of mankind, Christ our true God who rose from the dead.

The foregoing brief representation of the Greek ritual for the dead clearly shows the agreement between East and West as to the following points: (1) The dead are helped by the prayers of survivors; (2) They are, above all, so helped by the eucharistic sacrifice offered up for them; (3) It is the duty of all Christians to pray earnestly for the dead; (4) It is a praiseworthy act on the part of the laity to cause sacrifice to be offered for the dead; (5) It is the duty of the clergy not only to offer sacrifice (say private masses) for the dead, but also to recite the liturgical offices of the Church for the repose of the soul of individuals and of the souls of all the faithful departed; (6) No one will dispute that the Roman Church inculcates great devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the surpassing efficacy of her prayers for the living and the dead. But it is impossible to peruse the Greek Burial Service without being struck with the earnestness and devotion wherewith she is invoked for the repose of the soul of the deceased person prayed for. Therefore in this respect also East and West are at one, though if there is a defect in the Roman ritual it would seem to be the entire absence from it of all petitions to the Mother of God.

In all the six foregoing points, the established Church of England has, it is impossible to deny,¹⁶ entirely broken away from what was

¹⁶ To deny this (on the strength of recent unauthorised phases of ritualism and sporadic acts of private adventure) would be to do a great injustice to the Church of England. Its bishops and clergy taught and practised (and still do so) what they deemed to be right and the true doctrine of their Church. To charge them with having for three hundred years persistently refrained from declaring what in their hearts they deemed to be truths of the highest spiritual value, and from performing most

previously done and taught universally. Its Burial Service, the beauty of which we have no desire to contest, is a service well suited, no doubt, for what was its obvious end. Its purpose, however, most certainly was and is fundamentally different from that of the Catholic Burial Service.

In conclusion, we submit to the good sense of our readers (in this matter which requires no technical knowledge) whether the facts here brought forward do, or do not, clearly show that there was a breach of continuity—a rupture of previously existing relations—at the, so-called, 'reformation.'

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

important religious duties (as they must have done had they not entirely repudiated the teaching of the whole Church, East and West), would be to lay to their charge an amount of wickedness so appalling as to be entirely incredible.

THE VERDICT ON THE BARRACK SCHOOLS

MUCH public attention has recently been drawn to Poor-law children, and it is well that it should be so. . . .

A departmental committee has recently reported on the subject, and a great deal has been said both for and against that report. Objectors have asserted that the committee was composed of persons who brought to the subject preconceived opinions. It is true that four out of the eight of those who had seats on the Departmental Committee of Inquiry were experts on Poor-law matters, but although experts they were not agreed; while the other four were unfamiliar with pauper schools. Angry guardians have declared that the report is not in accordance with the evidence; they do so on the assumption that it is merely the duty of an inquiry committee to listen to all, and to write an epitome of what has been said. The more judicial course is to weigh evidence, to study character and personality, to consider the value of the testimony of each witness, and to endeavour to decide how far such evidence has been influenced by circumstances of training, interest, environment, or experience.

Again, it must not be forgotten that the members of the committee made personal inspections, both of the Poor-law institutions and of kindred organisations, and thus saw and heard things impossible for witnesses to reveal. Witnesses with even the purest intention hesitate to criticise fellow-officers' work, or to expose faults in a system on which their livelihood depends. Examples are not wanting of the dismissal of those who have dared to do so.

But if the Departmental Committee Report has been strongly condemned by some persons, it has been highly commended by others. One 'North-Country Guardian' writes to the *Times*:

The committee's fit-seeing suggestions and grip of the situation must strike those of us who have been struggling for years with just the evils they see in the present administration. I do not know how anyone who has had experience of 'barrack schools' can think the report sensational or exaggerated; to me it reads like words of truth and soberness.

Miss Louisa Twining, a veteran in children's service, writes :

It is a new charter for the emancipation and advancement in life of those who are now trained in the pauper schools. I hail it as a masterly exposition of reforms sorely needed, and am deeply grateful for the arduous labour bestowed by the witnesses, and in far larger measure by the committee to which we owe it.

In any case, rightly or wrongly, the committee were unanimous in condemning barrack schools. It condemned them because it was shown that among children aggregated in large numbers the standard of health was lower than among those living under ordinary conditions. In proof of this it may be mentioned (1) that out of 16,441 children in metropolitan schools, no fewer than 1,330, or 8 per cent., were unable to attend the examination on account of illness; (2) that at Sutton Schools it was found on one of our visits that 38 per cent. of the children were in one form or another under medical treatment; (3) that, according to published statements, there have been quite lately serious outbreaks of ophthalmia in several of the large schools; and (4) that in Leavesden, which is certainly one of the best managed of these institutions, the medical officer's figures showed the number of sick children isolated from the healthy to be no less than 115 out of a total of 672.

The committee condemned barrack schools because much weighty testimony, including that of inspectors and medical officers, showed that they tended to make the children "dull, sullen, and mechanical," depriving them thus both of the joy of childhood and of subsequent strength in manhood. What child can be childlike who lives by rules; who obeys, not for love's sake, but for necessity's sake; who has no room for choice or for adventure, no basis of experience for imagination?

Barrack schools, therefore, stand condemned, not only by the Departmental Committee, but by the spirit of the time which considers child nature, and knows that the joyousness of freedom is as necessary for growth in power and love as is the discipline of control.

But how are things to be changed? That is really the question.

Every nation excepting England has abolished its barrack schools, Sir William Windeyer declaring that in New South Wales they keep one which cost 100,000*l.* as an interesting monument of the stupidity of its founders.

It is useless trying to perfect the system, or to strengthen the administration. Paradoxical as it sounds, everybody who loves childhood and understands one little child will recognise the truth of Miss Brodie-Hall's statement that the more flawlessly a barrack school is managed, the worse it is for the child. The very perfection of organisation which makes it possible to offer the visitor the pretty picture of 700 or 1,000 children, all clean, all in order, all respectful, all disciplined, is fatal to the child's freedom. It has robbed him of

that possibility of choice which lies at the root of self-respect, and is necessary to the development of character.

It is useless also to continue to abuse the guardians and managers, many of whom (and I speak as one of them with a nineteen years' experience) have given generously of their time, strength, and thought in the endeavour to do their duty by the children. In many cases they have found, not founded the schools, and during the inquiry it was noticeable how many witnesses were ready to place the figure of their ideal school lower than the number with which they had had actual experience.

Thus Mr. Wainwright, the kindly and respected chairman of the Anerley District Schools, which contain 847 children, thought that a school of 500 or 600 should be the outside number, and even then that it should be divided into sections. Dr. Littlejohn, whose duty has been to supervise something like 1,000 young ones, does not think that any school should have more than 500 children at the outside, or if you could make them schools of 250 it would be better. Miss Baker, who had dealt with 486 children, put 300 as her maximum. Mr. Brown, a manager of a school of 700, would be sorry to see more than 200 or 300 under any circumstances; and Mr. Harston, whose twenty-seven cottage homes contain either twenty-six or forty, would like to see the number limited to twelve.

It is useless also urging guardians to classify the children so as to minimise such of the evils as are consequent on the mingling of all sorts together. Putting it roughly, there are thirteen classes of children:

1. *The children with ophthalmia.*
2. *The children with ringworm.*
3. *The scrofulous children.*
4. *The mentally afflicted children.*
5. *The deaf, dumb, and blind.*
6. *The crippled children.*
7. *The 'ins' and outs.'*
8. *The occasional occupants.*
9. *The orphan and deserted children.*
10. *The children of respectable widows.*
11. *The boys who need trade training.*
12. *The girls who need technical training.*
13. *The morally depraved class.*

Hitherto, with a few exceptions, all these thirteen classes of children have been treated alike. The big establishment is there, the child becomes chargeable, the guardians are satisfied with the aggregated system of education, so to the school each child is sent—the quiet, home-protected widow's darling to mix with the sturdy little rebel of the streets; the crippled boy to stand in corners and watch the work or rough romping in which he cannot share; the

mentally feeble to develop or deteriorate among the normally minded; the morally depraved to do his worst amid the innocent; the nervous child to suffer all the pains of a crowd; the hard girl to be left unsoftened by affection; the loving lad to be steeled into indifference; while the dreariness of the position of the child afflicted with ophthalmia or ringworm has to be seen in order to be realised.

All this should not be so, and yet the guardians are, to a large extent, helpless, for what can they do? Already each child in the school costs 29*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* per annum, already 1,207,398*l.* has been sunk in the buildings, and for 517,737*l.* the ratepayers still continue to pay interest. If any Board of Guardians decided to adequately classify its children, what would the ratepayers say if it commenced to build, hire, or otherwise organise thirteen different establishments, each provided with suitable heads, doctors, skilled trade teachers, or other experts? The expense would be the first barrier, but the second would be the impracticability of the scheme, for no one Board would have enough children of various classes to make it advisable to maintain so many different kinds of schools, and probably few Boards would have the time, skill, or knowledge to organise or superintend them.

It is useless, therefore, to continue to abuse the guardians for not reforming the system. They cannot do it. Even if they were dissatisfied with their present methods, even if they were willing to surrender the rights which they consider their past work has conferred on them, even if they were enlightened and progressive educationalists eager for reform, they could not do it. It must be done for them. On this point the Departmental Committee were practically unanimous. Their report said:

The evidence laid before us upon this subject convinces us that no radical improvement in the management of the Poor-law children of the metropolis will ever be carried out uniformly and consistently under the present system, however excellent the *personnel* of the Boards of Guardians may be. We have arrived at the conclusion that the first step towards improvement is the securing of unity and strength in the authority charged with the control of the schools. We therefore recommend the appointment of a central authority for the metropolis.

It is this suggestion which has so angered the guardians, all the more, perhaps, because among those who support it are two of the most experienced and trusted inspectors of the Local Government Board, Dr. Bridges and Mr. Holgate, who have known these schools for the last twenty-five years, and who noted with generous praise the improvements made in them. Mr. Holgate considers that

the existing Boards are in too many cases not suitably selected for the best interests of the schools, and he does not see how any improvement can be effected unless some change is made in taking them from Boards of Guardians.

Mr. Chaplin, in the debate in the House of Commons, amid much that was complimentary to the Departmental Committee, twitted it

because it had recommended a Central Board and had omitted to mention how it was to be constituted. There are several ways by which such a Board could be called into being. It might be a committee of the London County Council, composed on the same lines as the Technical Education Board, liberty being accorded to co-opt experts, and care taken that many of these should be women. It might be a Board composed of representatives of the Guardians, the London County Council, the London School Board, and the Metropolitan Asylums Board, with the addition of either nominated or co-opted women and experts. It might be a committee of the London School Board (which would have to be enlarged for the purpose); or the committee might be chosen from the whole of the London School Board and then be enlarged by nomination or co-optation. These are various methods of constituting a Central Metropolitan Board, but without pausing to discuss their respective merits, we will imagine such a Board in existence and in possession of all the buildings, equipments, appliances, and staff now under the control of twenty-nine different authorities. To this Board would be given, as the Departmental Committee recommends, 'the absolute care of the children as long as they remain chargeable to the State.'

There can be little doubt that the first effort of such a body would be to get rid of some of the largest of the schools—a matter that need not be counted as insurmountably difficult, inasmuch as the Asylums Board is ever demanding more room, and these palatial institutions, fully equipped as they are with appliances for monster laundry, serving, and cooking operations, could be suitably adapted for lunatic asylums, imbecile refugees, or able-bodied workhouses. For one or other of these purposes the large schools at Sutton, Banstead (girls), Hanwell, Ashford, and Leavesden might be disposed of; while for the value of their sites, situated in what have become populous neighbourhoods, the institutions at Anerley, Norwood, Forest Gate, and Holloway might be remuneratively sold. The Central Board would then be left with twelve institutions, the largest, Leytonstone, housing 556 children; the smallest, Herne Bay, with accommodation for 166. These could be adapted to meet the needs of the many different classes of children. One establishment could be used as a trade school for boys of fourteen, where they could be trained thoroughly, scientifically, and on such lines as to ensure their becoming skilled workmen.

A second school—ay! and I am afraid, for some time to come, a third too—would be wanted for ophthalmic hospitals, while a fourth could be used as a school for all those who, suffering from ring-worm, yet require education.

Another school, say Hornchurch, which consists of a group of cottages each containing thirty children, could be used as a trade training school for girls, where they would be taught washing, dressmaking,

book-keeping, type-writing, the use of the sewing machine, and what is necessary for domestic service, or for such other occupation as their characters and capabilities seem specially to point out for them.

Into a few of these cottages might be drafted the blind, deaf and dumb, and crippled, who must to a certain extent be grouped together in order to secure for them the training which is essential if they are ever to become independent or to feel of any use in the world. This isolation could be brightened if some babies were sent to share the homes, and the elder girls, in getting their domestic training among these afflicted ones, would gain, perhaps unconsciously, the still more valuable training of sympathy, tact, and patience.

The remaining schools could be used for the casual occupant and the 'ins and outs,' but if the recommendations of the Poor-law Schools Committee were carried out, the class 'ins and outs' would be much reduced, as the Central Authority would be empowered to retain and exercise control over 'neglected children who have been maintained at the cost of the rates.'

So far, then, we have seen how the central authority would dispose of some of its buildings and utilise others, but we have not yet planned how to provide for the many thousands of children who would be displaced from these large schools. There are now four ways, and as the idea gained ground that these children should be reared in segregated homes, and not in monster institutions, other methods would present themselves, and would be accepted by the public and the Central Board in proportion as they approached to the ideal of children living at home and being absorbed into the general population. The four methods are: (a) boarding-out; (b) certified homes; (c) emigration; (d) scattered homes.

The advantages of boarding-out are so well known that I feel almost apologetic for mentioning them. They can be briefly summarised as affecting (1) *the children*; (2) *the villagers*; (3) *the ratepayers*.

For a child to live in a workman's cottage, under the charge of a philanthropic committee, means a home during childhood's years, a place in some one's heart, a friend in a higher class of society, neighbours and playfellows among the respectable industrial classes, and the loss of the badge of connection with pauperism.

For the villagers to have the care of these children, means a small but regular weekly payment, the company of the child, and the added interest which comes from the frequent visits of the superintending lady, who with deeper understanding and higher culture takes her share in the care of the child.

For the ratepayers it is cheaper to spend 13*l.* a year than 29*l.*, and more satisfactory to know that not only is the work better done at the time, but that all capital charges are rendered unnecessary, and that the child will, unless under exceptional circumstances, be so absorbed

into the industrial population as not again to become dependent on the rates.

It has been said that it would not be possible to find sufficient foster-parents willing to take a much larger number of children than are now boarded-out. The statement is a reflection on English villages not, I think, justified by experience. The committee of the Country Holidays Fund had this year, at one time, 15,000 children spending their fortnight's holiday in villages within one hundred miles of London. The cottagers might not always have been willing to take permanent children, but the villages used by the fund form but a proportion of those in which, equally good cottages might be found. Scotland boards out 84 per cent. of its State-supported children. In Switzerland 74·2 per cent. dwell in the homes of working people. In Germany, since 1878, the boarding-out of State-supported children has become compulsory. Belgium treats its barrack schools only as depôts before boarding-out. France, Italy, Holland, Massachusetts, South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, and Canada rear their children in a similar way, and yet from London only 5 per cent. are boarded-out, and in all England less than 2 per cent. Almost all other nations trust the people with the State-supported children. It would surely be an insult to our peasantry to declare them to be unworthy of a similar confidence. Unwilling, they are not.

I would not have it thought that I am advocating universal boarding-out, because my knowledge of the London poor has taught me that to send some children into a village would be neither good for them nor for the village. To rear normal children there can be but little doubt that boarding-out is the best system; but besides the physically disabled there are difficult children, children with crooked tempers, unlovable ways, ill-balanced natures, eager unrestrained mortals with tendencies towards evil. There are also ultra-sensitive children with nerves which are the legacy of drink, stubborn, wilful children whose instinct is to refuse love. Many of these cannot be boarded-out, but must be dealt with by other and varied ways.

The advantages of boarding-out may, however, be readily conceded, and yet the relation between its extension and the Central Board may not be readily observed. The chief reason, beyond the fond preference for their own institutions, why Boards of Guardians do not board-out is the uncertainty as to where to send the child, or with whom they are to deal. The mode of procedure is as follows: If there is an eligible child the guardians' clerk writes round to the various boarding-out committees, who in the course of time reply. One has no foster-parent ready, another is away from home, a third can only take a boy, a fourth declines unless the child is of a given age, well-favoured, or absolutely healthy, a fifth has another obstacle,

and so the correspondence drags on until the clerk finds it simpler, and is therefore apt to consider it probably more satisfactory, to send the orphan child to the large school.

The same difficulties are felt with regard to Certified Homes. It is within the powers now of the Guardians to send the children to these small schools, paying 5s. to 7s. per week for each child; but how is it possible for every Board to keep in touch with the changes in the management which make a school suitable at one time for a troublesome child and useless at another? They cannot write round to all the 211 institutions to ascertain where there are vacancies. This is too much to expect from a Board already over-weighted, as each one is, with a casual ward, an infirmary, and an able-bodied house; thus a child whose whole character and future might be changed by wise individual attention is perforce condemned to the mechanical discipline of a monster school.

But a central authority, with the children only as its care, could easily remain in touch with the certified schools; and as it would necessarily have their inspection in its hands, it could use such influence as might be necessary to induce them to become more elastic, in order to meet the requirements of a changing class.

In Canada there is not only almost boundless room for the children, but they are wanted and needed. Mr. S. Smith, M.P., says:

We find no difficulty whatever, when the children are properly trained before they come out, in placing out any number.

Dr. Barnardo, Mr. Wallace, the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, all testify that homes are ready for the children, and hearts waiting to receive them. The reason of this is explained by Mr. Smith, who says:

A great many Canadian farmers have no children in their own homes; they marry early, the children grow up, they settle in life early, they go away from home. You very often find a couple living alone, their children having left them, and they feel very dull, not having anyone in the house, and they are very glad to have children for company.

Major Gretton, whose long experience both in East London and in Canada has given him special opportunities for a right judgment, has the strongest belief in the emigration of children.

It is not as if Canada were not our own. To banish our forlorn ones ever seems to be an un-Christlike action, but Canada is part of Great Britain, and with its miles of virgin soil, its clear skies, its hope-stimulating air, its honest, simple-living population, it is specially fitted to be the nursery of our redundant childhood. All the more so as the country cries out for them, and will repay their labour as they grow fit to give it.

So fully has the Sheffield system of scattered homes been described, that there is no need to discuss it in detail. But I would say that it seems specially fitted for adoption in London suburbs, where there are hundreds—indeed, I should be within the mark if I said thousands

—of ladies willing and capable of being the managers of little groups of children if placed under a matron in their immediate vicinity. The teaching part of the education could be provided as at Sheffield, by the nearest elementary school, and the children would join in the games, interests, pleasures, and religious life of the neighbourhood. It would not, however, be well that this scattered-home system should be the only one adopted. It does not provide family life, nor a subsequent home for the child, but for those children who cannot be boarded-out or emigrated it would be very useful; and it may be considered as an extension of small certified schools.

Under a metropolitan central authority the history of a Poor-law child would then be as follows. On applying, the Guardians would send it to a small receiving home, in close proximity to the workhouse. Here it would come under the care of a 'Children's Committee,' composed partly of guardians, partly of persons whose interests were educational. After inquiries had been made into the circumstances which had brought it on the rates, or the probable length of its dependence on them, it would be drafted to one of the receiving homes of the Central Metropolitan Authority, and sent, after a sufficient quarantine, wherever it seemed best.

If he or she is boarded-out, it will be with the hope of returning to one of the trade-training schools.

If she is feeble-minded, she will go to one of the small homes specially provided, to be under skilled medical care.

If he is an 'in and out,' he will be counted as a ward of the State, and, by legislative sanction, rigorously kept from his unworthy parents—anyhow, until they show signs of their ability and intention of keeping him as a human being, and not worse than a dog.

If she is a casual occupant, and has become dependent only because 'father has had a bad accident,' or because her mother is broken in health, she will either be boarded-out as a visitor, not as a permanent member of the family, or go to one of the scattered homes or smaller schools for the four, five, six months during which she is likely to be chargeable.

If he is a bad boy he will go to a discipline school, there to learn the lesson of the world that laws must be obeyed or pain will follow; but if he is only a rebellious lad, with a sound nature, but no scope for his wild spirits, he can be drafted on to a ship, and later help to serve his country.

If she is a small, undergrown, nervous girl, she can be sent to school by the sea, and emerge fit to earn her bread; but if she is big, strong, and quite untrained, the trade training school can receive her and prepare her for her life's work.

In many different ways the many different children will be dealt with, the principle being maintained that all ways are good in so far as they conform towards family life, for 'family life and affection

is the foundation of all social welfare and morality,' and to obtain it for the homeless is the duty of the State.

The question arises, If and when this Metropolitan Central Board is instituted, under which State department should it be placed? A good deal has been said about a special department for Poor-law children, under the Local Government Board, but this does not appeal to many of us as wise on several grounds.

(1) Because it would keep the children in touch with pauper officials and their ideas, which are rightly and necessarily for the most part those of repression and not development.

(2) Because it would make the children a class apart, a pauper class under special regulations and restrictions, dissociated, therefore, from other children and less likely to be absorbed into the general population.

(3) Because the Local Government Board, not being in touch with the development of educational methods, would not bring to bear the best methods on those most in need of them.

(4) Lastly, because the Local Government Board has hitherto failed to do well by the children.

This is a grave charge, but it can be abundantly substantiated.

For nineteen years the Local Government Board has allowed the Guardians to break the law of the land in working children of all ages, regardless of their educational standard, as half-timers. In some schools they began to labour as young as eight or nine, and it is to be noted, not at work which was instructive and educational, but which their own inspectors respectively denounced as 'drudgery' for the girls, and 'very unsatisfactory' for the boys.

For thirty-eight years it has been known that when large numbers of children were aggregated a lower vitality prevailed, and that ophthalmia was rarely absent. In 1870 Mr. Nettleship reported that nearly 80 per cent. of the children in Hanwell had been afflicted by ophthalmia. In 1888 Dr. Bridges reported that in thirteen years there had been 2,649 cases, only 539 being imported from outside. In 1890, out of 993 children in the schools, 576 were on the sick-list, 344 from ophthalmia. The ophthalmic history of other schools has been almost as tragic as that of Hanwell, but although the Local Government Board knew these facts from its own inspectors, it has continued to allow schools to be enlarged, and even as late as October of this year has granted permission to add to the buildings which fit the development rather than the abandonment of one of these unwieldy institutions.

The problem of the 'in and out' child is no new problem. In 1889 Dr. Bridges computed that 63.64 per cent. of the entire population of these schools were admitted and discharged during each year;

while Mr. Lockwood, the Local Government inspector, prepared a table which showed

particulars of eleven families representing the more prominent 'ins and outs' for Marylebone Workhouse. . . . One family of three children, between the 3rd of October 1893 and the 10th of November 1894, were in and out of the workhouse, admitted and discharged, sixty-two times. . . . Another family of four were in and out forty-three times in that period, and another has been in and out of the workhouse between the 25th of July and the 21st of November 1894 sixteen times;

but the Local Government has not yet adequately dealt with the matter.

In 1844 the Act permitting the foundation of district schools was passed in order to remove the children from the contaminating influences of the workhouse; but in London, according to the evidence of the Local Government Board inspector, there are some 2,000 children in the workhouses, for the most part in daily contact with the adult paupers and deprived of any adequate education. It is difficult to discover any steps which the Local Government Board has taken to remedy this deplorable condition of things.

The Canadian farmers are eager to adopt poor children, but such are the arrangements which the Local Government Board has made for the pauper children that the street waifs of Liverpool are preferred to the State-supported children. The philanthropic societies demand for their children a regulated and rising rate of wages. The Local Government Board demand none. The philanthropic societies require of the farmers who take these children that they give them a certain specified amount of education. The Local Government Board makes no such requirement. Over and above these stipulations Dr. Barnardo finds it necessary to inspect three or four times a year the children he places out, and to provide for them receiving homes to which they can be sent in case of a change in the family's circumstances. The Local Government Board makes no such inspection and provides no such receiving homes. 'As a matter of fact,' said Mr. Knollys, the chief official of the Local Government Board, 'the emigration officers are supposed to make an annual report, but we do not receive more than one report on each child.' Poor babe! sent out alone at six or eight or ten to a strange land, looked after once by its fond foster-parent, the State, and once only. Is it to be wondered at that the children have been found in doss-houses in Montreal, and that Canada not unnaturally objects to be the dumping-ground of what England's carelessness justifies it in considering rubbish?

Feeble-minded children are not a new discovery. They have ever existed as the product of drink, vice, and semi-starvation. In October 1894 the Local Government Board caused their medical officers to make an inquiry into the number who were in the provincial workhouses and infirmaries, and to state what proportion were, in their

opinion, likely to be benefited by special treatment. The figures returned were 485, of whom it was said 178 could be aided by suitable training. But the Local Government Board has done nothing for these children. Although they are not eligible for the imbecile asylums, they can, under sympathetic care, be made happy, if not very useful, members of the community.

When I consider the courtesy of the President and of the Local Government Board officials with whom I have the privilege of acquaintance, when I remember the colossal dimensions of their labours (the medical inspector being supposed to be responsible for 74,000 beds), I feel regret at having to bring so heavy an indictment against the Local Government Board; but the truth is best known, and what it all amounts to is that children, with their tender natures, their delicate balance between good and evil, their insistent demands for individual treatment, are not an appropriate item in the immense organisation which has to do with drains, vagrants, asylums, guardian boards and workhouses, election orders, sanitary authorities, dangerous trades, and workshop inspection.

The atmosphere of thought which is engendered by the consideration of these matters is not the best through which to see a little child's interests, nor in which to unravel the intricacies of educational principles and practices. Children are best dealt with by experts, and by a department which has only to do with education. In this relation it is noteworthy that Sir Godfrey Lushington, as chairman of a Departmental Committee of Inquiry into Industrial and Reformatory Schools, has recommended that they all be transferred from the Home Office to the Education Department. The arguments that he uses apply with equal, if not greater, force to Poor-law children. He contends that the object of such schools is 'to restore the children to society, and that they should, as far as possible, be prevented from feeling themselves to be a class apart;' and he asserts that 'the general training of these children, as distinguished from schoolroom instruction, is the work of education in its broadest sense;' and that 'the Home Office has nothing to do with education' (which, indeed, is equally true of the Local Government Board), 'whilst the Education Department has its entire interest in the problem of the education of the young.'

Sir Godfrey holds that an inspector inspecting this class of children, and no other, becomes 'prone to acquiesce in the standard of such general training as he finds to be commonly prevailing in these schools,' whereas if the children were inspected by different inspectors in different parts of the country, who are accustomed to inspect the children of the ordinary population, they would 'be quick to note and correct any tendency to treat the children as a class apart,'

and the views of the department would be formed from various and experienced sources.

These opinions should carry much weight; all the more so, because they also have been held for many years by so experienced a statesman as Lord Norton, and are now maintained by the large body of persons who have recently associated themselves under the name of the State Children's Aid Association. With Viscount Peel at its head, that association has started to try and obtain for the children of the State what, after all, is every human creature's inalienable right—the right to be treated as an individual.

HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.

THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR

A YEAR ago, on the 30th of September, the flying column from Andriba led by General Duchesne took Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar. The march from the coast had been painful in the extreme, and the loss of life from sickness exceedingly heavy; indeed, it is impossible to estimate it at much less than a third of the whole effective force of 24,000 men.

Fortunately for the invading column the natives made scarcely any attempt at defending their country, displaying, throughout the five or six months during which the campaign lasted, an absolute want of foresight, generalship, and bravery. It is needless to inquire into the cause of this utter collapse of a nation which had been credited, on somewhat slender grounds, with the possession of several of the qualities requisite for independence and self-development.

My object in the present article is to give a short account of the present state of the country and to show how far French influences have succeeded in making their way in the first twelve months of occupation.

Immediately on the arrival of General Duchesne a treaty was signed by the Malagasy authorities, by which the whole power of the country was ceded to the French. The queen remained in her place, and the Hova Prime Minister was also allowed to be nominally at the head of affairs. Part of this arrangement was found impracticable after a short time; the Prime Minister had enjoyed unlimited power for too long a period to accept a subordinate position, and General Duchesne was forced to remove him. Accordingly, he was taken to a house of his own at a short distance from the capital, where he was kept under surveillance for two or three months, but as he was still supposed to be plotting he was deported to Algiers, in which country he died after a very short exile.

It seemed at first as if the change of masters in the island was to be accomplished without any serious disturbance. The Malagasy were evidently cowed by the arrival of the Expeditionary Corps; rumours were spread by the natives themselves of the ferocity of the black troops brought by the French, and the proximity of a European house was welcomed as a haven of shelter. I myself was begged by

many of the natives to keep the English flag flying, as they thought that it would protect *them* from the dreaded blacks, and for some while as many as could squeeze into our various houses sought protection in the compound. It is needless to say that these fears were entirely groundless; the discipline enforced by General Duchesne was perfect, and any instance of oppression was rigorously punished.

In the early part of November (1895), however, this satisfactory state of affairs was suddenly interrupted. A paltry quarrel between two clans about a piece of ground, which each claimed, gradually developed into a serious rising. The two parties came to an understanding by agreeing to make an attack upon the Europeans. It unfortunately happened that near to the town which was the focus of the insurrection there were living an English missionary with his wife and child. If any one should have been exempt from unworthy treatment it should have been missionaries who for at least twenty-five years had unweariedly worked for the good of the people. Want of gratitude is unhappily a prevailing feature in the national character of the Malagasy, and when Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were barbarously murdered in their own house by a band of ruffians, many of whom were personally known to them and had received benefits from them, the worst trait in that character was manifested. It certainly is not too much to say that the Hova alienated the sympathy of the English residents in Madagascar thereby, and that many who felt sorry for them up to that date ceased to do so any longer.

The Malagasy of the district in which the murder took place after this act of treachery and cruelty felt that they had gone too far to hope for exemption from punishment. They promptly proceeded to loot Mr. Johnson's house of everything of the least value, and to set fire to it as well as to the church and the hospital. They massed together in numbers which would have been formidable had there been an intelligent leader and a sufficient supply of weapons. One band went further afield, looted and burnt the church and premises of Mr. McMahon, another English missionary, who only escaped with his life by a timely flight; timely but painful for a night march of twenty or thirty miles with women and children in Madagascar is an unenviable experience.

As soon as General Duchesne was informed of what had been happening to the south-west of the capital, he sent a column of 300 troops under Commandant Ganeval with orders to punish the insurgents and to pacify the district.

After advancing some distance that number was found to be insufficient and a reinforcement of 200 more soldiers was sent. The resistance on the part of the natives was vigorous, and for a time well sustained; various attacks were made upon the village in which the column was quartered, and undoubted bravery was shown, bravery all the more unexpected as nothing had given any reason to believe that

such a quality existed among the Malagasy. Discipline and Lebel rifles, however, were more than a match for all their efforts, and after a loss of about 150 men they desisted.

The district was still disturbed, and the chiefs of the insurrection had to be found and the murderers of the Johnsons to be punished. By energetic measures most of these ends have been attained; a considerable number of the insurgents have been shot on the spot, though several of the leaders are still at large, and quite recently some of those implicated in the murder have been tried and executed at Antananarivo.

One distressing feature in the insurrection was the revival of idolatry, which was thought to be extinct in Imerina, but which evidently has been scotched and not killed. Almost the first move on the part of the rebels had been to reinstate a local idol called Ravalolona, and the performance of certain acts of worship in the presence of the idol was considered the mark of a good patriot.

Naturally under these circumstances the teachers and the more prominent Christians in the various churches and chapels were objects of dislike and hatred, and in the disaffected district these men with their wives and families had to fly for their lives.

It is useless to shut one's eyes to facts; a considerable number of those who were held in esteem by the missionaries failed to stand the test of persecution, and if not guilty of actually worshipping idols were actively in league with those who did so. It is, however, equally unreasoning to say that every native was ready to apostatise at a moment's notice and that in all cases Christianity in Madagascar is only skin deep.

After the suppression of this first outbreak, matters remained quiet in Imerina for some months; a small garrison was left at Arivonimamo, the scene of the murder, and it was hoped that the severe punishment which Commandant Ganeval had inflicted upon the inhabitants of that part of Imerina would be laid to heart by those of the remaining divisions.

So far nothing had been done towards organising the country. General Duchesne invariably disclaimed any intention of taking steps which would trespass upon civil functions or hamper his successor, saying that his instructions were to take and occupy Antananarivo. He had accomplished his task and the gallant General had no wish to overstep the limit of the orders given him. So long as he remained in Madagascar the pacification of the country was his one and only care.

The next serious event in the island was an outbreak of a different character. With the exception of the Hova, few if any of the tribes were thought to be opposed to French rule. The country outside Imerina had been looked upon as the happy hunting ground

of the Hova, whose governors, with scarcely an exception, were rapacious and oppressive, having, like the Roman *equites* to make three fortunes, one to repay the money spent on buying their office, one to keep the late Prime Minister's Secretaries in good humour, and one to live upon when the evil day arrived and they were cashiered. Naturally for the other tribes any change must be for the better; the Hova were as much hated as they were feared, and, from whatever quarter it might come, release from their rule would be welcome.

The arrival of the French was the long-wished-for moment; but news spreads slowly in Madagascar, and though the Hova power came to an end at the beginning of October, it was not realised on the coast until the new year. When, however, it was known that the French were masters of the country the explosion came. The two large tribes of the Betsimisaraka and the Taimoro on the east rose against the Hova, and ruthlessly killed them wherever they could catch them.

The principal sufferers were the traders and the teachers, for the Governors, who were the chief offenders, were more or less protected by their soldiers and by the proximity of the big towns, whereas the former were scattered about in outlying villages. The buildings used as churches and schools were also burnt, for, as the greater part of the teachers came from Imerina, religion and education were associated with the Hova. In one or two instances Europeans were murdered, but only when they were mixed up with the Hova, as was the case with Mr. Eng, a Norwegian trader at Vatomandry.

Having rid themselves of their former masters the tribes on the east coast have settled down to a certain extent, though for some years it will scarcely be safe for a Hova to live in the country districts. All civilising influences are for a time at an end in that part, and the little progress which had been made in some districts has been interrupted. It may be also that the spirit of insurrection against law and order of all kinds now prevalent in Imerina will spread to the coast, and there are already signs that this will be the case. By supporting the authority of the Hova governors, whom they have appointed, the French have identified themselves, in the eyes of the coast tribes, with their former oppressors.

The rice crop is all important in Madagascar, and its failure means almost universal famine. The season from sowing to reaping extends from October to May, most of these months being also those of the heavy rains, during which it is absolutely necessary to look after the growing crop. This period was therefore one of comparative quiet in Imerina, and not unnaturally gave rise once more to the belief that the natives accepted the situation.

In February, M. Laroche, the first Resident-General, arrived at

the capital and began to organise the government of the country. A new Prime Minister was appointed, in whose name laws might be issued, for it had been settled that the administration should be indirect, that is to say conducted through the medium of the natives. A considerable number of regulations were promulgated, affecting the development of the industries of the country, the granting of concessions, and the education of the natives. Most of these were much too elaborate to be useful, and up to the present time nearly all of them have remained a dead letter. Some may be useful when the insurrection has been quelled, when the country is such as to invite capitalists, and when schools have been re-established.

In March there were again signs of trouble, though at first these were faint and perhaps too far off to attract the serious attention of the authorities. It was in the northern part of Imerina that the disturbance came to a head. At a distance of thirty or thirty-five miles from the capital, a man of some influence in his district but of bad character, who had been in prison but had escaped, formed a band of men and began to pillage the neighbouring villages.

The country in that part is thinly inhabited, and there was no one with sufficient power to suppress the band, which then was little more than a gang of robbers. In a short time the natural development took place. By dint of threats a considerable number of people were persuaded to join; and before long a body of men amounting to two or three hundred had gathered together and had become a serious danger to the whole district.

In a country newly conquered by a foreign nation it is always easy to find a popular cry, and on this occasion the common Malagasy expression 'tsy faitra nymanompo Vazaha,' or 'foreign rule is intolerable,' was ready to hand.

A petty disturbance in the beginning, fomented for private purposes and fostered by an appeal to patriotic feeling, has developed into a formidable insurrection. I say formidable, but I do not mean to give the idea that the insurrection is formidable from a military point of view. The insurgents have not the remotest chance of being able to resist even a small body of disciplined troops, much less to make head against the considerable force which General Gallieni has at his disposal. But from industrial, educational, and religious points of view, the rebellion has been a complete success, and however soon it may be suppressed, the progress of the country in some parts has been thrown back for years, a large tract reduced to desolation, and the inhabitants to little better than savages.

This destruction has been effected in five months, for, beginning in May, it has spread over the whole of Avaradrano, Vonizongo, part of Imerovatana, and Vakin Ankaratoa, four out of the six divisions of Imerina. Its advance from district to district could be easily traced,

the disaffection spreading like an epidemic, and not appearing simultaneously in different places.

In every instance the same method was followed. A gang came to a village during the night, shouted and fired off two or three guns; then when the people ran out of their houses to hide somewhere they were forced to go to a neighbouring village, where the same scene took place. Fright played the principal part in the programme. The peaceable and well-disposed natives had given up their guns after the taking of Antananarivo, the lawless had kept theirs. It was therefore only natural that the villagers should submit, and in scarcely any instance was resistance attempted.

To mark the anti-European character of the rising, the churches were burnt without distinction, and in some places leper hospitals were destroyed, and their unhappy inmates rendered houseless. The English and Norwegian missions have suffered the most severely.

It is impossible to estimate correctly the number of churches and chapels that have been burnt, but at the lowest computation it must amount to 600.

Had the insurgents met with any opposition at the first outbreak the rebellion might have been easily suppressed. There was no organisation, the greater part of the people joined under compulsion, and those who had seen the invading column pass knew that they were powerless. Matters, however, were not taken seriously by the authorities; a column was now and again sent out, but as the natives resumed their ordinary occupations on its approach, or hid themselves until it had passed, the effect produced was small.

It is easy to criticise, but none the less if, in accordance with old custom, the heads of the villages had been severally held responsible for any damage done, they would certainly have found means to keep the people quiet. It is said also that the Resident-General received orders from his Government to conciliate the natives, and that he understood this in too strict a sense, refusing to punish without such evidence as would suffice to convict in a settled and civilised country. This may or may not be the case, but the former Prime Minister of the country, who certainly knew his people and how to keep them in order, did not act in this way. For some years to come conciliation will only be considered a sign of weakness.

Other elements were before long imported into the insurrection. The churches had been burnt, the teachers had fled for their lives, the schools of course had stopped. As in the West, idol-worship was practised, the idol in this case being Ramahavaly, the war-god or goddess; the pillaging of houses and property became almost universal, and soon it came to pass that no one was safe unless he either joined the insurgents or paid them to leave him unmolested. Any one who did not wish to adopt either of these courses had to seek safety at or near to one of the French garrisons.

Latterly, the gravity of the situation could not be overlooked, but the number of troops at General Veyron's disposal was small, and beyond sending out small columns and planting garrisons in a few places he could take no steps towards the pacification of the country. It should be said in passing that the General has been particularly kind about taking care of mission stations, and thanks to him it has been possible for some of the missionaries to stay at their posts.

Frequent small fights have taken place with the insurgents—called 'fahavales,' the Malagasy word for enemy with a French termination—who have always been dispersed, sometimes with considerable loss. In no case has anything like a decisive engagement been fought, and it is that which constitutes the chief difficulty. During the night bands of marauders start off in various directions, burning villages, taking cattle, looting houses, sometimes killing the inhabitants, but more frequently compelling them to join them.

These raids have been gradually coming nearer and nearer to the capital. A short time ago a largish village was burnt within a mile of Antananarivo, and no one would have been surprised if an attempt had been made to set fire to part of the town.

A few of the large villages have resisted, and in one or two instances guns have been given to the people for their protection. Naturally, however, the French are chary of supplying natives with guns for fear of their taking them to the enemy.

Speaking generally, it may be said that Antananarivo and the district included within a radius of ten or twelve miles is fairly safe, and that in some directions it is possible to travel without an escort considerably farther, notably in the district where Commandant Ganeval is still remembered.

A portion of the road to Tamatave has to be kept by troops, and convoys escorted from place to place. Sometimes these convoys are attacked, and not long ago a large part of the mail was lost, as well as goods belonging to traders.

In the south of Imerina a well-known cattle-lifter, called Rainibetsimisaraka, has been carrying on his depredations on a large scale. His method of operations was simple. The villagers were given their choice, to join him or to be killed. In one house he massacred thirteen persons who refused to join. He soon gathered a number of followers, and unhappily those who followed at first by constraint soon took to the habit of plundering, and, having committed themselves, are now no longer able to draw back.

Apart from the plundering and burning of villages, Rainibetsimisaraka's band has tried to distinguish itself on two occasions. At the end of March, a French gentleman, M. Dufet de Brie, with two companions, thinking the country fairly quiet, started on a tour of inspection to the south of the capital. Taking the usual bearers, and armed with repeating rifles, they thought they would be either able

to retreat if necessary, or to account for any hostile party which they might meet.

After having stopped for three or four days at a village called Tsinjoarivo, about 40 miles south of Antananarivo, they were begged by the people to leave on account of the disturbed state of the district. They unwillingly agreed to do so. Marching slowly northward they arrived at Kelimafana, where they were well received, but shortly afterwards they were attacked by 80 or 100 brigands. With the assistance of the villagers they drove them away, but thinking it wiser to leave a village where they could not well protect themselves, they started at 8 o'clock in the evening. After resting a few hours in the open, they made a further move at 4 o'clock in the morning, and reached another village called Manarintsoa. Exhausted with fatigue they stayed to rest after writing to inform the Resident-General of their situation. About midday a large band numbering 1,500 men or more, armed with spears and a hundred guns, approached the village.

This village has three gates, and is surrounded by a deep ditch, so that it was fairly defensible, except against great odds. The three Frenchmen defended one of the gates with three guns, and some faithful Malagasy, also with three guns, defended the others.

For two hours the handful of men in the village kept off their opponents, a large number of whom were shot down. After that, unfortunately, M. Duret de Brie was badly wounded at close range by a man who had hidden himself in the grass. The defence of the village was then abandoned, and the three Frenchmen took refuge in a house. The roof of this was fired, so that it was necessary to leave it, and retreat to another. Five times this manœuvre was repeated, until at last, after a splendid and heroic resistance, they were all killed by suffocation or by wounds.

The fate of these gentlemen was severely felt by all who knew them, especially by the Resident-General, who went himself to try to recover the bodies. It only remains to say that he succeeded in doing so, and that he had them brought to Antananarivo, where they were buried in the English cemetery.

For some weeks after this Rainibetsimisarakaka kept comparatively quiet. A column was sent to catch him and to break up his band, but it failed to effect its purpose. After a time, however, he came out of his retirement and attacked a large village called Antsirabe. This is a well-known place in the Betsileo province, where there are mineral springs, and where the Norwegian Lutheran Mission has an important station. It happened that the Norwegian Conference was being held in South Betsileo at the time, and that several of the missionaries had put their wives and children at Antsirabe in order to be in a place of safety; for though no great outbreak had occurred in that district, there was an uncomfortable feeling abroad. In addition

to the ordinary mission buildings there was a large sanatorium and a leper village built and maintained by the missionaries.

A band of militia numbering forty men, and three French sergeants and an interpreter, the latter armed with repeating rifles, the former with Sniders, had been stationed at Antsirabe to protect it. News was brought that a large body of 'fahavales' was advancing, and it was hurriedly agreed to defend the dwelling-house, as that could not be burnt, the roof being of tiles. Out of the forty militiamen, only fourteen came to assist the defence, the rest having been cut off by the enemy or voluntarily deserted. The garrison then consisted of four Frenchmen and fourteen native militia, and this handful of men had to protect an ordinary house wherein were sheltered twenty-six Europeans, all women and children, with two exceptions.

The attacking force was estimated at 3,000, mostly armed with Sniders, and provided with a fair number of cartridges. It was quite certain that, if the Europeans failed to make good their defence, they would be all murdered.

It would take too long to enter into details; the attack lasted intermittently for three days and two nights, and, but for the gallantry of the four Frenchmen, the result would have been disastrous. The concluding scene was truly dramatic. Ammunition was at an end, and means of defence exhausted. The enemy, under cover of the darkness, had piled up a quantity of wood and a barrel of gunpowder against the door. They were intending to fire it after having had a final 'palava.' The French soldiers on their side had made up their minds to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Before sallying out to do so they took a last look with a telescope to see whether any assistance might be expected. In the distance they saw a body of men, so they waited. These proved to be Rainijaonary, the Hova governor of the district, with his brother, the second governor, M. Alby the Resident of Betago, and 150 Malagasy soldiers. Dividing his men into three companies, Rainijaonary attacked the insurgents, who promptly ran away in every direction, some taking refuge in the burnt buildings, where they were shot down to the last man.

The number killed during the attack upon the house and the final onslaught was reckoned to be between three and four hundred, and Rainibetsimisarak'a had been taught that whatever he might do against defenceless Malagasy it was dangerous to meddle with soldiers.

Too much praise cannot be given to Rainijaonary. He is the finest specimen of his race, and if there had been many like him Madagascar would be in a very different condition from that in which it is. Having volunteered during the war, he was given a small command, and went to the front. When there he was thwarted

by his superiors, who were arrant cowards and left him unsupported. If he had been in chief command, with unlimited power, he would have given the invading column trouble, always supposing that he could have made his soldiers fight.

As soon as Antananarivo was taken he retired to his home, expecting that General Duchesne would punish him for having fought against him. No doubt he was much surprised when the General, instead of doing so, recognised him as a brave man, and appointed him Governor-General of Vakin'Ankaratra. Such an appointment does honour to the Frenchman and to the native; the latter has justified the confidence placed in him by preventing a massacre of women and children.

Further south there have been troubles of a more or less serious character, especially at Ambositra, another large town in the Betsileo province. One or two other stations of the Norwegian mission have been wrecked, and about fifty of their churches burnt. On the whole, however, the district seems less disturbed than Imerina, as many of the Norwegian missionaries are able to stay at their places without a military guard.

This may be accounted for by the fact that only the Hova are really interested in the rebellion, and unless they had brought pressure to bear upon the Betsileo, the latter would probably have remained quiet.

Still it cannot be said that the insurrection is confined to Imerina, or even to the central plateau which includes the country of the Hova and the Betsileo. Between the outer and inner belts of forest, and on a lower level than Imerina, is the country of the Sihanaka. This tribe lives round the large lake of Alaotra, and has to a certain extent been brought under Christian and civilising influences by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society.

The latest accounts show that the state of feeling in this country is deplorable. As elsewhere, the churches have been burnt; the people have banded themselves to upset everything, the teachers especially being objects of dislike.

Ambatondrazaka, the capital of the province, was until lately in a state of siege, the French forces in the district being insufficient to do more than to protect the town. No doubt it will be necessary to reinforce the garrison, and, if possible, the rising should be suppressed quickly, for the whole region is notoriously unhealthy, and almost certainly fatal to Europeans at some seasons of the year.

In the capital, the presence of the French has made itself felt in a more satisfactory manner. Instead of being a city, or rather a collection of houses, where watercourses served for roads, it is now assuming an orderly appearance. It is true that the making of roads is not pleasant to the inhabitants, for dust pervades the atmosphere and penetrates into the houses; but to be able to walk instead

of having to scramble is an agreeable sensation to a European in Madagascar. In a few months' time good roads, six metres wide, will be furnished throughout the capital, and already the most important thoroughfares are in an advanced state.

No doubt the heavy rains, which begin in November, will play havoc with these at first, but we may safely trust to French engineers to cope with this difficulty. Enormous stone gutters are being made on each side of the roads; and, after the thrown-up earth has settled and levels have been adjusted, some mode of conveyance other than that of human beings will be available.

To effect this a great many owners of houses have been expropriated, but it would have been impossible to have met the difficulty in any other way. The ground was bought from the owners at a fixed rate, the destruction of large houses having been avoided where possible. The price given was much less than the value of the house and ground, amounting on an average to a quarter of what they would have fetched in the market. It would certainly have been better to have taxed the district and to have paid more highly, for it is hard that the cost of a road, which is for the good of all, should fall very heavily upon a few and the majority should escape scot free.

In front of the Residency a large space has been cleared, on which public offices are to be built, and which, when finished, will have an imposing effect. Another large space has been filled up and formed into terraces with the earth that masked the Residency, and has added greatly to the site of the large weekly market. Here also a landslip may be expected in the rainy season, but no doubt the damage will be quickly repaired, and in a year or two, when trees have been planted, the town will become not only picturesque but pleasant.

In the country districts also the roads are being rapidly improved; a few bridges have been thrown across the streams which, ankle-deep in winter, become raging torrents when swollen by the rains of summer. Across the rice fields dykes have been made; and, though these will require constant repair, they render travelling in the neighbourhood of the capital much easier than it used to be when one had to struggle through the heavy mud of the rice fields.

The greatest move in the organisation of the country, however, is the abolition of slavery throughout the island. This was proclaimed in the official gazette issued on the 27th of September by decree of the Resident-General. It was wholly unexpected at the time, though there had been rumours two or three months previously to the effect that the step was contemplated, but would be effected gradually.

Naturally, it fell upon the Hova like a clap of thunder, and, as the law was published on a Sunday, some worthy folk found them-

selves, on their return from service, without a slave to cook the dinner. It would be an awkward situation for the worthy Citizens of London or Paris if all the domestic servants were to strike work without notice!

However much one may recognise that slavery has no right to exist, it is impossible not to feel for people who have lost all their property suddenly. It is not merely that they have lost their slaves, but in many instances the rice fields will remain uncultivated. The work connected with these has always been the chief duty of the slaves. As very few of the owners have any money it is to be feared that there will be a large amount of distress, amounting to starvation in some cases.

It is impossible on these grounds not to feel that the abolition of slavery has been too summary. It would have been better to have proceeded more slowly to the desired end; to have made all children born after a fixed day free; and to have made the redemption of the rest, either by themselves or by others, cheap and easy.

However, it has been decided otherwise, and certainly, the state of the country is such as to justify any measure, for, when everything is in a state of upheaval the exact amount of pressure is of small importance.

In addition to this it must be remembered that in consequence of the outbreak Madagascar has been declared a French colony, and that this carries with it the abolition of the status of slavery. While, then, the greater number of Europeans who know Madagascar would have preferred that slavery should have been abolished by degrees, few would be prepared to say that it was altogether a mistake. In a few years the country will reap the benefit of this bold step, for the present it will be productive of much misery to the Hova, and to a certain number of the slaves who will be turned away by their masters without a home to which to go.

A beginning has also been made towards improving the administration of justice. Under the late Prime Minister, nothing worthy of the name existed. Without bribing every judge and every official, from the bottom of the scale to the top, a claimant had no chance of getting his rights, however clear his case might be. If the matter were a small one, it was better to put up with the loss than to go to law; if it were a large one, from some points of view it might be considered wise to sacrifice a half or two-thirds in order to secure the remainder.

The former native judges have now been dismissed and others put in their place, and though it is certain that it will take years to impress the sentiment of justice on the native mind it is something to have made a start.

The great difficulty now is the want of honest and competent interpreters. The youths who fill the office for the time are mostly

dishonest. I have been informed that it is impossible to get the rights of a case put before an official who does not know the language without bribing the interpreter.

The remedy for this evil is, I have reason to believe, under consideration, and a school of interpreters is to be formed as soon as possible. As the interpreters are paid a sufficient salary they have not the excuse *il faut manger* which native officials used to have.

It is quite needless to say anything about the development of mining or commercial undertakings. Had the country remained quiet, no doubt considerable steps forward would have been taken. Laws have been issued regulating the granting of concessions, purchase of land, &c., but in the present state of the island these remain on paper. The few miners who were at work have had to run for their lives; trade is almost at an end and the cost of all European goods has largely increased. The wages of a bearer from Tamatave to the capital is double what it used to be.

The road up country has been much improved, and probably in a year's time it will be practicable for carts. Of course French tariff laws prevail, that is to say, French merchandise is admitted free, whereas that of other nations pays a duty of 10 per cent. Considering the amount of money the French nation has spent and is still spending upon Madagascar, this is evidently perfectly fair, but will it effect its object?

With the arrival of General Gallieni, and the proclamation of military law in Imerina and some other parts of Madagascar, it is only natural to hope that before long peace and confidence may be restored. No one knows certainly what steps the General may be intending to take. He is said to be a man of decision and activity, the two qualities most required in a leader in Madagascar at the present time.

He is, however, planting numerous small garrisons, which will keep the country quiet in their immediate neighbourhood. Imerina may be pacified in this way and the other tribes will very likely then settle down. For the moment not much more than this ought to be expected. The hot season has already begun, and the heavy rains in Imerina are at hand. A column operating against the rebels during the summer months will certainly have to put up with grave discomfort and probably with considerable loss of life from sickness. On the other hand if the insurrection continues the mortality among the 'fahavales' will be terrible.

A large number of houses and villages have been burnt, many oxen and much rice have been carried off and destroyed, and want of shelter and insufficiency of food from these causes will seriously affect the population of the disaffected parts. In addition to those who have been killed in battle, the loss of life among the women and

children from exposure must be very large. During the wet season this evil will be increased manifold.

If, unhappily, the rebellion should last over the wet season large districts will be depopulated. Even now at a short distance from the capital the preparation of the rice fields for next year's crop is behindhand, and at a greater distance scarcely anything has been done. A famine in Madagascar will be more serious than in countries supplied with roads, all the more as the people have very little money and no means of providing for themselves away from their own villages.

The burden of providing for those who are starving would fall upon the administration, and it is hard to see how, with the best will in the world, it could meet the emergency. It is not a hopeful view of the situation to say that owing to deaths from wounds and sickness the survivors will be few and therefore the difficulty less.

For my own part I believe that the insurrection is already losing its vitality. Some of the chief men have left their camp and gone home, fever is rife and dissension is spreading. Further than this several of the 'notables' of Antananarivo have been either shot or deported. Add to all this the want of stability in the national character and it seems to me that it is safe to predict the collapse of the rising before long.

Readers of this sketch can balance the losses and the gains which have accrued to Madagascar from the French occupation. It cannot be disguised that nothing could be worse than the state of Imerina and some other provinces. Everyone is suffering, and missionaries, civil functionaries, and merchants are reduced to enforced idleness, doing what little can be done and hoping for better times.

On the other side have to be put the abolition of slavery and the prospect of a future for the country under French direction. It is no exaggeration to say that for some years every well-wisher of Madagascar has watched its downward progress with sorrow, and has felt that the moral regeneration of the country must be effected by some influence from outside.

The administration of justice was hopelessly corrupt; the *corvée* was becoming more and more severe; the military service was oppressive to the last degree, the leaders being incompetent and the soldiers undisciplined; the morality of the people left much to be desired. The time had passed when it was sufficient to say 'you ought,' and nothing short of 'you must' could correct many of the abuses under which the country was groaning.

Looking to the future, when the present crisis in the history of Madagascar has passed, a new era may begin, happier than the past in that it contains possibilities which the former lacked.

The destinies of the country are now in the hands of the French, and every one will watch with interest the progress that civilisation makes in a country where they have a free hand.

In conclusion, I may say that it is a great pity that French papers, even respectable ones, should lower themselves so far as to say that the English are the cause of the present outbreak in Madagascar.

This statement is absolutely false, as every Frenchman of position who has been in the island knows well. For the benefit of those whose minds are not so far warped by prejudice as to accept without further consideration the statement that every evil in the world may be traced to the English, I will sum up in a few sentences the real causes of an insurrection which has destroyed in five or six months the work of thirty or forty years.

In its origin it was a rising for private ends of a few local leaders. As it developed it assumed a quasi-patriotic character, the cry being 'Foreign rule is intolerable.' It was made possible by the fact that the well disposed, who were the larger portion of the population, had no arms with which to defend themselves, and therefore had to join the rebels in order to save their lives and property. The upper classes were exasperated by not being able to extort money as formerly, and many of the poorer felt aggrieved at the loss of their houses and yards, which were required for the making of the roads.

Some mistakes have undoubtedly also been made by the authorities. Military rule came to an end too soon; the insurrection was allowed to become serious before steps were taken for its suppression, *except in one district which has since been quiet.* The abolition of the slaves embittered the feeling.

It should be mentioned also that the rumours which were industriously circulated by the rebels to the effect that every one would be taken for a soldier and sent to fight in a foreign country helped to spread the disaffection; nothing is more distasteful to the Malagasy than the idea of military service, especially in a foreign country.

Having lived in one of the most disaffected districts the whole of this anxious period I have had more opportunities of hearing and seeing the state of feeling among the people than a person living in the capital could have had. The above account is correct, and to say that the English, who have been the chief sufferers, are in any way responsible for this insurrection is as true as to say that they were responsible for the French Revolution.

F. A. GREGORY.

A NOTE ON THE ETHICS OF LITERARY FORGERY

A COUPLE of books which I have been reading lately have started my mind off upon a small tour of reflection—have awakened it, moreover, to a more or less penitential mood,* not common perhaps amongst such of us as frequent the flowery paths of fiction. Both these books are translations, both are translations from ancient Irish manuscripts, and both—if one to whom the originals are sealed fountains dare hazard an opinion—have been put into English with singular skill and judgment. One of them is the *Silva Gadelica* of Mr. Standish H. O'Grady, well known already to every lover of archaic literature. The other is a much less well-known book, in fact, can hardly be called a book at all, since it is merely a reappearance in bound form of certain papers which have appeared from time to time in the *Revue Celtique*,¹ and is known as *The Rennes Dindsenchas*.

When I have said that its translator and editor is Mr. Whitley Stokes, I have said all that requires to be said as regards its erudition. Something may still remain, however, to be said upon the matter of style. It is perfectly possible for a man to be a very eminent scholar and philologist without having at his command an English which fits his ancient author, instead of misfitting him, and in which that author's somewhat stiff archaic limbs can move and bend at ease. Such a style is not at every one's beckon. To be at once supple and vigorous; clear, and suggestive; simple, of course, above and beyond all things, yet for all your simplicity to have an eye always for the absolutely right word—which right word may now and then be a very out-of-the-way one—to do all this, and to keep to the letter of the law in the matter of translation, is to attain to something very like high art. Yet all these qualifications are necessary if the translation is to be a success.

For in order to fail it is not necessary for a man to write positively badly! He may do it at a good deal less expenditure of self-respect than that. Let him only allow himself to be betrayed into any touch

¹ Vols. xv. and xvi.

of modernity—hateful word!—let him employ but a single syllable that recalls to-day in any of its hundredfold aspects; to-day's newspaper, to-day's novel, to-day's anything; nay, let him merely allow us to perceive that he is aware of being himself a man of to-day, and the spell is broken! Illusion spreads its wings, and flies. Our carefully preserved atmosphere shudders around us like a badly shifted transformation scene. We discover in a moment that it is no longer our archaic author, but quite another sort of person who is addressing us, and the translator may be the first of living philologists for anything I know to the contrary, but so far as the pleasure of mere outsiders like myself is concerned he might as well never have attempted his translation at all.

In the case of both these books, the reader feels from the first page that he is safe. And although as regards the one translated by Mr. Whitley Stokes the nature of its subject might seem to take it out of the category of the books that one reads for pleasure rather than information or edification, I have not found this to be the case. On the contrary, there is something about its peculiar formlessness, something about its very irrelevance and scappiness—the scappiness, it need hardly be said, is the original author's, not Mr. Stokes's— which I have more than once recently found myself relishing when a more strenuous or sustained work would probably have failed.

As to who that original author was, and how he came to write his book, I know nothing beyond what the first few pages tell me; namely, that the translation is made from a fifteenth-century manuscript preserved in the library of Rennes; that there are six other copies in existence, all in a very fragmentary condition; that in its original form the *Dindsenchas* was probably put together in the eleventh, or first half of the twelfth century, and that it consists of a collection of stories (*senchas*) in Middle-Irish prose and verse, about the names of noteworthy places (*dind*) in Ireland—plains, mountains, ridges, cairns, lakes, rivers, fords, estuaries, islands, and so forth.

As an Irish guide-book, I had better hasten to state, it will not be found to suit every tourist! Despite this exhaustive list of the subjects of which it treats, it did not in any way anticipate Mr. Murray, still less that ideal guide to Ireland which has yet to be written. Its nearest modern analogue is perhaps Dr. Joyce's well-known *Irish Names of Places*, though here also the later work has nothing to dread from its forerunner. On the whole, its most marked characteristic is its impartiality. Every section begins with an inquiry as to how the particular place in question received its name, and the answer always follows with the utmost promptness, '*Ní ansa*,' 'Not difficult.' Thereupon ensues the explanation, with which you are probably perfectly satisfied, or would be, but that you have no sooner come to the end of it than another explanation equally probable, or improbable, starts up, and is offered to you as its rival.

For instance, of Laigin, now Leinster, we are told that it is from

Laigin or *laginae*, that is, from the broad spears which the Black Foreigners brought with them from the land of the Gauls. Two thousand and two hundred was their complement. Along with Labraid the Exile, that is Moen, son of Aillill of Aine, that army went.

Or—an *or* invariably follows—it is from

the spears adorned with gold and silver which the craftsmen of Ireland gave Labraid the Exile, that is Moen, when he and Ernolb son of the king of Denmark came and destroyed the king's round Cobthach Coelbreg in Dind Rig.

Or again—there is no end to our author's conjectures—it is from

Laigin, quasi *laeg-fine*, the family of the seed of Laegaire Lorc. . . . Three names had they [the Leinstermen], to wit, Fir domnann, Galleoin, and Laigin, and it was the Galleoin that nourished Labraid during his exile in the lands of the Gauls.

In the same way we desire possibly to know the origin of Naas, near Punchestown, and we promptly learn that

Eochaid the Rough, son of Dúa king of Ireland, made a proclamation to the men of Erin to come and cut down the Wood of Cunn with laigin (broad-bladed lances), bill-hooks, and hatchets in honour of his wife Tailtiu. . . . So in a month they cut down the wood. . . . And he asked whether any of the men of Erin had shirked the work. Bli Brúglas answered, 'Ireland's three rath-builders, Nás, and Ronc, and Ailestar, the three sons of Dorncla.' 'Let them be killed for this,' quoth Tailtiu, 'Not so,' says Eochaid, 'tis better they should live than die, but let them keep on building raths.' 'So be it,' replied Tailtiu; 'let them build three raths for me.' Then Nás dug his rath, and this is its name *Nás*.

This is all very satisfactory, or would be if it were not that a few lines later we learn that

Nás and Bói, two daughters of Ruadri, king of Britain, were the two wives of Lugh, son of the Scál Balh, 'the dumb Champion.' Now Nás was the mother of Ibec, son of Lugh. . . . There Nás died, and in Nás she was buried, hence it is called Nás.

And so on right through the book. One explanation is hardly given before it is ousted by another, and that in its turn by a third, the author himself having apparently no preferences, and no reason for considering one origin of a name a bit better than another, till the reader is left at last afloat upon an illimitable ocean of conjecture, and probably ends by declining to believe in any of these elaborate explanations.

Fortunately, it does not in the least matter, seeing that a pedantic thirst after absolute accuracy is about the last thought with which one approaches such books as these. What we do seek for we find here in abundant measure, although the treasure is a little obscured under this formidable mass of information. Perhaps the happiest fashion of approaching the book is to open it here and there at random, and take what the gods send, feeling pretty confident that some dim but not unsuggestive ray of antiquity

will leap out to gladden your eyes. That some of the stories told are rather ugly, there is no denying. One or two are even disgusting, while a considerable number are either horrible, or else puerile. Enough, however, remains, when these are deducted, to make it a very genuine addition to the too short list of early Irish books which the outsider is able to read and to enjoy. The very names alone are apt to give such an outsider a not perhaps entirely rational satisfaction. '*Iuchna Curlylocks*,' '*Eochaid the Rough*,' '*Athirne the Importunate*,' and a score more of the same sort. As regards style, although the scrappiness of its sections prevents the stories from having that sustained beauty which we find in the longer tales of *Silva Gadelica*, there is no lack of touches full of the peculiar charm which belongs to such literature, and, so far as I know, to it alone.

Here, for instance, is such a touch :

Uinche went from the battle of Ath Cinn Mara, which he had fought with Find, and came to the foot of Druim Den, between two waters. . . . And he divided his men into three sevens, to wit, a third for felling the trees, and another third for slaughtering the people, and the third third for burning the forts and the other buildings. After a year Find returned from the east, and saw his fort quite naked, smokeless, houseless, fireless—grass-grown too, quite naked. . . .

Could anything express more perfectly the utter extremity of the desolation which had fallen alike upon the fort and its unhappy master, than those last two lines? 'What! all my pretty chickens and their dam!' poor Find, like Macduff, might have exclaimed. Perhaps you will say that in this you discern the translator's hand, so let us take another example a few pages further back.

Here we learn that a fair was ordained to be kept by the Leinstermen of South Gabur, that is to say, by the men of Ossory, upon the first of every August. And if they continued always to hold it they were promised

corn, and milk, and freedom from control of any other province in Ireland. That they should have men, royal heroes, tender women, good cheer in every several house, fruits, and nets full of fish from their waters. But if it was not held they should have decay, and early greyness, and young kings.

That last touch is very characteristic, young kings (*i.e.* chiefs) being amongst the worst of the many curses of the wretched peasant following of those days.

Of deliberately poetical description there is not much in the book. What there is, however, is good, as for instance in the accounts of the visions of Cathair Mor, who saw in his sleep a damsel who was 'the river which is called Slaney,' and beside her he saw her son, who was the lake that was born of that river :

A lovely hill was over the heads of them both, higher than every hill, with hosts thereon. A shining tree like gold stood on that hill ; because of its height it

would reach to the clouds. In its leaves was every melody. And its fruit, where the wind touched it, speckled the ground.

Or, better still, the following legend :

A birdflock of the Land of Promise came to welcome Saint Patrick when he was on Cruachan Aigle, and with their wings they smote the lake, so that it became as white as new milk. And this is what they used to say: 'O help of the Gaels, come! Come! Come hither.' That was the invitation they had for Patrick. So Patrick came to the lake, and blessed it. Wherefore *Indioch* 'White lake' it is called. "

Enough, perhaps, of extracts, though I would willingly give more, the rather that the *Rennes Dindsenchas* is not likely to be in many hands. * What have been given will be enough to show that the charm is just the old, familiar charm, the charm that meets us in all the sagas, and nearly all the legends, whether their original home was the Hebrides, or Scandinavia, Iceland, or Ireland. What that charm precisely is, or rather what the elements are out of which it is composed, it is less easy to say. That it is a genuine one and that it appeals to a good many readers is clear, since, in spite of that almost inartistic addiction to blood-shedding which ought to make such literature abhorrent to an age as shrinking as ours, we find that it is nothing of the sort. On the contrary, its popularity seems to be even on the increase, and is likely to be so, as far as one can judge, for a good many years to come.

Possibly the joys of discovery count for something in the matter. We dip again, and yet again into these mysterious waters of antiquity, and each time we flatter ourselves that we have extracted some new archaic gem, some hitherto unnoticed treasure, some still more amazing fashion of approaching the eternal subjects of love, hate, murder, slaughter, revenge, and so forth; something, at any rate, which no one but ourselves has ever observed before, and which no one after us will perhaps ever take the trouble to observe again.

Personally—though I confess the illustration may appear a trifle far-fetched—it has always recalled the somewhat analogous joys which are to be found in the pursuit of 'surface towing,' if any reader of this Review has ever shared in such a pastime. Armed with a long muslin bag or net, which you tie to the end of your boat, you row leisurely along, your eyes fixed upon the surface, in search of certain medusæ, chain salpæ, Portuguese men-of-war, and similarly glassy or semi-glassy denizens of the deep. Generally you fail to see any of them, and go home vowing that their existence is a mere zoological myth. At last a halcyon day comes. The sea is dead calm; the water limpidly transparent. Little by little, as you peer below the surface, strange, crystalline-looking objects begin to mount towards you, each with a peculiar heaving motion of its own, all, or nearly all, glassily transparent, all extremely uncanny to look at, yet often curiously beautiful; each a living indi-

vidual, or perchance a living community, for these creatures lead for the most part an eminently communistic existence. They are so unlike anything that you probably ever saw before that it is only while they are actually under your eyes that you seem able to take in what their make and semblance is, and even then you are puzzled to give a name to it. Are they of the nature of bells? or of the nature of flowers? or of balloons? or what? And this odd, convulsive, heaving movement—this systole and diastole, as of a heart acting on its own account, without any body to sustain it? Are we to call it swimming, or floating, or what? In what fashion do the creatures behave when they are at home? How do they feed, communicate, make love, and in what manner generally is their mysterious existence carried on?

Long before you have time to answer any one of these questions, a breeze has probably arisen. Your unearthly-looking visitors have sunk from the surface, trailing their long peduncles, or their endless glassy bells behind them, and disappeared. So completely have they disappeared that you find yourself considering whether you had really ever seen anything, or if it was only some odd iridescent condition of the water that had for a moment deceived your eyes?

Something of the same sort of baffled yet fascinated perplexity is apt to take hold of the mind after a prolonged contemplation of these waifs and strays of an irrecoverable past. Here, too, we begin to perceive that there is a good deal of a sort of primitive complexity, combined with a still more obvious primitive simplicity. Here, too, we have to rub our eyes from time to time, and to ask ourselves how such oddly behaved beings managed to eat, drink, sleep, marry, and carry on the ordinary course of existence—during those brief intervals, that is to say, when they were not actually employed in killing one another!

It is so extremely improbable that we shall ever learn much more about these matters than we do at present, that it is as well, perhaps, to restrain such curiosity, and surrender ourselves singly to their charm; a charm which once you have surrendered yourself to, it is very difficult to shake yourself free from again, and which may even—if you are a scribbling person—come to exercise an odd effect upon your own after-history.

For this is the point towards which I have all this time been travelling! From admiration to imitation is with some of us not a very long step. A rash one, I am willing to admit, but for that very reason all the more enticing. A sudden desire comes over the admirer to try whether he too cannot play some little tune of his own upon these archaic pipes, whether his own fingers cannot awaken some feeble echo of that melody which so charms him in the original. Pens and paper being fatally handy, the tempta-

tion becomes irresistible. The *oocœthes scribendi* develops itself in its most virulent form, and almost before he has begun to realise what he is about, the deed is done!

Even now, even after he has actually yielded to the temptation and perpetrated his doubtless somewhat pitiable imitation, the literary adventurer might escape blame, if only he would have the sense to keep his transgressions to himself. Consigned to the safe keeping of his bureau—better, still, of his waste-paper basket, first and most valuable of all the aids to literature!—they would do him no particular discredit. Writers, however, are not a reticent race, and sooner or later even the least admirable of these *péchés* is apt to struggle into daylight. It is at this point that the matter becomes serious, and that the question arises with regard to which I would earnestly crave a dispassionate opinion. Let us suppose that our literary adventurer *does* yield, and that he has even been so far deserted by his good angel as to print and publish his imitation, is he henceforward to be regarded—I am asking the question in all seriousness—as a lost soul, as a pernicious and a perjured forger for so doing?

Observe that the answer to this question does not in the least depend upon how far such attempts are, or ever can be, successful. The bar before which our imaginary author is standing is not a literary or an æsthetic, but a purely and most formidably *moral* one. It may certainly be a comfort to those who take an austere view of such transgressions to know that as a matter of fact they almost always do fail. This, however, has nothing to do with the matter. On the contrary, from the point of view of their inherent immorality, the nearer that the imitator went to success the deeper would be his guilt! Supposing—I say supposing, because one may really suppose anything—that for once he did *not* fail—supposing that he succeeded in producing so ingenious an imitation, so steeped in the colours of his elected period, so discreet in its modifications, so slyly, delicately archaic in all its details as to deceive the very elect—what then? Would his guilt be thereby lessened? On the contrary, it is clear that from our present point of view it would only be increased tenfold.

And this is really the gist of the matter; so, for fear of any misunderstanding, I had better repeat it. It is not a question as to whether we ever *can* succeed in such imitation, but as to whether we ought to wish or even to *try* to succeed. The point may appear to be one of the smallest possible importance, especially considering the infinitesimal value of most of such imitations, but it is not quite so small as may at first appear, and has decidedly larger bearings.

For to write badly is after all only to prove oneself human; but to go about telling—worse, printing—lies is surely the very superfluity

of naughtiness? Yet this, or something very like this, is what you find you are regarded as doing if you allow yourself to print what any one—the least informed, the most careless reader in the world—could possibly mistake for a genuine transcript from some ancient work or manuscript. Suddenly, to your unspeakable dismay, you find that you are regarded—and by the last people probably by whom you should wish to be so regarded—as a dishonest person, a literary humbug, a jay dressed up in peacocks' feathers—an impostor, in short—one who, not content with tampering profanely with things too high for him, goes out of his way in order to try and deceive his betters! Really it is not necessary to be ultra-sensitive, or to take any very exalted view of your own virtues in order to wince before such an accusation as that!

And the worst of it is that upon mature reflection the culprit begins to take part with his accusers, so far at least as to perceive that there really is something to be said for their point of view, and to wonder a little that it had not struck him before. To 'invent a saint' for instance! Stated thus plainly and baldly, it certainly does seem to be an indecorous, not to say profane proceeding. When charged, moreover, by his archæological Rhadamanthus with the offence, and asked for his excuse, the offender can only feebly stammer out that he 'really meant no harm.' Naturally Rhadamanthus declines to accept such lame excuses as these, and who shall call Rhadamanthus ungentle, unfair, for so doing? I am afraid I cannot!

A less lame and not a less truthful excuse would have been for the culprit to declare that the imitation was not, upon his honour, half so much meant as a deliberate attempt to deceive Rhadamanthus or any one else, as a more or less conscious putting of himself into the same mental attitude and above all into the same environments as his originals. There are days, and there are assuredly scenes, when this old and vanished world—call it early Christian or late Pagan as you like—is not half so completely vanished as most people imagine; scenes where it does not need to be very deeply versed in the lore of primitive monk or of Ossianic bard in order to feel that some dim belated survival of their spirit is hovering mystically around you still. The dead past of any given region is seldom absolutely dead, and in some moods and under certain skies it is often surprisingly, even startlingly alive.

The Atlantic is perhaps of all still extant and surviving magicians the most potent in this art of conjuring up and rejuvenating a world which has never entirely ceased to rustle and whisper along his shores. Place yourself also there, and listen with sufficient docility to his rather inarticulate teachings, and there is no knowing what important secrets he may not some day murmur suddenly into your ears. Emanations with the very thinnest of white misty finger-tips may be

seen to flit silently out of the seaweeds, as you crunch your way homeward towards evening over the rocks. Incorporeal presences—which can be perfectly well seen so long as you do not look directly at them—peer suddenly at you from behind some glittering rock, or glide away into deeper water as you run your boat inshore. The changelessness of everything above, about, and around you, comes to the aid of the illusion. Why should only the men and women; why, still more, should those unseen presences who took so keen an interest in the men and women, alone have vanished, when rock and stream, hill and glen, cloud-filled sky, waste of silvery water, and purple stretch of plain or bog, are all so exactly the same as they have always been?

A good deal of talk goes on in these days about the Celtic spirit, but does any one really know what that spirit is? Has any one ever tracked it to its secret home; ascertained where it was born, and of what elements it was originally composed? If we look at it closely and quite dispassionately, is it not nearly as much a topographical as either a philological or an ethnological spirit? Certainly if 'the breath of Celtic eloquence' is not also to some degree the breath of the Atlantic, I should be puzzled to define what it is. So soft, and so loud; so boisterous, and so heady; extremely effervating, according to some people's opinion, but Oh how subtly, how fascinatingly intoxicating, it is certainly not the property of any one creed, age, or condition of life, any more than it is of any one set of political convictions. We can only say of it that like other breaths it bloweth where it listeth. There is no necessary connection between it and the Clan-na-Gael, any more than there is between it and Landlords' Conferences or Diocesan Synods. Nay, may we not even go further? May we not say that a prosaic pure-bred East Briton—the child of two incredulous Bible-reading parents—may in time grow positively Celtic in spirit if only he will surrender himself absolutely to these influences; if only he will fling away his miserable reason, and refuse from this day forward to disbelieve anything, especially anything that strikes him as absolutely impossible?

And is not the converse proposition at least equally true? May not a very Celt of the Celts—an O or a Mac into whose veins no minim of Saxon blood has ever entered since the Creation—become so un-Celtlike in his inner man, so be-Saxonised if one may use the phrase, in the atmosphere of caucuses and committee rooms; so appallingly practical, so depressingly hardheaded, nay—if the corruption be carried far enough—actually so logical, that at last, as a Celt, he cannot, strictly speaking, be said to have any existence at all?

My austere friend Rhadamanthus, however, sits by with bended brows, and sees neither point nor application in all this nonsense. Under that chilling glance our poor little excuses melt and wither away like the ghosts of the past before the tests of the present. Literary forgery is for him literary forgery, and imaginary saints are

imaginary saints; and the fact that the forgery was only half intentional, and that the saint has at least some of the traits of his originals, and, as regards the use of the miraculous, really makes fewer claims upon credibility than his genuine brothers, avails nothing before that incorruptible censor.

Being unable, therefore, either to corrupt or to appease Rhadamanthus, there is nothing for it but to appeal to a wider circle, and ask for a little direct guidance upon a point not without importance to the craft to which a good many of us have the honour to belong. For let not any brother or sister romancer, however wary, imagine that he or she is perfectly safe from similar accusations! If the rash purveyor of imaginary sagas and chronicles stands in rather more immediate peril, any unsuspecting novelist, in the ordinary practice of his calling, may one of these days discover that his feet have been caught in just the same uncomfortable moral quagmire. He has constructed, we will suppose, some harmless little figment, based upon the past, and, having done so, naturally proceeds to provide it with its appropriate puppet. He places his legend in the mouth of some imaginary narrator; he further thinks it necessary, possibly, to provide it with a preface, purporting to be by some equally imaginary editor. He may even carry his system of calculated deception so far as to indicate the particular trunk, hollow tree, chest, or similar receptacle in which he assures his public that the original documents were found. These preliminaries over, out trots the little impostor, and proceeds to strut and to gambol about with as much air of reality as his creator is able to endow him with.

Naturally he seldom succeeds in taking in any one, and a tolerant smile is about the most violent form of applause which his efforts awaken. Now and then, however, it happens, generally from some purely accidental circumstance, that he does succeed for a moment in passing off as what he professes to be. Just for a brief instant, never longer, the little rascal passes muster, until, detection falling suddenly upon him, down he topples, his carefully painted mask falls off, his gaily bedizened mummer's weeds are plucked from his shoulders, and he disappears into one of those innumerable dustbins which yawn for old clothes, for broken toys, and for ephemeral literature.

Peace be to his harmless ashes, seeing that he but shares the fate of incomparably greater and more ambitious efforts! Not at all peaceful, however, may be the effect of that brief appearance upon his unfortunate inventor. It was once upon a time the fate of the writer of these very lines to receive a letter from an esteemed, although personally unknown, correspondent in which the following words occurred: 'If your book' (naming the poor defunct puppet) 'really is by the person it purports to be by, I find it very interesting. If on the other hand it is a fictitious narrative *invented by yourself*, I cannot say that I consider such deceptions as justifiable.'

Now, will any one kindly say what answer a story-teller is to make to such a letter as that, if, indeed, it is not safer, as well as even civiller, not to answer it at all? Really, poor Master Mercurius is to be pitied, and has fallen upon evil days. He tries to amuse his honoured patrons; he does his little best; he skips and capers about with all the art he can muster. No lofty purposes has he. He knows nothing of such matters. He is only a rather indifferent actor, and his business, like any other actor's, is to carry on his little illusion to the end, and then to retire quietly behind the scenes. He succeeds perhaps for the moment, almost beyond his expectations, and lo! when he looks, if not for applause, at least for tolerance, he hears himself hooted by his audience as a 'forger' and 'impostor.' After this it strikes me that he had very much better vanish entirely from the stage, or at any rate confine himself to reciting moral tales, and the strictly veracious 'fairy tales of science' for the remainder of his days.

His great elder brother—he who handles the lyre—never had his liberty curtailed in this autocratic fashion! Apollo has always been allowed to do exactly as he likes. Apollo may pretend to be anything or any one he pleases. Apollo may embroider to his heart's content. Apollo, I feel sure, might even 'invent saints,' and no one would be so rude as to call Apollo a forger for so doing. That the gulf between the brothers is vast I admit—far be it from me to seek to diminish it. So vast that the loftier one might fairly decline to acknowledge the relationship, or at least declare that it had never been spoken of openly in the family. In spite of this haughtiness on the part of Apollo, there are enough traits in common, however, between them to establish that such a tie does exist, and in any case the more obscure, the less considered, the less respectable even a claimant for justice, the greater the need surely that it should be strictly and even amply meted out to him.

Plainly, what the situation requires is some authoritative tribunal, one that would decide upon such points as we have just been considering, and pronounce upon them finally. Similar tribunals, I have been given to understand, sit to decide the equally knotty points which arise in connection with the games played out upon the board of green cloth. Our little game of fiction requires to have its laws no less rigidly defined, indeed in one respect it requires it more, seeing that cheating—scandalous as that may sound—actually forms an indispensable part and parcel of our calling. Let us hasten then to discover such a tribunal, and, when we have found it, let us submit ourselves cheerfully and whole-heartedly to its rulings. Before allowing our vagrant pens to take any further liberties with kings, queens, bards, chiefs, culdees—with any one that belongs to the past, but especially with *saints*—let us ascertain how far such liberties are permissible, and how far they are not; what in short

is to be regarded as honest cheating, and what as dishonest. Where such an absolutely authoritative tribunal is to be found, and who the literary Caesar is that we are to get to preside over it, I confess that I do not at the present moment perceive. Doubtless, however, it might be found, and then all our woes would be at an end. Henceforward it would only have to speak, and we should obey. I appeal unto Caesar!

.. . EMILY LAWLESS.

THE DAME DE CHÂTEAUBRIANT

TRAVELLERS who descend the valley of the Loire often break their journey before reaching Nantes in order to visit those old castles with which the French Renaissance, assisted by the House of Valois, embellished both banks of that river. Some of them are now in ruins; several were destroyed by the Revolution, together with their inmates; while those which survived that storm have suffered from vandals in the shape of their new owners and their masons. Even the Government has at times contributed to their destruction. Yet enough remain to charm the passer-by, to adorn the landscape, and invite the researches of archaeologists. Blois Castle impresses one by its elegant architecture, Chambord by its imposing but inoffensive towers, Amboise by its Gothic remains, Chaumont by its enigmatical walls, Tours by its churches and old houses, and all by the historical memories which their names awaken in cultivated minds.

When the curious traveller has visited these relics of the past, and has arrived at Nantes, he rarely thinks of pushing on to the right, and he thus misses the pleasure of contemplating domains less ambitious, but to which are attached famous histories, legends, and romances of amours or crimes well worthy of his attention. A light railway carries one at an easy speed through beautiful scenery to a small town with a celebrated name—Châteaubriant. The place has less than five thousand inhabitants, but possesses a castle, built in the eleventh century by Briant, Count de Penthièvre, in which is said to have taken place an awful tragedy.

Scarcely anything is now left of the ancient fortress except a few walls, some pieces of curtain, a pointed-arch doorway, a small round tower, and a large square one which once proudly passed for a dungeon, but now serves ingloriously as a prison. The entrance to the castle has nothing attractive about it, the said prison being the vestibule, but as soon as the courtyard is reached the visitor stands amazed. On one side, a colonnade of twenty arcades charms the eye by its elegant proportions. At the end, there is a building of sober architecture, consisting of a ground floor with five openings, an upper story having five windows with mullions, and in the roof five projecting stone windows ornamented with sculptured pilasters and frontals.

The arrangement is simple and stately, and recalls the castles of the Loire and the time of Louis the Twelfth. These buildings are so extensive that room has been found in them for a museum, the *sous-préfecture*, the municipal offices, the local court, and, finally, the police station, which secures the safety of the whole *saïnce*.

The tragedy which we are about to relate did not, as might have been supposed, take place in the old château, but in the new one, a building which enchants the man of taste by its graceful architecture and the richness of its external decoration. It was then the fashion in France to erect fine edifices, and Jean de Laval, lord of Châteaubriant, who was very rich, spared neither skill nor money to beautify the dwelling in which he hoped to hold captive the lovely Françoise de Foix, his spouse.

This fair young woman, who is pictured to us in the annals of the period, and especially by the poets, in the most seductive colours, belonged to that noble house of Foix which gave France so many famous warriors. The property of her family having passed by marriage to the house of Albret, which ruled over Navarre, Françoise was brought up at the court of Ann, Duchess of Brittany, successively consort of the two French kings, Charles the Eighth and Louis the Twelfth. There she received an education which nowadays we should call superior, but which was then an ordinary one for the daughters of high families. When she was old enough to be attractive she took the fancy of the Count de Châteaubriant, who held in Brittany the highest rank after the Rieux, and was justly regarded in France as a valiant captain. The queen, of whom Françoise was a distant cousin, favoured the count's penchant, and the marriage was concluded by contract about the year 1509. Born in 1495, Françoise was then only fourteen years old. Marriages *par contrat* sometimes took place before the nubile age between noble families. The latter had not to make any researches nor establish any kinship—all were known to each other.

Jean de Laval was the son of the lady of Rieux, who was head of the house and a cousin of the queen. The court of Blois attracted at that time the noblest and the most learned people of the French provinces. The sons of the great families went there to acquire courtly manners and the culture of letters, as well as to become proficient in the use of arms. There Jean de Laval met Vendôme and Bayard, Fleuranges and Montmorency. He became intimate there with Françoise's three brothers, young seigneurs who were destined to become renowned captains under the names of Lautrec, Lescun, and Lesparre.

Into this fold, where the virtuous and haughty queen kept so many beautiful sheep, a certain wolf often found his way, decked with all the attractions that a wolf of this kind can possess. It was the youthful François d'Angoulême, son of Charles, duke of Angoulême,

and Louise of Savoy; and, after his father's death, of the younger Valois branch, known in history as the Valois-Orléans-Angoulême branch, and heir to the crown if the king, Louis the Twelfth, died without issue.

According to the chroniclers, young François was the handsomest prince of his time. He excelled in all physical exercises, delighted everybody by his courtly bearing and great intelligence, and was so ready for daring deeds as to cause his mother much anxiety for his safety. Such a gallant knight naturally attracted the regard of women, while he was not by any means insensible to their charms. Throughout his life he displayed a love of beautiful things—poetry, fine architecture, the arts—and for famous painters and their works this amounted to a passion. In France he was called *le Père des Lettres*, and deservedly so, in spite of what has been said to the contrary. It has also been said that he was *le dernier Chevalier*.

One can imagine that, with such brilliant qualities, the fair ladies of the French court were only too willing to surrender their virtue to him. The morals of the time were not at all rigid, and although the queen did not permit near her that license of which the little court of Cognac set the example, under the indulgent eye of Louise of Savoy, it would have been difficult to prevent any amorous intrigues between this *Prince Charmant* and the handsome damsels at the court of Blois. François, married to Claude de France in spite of Anne of Brittany's long opposition to this union, was at Blois as often as at Amboise, where his mother had gone to reside. Claude was but fifteen years old, deformed in body and of a sad temperament. She was a person better fitted to induce respect than to inspire love. Probably the young prince failed to find in her those attractions which he could so easily meet with elsewhere. Although Françoise de Foix was still very young, she had not passed unnoticed, and it may be that Anne of Brittany's haste to marry her to Laval was due to considerations of prudence in regard to her son-in-law. Françoise was married and no longer at Blois, but she had left souvenirs behind her. The girl of fifteen had all the necessary qualities to draw a man like the Duc d'Angoulême, and everything indicates that the day came when he remembered this.

The king was thought to be at the point of death, but it was the queen who died. What were the political considerations that led Louis the Twelfth to seek, by a new marriage, to have an heir, of whom his dynasty had no need? Besides the Valois-Angoulême branch, there remained to satisfy the prescriptions of the Salic law the Capetian branch of the Bourbons. His marriage with Mary, sister of King Henry the Eighth of England, infused some life into the court of Blois, which, austere before, had become quite melancholy. It was François who was charged to go to Boulogne to receive the young princess. Mary was then sixteen years old; she had pretty

features and a complexion of dazzling whiteness. It has been said that the fair woman in Paul Veronese's picture representing the wedding feast of Cana, now in the Louvre, is her portrait. This is a gross error. At the time of Mary's death, in 1534, Paul Veronese was only six years of age. The fact, however, that such a comparison has been made shows that the mission entrusted to the youthful Valois must have been a very agreeable one.

He fulfilled this mission with such ardour as to arouse the anxiety of Louise of Savoy, whose sole ambition was to see her son seated on the throne of France. Warnings were not wanting, for his friends advised him to be prudent. The young queen was agreeable, lively, and probably not disinclined to listen to words of love. Suffolk, who had accompanied her with the title of ambassador and had remained at the French court after the termination of his mission, was also a cause of uneasiness. Louise of Savoy bestirred herself, making plans and negotiating. The saintly Claude had naively constituted herself guardian of one whose virtue was suspected; she kept Mary in her apartments under her own eye, and took care that she had no leisure time. In regard to the stay of the sister of Henry the Eighth in France, and the royal progress arranged by François of Valois from Boulogne to Saint-Germain, an interesting and amusing book might be written.

Three months after the marriage the king died (the 1st of January, 1515), and François ascended the throne. His mother's anxiety, however, was not wholly dissipated, and every effort was made to bring about the marriage of the young widow with Suffolk, a rich dower and the right to retain the title of queen being conferred upon her. Both parties willingly answered the call of political exigencies. Mary's sojourn in France had been short; she had met with nothing but respect, there not having been time for the growth of any bitter feelings, and she left behind her neither the perils that were feared, nor the keen regret which she had perhaps wished to inspire. We wonder whether it was really spite that dictated to King François the somewhat discourteous reflection written by him below the portrait of the beautiful widow remarried: 'Plus sale que reyne.' We will indulgently suppose that it was done out of spite.

That new conception of feminine beauty which found expression subsequently in the elongated limbs of Primaticci's figures had already begun to be formed. Sloping loins, long arms and legs, a supple neck, and diminutive feet were regarded as essential elements of beauty in women. Françoise realised this ideal to perfection. Her hair was brown, and, by all appearance, her skin less white than certain poets have pretended. The first writer who speaks of her is Antoine Varillas, in his *Histoire de François I*°. It is he who relates the fable that Jean de Laval, being pressed by the king to bring his countess to court, made the excuse that she was too plain. The

king, who had seen her when she was quite a girl, could not have been deceived by such a lame evasion, and it is incredible that Laval should have thought of putting it forward. Another version has it that Laval gave his wife one half of a ring and kept the other half, charging her not to obey any order purporting to come from him unless this half should be delivered to her with the message. This ring incident is a threadbare one which we meet with in a number of romances and comedies, and if Laval had been foolish enough to do as is said he would have richly deserved the lot which awaited him. Nothing could be better calculated to arouse a woman's curiosity and lead her to fathom the reasons for such a precaution. At all events, it is beyond doubt that the Countess de Châteaubriant did go to court, and soon fell under the fascinating influence of the king.

That Laval, who was bravely fighting in Italy or busy with the embellishment of his old fortress in Brittany, had from the outset some knowledge of what was going on can scarcely be questioned. Yet for such a proud knight he seems to have been but little disturbed by it. Of course, we must not look upon those times with our modern eyes. The prestige of royalty was then considerable and intact, and François I. was regarded by the nation, small and great, as a superior being incapable of wrong-doing and able to impose any sacrifice. This historic truth is often overlooked by modern writers. Victor Hugo is a striking example. The famous Saint-Vallier scene in *Le Roi s'amuse* is not merely contrary to all likelihood dramatically, but is at manifest variance with the facts and with the spirit of the period.

During the ten years which elapsed between the victory of Marignan and the disaster at Pavia, the king's *liaison* with the beautiful countess was disturbed only by transient infidelities on the monarch's part. It would have been surprising if, at a gay court, nothing had ever arisen to cloud the serenity of an affection which we have every reason to believe was sincere and disinterested. Françoise was gentle, docile, and free from personal ambition. By her grace and pleasantness she gained an unquestionable influence over the king's mind, but it is impossible to discover in all her life a single act or a single thought which did not aim at making her royal lover a hero. Therein lay her pride. One cannot say as much of her fair successor. Françoise has been blamed for having raised her family to the highest honours. But her three brothers, Odet de Foix (Lautrec), Lescun, and Lesparre, were elevated to the chief dignities at court and in the army much more on account of their own merits than through their sister's influence. In all France there were no braver captains nor greater military spirits. It is true that they were not always successful on the battlefield, but all three shed their blood in the service of their country. The first, Lautrec, left for dead at the battle of

Ravenna, afterwards distinguished himself at Marignan, was vanquished at La Bicoque through the fault of Louise of Savoy in withholding the pay of the Swiss, and died of fever near Naples. The second, Lescun, was killed at Pavia with Bonnivet. The third, Lesparre, figured like his brothers in every fight, and at Pampeluña had his head broken by mace-blows. He would be an ill-advised man who would reproach their sister for having pushed them to immolate themselves in furtherance of the political aims of the king!

Louise of Savoy, clinging tenaciously to her power, became uneasy at the ascendancy acquired over her son by this gentle and beloved woman. She worked to destroy the influence which Françoise exercised, perhaps undesignedly, and she would doubtless have succeeded if she had been able to find the least fault with her conduct. It has been stated that Françoise had a love intrigue with Bonnivet. But Louise disliked Bonnivet, and would not have failed to ruin them both had she seen any way of doing it. When she took the reins of power, on account of the king's captivity, she seized the chance to send Françoise back to her husband.

According to Varillas, a precious manuscript by a certain Councillor Ferrand contained an account of what became of her. The Count de Châteaubriant imprisoned his wife in a tower of the old castle, with her seven-year-old daughter. To judge by the ruins, her stay there cannot have been very agreeable. Then, when the rumour spread that the king was about to recover his liberty, an infernal thought germinated in the mind of the rude soldier. The little girl, of whom nobody seems ever to have heard, had died, and there was no longer any necessity to keep up appearances. One day the ferocious husband entered his wife's chamber, accompanied by six men, and told her that her last hour had come. Neither her despair nor her entreaties could move that iron-bound heart. The men seized their victim, while Laval stood by dry-eyed, with a sinister smile on his lips. Françoise abandoned her limbs to her executioners, who then opened a vein in each, and her life-blood flowed upon the stones to the feet of the count, who stood enjoying his vengeance. Slowly the body of Françoise sank to the ground, and her eyes became glazed in death.

This account, to which romance-writers afterwards added various details drawn from their imaginations, has received from serious historians a stamp of genuineness which it would not be prudent to dispute in the good town of Châteaubriant, where it is regarded as an established fact that Françoise de Foix was bled from her four limbs and put to death by Jean de Laval, her husband, for having been unfaithful to him. No precise date is given to the event, but as it occurred during the king's captivity it must have been between

February 1525 and the 18th of March 1526, so that the beautiful Françoise must have been thirty-one years old at her death.

The foregoing story, taken up and amplified by romancists such as Lescouvel, has survived in spite of the refutation attempted in the seventeenth century by a learned barrister of Rennes, named Pierre Hévin. And in order that we should not retain the least doubt as to the truthfulness of Ferrand's narrative, which was unearthed by Varillas, maintained by Lescouvel, and embellished by their imitators, we are shown to this day at Châteaubriant the chamber where Françoise underwent her torture, and the traces of her blood on the flagstones. Yet, this tale has not a word of truth in it. Is it quite certain that Jean de Laval was the hard, cruel man that he is represented to have been? Is it proved that he killed his wife as a punishment for having been the king's mistress? The chroniclers tell us that he was 'prudent, discreet, and very magnificent, having a knowledge of letters and even showing an ingenious mind.' He passed for a man original in all things, a good courtier, familiar with court life, and of easy morals. The poet Clément Marot dedicated to him a book of epigrams. He was the friend and companion in arms of Lautrec, one of the countess's brothers. When the king returned from captivity, Laval went to visit him, accompanied by his wife, which is a proof that she was not dead. Anne de Pisseleu then took possession of the king's heart, to the satisfaction of Louise of Savoy, and discord arose between the two former lovers. They reproached each other in verses which have come down to us and which afford an insight into both their characters.

The young king had given Françoise various articles of jewellery on which he had had engraved beautiful devices composed by his sister Marguerite, authoress of the *Heptaméron*. At the instigation of his new mistress he recalled these presents, doubtless in order to mark clearly that the rupture was complete. Françoise naturally felt hurt: she had the ornaments melted into ingots, and caused these to be delivered to her royal lover, accompanied by a letter in which she declared that the beautiful and loving inscriptions were written on her heart and would never be obliterated. The king understood the lesson, and sent back the ingots, a species of alms which the Dame de Châteaubriant had not expected.

Upon his return to the conjugal abode Jean de Laval fell sick, and believed that his end was near. His first thought was to secure his fortune to his widow in case of his death, and to do this he was obliged to evade the laws and customs in order to frustrate his collateral heirs, the only ones he had, the young daughter mentioned in the legend being as chimerical as the Ferrand memoirs themselves, whence Varillas evolved her. Here the demonstration becomes piquant. This heartless husband, who has bled Françoise de Foix to death, this Bluebeard of the nursery story, executes a deed of gift

transferring all his large fortune to a stranger; by a second instrument he annuls the first if this stranger should have legitimate children, and by a third deed he conveys the donation, with the free consent of the said stranger, to his wife, Françoise de Foix, Dame de Châteaubriant. These deeds bear the date of June 1525, and the stranger is none other than Lautrec, Odet de Foix, brother of Françoise. These deeds, which assured a considerable fortune to the Countess, were executed just at the time when, according to the historian Varillas, her blood was trickling upon the stained flagstones which are to-day still pointed out to us. It should be noted that the third deed, which has been published in *Curiosités de l'Histoire de France*, contains this passage: 'En considération du grand amour et dilection, obéissance et loyauté que ladite dame et bonne femme et loyale épouse lui a porté et lui porte, et des bons et commendables services, traitements et plaisirs qu'icelle dame lui a faits et continue de lui faire pendant le temps de leur mariage, bien qu'il n'a plu a Dieu lui donner aucuns enfants et avoir lignée ensemble jusques ici.'

Previous to starting for Italy, where he perished the following year, before Naples, this same Lautrec appointed the Count de Châteaubriant, one of the guardians of his children. Would he have bestowed such a mark of confidence upon his sister's murderer? In the same year Jean de Laval went to carry succour to Lautrec. In 1530 he was created a knight of the royal orders and lieutenant-general of Brittany. He presided over the States-General in 1522. He presided again at the coronation of the Dauphin. Three years later he married his nephew, the young Count de Laval, to Claude de Foix, daughter of Lautrec, Françoise being present at the ceremony.

The king paid several visits to Châteaubriant. In 1532 he made a two months' stay and signed a number of ordinances there. He entrusted the count with several confidential missions. Finally, when Françoise died, in 1537, Marguerite, the king's sister, who happened to be at the château at the time, wrote her brother a letter describing the poignant grief of the count, and she draws such a vivid picture of his sorrow that one begins to doubt whether there ever existed between him and his wife the slightest cause of discord or coldness. And yet there was such cause, as both Marguerite and Clément Marot bear witness. They both consider Françoise as *badly married*, whatever that may mean. Undoubtedly there were disputes in the household. But if this brave and courteous knight was sufficiently noble and sufficiently magnanimous to pardon his wife's fault, would any one dare to consider it a crime on his part?

The Dame de Châteaubriant was mourned for when she died. The poets sang her virtues; beauty, and kind-heartedness; Clément Marot composed her epitaph, and the king himself praised her in verses that breathe affection and gratitude.

IRELAND AND THE NEXT SESSION

AT about this time last year I ventured, in the pages of this Review, to discuss the then newly announced policy of 'Killing Home Rule by Kindness,' to state the attitude towards it of my parliamentary colleagues and myself, and to suggest to the Government what they ought to do in the direction of carrying it out, if they meant to achieve even the minor success of removing certain Irish grievances and securing a fair field for the making of their experiment. The session which ensued was not wholly unfruitful in beneficial measures. A Land Bill was passed into law, the actual working of which so far has unquestionably proved it to be a very useful measure which it would have been absolutely folly from the Irish tenants' point of view to reject. A Light Railway Bill became law, under which half a million of Imperial money—or, as I would prefer to put it, Irish money in the Imperial Treasury—was made available for the further improvement of the means of internal communication in Ireland, and which is not unlikely to lead to the expenditure of twice that sum from local sources on the same object. A Labourers Bill and a Bill for rendering workable the Housing of the Working Classes Act also passed, the effect of which will be to hasten to a considerable degree the provision of dwellings for the working community in town and country. Such a record of work done is not, on the whole, a bad one, and at any rate it is a better one, than that left behind it by the last Liberal Government after its three years of power. But, of course, the work of last session affecting Ireland is at the same time small in comparison with what was needed, and most certainly such trifling efforts to remove the grievances of Ireland and to promote its material interests would never have the effect of 'Killing Home Rule,' even if Irish Nationalists could possibly be bribed by material considerations into abandonment of the national faith. Of the measures passed for Ireland which have just been enumerated the Land Act is the most important, and although that measure is a larger one in some respects than had been expected, it falls short in two or three vital particulars of what was demanded by Irish public opinion, and has consequently failed to close even temporarily the Irish agrarian controversy. In the article in this Review to which

I have already referred. I pointed out that the shortening of the 'statutory term' and an adequate amendment of the law regarding tenants' improvements were absolutely essential features of any satisfactory Land Bill. The new Land Act certainly does afford some additional security to the Irish tenant against the confiscation of his property, but it by no means goes the whole way needed in that matter; and it does not even touch the question of the statutory term. This latter defect will be found to have consequences which the Government itself in all probability will find unpleasant, for it is not in the nature of things that men should be satisfied, and should refrain from making their dissatisfaction known and felt, at being compelled to go on paying for the next five years rents which have been proved to be exorbitant, while others of their class are under no such obligation. But in other respects the Government's last session went a rather curious way about carrying out their avowed policy of 'Killing Home Rule by Kindness.' Their management of the business of the session was the reverse of satisfactory from the point of view of Ireland. They allowed little or no time for the discussion of the Irish measures which they did introduce. The Irish Land Bill was almost the only one of those measures which was discussed at all, and to it only about one week was devoted, the fact being more or less widely known that, if that period of time were not sufficient, the measure would be dropped. This style of conducting business was distinctly unfair. It was most emphatically not proper to have put the Irish items of their programme so much in the rear that in the end Irish members were compelled to choose between accepting the Land Bill practically as it was introduced and losing it altogether. It is certain that it would never have been proposed to deal in a similar manner with an English Bill of similar importance. The plea of necessity cannot avail. The Government has practically control of the whole time of the House of Commons, and it is, therefore, incumbent upon it so to arrange matters as that the measures to which it is pledged shall not, *per necessitatem*, be thrown on the table of the House of Commons with an intimation that even a non-obstructive attempt to amend them will involve their withdrawal.

Another session is now at hand, and once more the question arises, What is the present Government going to do for Ireland in redemption of its pledge to legislate for Ireland as Ireland would legislate for itself, if it had the power, and what ought to be the policy of Irish representatives, and especially of Irish Nationalist representatives, towards such beneficial measures as it may decide to propose? Let me take the latter point first.

The objects of Nationalist policy in Ireland may, broadly speaking, be divided into two categories. One of those categories consists of Home Rule, the other comprises all the minor reforms and advantages

which Irishmen hope to obtain by legislative effort. To obtain Home Rule, the greatest and highest object of Nationalist policy, independent Nationalists at least are prepared to adopt any means within the constitution which is most likely to lead to success. The particular means available and most likely to yield successful results may be disagreeable to English parties or the reverse; if the means should be disagreeable, that is simply a matter that cannot be helped. Independent Nationalists, like most other persons, would prefer to use means generally agreeable, if they were the appropriate means to the end desired; but the interests at stake are too important to be sacrificed to considerations of personal convenience. With a view, therefore, to the advancement of the Home Rule cause, Independent Nationalists are ready to 'block the way' in Parliament in order to bring home to Englishmen the practical inconvenience to themselves of denying Home Rule to Ireland, if 'blocking the way' be necessary, and if, while Home Rule is impossible of immediate attainment, that policy would not interfere with the passage of other beneficial measures urgently needed for Ireland. When Mr. Gladstone retired and Lord Rosebery succeeded to the Premiership and the Leadership of the Liberal party, Home Rule, to the minds of Independent Nationalists, was practically dropped out of the programme of that party. It continued, indeed, as it continues still, a formal part of that programme; but action in reference to it was postponed to other measures which were declared more urgent for the time from the point of view of the Liberal party. Instead of appealing to the country on the question once more after the rejection of the Home Rule Bill of 1893 by the House of Lords, the Government of the day went on with English and Scotch legislation, with the result that, when at last an appeal to the country took place, the election turned almost entirely on other questions. At the same time the prospect of other remedial legislation for Ireland was perfectly blank. Every one, for instance, knew that it was absolutely useless to expect that the House of Lords would agree to a good Irish Land Bill introduced by a Liberal Government. When this change in Liberal policy occurred, the Independent Nationalist view was that the Anglo-Irish alliance ought to have been dissolved and the policy of 'blocking the way' at Westminster resumed. As in the past, so in the future. A ministry is now in power which is frankly hostile to Home Rule. In its case, too, the policy of 'blocking the way' ought to be resorted to if 'blocking the way' would not prevent the passing of minor material reforms for Ireland which are urgently needed, and if Home Rule be immediately obtainable by that means. What, then, is the actual situation? It would be the merest folly for Irishmen to attempt to disguise from themselves the fact that Home Rule is some little distance off; and, therefore, if there were nothing more to be considered, the proper policy to be pursued in Parliament by

Irish Nationalist representatives would be to endeavour, by every honourable means open to them, to allow nothing else to be done there till the demand of Ireland for National self-government was satisfied. But this is not the whole case at this moment. Home Rule is not immediately obtainable by any parliamentary methods, while at the same time the Government offers several minor benefits of a more or less important character. Ought Irish Nationalists at Westminster, under these circumstances, to 'block the way' and to expect all those minor benefits? To do so would, in my opinion, be utter childishness and folly. The Independent party, therefore, are prepared, as they showed themselves last session, to adopt a friendly attitude towards measures calculated to carry out the lesser reforms and advantages of which Ireland stands so much in need, provided only that they are so calculated, and not mere shams. . . .

Next session the Government are expected to deal with at least two Irish questions of first-class importance. I refer to the financial grievance of Ireland and the question, or rather group of questions, raised in the report of what has been known as the Recess Committee. Let me say a few words on each.

On the first of these two subjects Ireland is absolutely unanimous: It has long been so, but the light recently thrown on the financial treatment of Ireland at the time of the union and since by the Report of the Financial Relations Committee and the Supplemental Reports of various members of that body, has had an immense effect in quickening popular interest in the matter and directing it to practical ends. The latest public movement in Ireland, indeed, is that arising out of the publication of the documents referred to, and amongst the warmest supporters of this movement are the special friends in Ireland of the present administration. After the findings of the Royal Commission, there cannot be any longer any dispute as to the main points. Opinions may still differ as to the exact amount by which Ireland is over-taxed; but that she is over-taxed—and that, too, by millions sterling a year—it will be in vain for Englishmen to deny after the pronouncement of Mr. Childers and all his colleagues but two—if, indeed, I ought to account one of these latter as a dissident in the proper sense of that term. The verdict of the Commission, in fact, is practically a unanimous one, and its unanimity is so remarkable a circumstance that it necessarily challenges universal attention and renders it impossible for the Government to take up towards the Irish demand in this matter an attitude of indifference which, under other circumstances, any English Government might, perhaps, be only too readily inclined to adopt. English Unionists especially will find it difficult to answer the Irish demand by a denial. The reason is plain. It is that Ireland takes its stand largely, though not altogether, on the Act of Union which those politicians consider so sacred and so necessary from the point of view of Great Britain

that they will not, at present at least, hear of its abrogation or even serious modification. The financial provisions of the Act of Union have been systematically violated to the detriment of Ireland for ninety-six years, and Ireland simply asks that that violation shall cease. How can English Unionists, with any consistency or even common decency, reject such a request? The fact that this injustice to Ireland has continued so long cannot surely be pleaded in bar of its removal even at this late hour of the day. That it has existed so long ought rather to be an additional reason for its speedy removal now. But if the prolonged existence of the grievance be relied on at all, then the fact must also be remembered that Ireland has never ceased to protest against it, at all events for the last fifty years. It has never let judgment go by default, and now its view of the matter is endorsed not only by its own representatives on the Royal Commission of 1893, but by the representatives also of England and Scotland, and even, it may be said, of the Treasury. The only real question, as it seems to me, which is now left for debate is not whether the grievance complained of exists, but how it is to be removed. On this point opinions do differ. I have no hesitation in saying that I agree with those who maintain that Ireland will never be treated justly in financial matters till it is allowed to control its own taxation; but, inasmuch as that solution of the question cannot be looked for as an event of the immediate future, and as Ireland is in urgent want of immediate relief, recourse must be had for the moment to some other plan. Two other plans have been proposed—one for the reduction by some means or other of the existing burdens of Ireland, the other for the return to Ireland annually for useful public purposes of the sum by which it has been found that it is now over-taxed. It is difficult for any one to pronounce dogmatically on such a point; but 'as at present advised,' to use a familiar and convenient phrase, the latter plan appears to me to possess undeniable advantages over the former. It would certainly be easier to carry out, and with almost equal certainty it may be said that its effect would be more immediately and more directly felt. One word more. The settlement of this question, if not altogether a matter for Ireland alone, is at least one on which the predominant opinion of Ireland ought to be allowed special weight. Irish opinion on this subject is not so uninformed as, perhaps, some Englishmen may be inclined to suppose. In the various classes in that country men are to be found who entertain views on this special point which are both wise and enlightened, and to pass the opinions of such men over would be simply an act of despotism which would not readily be forgotten. The Government will be able to collect those views not only from the forthcoming discussions in Parliament, but from the discussions now going on, and which are certain to continue for some time to come in Ireland itself; and if they wish to give satisfaction, as well as to do

justice, they cannot pay too much attention to such expressions of the mind of the nation which is chiefly affected. If the injustice complained of is to be rectified, it may as well, from the point of view of England, be rectified in the way desired by those whom the rectification will benefit when it is accomplished.

On the question, or group of questions, raised by the Report of the 'Recess Committee,' the same unanimity of opinion does not appear to exist amongst Irish political parties. To judge from the chief organs of Mr. Dillon's section of the so-called Irish party, that gentleman and his followers do not at all favour, but, on the contrary, look with distrust upon the proposals of the Recess Committee. Even amongst the supporters of the Independent Nationalist or Parnellite party in the country there seem to be a few—a very few, however, as was shown at the recent Convention of the party in Dublin—who fear those proposals on the ground that at least the improvements in agricultural methods with which some of those proposals are concerned would, in the end, lead to an increase of rents rather than anything else. But the great majority of Irishmen, I believe, thoroughly approve of the main recommendations of the committee, and do so on the grounds that they are just what an Irish Parliament would enact for Ireland, if such an institution were in existence, that something like what the Recess Committee suggests is most urgently needed, and that the present is a peculiarly favourable time for obtaining it, if the Government really mean to act on their avowed policy of 'Killing Home Rule by Kindness.' As for the notion which seems to possess the minds of Mr. Dillon and his followers that the carrying out of this policy would kill Home Rule, I have on a previous occasion expressed my opinion at length, and I need only briefly recapitulate now what I then urged. Believing, as I do, that the national sentiment in Ireland is indestructible, I am convinced that the more the Irish people are educated, the more prosperous they become, and the greater security they enjoy that they will reap what they have sown, the stronger will their demand grow for national autonomy, without which no nation has ever become permanently contented or progressive. Nothing therefore, in my opinion, that the present or any other British Government may or can do, to restore material prosperity to Ireland, will ever have the effect of killing the desire of the Irish people for self-government. If it were otherwise, it would be proved that the demand for Home Rule in the past was neither more nor less than a sham, and Ireland would not deserve self-government. All this being so, and the necessity for legislative and administrative measures of an ameliorative tendency being urgent, would it not be the utmost folly to reject such measures in advance, especially if there be ground for hoping that they can be immediately obtained? The question, in truth, will not bear discussion. As well might objection be raised

to a good Land Bill as to the main proposals of the Recess Committee for creating, reviving, and fostering Irish industries.

But what is it exactly that the Recess Committee suggests? Part V. of its Report answers this question very succinctly:

Our proposal [it says] is that Parliament should establish a Ministry of Agriculture and Industries for Ireland, which shall consist of a Board, with a Minister responsible to Parliament at its head, and be advised by a Consultative Council representative of the agricultural and industrial interests of the country. This Department, besides undertaking certain new duties hitherto left undischarged, should [with some exceptions which are mentioned] take over the following existing departments of the Irish Government: the Congested Districts Board, the Inspectors of Irish Fisheries, the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council, part of the functions of the Board of Works, the Agricultural Department of the Land Commission, the Agricultural Department of the Board of National Education, and the functions of the Science and Art Department in Ireland.

The new Board, it is further explained, 'ought to consist of not less than five members, chosen as the members of the Congested Districts Board are chosen, that is to say, with the object of representing as far as possible the different districts and political complexions of the country;' the special value of such a body being stated to be, firstly, the corrective which it would afford to the liability of ordinary permanent officials to sink into routine, and, secondly, the influence which it would exercise in the direction of liberal administration. The nature and functions of the Consultative Council are then described. 'The function of this council,' says the Report, 'would be (1) to keep the department in direct touch with the public opinion of those classes whom the work of the Ministry concerned; and (2) to distribute some of the responsibility for administration amongst these classes. It might consist of about forty-two members, and should be partly elective and partly nominated, in accordance with the principles which have been found to work satisfactorily in other countries.' To a department so constituted would be delegated, as the proposed absorption of several existing departments of the Government would suggest, all matters relating to the promotion of agriculture and other industries, including forestry, reclamation, drainage, fisheries, and the hundred and one other means of livelihood which exist in every progressive country in the world; and to carry out its work the new body would be endowed with funds proportionate to its needs.

The scheme [says the Recess Committee's Report] is believed to be practical in its entirety, and calculated to lead not only to economical administration, but to results remunerative to the State. But an expenditure considerably greater than could be met by the funds of the departments which it is proposed to absorb would be required for its purposes, especially at the outset, and during what would necessarily be the experimental stage of its operations. The scale on which these requirements would be provided for might depend somewhat on the claim which may be established for Ireland by the Royal Commission on Financial Relations.

I have thought it well to set out, thus in some detail the main

suggestions of the Recess Committee for the purpose of explaining what it is that the Government is expected to do if they deal with this matter next session, and in what direction they must proceed if they have any hope that their proposals will meet with general acceptance in Ireland, and if, in fact, their scheme is not to turn out one of those monumental failures which in that country so often mark the efforts of British administrators. Pottering attempts at reform; proposals showing distrust of Irishmen and their capacity for affairs; and a niggardly provision of funds—all those things will not only be of no use from any point of view, but will show that the new policy of 'Killing Home Rule by Kindness' is only a very old and worn-out policy under a new name. The old discredited methods and objects of British administration in Ireland must be abandoned; the new department must be a popular and representative body; and it must have ample funds at its disposal. The effort to restore the ruined industries of Ireland and to save from extinction those which still survive must, in other words, be a serious one, or it would be much better if it were not undertaken at all.

One fact in addition, in reference to the proposals of the Recess Committee, should be borne in mind by the Government. It is, not Nationalists alone who have made or advocate them. The committee consisted of elements of the most diverse character. Unionists who may fairly be said to represent every section of their party in Ireland have united with Nationalists not only in setting forth the necessity for something being done on a very considerable scale for the promotion of the material interests of their country, but in specifying the precise measures which, in their opinion, ought to be adopted to that end; and their united recommendations have, since their publication, received the emphatic endorsement of men outside, of whom Lord Dufferin may be taken as a type. If such a combination should be found to have no weight with the Government, even in a matter which involves no political issues whatever, then the less said henceforth about the Unionist policy of 'Killing Home Rule by Kindness,' the better.

I have so far alluded to but two questions of urgent importance to Ireland, but others are pressing also, such as the further amendment of the Land Acts (the necessity for which cannot be a surprise to the Government), the satisfaction of the too long denied claims of the Catholics of Ireland in the matter of university education, and the reform of the system of Irish Private Bill Legislation. I have already referred to the defects of the Land Acts that still remain to be remedied. While the Land Bill of last session was passing through the House of Commons, the Government were expressly apprised of those defects and warned that the failure to remedy them would to a certainty be the cause of further agitation in the immediate future. That agitation is now on foot, and it will continue to grow

till its end is attained. If the Government do not by appropriate action stop it, Irish representatives must see what *they* can do. As for the university education question, the admissions of Mr. Arthur Balfour, when he was Chief Secretary, and those of the present Chief Secretary at the close of last session—if I might not say, their pledges—on this subject really ought now to be crowned by the realities of fruition. Forty years have the Irish Catholics been asking for what is acknowledged by all but the most fanatical bigots to be their right. How much longer are they to wait?

To the amendment of the Land Acts, the question of Catholic university education, and the abolition of the present system of passing Local Acts for Ireland, I may add the settlement of the still unsettled Evicted Tenants question. If some public funds had last session been provided to facilitate the restoration of the unfortunate victims of the Land War to their homes, the permissive provisions for restoration contained in the latest Land Act might and probably would have by this time put an end to the trouble. But though the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Lansdowne in 1894 practically agreed to public money being provided for that purpose, in connection with a Permissive Evicted Tenants Bill, the Government of which they all three were and are members refused to act on that agreement when it came in its turn to deal with the subject. Is it too much to hope that next session it will see the expediency, not to say the humanity, of a different policy?

It may be said that the programme of legislation which I have sketched for next session is a large one—so large, indeed, that practical politicians will regard it as impossible of accomplishment in its entirety. It concerns highly important subjects, I admit; but I deny that it is very large in any other sense. Most of the matters it embraces are practically non-contentious, and any measures dealing with them will most probably be non-contentious also, provided only they are thorough and constructed on the lines that will commend themselves to Irish opinion. For the contentious measure or measures time ought to be easily found by a Government supported by a majority of 150 and guided by ordinary intelligence in the arrangement of business. The Government, in fact, and its policy of 'Killing Home Rule by Kindness' are on their trial. Up to the present, perhaps, it may be said that, as far as Ireland is concerned, neither has had a fair field or a full opportunity. It will be the fault of the Government itself if it has not both next session. It can create both the field and the opportunity, if it desires to do so; and if it does not provide itself with both, the only conclusion that can be arrived at is that the new Unionist policy is no better than the old, and that the attitude of Irish Nationalists in and outside the House of Commons must be determined accordingly.

J. E. REDMOND.

THE EDUCATIONAL PEACE OF SCOTLAND

THE mind of England is in a lull between two storms. The agitation of the last educational struggle has hardly subsided, and the approach of the one which may burst upon us in the spring is producing a fresh sense of unrest. The period may therefore be treated as one for reflection, and, above all, for the ingathering of the experience of other communities. Comparative politics is the pursuit of too few of our public men, and in the midst of actual and fierce contest the illumination which it may and ought to yield is frankly despised. Yet few things afford more guidance in the formation of theory, and fewer still are so helpful in political practice.

On the subject of education, England suffers from more than mere insularity of ideas. In the discussions of this year, nothing was more remarkable than the slenderness of reference to point after point in the experience of people actually within this little island itself, who live in the enjoyment of a system beside which that of England is fragmentary and crude, and under which not a few of the most painful troubles which afflict English educational life, and which have sprung from ecclesiastical rivalry and claims, have practically disappeared. Scotchmen view many of these present-day troubles in England with silent amazement: while Englishmen wrestle fiercely among themselves, and do not think of looking for the help which lies abundantly to their hand north of the Tweed.

Of what those lights and lessons are it is not the object of the present paper to treat; but any student of the history of the two nations would, just at first, find it hard to square his philosophy of history with the points which have been reached in England and Scotland on these matters of ecclesiastical and popular ascendancy. England is the land of compromise: Scotland of none. A Scotchman spends no little part of his life in splitting theological hairs; an Englishman uses these hairs to stuff his social mattress with, and lies down upon it—he being in his own eyes an eminently practical and peaceful person. Yet upon this very topic of education, Scotland has reached compromise and peace, while all England is theologically and ecclesiastically by the ears. I am not lauding the compromise nor deploring the *mêlée*, but simply noting the odd and actual fact.

How far apart the two nations stand may be at once and easily tested, namely, by a reference to the purposes to which it is proposed to put the large augmentation of grants from the British Exchequer. Even although there be no increase upon the proposals of Her Majesty's Government in last Session of Parliament, it is computed that there will fall annually to England a new grant of about 500,000*l.* sterling. Under the acknowledged system of equivalent distribution, a sum of 68,000*l.* sterling per annum will fall to be allotted to Scotland. Now, how do the two nations propose to use these moneys? In England, it is proposed to give a preferential grant of 4*s.* per scholar in attendance at the voluntary schools. I do not deal with the claims so vehemently put forward for an increase upon this 4*s.*, or for the power of rating for the purpose of strengthening the voluntary schools as against the alleged encroachments or tyranny of the School Board system. My object is simply to ask how do these two nations of England and Scotland propose to employ in the cause of education these grants of public money? 'To strengthen,' says an Englishman, 'our voluntary schools;' 'of which,' adds a Churchman, 'our Board Schools are the dangerous rivals.' 'But you don't tell me,' says a Scotchman, 'that this can actually be so, because in our country, from Shetland to the Solway, we have in every parish our School Board, and the public schools under the Boards have been so triumphantly successful as to absorb almost the entire energies of the nation, in so far as these are directed to primary education.' Then he proceeds to tell how, before the School Board system, hundreds of voluntary schools—built in times of great ecclesiastical rivalry and trial—at once disappeared, how in the case of the Free Church alone no fewer than 150 of the schools, the actual buildings and furnishings and ground, were handed over joyfully as a free and patriotic gift to the representatives of the people, and are now administered as Scottish public property for national and beneficent ends. Therefore, take it in the rough, Scotchmen could not, even though they tried, consume this money by an increase of a capitation grant to their remnant of voluntary schools; and the notion of endeavouring either to undermine the Board system, or capture the Board Schools, is simply in Scotland not within the range of sane ideas. Still, the reader will say, the question has not been answered, namely, what, in contrast to the English demands, are the Scotch proposals for using up this money which is descending on their barren country like a small though golden shower? No answer to this question has been given, because the grant to Scotland stands as a logical consequence rather than a plain offer. But an answer, possibly in a few weeks time, will have to be made, and I will make so free as to propose the following—founded upon the nation's history, its needs, and its ideals. As a contrast to the English proposals it may be found striking and startling enough.

It is to be remembered that Scotland has been long and intimately familiar with views of education, seldom or never co-ordinated by the body of the people south of the Tweed. There is, of course, the first view—that in which the scope of many personal ambitions, even in the humblest ranks, has been directed upon the lines of learning, and education has been regarded not as an intellectual training merely, but as a material heritage. But this narrow and this personal view is not all. For it is co-ordinated with far-reaching views of national interest and national duty, under which the provision of educational machinery should be so complete as to link the humblest with the highest in the land, under a system graded so as to yield upon the whole a national product valuable for and in the face of the world. I speak, of course, comparatively; for I speak of a poor and a barren country, sparsely peopled, with but little commerce, inhabited by alien races, and riven into fragments by firths and straits and open seas, and so of a country in which the conditions for unity of national plan and purpose would have been pronounced *a priori* impossible.

That the first view, wherein learning is represented as chained to the car of personal ambition and worldly success—that this view is entertained no one need be at the trouble to demonstrate. It is the occasion alternately for commendation and for reproach by the intelligent foreigner. But that the second view, that of national interest and duty, is deeply imbedded in the Scotch mind, one or two instances will be sufficient to prove. More than three hundred years ago, the masterful John Knox unfurled the standard of this ideal before the Lords of Council in his first *Book of Discipline*. On its educational side, that historic monument reads, now in the light of its own time, as a bright but vain imagining, and again, in the light of Scotland's—or of Britain's—future, as a splendid and masterly delineation of sound national policy. Of course we must make allowances. In the view of Knox, the right of rule lay ultimately with the spiritual authority, and to theological learning every other species of learning constantly looked and bent the knee. But it is strange enough that, while that was the trend of his opinion, an opinion formed in a time of struggle not only with an effete religion, but with a clamorously corrupt worldliness which set him as the standard-bearer of national duty on the one side and the nobles as the defenders of personal aggrandisement on the other—it is, I say, strange enough that we find within the pages of his famous volume a scheme of education, the keystone of which was that the nation of Scotland as such had the title to demand, and to conserve for their best and utmost uses, the talents of her humblest to her highest sons, and that she must justify this demand by making adequate provision for every stage of the youth's educational career, and this again from the humblest to the highest.

This is the scheme, imbedded, as we have suggested, in his ecclesiastical system, and framed, as we may add, upon the lines of out-and-out compulsion. Over all Scotland he wished the Church to extend, and wherever there was a church there was to be a schoolmaster appointed, able at least to teach grammar and the Latin tongue; but in sparsely peopled country districts, the minister or reader was himself to be the schoolmaster, for the children and youth of the parish. Here is the whole system of parish schools set forth in embryo!

But Scotland itself had been parcelled out under his scheme into ten or twelve districts, over which were to be set superintendents who should oversee the entire work, in its threefold aspect, of the parochial clergy. For his vehement desire was to secure the whole property enjoyed by the Roman Catholic Church, and with it to erect a great national trust; and the objects of the foundation were these three: the Church, the poor, and education. These three things were interwoven, and the clergy under his scheme were to become the parochial administrators of the nation's gifts to its poor, and the parochial overseers of its work among the young. Thus the broad bases of the ideas of parochial action, covering every portion of the soil of Scotland and every soul within it, were laid. But, as the ecclesiastical scheme reached a higher plane in the functions of the superintendents who were placed over districts of Scotland, moving hither and thither in the exercise of their functions, but quartered principally at one chief town, so was the educational scheme also to rise to a higher plane. The secondary education of Scotland was to be attended to in the district of each superintendent, where colleges were to be erected, and each of these he with determined care marks out as not to be the resort for one class only of the population. Thus secondary college education was to be a national heritage free to every class down to the poorest.

And further, we think it expedient, that in every notable town, and especially in the town of the Superintendent, there be erected a Colledge, in which the Arts, at least Logick and Rethorick, togidder with the Tongues, be read be sufficient Maisteris, for whome honest stipendis must be appointed. as also provision for those that be pore, and be nocht able by them selfis, nor by thair freinds, to be sustened at letteris, & specialle suche as come from Landwart.

To a still higher plane the scheme rises, namely, to the universities themselves of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen—Edinburgh being not yet founded. These are to be the conclusion and the crown of the national system, and determined provision is made for the great schools, called universities being replenished with 'blair that be apt to learning.' Here, indeed, are a few pretty strong orders from the man whom we reckon to have had no small share in founding our civil liberties:

For this must be carefully provided, that no fader, of what estate or condition that ever he be, use his authority, or his awin fantasie, especiallie in their youth-heads; but all must be compelled to bring up their children in learning and virtue. . . . The rich and potent may not be permitted to suffer their children to spend their youth in vaine idleness, as heretofore they have done.

Nor even on this high level are the children of the poor forgotten; out of the net none might escape. The kingdom of Scotland was to be the inheritor of all that was best in its children, to train, to conserve, to develop, and to use it. The schools were to be visited, the apt pupils to be selected, to be lifted to the secondary schools, and then again—after a fresh selection—to the universities; and the State overseers (who were the forerunners of H.M. Inspectors of Schools) were practically to determine whether the children must either proceed to farther knowledge, or else they must be sent to some handicraft, or to some other profitable exercise.

Thus the scheme was framed, a graded scheme, a universal scheme, and a scheme in the details of which, if one were to enter into them, one would be struck by the masterly grip which Knox possessed of educational needs. At every step the poor as they are lifted are to have special attention, if need be special provision; and particular care is exercised in the case of those who come from the country districts, the plan of what I have elsewhere called 'distance hursaries' being actually adumbrated. Inspection at each stage is looked after, so that the secondary schools and the universities shall have brought into them only those who are fit to be there taught; and thus the elements of passports and matriculations such as appear in the most modern schemes are all in Knox's *Book of Discipline*; and above all stands the consideration which with him was consuming and supreme, namely, the comfort of the Commonwealth.

If they be found apt to letters and learning, then may they not (we means, neither the sons of the rich, nor yet the sons of the poor) be permitted to reject learning, but must be charged to continue their studies, so that the Commonwealth may have some comfort by them.

It may be said that this scheme was rejected by the Lords of Council, although passed by the Ecclesiastical Assembly. It is, no doubt, true; but it is also true that it has become no vain formulary in Scotland, but a constant and serious aim, familiar to the general mind at least, in all those elements which—even in modern guise—elevate and stimulate and mould our national ideals.

Turn to a fresh page in Scotland's educational history. The period after the Revolution settlement, and prior to the year when Scotland was deprived of her separate Parliament, the period, that is, of constitutional government under one sovereign, and with a separate national legislature and executive, was Scotland's legislative golden age. In the midst of it the Act of 1696 was passed, by which it was ordained that every parish in the realm should provide a commodious

schoolhouse, and should pay a moderate stipend to a schoolmaster.' Ecclesiastical tutelage had obviously broken down, but the ideal of national duty remained, and the duty was to be discharged through the medium of a tax upon the land of Scotland. Macaulay grows almost hysterical in his enthusiasm over this Act, which, no doubt, following as it did the main lines of Knox's primary scheme, wrought untold benefit to the kingdom, and he goes the length of saying: 'Before one generation had passed away, it began to be evident that the common people of Scotland were superior in intelligence to the common people of any other country in Europe!'

But so at least the system stood until our own day, and the great Act of 1872 (which was much in advance, on crucial points, of Mr. Forster's of 1870 for England) took the Scotch position as it existed, and in creating School Boards simply modernised the machinery whereby these parish schools were managed. So effective indeed had they become that for generations they were the pride of the country, and in many instances the direct feeders of the universities.

One word here upon the vexed question of religious instruction. The 'compromise' was not effected directly by the Statute, but has been arrived at by the good sense of the nation. The Statute neither enjoins nor forbids such teaching. As in England, what it does—although in much simpler terms—is to secure to the child freedom of absence from religious instruction, and security against any disadvantage on account of that absence. The instruction is only to be given at the beginning or end of the school day, and the inspector of schools is to have no duty with regard to it. The manner in which this clause has been worked throughout Scotland is substantially as follows (I speak in the briefest and most general terms):—In some industrial centres the instruction is confined to one hour per week, say from nine to ten of a Monday morning; in others two or more first half-hours; in country districts frequently the first half-hour of the five week days. In some centres the Bible is read, and such questions only put as will enable the teacher to see that the child understands what he is reading. Nowhere is definite doctrinal teaching thought of. In some centres and in country districts, particularly in the North, besides Bible-reading the questions of the Shorter Catechism are learned by rote. That little document is a compilation made by the Westminster divines, and is professedly a compend of Bible teaching, with Scriptural proofs by chapter and verse, attached to each proposition. The learning of this Catechism in public schools is slowly disappearing. It, however, is as different from English Catechisms which we have seen and heard of, as day from night—being, as I say, a 'compend of scriptural maxims verified to hand, and upon the broad main subject of human duty. No child could learn from it that there was such a thing as

Presbytery or Episcopacy, or even Church or Dissent. The School Board, popularly elected, settles, with the assistance of the teachers, what and how much of this instruction shall be given. Were dogmatic teaching, in the ordinary controversial sense, to be introduced, it would have to be done in the light of day, and no School Board which attempted it could hold office in Scotland for a month. While a comparatively small number of voluntary schools still remain, the large mass of the population is content with the popular and public system, so much so that it may be stated broadly and emphatically that such a thing as a religious difficulty is never heard of in Scotland from Shetland to the Cheviots. Upon the School Boards there are representatives of almost all the churches. In conclusion, it may be said, that were the matter to be settled now for the first time in Scotland, it is very questionable indeed whether the public voice and the religious sense of the nation would at this time of day grant even the guarded and indirect permission to teach religion in the public schools, and would not rather leave that duty frankly and fully to the exclusive care of the churches, parents, and the individual conscience. A growing section of the public holds that if the compromise is unhappily tampered with the question will have to be settled on the grounds of both strong religious and political principle, in the direction I have indicated. But until the compromise is threatened, the subject need not be opened. Enough has been said, however, to give in sufficient outline a sketch of how the entire nation of Scotland is taught, and how the still outstanding English difficulty fills Scotland with a constant and impatient wonder.

Into the general educational scheme, covering the entire area of Scotland, and reaching directly to every child and every home in the kingdom, compulsion sent no shock and came with no surprise, and upon it the grant of full payment of school pence and fees fitted like a glove. It is national in the truest sense; it is under direct popular management and control; it is universal, compulsory, and free. It is the rival of practically nothing, because in the midst of a people cordially loyal to the principles of representative management it embraces practically everything. In this one fact lies the secret of administrative success and of national peace. Herein also will be found the explanation of that vast and striking difference between the educational positions reached by England and Scotland to-day. The rivalries and jealousies, the fierce clamours, for levelling up and levelling down, with all the clerical paraphernalia of picturesque discussion—the child receiving as little for itself and as much for the game as the football in a Rugby maul—to find the analogue to this in England in 1896, Scotchmen must go back and, back to at least 1843. And the analogue is imperfect, for of the schools then founded at the Disruption, 530 in number, so truly were they an educational rather than an ecclesiastical agency that, as we have mentioned, they have all disappeared, and in 150 cases the very

buildings were handed over to the School Boards when the remnant of ecclesiastical jealousy well nigh vanished, and popular and national control became an accomplished fact, in 1872.

Though thus far in advance of England on the subject of the management of primary education, Scotland is yet deeply sensible that her position is very far indeed from having reached those simple and those great ideals with which she has been long familiar. In other words, the Scotchman—that shrewd citizen, that practical person with metaphysical leanings—has an immediate and a splendid use for the coming grant of money. He goes back, as I have said, to his cherished ideals, and finding that they have been in practice realised for the nation's benefit in primary education, he takes occasion to say that he will now complete the great national task, and free the entire system from the primary school up through the secondary and the technical college to the universities.

So far as the secondary schools and secondary subjects are concerned, no inconsiderable progress in the direction of freedom from fees has already been made. School Boards have been intelligent and enterprising, the Department sympathetic and helpful. This on the one hand; while on the other Parliament has not been stingy, and there is in fact from what are known as the Residue and Equivalent Grants paid to Scotland apportioned sums which reach a figure of over 100,000*l.* per annum. No portion of these latter sums, however, is dedicated directly to the payment of fees, and the result is twofold. The obstacles of poverty and distance—specially strong, specially great in a country like Scotland—remain; and so long as no national attempt is made to remove those barriers, secondary schools and secondary departments will be in advance of the demand, and to that extent will fail. Not that the demand, in the sense of longing and ambition, is not there; but the sacrifice of the time and labour of the child is great to begin with, and when to that is added the burden of school fees and of maintenance at a distance from their homes, it is too great to be borne. The educational career of children of even the most approved fitness is brought to a close; the entire nation is the loser; Knox's ideal, the national ideal, has not been realised; what should have been the opportunity for all has been narrowed to the perilous chance of the few who, by force or by audacity of character, and often through want and trial and suffering, can 'break their birth's invidious bar.' But Scotchmen are daring enough to think that 'invidious bars' and 'evil stars' should have no place in the policy of the Commonwealth.

While it is no doubt true as matters stand that free secondary and technical education has not yet been reached in Scotland on a national scale, still three points have already been made—all points of advance towards realising the ideal. In the first place, the light of the ancient Burgh schools, as centres of secondary instruction, was

never wholly extinguished. In the next place, not only has the liberality of Scotchmen been in large measure devoted directly to this great purpose, but Parliament has sanctioned a free and fairly masterful diversion of the bounties of the dead hand to the same object. I refer to the operations of the Educational Endowments Commissioners under the Act of 1882. And lastly, I point to the action of the County and Burgh authorities all over the country, in administering recent grants from the Exchequer. This action has displayed much enlightenment, and under it there has been made in several cases a courageous attempt within definite territorial limits to construct a plan which, not alone by payment of fees, but by well-timed encouragements both to school and scholars, and even by distance bursaries, has brought the benefits of secondary instruction within the reach of every home in the district so watched over. To use only for once the hackneyed metaphor of the bridge between the primary schools and the universities—the plan of the bridge has long been ready, but the work which should have gone on from its foundation to its very keystone as a unit and a national work has been left to partial effort or occasional adventure. Here and there the pillars of the foundations have been laid and reared, and now and again a venturesome plank has been thrown across the stream; but at last our opportunity has arisen to strengthen, solidify, and complete the structure, and it has arisen not a moment too soon, for, if either the saving of intellectual waste or the maintenance of commercial supremacy be our aim, *the nation's progress lies that way.*

This, then, is the use to which in Scotland we desire to put the expected golden shower. Details I have not dealt with, this is not the place for them; but this I will venture to affirm, that if the fiat of Her Majesty's Government went forth in its favour, the scheme, with, or even without, the aid of an Executive Commission, could be equipped, systematised, popular, and at work, within three months' time.

Never was such an opportunity for a Scottish Minister. Everything lies to his hand. And the omens are favourable; for Lord Balfour of Burleigh's experience as head of the Educational Endowment Commission is invaluable, and his services in that capacity will be always gratefully remembered by his country.

The late Sir John Seeley, speaking somewhere of the possible decadence of Britain as a great military and naval power, remarked that if we could not be the world's Rome, we might at least be its Athens. I am not so sure of that: we have taught our dependencies to teach themselves; and culture, like the mind, is its own place. But a humble duty confronts us, viz. to keep our people intellectually, morally, artistically, and technically trained, so that no talent of this nation shall 'rust in us unused.'

While Lord Rosebery talks with gravity, and Mr. Chamberlain

with comparative lightness of heart, of the dangers of foreign competition, both eloquently allow the vital importance of a higher and more thorough system of technical instruction, to enable the British artisan to prove himself the best workman for, and so to command, the markets of the world. Scotland rivals Switzerland in the clearness of its view of national duty on this head, much as it may lag behind Switzerland in the practical effect which has been given to its conceptions. To use even Knox's words, before any persons are sent to handicrafts, or other profitable exercises, a just educational scheme may well allow to the youth of the realm both time and favourable opportunity for 'that studie in which thei intend cheaffie to travell for the profit of the Common-wealth.'

And here is the contrast. England is still on the old rack of the problem of elementary school management by Church or Board. The use which England proposes to make of a fresh grant of half a million of pounds sterling per annum is to contribute it to this problem, whether to its solution or to its acuteness remains to be seen. Whereas Scotland, having settled and buried these disputes, and surveying the needs of its people, if they are to be a trained and skilled democracy, declares the use of her share, namely 68,000*l.* a year, to be the strengthening, the unifying, and the freeing, of secondary, technical, and university instruction, and this under opportunities which will penetrate all ranks of society, and reach to the remotest home.

The very fact that it should be thought feasible to suggest that a scheme of the above kind should not stop short of, but should embrace, the universities, may be sufficiently surprising to the English mind. But the surprise is abated when it is considered how very different the four Scotch Universities are in their plan and purpose, and, in particular, in their relation to the body of the people as a whole, from the ancient institutions of Oxford and of Cambridge. These stand in a serene air, removed from the hum and conflict of daily life, the orthodox resort of the nobility and gentry; those in the midst of a nation's everyday needs, in a humble though a vigorous air, with no Rugbys or Marlboroughs of Harrows as their natural feeders, but in direct contact with the ordinary parish and secondary schools. And so the proposal to make education in Scotch Universities free is the plain corollary of a record which covers the primary and of proposals which cover the secondary schools. The students of Scotch Universities attend their classes and live where they will; they are not forced to incur the expense or affect the style of residence suited to the sons of the wealthy. No inconsiderable proportion of Scotch students are the sons of poor men; and no inconsiderable proportion of their annual charge is their class fees. For many of them, fired with the zeal for culture, occupy the humblest of lodgings in our university towns; and almost literally is it true that they cultivate learning on a little oatmeal—emerging by-and-by, however, to become shrewd and

determined captains of industry and leaders of men, and appearing here, there, and everywhere as undaunted citizens of the world. The abolition of class fees, removing at once a burden and a barrier, would unquestionably open the door to more men of this class; and men of this class are a national product not to be despised. This abolition, it is reckoned, could be effected by a charge upon the Treasury which would cover the case of every student whose education was the product of the graded system. I have ventured to sketch, a charge of between 15,000*l.* and 20,000*l.* per annum.

It may be thought preferable to take but one step at a time, and to deal with secondary and technical colleges alone, leaving universities for after treatment; but as surely as we have obtained free education at the beginning, and are now, we trust, to obtain it at the middle, so surely will the scheme be rounded, and completed by our obtaining it at the close of the educational career.

One remaining question, not unimportant, presents itself, namely, what would be the effect of these proposals upon the teaching profession? And again it is necessary to point the contrast. Under a system of School Boards universal and popularly elected, religious tests are unknown. Religious denominations are in Scotland as plentiful as blackberries, and teachers, I suppose, belong to all of them. The man who looks down upon his fellow citizen as a dissenter is a rare creature. He has to do his murmuring in private; were he to speak his sentiments aloud, he would simply ticket himself a Dogberry. Thus the teaching profession is a fair and open field, and no church would dare to claim any Scottish teacher as its attaché or its hack. The traditions that cluster round the office of the old parish schoolmaster are mostly those of respectable social standing, affectionate public regard, and no little culture. Dotheboys Hall reads to us like a cruel foreign romance; I do not think there ever was a Scottish Squeers.

These traditions have been fortified and the status of the profession immensely raised since the introduction of School Boards. The schoolmasters themselves take the liveliest interest in the secondary branches and the special subjects, honours in which to their scholars mark the teacher a professional success. And it is hardly doubtful that the better equipment and the grading of education to its topmost national bound will still further strengthen the teacher's position; they will mark him, as he ought to be marked, as a man worthy of unfeigned esteem and of ample reward, a member of a dignified national professoriate, the lines of advancement in which, starting from the fair and open field, will lead him also, according to his ability and culture, to point after point of preferment and of honour.

THO. SHAW.

ENGLISH ENTERPRISE IN PERSIA

IN Persia, more perhaps than in any other Eastern country, events move slowly, and, though changes are as frequent there as elsewhere, it is not till the measure of time has been well filled that we realise how the old order has indeed changed and made place for the new.

The circumstances attending the assassination of the late Nasr-ed-Din Shah of Persia have been already so fully described elsewhere as to need no recapitulation, but it is improbable that people in England, travellers though they may be, and as familiar perhaps many of them as the writer himself with the scenes and varieties of Persian life, can realise to what extent or with what intensity the death of the late Shah and the passing of the reins of government into the hands of his eldest son 'Muzaffer-ed-Din have affected Persia and its people. 'The King is dead—long live the King!' such was the cry as far back as May last which rang through the length and breadth of the land, and, while telegraph and mounted messenger were at work conveying across desert tracts and ill-kept roads the perhaps not too welcome news of this announcement to his successor, then Véli-ahd or heir apparent, in the solitude of his palace near Tabriz, some three hundred miles to the west of Tehran, the capital was convulsed with feelings of anxiety and doubt as to what might be the outcome of the morrow, and, while some hesitated and some drew back, the very suddenness of the event, coupled with the sagacity of Western counsels and the loyal co-operation of the Imperial Bank of Persia, enabled those in power to safeguard the rights of the absent monarch and to maintain order and good government pending his somewhat leisurely progress from Tabriz to Tehran. And so, unmoved, as became the stolidity of an Eastern potentate, by the storm of passing events and unshaken by the unexpectedness of his advent to power, Muzaffer-ed-Din passed in solemn progress to his capital and occupied unchallenged the throne of his ancestors. And now, as was only to be expected in the East, the wheel of fortune has again turned and the hand which guided the successor to the throne and stayed the would-be organisers of riot and disorder, has lost its cunning, and Mirza Ali Asgar Khan, Sadr-azam or Grand Vizier, the most powerful and perhaps the most enlightened man throughout the wide extent of Persia, has tendered

his resignation, which has been accepted, and passed out of office. A new Cabinet has been formed and with it a new era has commenced. And as we scrutinise with anxiety the names of new Ministers and examine their antecedents, in search of those guarantees of good government and security for life and property so sorely needed in all Eastern countries, we view with satisfaction the dawn of brighter prospects, and hail with joyful anticipation the signs of coming development and a wider appreciation of the value of the civilising influence of the West on Persian men and things, which cannot but lead to a better mutual understanding and the livelier interchange of ideas.

Apart from other considerations, such as the political outcome of these events and their influence on the strategical position of Persia as a neutral state or as a useful ally, all of which great problems will no doubt, in the fullness of time, be ably dealt with by those competent to guide the destinies of the world and settle the fate of kings, there are other matters of a humbler and perhaps more profitable character which may well merit the attention of an English commercial public. Let us, then, leave diplomacy to the diplomatists and the fate of kings to those who make them, and inquire, in the first place, how the immediate condition of the country is likely to be ameliorated by the changes which have so recently occurred, and, in the second place, in what way and to what extent the same changes are likely to influence our interests as a commercial nation in our dealings with Persia and the Persians.

In the first place, then, there have been moments during the last five or six years when the most sanguine well-wishers of the country have felt despondent, and have been little short of predicting the speedy dissolution, which must inevitably follow the chaos of disorder and financial embarrassment into which the country seemed to have sunk—moments when authority has been set at nought and the Central Government powerless to cope with provincial insubordination—moments when a hungry populace, with its fields ravaged by locusts, has through local mismanagement been driven to acts of riot and sedition as a means of lowering the price of bread—moments when foreign merchants have despaired of the settlement of their long outstanding debts, and their grievances, enhanced by the fall in silver and commercial stagnation, have tempted them to withdraw from the country altogether. Happily this is no longer the case. A *deus ex machinâ* has not been wanting. Things have righted themselves somehow, and as in daily life it often happens that everything comes to him who waits, so in Persia instances are not wanting in the history of the last decade to illustrate this adage.

It is not my purpose here to give a sketch of the contemporary history of the times in Persia or to dwell too much on the failings and shortcomings of the murdered Shah. Like many Eastern monarchs, the character and dealings of Nasr-ed-Din Shah left much

to be desired. But *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Persia has now a new monarch, who as an autocrat need not let his actions be trammelled by the traditions of the past. He has a new Ministry, and, judging by the indications already received of changes likely to be effected, intends doubtless to turn over a new leaf. But no one who has lived in Persia, or who has been in any way connected with the country, can fail to express heartfelt regret at the resignation of the Sadr-azam. The ex-Grand Vizier is a man with an extraordinary capacity for work. His tact and patience were remarkable under the most trying circumstances. He was indefatigable while in office. No petition ever remained unanswered, no request was unattended to. A man of humble origin, hampered by the disadvantages of birth, poverty and unpromising antecedents, he raised himself to prominence by the exercise of indomitable energy and perseverance and became at the age of thirty-four Prime Minister of the Empire. His position, owing to the plurality of offices centred in his person, was probably unique in the history of modern Cabinets. He was at one and the same time Grand Vizier of the Shah, Minister of the Interior, Minister in all but name of Foreign Affairs, Director of the Customs, Head of the Treasury, Master of the Mint and Governor of the Persian Gulf Ports. He did most of his work himself, and the extraordinary thing is how he ever got through it. Though rich he had frequent and heavy calls on his purse, and the crowd of indigent petitioners, the halt, the maim and the blind, who daily thronged his door and never left empty-handed, sufficiently attest his generosity. By virtue of his position he possessed unlimited authority, the only sanction attaching to his acts being the word of the Shah himself, and in a country like Persia, where the office is merged in the individual, the Sadr-azam's personal influence made itself widely felt for good. His post is not to be filled up for the present. He will be hard to replace, and, should he ever come into office again, his return to power would, I venture to think, be universally considered as beneficial to the country.

The new Cabinet is promising. Mohsin Khan, Mushir-ed-Dowleh, formerly Persian Minister both in London and Vienna, and for many years Persian Ambassador at Constantinople, holds the portfolio of Minister for Foreign Affairs. He was till recently Minister of Justice and Commerce. His long residence abroad has imbued him with European tastes and taught him the value of foreign intercourse. A well-educated man of pleasing address and speaking French fluently, he is eminently well fitted for the post he now occupies and is fully alive to the disadvantages of the present system of administration in Persia. If he has a free hand and receives encouragement he may do much to forward the prosperous development of his country. Other members of the Cabinet are Mukbar-ed-Dowleh, formerly Minister of Telegraphs, who now holds the post of Minister of the

Interior, and Abbass Mirza Mulkara, uncle of the present and brother of the late Shah, who is Minister of Justice. Ali Kuli Khan, Mukhar-ed-Dowleh, was formerly Minister of Public Instruction, Mines, and Telegraphs. He rendered excellent services to the British Government in the early part of the sixties at the time of the conclusion of the Telegraph agreement, when the Indo-European Telegraph was carried through Persia. He was then made a C.I.E. in recognition of his services, and has since been created a K.C.I.E. He is a man of much enlightenment and common sense, though, like most Persians, difficult to rouse to action. Abbass Mirza Mulkara, brother of the late Shah, was for thirty years of his life in exile at Bagdad, dreading the displeasure and jealousy of his reigning brother. He was recalled towards the latter end of the late Shah's reign and a reconciliation was effected. His last official post was that of Governor of Ghilan.

Without being too sanguine about the realisation of all the projects of improvement enumerated in the Shah's recent proclamation, we have at least good reason to hope that the new Ministry will make many changes for the better. The Shah proposes to abolish the yearly sale of public offices, and the Council is to be reorganised, the Shah himself acting as President. It will be remodelled on a European basis, and its business conducted in a manner more suitable than before to the requirements of modern civilisation and Western policy. The system of departmental governorship is one which sorely needs radical reformation. It is the custom in Persia to appoint new governors yearly in the various provinces into which the country is divided. The candidates offer their presents of money, or 'pishkesh,' to the Shah, who, according as the offer is good or bad, issues or withholds his firman or royal warrant. The governorship, therefore, goes to the highest bidder. The disadvantages of the system are obvious. The result is in any case calamity for the province which the new governor is called upon to administer. First, the sum required for the 'pishkesh' has to be raised, in the generality of cases, by a loan at an exorbitant rate of interest. This is paid down in cash before the governor leaves the capital. He then proceeds in great state and by slow marches, generally accompanied by some 400 or 500 retainers and their servants, to his post. The loan and interest are recovered by a system of forced taxation. A profit has to be made in addition, and funds are required for the journey and the year's expenses of the governor, who also endeavours to raise a sufficient amount to make a larger 'pishkesh' for the ensuing year, and so retain his post for two years in succession. It is needless to say that the results are disastrous to the peasant, who is thus called upon to maintain the governor and his suite at the sacrifice of his own agricultural prosperity. The system is one which for obvious reasons cannot be altered without the direct co-operation

of the Shah himself. The Ministers are powerless in the matter unless their ruler takes the initiative, and has recourse to other methods of filling his royal coffers than that of draining the corners of his empire.

The civil and criminal procedure and judicial administration generally, more especially as regards foreigners in their suits with natives, leaves much to be desired, and it is greatly to be hoped that the nomination of the Mustâr-ed-Dowleh to the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs may lead to a codification of the laws, or, possibly, to the introduction of the Code Napoléon, adapted, as in Turkey, to Mohammedan usages, in criminal and commercial tribunals, and to the institution of a proper commercial tribunal, as in Turkey, for the adjudication of mixed commercial causes between natives and foreigners. The present Minister for Foreign Affairs is an advocate of the judicial system in vogue in Turkey, and shortly after his return from Constantinople, while Minister of Justice, submitted proposals for remodelling the courts and the system of judicial administration, and forming it on the basis adopted in Turkey, where the existing laws, as far as foreigners are concerned, are excellent; it is only their administration which is bad. The late Shah was, however, unwilling to sanction so radical a movement, and the matter dropped. The want of a proper commercial tribunal for mixed causes is greatly felt in Tehran, where at present litigation between natives and foreigners is referred to a sort of amicable arbitration committee, composed of a member of the Persian Foreign Office, known as the *Président du Bureau des Contentieux* or *Reis-i-Divânê-Muhakemmat*, assisted by a delegate from the Legation, under the protection of which the foreigner whose interests are concerned may happen to be. The presence of the delegate is necessary to form the tribunal. No decision is valid unless given before and signed by him, and, if dissatisfied with the nature of the proceedings, he may retire, and so dissolve the court. The President is not necessarily a man versed in commercial law. He adjudicates on the matter in dispute by the light of his own common sense, aided by the foreign delegate, and, if he thinks fit, calls in three or four merchants from the bazaar to act as assessors or give their opinion. The result is a rough and ready justice, and frequently, though not always, a very equitable settlement. But the disadvantages are great. Infinite time is lost in delay and correspondence before the matter in dispute is heard at all. Witnesses, though summoned to attend, do not feel it at all incumbent on themselves to be punctual, and often never put in an appearance at all. Sometimes the native party, especially if he is the defendant, thinks fit to absent himself, on the pretext of his own ill health or the illness of a member of his family. Causes, even when being heard, are frequently interrupted by the parties in other suits clamouring for attendance. The President while engaged on

one case is often called away to attend to correspondence or other matters. There is no orders and no power vested in the court to compel obedience to its commands. We have here only to do with the so-called tribunal which attends to mixed cases. Commercial and criminal matters, to which natives only are parties, are dealt with by the religious functionaries in accordance with the *Sher'*, the religious, and the *Urf*, the secular law. Foreigners have no *locus standi* in these courts, which are for Mussulmans only.

Let us now turn to the second part of our subject and inquire in what way and to what extent the changes, which have already been or are now being effected, are likely to influence our interests as a commercial nation, and discover what possibilities they present of stimulating and increasing our trade, and how we can best profit by the movement which is on foot.

Of the new members of the Cabinet, Mukbar-ed-Dowleh, Minister of the Interior, who has already rendered good service to the British Government, may well be credited with English proclivities. He is a man well acquainted with our administration in India, and one who has had the benefit of frequent intercourse with English Government officials in Persia and with English financiers. He has, moreover, had conferred upon him the Knight-Commandership of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire; and under these circumstances we may reasonably hope that he will prove an active champion of British interests under the new *régime*. What is needed in Persia is a vigorous internal policy, far-reaching enough, to extend to the limits of the Empire and to enforce in distant provinces and departmental governorships the prompt execution of the mandates of a healthy central administration. To effect this the most salient requirements are roads and railways, without which no central government can hope to make satisfactory progress or advance the commercial and agricultural prosperity of the country.

Let us, then, consider roads and railways. These are undertakings which the apt appreciation of the domestic needs of his country, already manifested by Muzaffer-ed-Din since his accession to the throne, may well prepare us to think, will, in a short space of time, engross the attention of the new Sovereign and his Cabinet. The term of ten years stipulated by Nasr-ed-Din Shah as the prescribed period during which no attempt should be made to advance schemes for railway development, will shortly expire, and, while Russian influence and capital are at work, pushing forward the construction of suitable approaches to the country from the north, from Enzelli on the Caspian Sea to Tehran, to Tabriz from Ag Stefa and Julfa on the north-west, and on the Transcaspian frontier to the north-east; while the Germans, fired with the zeal of industrial ambition, are expending efforts and money to construct the Khanikin road, which will intersect the north-west of Persia, and afford in time a ready

means of access to the capital from Bagdad and the Euphrates Valley; while these schemes are in course of favourable progression, it is surely unfitting that English enterprise should still continue to regard Persia from the standpoint of purely speculative interest only, and, unmindful of the traditions of its industrial development in the East, should hesitate to seize opportunities of extending its branches in a country of such paramount political importance to us as Persia.

The Imperial Bank of Persia has still on its hands the unfinished road commenced seven years ago. This was intended as a route suitable for wheel traffic from Tehran to Schuster, at the head of the Karun river. Operations were begun in 1890 and the road was completed as far as Kôm, a distance of nearly 100 miles. Elaborate bridges and solid culverts were constructed, the marshy portions of the tract were drained, and the rest-houses put into good repair. Various causes led to the subsequent abandonment of the undertaking, and the remaining portion of the road from Kôm to Schuster is still almost untouched. The Imperial Bank of Persia is doubtless willing to dispose of its interest in the Kôm road, and there is no reason why a syndicate, formed for the purpose of completing it as far as Schuster, should not come to terms with the bank, as regards the reversion of the latter's interest in the undertaking, and carry out the long-abandoned work with profitable results. The primary object of any company formed for this purpose should be the construction of a simple rough track for wheel traffic from Tehran to Schuster, in order to connect the capital with the Karun river, and afford a means of transporting merchandise within a reasonable time and at moderate cost from the Persian Gulf to the interior of the country.

Another field offering wide scope for the advance of English enterprise and the exercise of ingenuity is the water supply of the capital. These remarks apply equally to any large Persian town, but I instance the capital as being better populated, the centre of any improvement in the country, and more susceptible to the influences of Western civilisation. Tehran has no water supply in our sense of the term; that is, there is no water company with a paraphernalia of pipes, pumps, reservoirs, and machinery to supply its requirements. The town, which numbers some 250,000 to 300,000 inhabitants, is dependent for its water on a system of porous subterranean channels, belonging partly to the Crown and partly to individuals. These are irregularly and imperfectly built, readily exposed to contamination, and liable to be blocked at any moment. Their method of construction is complex and curious. A pit about three feet in diameter is sunk to a great depth, often three or four hundred feet, in what is judged to be water-bearing country, at a suitable distance from the spot it is proposed to irrigate, and at a higher elevation. If water percolates through the walls into the bottom of the pit to an appreciable extent—the rule is to gauge the number of feet collected every

twenty-four hours—another shaft is sunk about 100 yards further on, at a lesser depth, in the direction of the proposed outlet. A connecting channel three or four feet deep and two feet wide on the level of the bottom of the shafts is then dug, and the chain thus commenced is prolonged, on an inclined plane, till it reaches the surface at a lower elevation, and the water finds its natural outlet. The shafts sunk every 100 to 200 yards are used as ventilators, and afford means of cleaning and repairing the water-course. They are roughly covered over with stones and shingle, and the implements used are of the most primitive kind—a hollow wooden wheel, a cotton rope, a goat-skin bag, and a small pickaxe. The men who work above ground receive *krans* 2.50 or 1s., and those below 1s. 4d. or 3 *krans* per diem. The construction of a '*kenat*' takes many years, according as the ground through which it passes is hard or soft. It needs constant repair. Heavy rainfalls or floods in winter time wash mud and shingle down the shaft, and, silting up the channel, block the supply of water. If snow or rain is unusually scarce, the supply ceases. An infinity of time and labour is wasted. The result is costly and unsatisfactory. Individuals find it difficult to preserve the integrity of their supply from the encroachments of their not over-scrupulous neighbours. The soil for many miles round any Persian town is honeycombed with underground channels, and rendered dangerous by the yawning apertures of sunken and disused shafts. The plains appear covered with lofty molehills, formed by the stones and earth brought to the surface in the course of the '*kenat*' excavations and emptied round the mouths of the shafts as they are worked.

If the country surrounding the capital were surveyed by competent engineers, means are not wanting to create a suitable supply at a lesser cost. The chain of the Elburz mountains fifteen miles to the north of Tehran, and in places 12,000 feet above sea level, is for many months of the year covered with snow. Its gorges and ravines which open out into the plain are in spring converted into rushing torrents by the melting snow. These torrents could be readily stored and utilised, and the snowfall collected into reservoirs could be made to supply the town. The Jagerrood river running to the north-east, and the Kerej river to the north-west, neither of them distant more than thirty miles from the capital, might, if properly economised and turned, afford a supply of water amply sufficient for the requirements of the town. Projects hitherto put forward for this purpose have met with natural opposition from the '*kenat*' proprietors, who fear prejudice to their own interests from any innovation in the water system. But such opposition, if suitable measures were taken to protect the interests of water owners, could be overcome, and parts of Persia converted from stony deserts into well-watered plains. Proposals have lately been made to start an enterprise of this kind, and a concession has been obtained for the purpose. If a company

with a moderate capital were formed, profitable and satisfactory results could, no doubt, be achieved. The same thing has been done in Karachee under our Indian Administration, and, if time and capital were suitably expended, a similar success might be obtained in Tehran.

As regards our commerce in Persia it is no doubt difficult, in the absence of reliable statistics and proper custom-house supervision, to form any accurate estimate of its relative value as compared with that of other nations, and the figures quoted in the consular commercial reports published by the Foreign Office are approximate only. The depreciation of silver, bad harvests, and agricultural depression combined have served to increase the commercial lethargy in which the country seems to be steeped. The impetus given to English trade seven years ago by the opening of the Karun river to navigation, the commencement of operations on the Tehran-Schuster road, the inauguration of the Imperial Bank of Persia, the Road Company and the Mining Rights Concession, has not been followed up. No doubt the forced abolition of the Tobacco-Régie Concession has made the British public unwilling to invest money in Persia, and led them to doubt the security of guarantees offered by the Persian Government. The tobacco incident seemed to strike a death-blow to the financial credit of the country in England, and financiers and business men alike looked askance when subsequent attempts were made to launch fresh schemes for Persia on the money market. But in justice to Persia it must be remembered that the late Shah and his ministers admitted the claim to indemnity, and the Government has paid and is still paying the instalments due on the loan which was procured through the bank for the purpose. It is not necessary here to revert to the circumstances attending the inauguration and the abolition of the Tobacco Corporation. Those who had the direction of its affairs, though no doubt able administrators and admirable financiers, were strangers in the land. They did not, perhaps, before commencing operations, make a sufficiently careful and personal study of the country and the character of its inhabitants, whom it was their object to conciliate, to be able to aptly appreciate the effect on the local population of the sudden and forced introduction of a tobacco monopoly. They dealt with the Shah and those around him, and failed to secure the co-operation of the people. What it took years of labour and costly efforts to effect in Turkey could not be realised in Persia in six months. Had the promoters of the enterprise contented themselves in the beginning with less assuming efforts towards the ultimate development of their schemes, and rendered more gradual the process of inculcating their ideas in the minds of the people, it is probable that the obstruction, raised from the very first by the religious party, could have been by degrees overcome and the undertaking have been spared a sudden and violent ending. But

England is not as a nation favourably inclined to monopolies, and it is unlikely that similar attempts will ever be made again.

The bank is now the only English institution left in Persia, and this, thanks to the external support it has received and the prudence with which its operations have been conducted, has managed to weather every storm, and, in spite of much opposition and Russian competition, has maintained its position as the State bank of the country. But though England has been slow to reap the advantages it might have secured in Persia during the last few years by the display of greater commercial activity, other nations, such as Russia, Germany, Belgium, and Holland, have not been backward to seize the opportunity afforded them by the absence of a more powerful rival. Commercial undertakings of practical and varied importance, such as gas, glass, sugar, mineral waters, cloth, and tramways, have been successfully started. The Russian road from Enzelli on the Caspian Sea to the capital, though still in embryo, is in fair course of construction. The Germans have commenced work on the Khanikin road. The beetroot fields at Kehrizek, near the capital, and the machinery in course of erection there attest the activity of Belgian operations. A Dutch company has opened a large retail warehouse in Tehran to meet the general requirements of an increasing European population. But there is still room left for wider development. The drawbacks to business operations in Persia are, no doubt, great. The high and almost prohibitive duties on goods in transit through Russia effectually close to Western firms the northern approaches to the country. Goods consigned to Bushire on the Persian Gulf, the most usual inlet, take over four months to reach the capital, the bulk of that time being spent in their transport up country for 800 miles on mule and camel back. Heavy goods which cannot be carried by mules and camels have to be landed at Bussofah, transhipped to Bagdad, and thence forwarded by mule litter 500 miles to Tehran. On the latter route, as also on the Trebizond-Tabriz route, they are exposed to the delays and inconveniences attaching to their clearance through a Turkish custom house. On the whole the Bushire route is the most practical one.

What is needed in Persia is the establishment of closer and more familiar business relations between the bazaar merchants and English firms. This can only be obtained by the institution of agencies all over the country. The bazaar dealers, deterred themselves by timidity, local tradition, and ignorance of Western manners and customs, from visiting Europe, have little or no opportunity of judging of the superiority of English manufactures. Many of them, it is true, visit Russia and Constantinople, but their information is circumscribed and their views often distorted by garbled accounts received from prejudiced sources. The Russians are near at hand to flood the market with cheap second-rate wares. The piece goods from Man-

chester and hardware from Birmingham introduced directly by a few firms are eagerly sought, but most of the textile fabrics used by the Persians for clothing and upholstering purposes are supplied by Armenians from Russia and Constantinople, who, with the ingenuity and business capacity which characterise their commercial transactions, reap rich harvests, and by a careful study of the native taste and requirements find a ready sale for their goods.

The European shops in Persia are satisfied with little short of cent. per cent. net profits on their sales, and the Europeans living there, unwilling to pay their prices, are driven to prefer the inconvenience of importing for themselves from Europe the necessities and luxuries of civilised life, which it is only possible to procure on the spot at exorbitant and prohibitive rates. Thus carriages and harness, saddlery and accoutrements, leather work and barrack furniture, clothing, haberdashery and hosiery, earthenware and electro-plate, glass, china, and hardware, kitchen utensils, lamps, stationery, picture frames, turnery, and musical instruments have all to be procured from home by the European resident or foreign official stationed in Persia. The individual cost thus expended in transport is enormous, and yet, even taking this factor into consideration, the goods so delivered at Tehran cost about half the price they would have done if purchased direct from the European shops in the capital.

This is a condition of things which well merits the attention of business houses in England, and one which it is in their power to remedy at great advantage to themselves. But our commercial relations with Europe are comparatively limited. Means of communication are slow and costly. There are no railways. The country is undeveloped, the people unknown to Europe and their tongue strange. Hence travellers, I mean of the commercial type, are rare, and British traders, eager to extend their business relations in other countries, continue, for the most part, to view Persia as an unknown quantity, and one incapable of receiving the impression of civilisation and improvement. But, though England may look and pass by on the other side, others, with less disinterested motives, are not likely to do so, and a time may come, at no very distant date, when we may have cause to regret the backwardness which led us to neglect the opportunity of establishing on a firm footing our commercial prestige in Persia.

FRANCIS EDWARD CROW.

THE MARCH OF THE ADVERTISER

No man can occupy the editorial chair of a representative daily newspaper for forty-eight hours without being made aware that the thirst for free advertisement has become one of the master passions of mankind. It is not so much that there is a shabby desire to shirk the mere money cost of advertising. The great idea is to secure the advertisement without appearing to have any hand in it—to procure its insertion in the pick of the news columns as though it were an item to which the discerning editor attached much value, and had himself been at the pains to obtain. These thrilling pieces of intelligence commonly arrive under cover of confidential notes which express a modest hope that they will be found to be of interest. On no account is there to be any indication in print of their source of origin. All the odium of the snobbery, the bad taste, or the trading puffery of them is cheerfully left to settle upon the editorial head. The degree to which this pursuit of masked advertisement has grown of late years will be understood when I say that fully 50 per cent. of my daily letters come from persons in quest of some such favour—from Mr. Jeremiah Bounder, M.P., who wants the world to know that he has been shooting with the Duke of Forfarshire, to the professional advertising agent who coolly forwards an ornate recommendation of some quack or company 'whose advertisement is to appear in your columns.' The self-respecting editor usually drops these communications one by one into the waste-paper basket, and they are no more seen. For myself, I have fallen into the habit of slipping them into a drawer reserved for the curiosities of journalism with which I propose to entertain a cynical old age. I confess, however, that when I hear Bounder, M.P., chaffed at a private dinner party about the use he made of his ducal invitation, and in reply protest that he is 'excessively annoyed to find it got into the papers,' and that it is 'impossible to keep those newspaper fellows out of one's private affairs,' I feel tempted to 'squeal on him' there and then. For there is generally some fourth-rate parochial print ready to minister to the vanity of the Bounder tribe.

But it is with some graver matters of commercial advertising that I wish to deal. The Newspaper Press has been for upwards of a

century the most powerful engine at the disposal of those who wish to bring their wares before the public, and it will probably remain so. To the advertiser the British Press chiefly owes its prosperity. In some degree it owes to him also its high character, for it has derived from him the firm financial basis which has enabled its conductors to pursue a policy of independence and of incorruptible fidelity to the public interests. It has had something to sell in the ordinary way of business to a commercial people, namely, access to the consuming public, and it has never had any difficulty in finding customers for the facilities which it affords. The value of these facilities is, of course, governed by the degree of circulation and influence which the newspaper may acquire, and this in turn is determined by the measure of confidence and satisfaction which the public feel in it. There is no reason for ascribing the high character which is generally conceded to the representative British Press to any exceptional virtue on the part of those who own or conduct it; although undoubtedly its roots have been, like those of some other national institutions, nourished by the blood of martyrs. Its glory primarily springs from the fact that it was planted in a commercial soil, and if that condition should ever fail, the most profound believer in the honour of the Press might well hesitate to affirm that its high principle would remain unimpaired. The British Press does not pretend to do more than reflect the spirit of the British people, and so long as the nation as a whole continues to reserve its confidence and support for those who serve it faithfully, it will find no general deterioration in the great qualities that have been developed in its Press. In the exercise of these qualities one fundamental rule has been observed by the conductors of the Press—and let me say here that in speaking of the Press I wish to be understood throughout as referring to what I have called the representative Press, which deservedly enjoys the confidence of the public, for the proved integrity with which it fulfils its mission. It has been, I say, a fundamental rule to draw a sharp line between advertising and journalism—to make it perfectly plain to the reader what is advertisement and what is news or editorial matter. This rule has not prevented an editor from publishing descriptive articles or news paragraphs which, although in effect most valuable advertisements of the matter treated, have been written in frank and honest commendation of some invention, or enterprise, or commodity of legitimate interest to the public. It frequently happens that occasion arises for action of this kind, just as occasion arises for unsparing criticism of other schemes or commodities which are submitted for the public verdict; and it is a matter of entire indifference to the journalist whether the object of the commendation or the criticism be advertised on the next page or not. The typical British journalist is strong enough to disregard every consideration but that of the honest service of his readers. He has justified their confidence for generations, and what-

ever he may say in the way of approval or of warning derives all its influence from that fact.

During the last year or two there has been a very marked expansion of advertising enterprise, and an equally striking change in advertising methods. To those who are in close contact with newspapers the transformation wears the aspect of a revolution. Four or five years ago, perhaps less, it would have been impossible to induce the leading morning journals in London and the provinces, with one or two exceptions, to accept on any terms whatever an advertisement calling for the use of large capitals across their columns, or even for the setting of a trade advertisement of two-column width. To have admitted any such bold display would have been regarded as the height of typographical impropriety and as a sign of weakness and decline. Yet to-day the *Times* itself is ready, subject to certain conditions, to clothe advertisements in type which three years ago would have been considered fit only for the street hoardings; while even that once intolerable monstrosity, the picture block, is now cheerfully accepted by journals of the highest standing to emphasise a full-page advertisement.

These things are of such recent introduction that they still send a cold shiver down the backs of those who have been accustomed to the doctrine that the advertiser, however lavish in outlay, must be made to conform to the old canons of typographical neatness and artistic effect; and in newspaper history the year 1896 will be said to have witnessed the successful revolt of the advertiser from the stifling bondage in which he had been enchained for over a century. And, as commonly happens in cases where restriction has been founded upon prejudice and usage rather than upon solid reason, as soon as a breach had been made the whole line of resistance collapsed at once. There is scarcely a section of the wall left standing.

It is not difficult to trace the immediate causes of the change. Perhaps the most practical of them is to be found in the fact that a new era in the construction of the rotary printing press has dawned in England within the last three years. Until then it was practically impossible for any daily newspaper of large circulation to add to its size. All the morning journals except the *Times* were machine-bound and could not turn out, except with fatal slowness, anything larger than an eight-page paper. They were thus compelled to put the whole contents of their sheets into the smallest possible compass, and the daring advertiser who ventured to ask the price of a whole page had to be told that he must be content with much less. But the printing engineers came to the rescue. They devised presses capable of turning out ten and twelve page papers at double the speed at which the old ones produced eight pages. This relieved the situation and enabled the newspaper proprietor to give an extra page or two to the reader and a further extra page or two to the advertiser. Fortified by signs

of reviving trade and by the growing evidence of the solid value of bold advertisement, the latter promptly availed himself of the opportunity, with the result that while the increase in the size of the paper sold for a penny has been costly it has been much more than repaid by the largest advertising revenue the British Press has ever known.

Thus every class directly interested has profited by the changing of the old order. The reader has had nearly double his former quota of news, the newspapers have gained in revenue, and the advertiser has got the prominence to which undoubtedly he is entitled whenever he is prepared to pay for it. The question of the relationship of advertisements to news, alike as to proportion and as to prominence, of course remains, as before, a question of degree, and it will be settled, as before, between the advertiser and the newspaper, with the reader as the silent arbiter. The latter has no reason to be dissatisfied with the existing balance of things as it is adjusted in the first-class organs of the Press. Certain clear and intelligible rules are observed. The reader still knows where to find what he wants. He has not to hunt for his news in the crevices of truncated columns broken into irregular order to satisfy his natural enemy. If he should ever be reduced to that humiliation he will not be slow to let his favourite organ know his views, and its judicious conductors will in turn prescribe fresh limits for the advertiser. The reader will always be the predominant partner.

That, however, is not quite the whole philosophy of the matter. The advertiser, having scored an important and honourable victory, does not in all cases seem to be entirely content with it. He is showing a disposition to carry his encroachments further, and upon somewhat delicate ground. He has got it into his head—perhaps it would be more exact to say some of the agents he employs have put it there—that a newspaper is nothing more than an advertising machine. It is not always enough for him that he is free to make whatever use he likes of the space plainly set apart for his purposes. His own recommendation of his wares leaves him something to desire, and he is beginning to hanker after a recommendation bearing the imprimatur of the journal he is pleased to patronise. He is not above asking the price of the masked advertisement to which reference was made in the opening passages of this article, and he is pursuing this line of enterprise by methods so subtle and deadly, and has already achieved so distinct a measure of success, that the time has come to invite the serious attention of both the newspaper manager and the public to the threatened breach in what should be an absolutely inviolable principle.

The danger which threatens the well-won glory of the Press in this country is not bribery in any direct sense, but bribery by advertisement, and the disposition of the modern advertising agent to

say, 'Here is an advertisement which must not appear among other advertisements, but must be set in news type, be classed with news, and be, in fact, indistinguishable from ordinary news; and in consideration of its being so treated I am prepared to pay at a special rate.' This paragraph or descriptive notice will probably be clothed in the flowery diction which the advertiser's hack conceives to be the accepted standard of literary style, and will skilfully lead up to the actual pill which the reader is desired to swallow as embodying the veritable recommendation and opinion of the editor of the journal in which he reposes his trust. There are perhaps twenty or thirty morning papers—the very cream of the British daily Press—that would contemptuously refuse any such advertisement, and that may be absolutely trusted to see that no such tricks are played with the public. They no doubt cover between them the bulk of the morning paper reading public throughout the kingdom, but, after all, they are a minority of daily newspapers, and, if we include evening journals, for every newspaper manager that says 'No' to the alluring proposals of the advertising agent there will be half a dozen to say 'Yes.' If it were desirable to cite chapter and verse—which of course it is not—I could name as easy victims to this corroding innovation journals which, although not coming within the pale of the highest class, are yet rightly regarded as papers of reputation and enjoy public confidence accordingly. In the midst of their financial or other news may be seen almost any day laudatory paragraphs more or less directly commending to investors company schemes about to be floated or companies already in existence—paragraphs which are supplied by an advertising agent, who either pays for them or promises in return the preferential insertion of remunerative advertisements relating to the same or other companies. Occasionally there is a feeble and wholly ineffectual attempt on the part of the paper so selling its editorial influence to qualify the effect by inserting three or four figures at the foot of the paragraph as a hint to all concerned that it is a registered advertisement. The ordinary reader knows nothing of the significance of this device, which is a sham, and is intended to be a sham, for the whole object of the advertiser is to deceive the public into the belief that the editor is commending the speculation.

One part of my purpose is to show to both the newspaper proprietors and the advertisers who are parties to the system not merely that this deceit is cankering the Press, but also that unless they can bring down every great journal in London and the provinces to their level it is for both of them a suicidal practice. The device is comparatively new, and as yet newspaper readers have scarcely had the chance to be on their guard; but in no long time they will learn to distrust alike the newspapers which thus sell their journalistic virtue and the schemes that are puffed in them. There is probably not the slightest danger of the greater journals thus stooping to purchase advertising

favour, and they may be expected to draw to themselves the readers whose confidence has been abused by their weaker contemporaries. Both parties to the deceit will then be placed in the position of actors playing to an empty house. So far as the advertiser is concerned he is already doing that to a degree which he probably does not suspect. If one half the ingenuity and industry that are bestowed upon this poor game of trick advertising were brought to bear in the shape of searching investigation into the real value of the different newspapers for advertising purposes, and especially for advertisements addressed to particular classes, the advertiser himself would save a vast amount of misplaced money. The extent to which costly advertisements are given to papers absolutely worthless for their purpose is astounding. Sometimes it is due to force of habit and total ignorance of the changes which time and competition effect in the relative value of different papers, as in the notorious case of the torpid firms of publishers who, having forty years ago been drawn to advertise freely in a then first-rate provincial morning paper, continued to send their announcements for years after it had become third-rate, and even down to the point of its inglorious death headfastly refusing all the while to give their confidence to the great journals that had superseded it. Speaking generally, the better class of advertising agents are quite competent to take care of the interests of their clients in these respects, and traders with money to spend on advertising cannot do better than place themselves in the hands of reputable firms who have proved by results their title to confidence. The waste of money spent on advertising arises chiefly in two cases—first, that of the knowing person who arms himself with a newspaper directory, or a select list of newspapers bequeathed to him by an ancestor, and flatters himself that he will save something by becoming his own agent; and secondly, that of the man in a hurry who is tripped up and secured by the first adventurer claiming to be an advertising agent he meets. ‘Agents’ of this latter type are increasing. Their chief care is to discover, not the journals which afford the largest publicity, but those out of which they can make the largest ‘pie’ in commission.

The advertising agent has, in turn, some reason to complain of recent encroachments upon his province, and, in the interests of journalism and of advertisers alike, he is entitled to support in resisting them. One great news agency upon which the British Press universally relies for its chief supplies of general news has always steadily declined to ally itself with the business of advertising in any shape, and nobody can doubt the wisdom of that policy. There are, however, news agencies which associate the distribution of advertisements with their primary business as news collectors and vendors, and while it is undoubtedly quite possible to preserve a clear distinction between the two functions, the system is manifestly liable to abuse. Beyond that proposition it is not necessary to go. The

dual obligation of the Press to the public on the one hand and to the advertiser on the other is so delicate in its poise that it is exceedingly undesirable that any business method calculated to disturb it should be employed. The responsibility of the advertising agent to his client is as well defined as that of the newspaper to its readers, and the safeguard of both is perfect freedom of action on either side. The sale and purchase of news as between the two throws a cross interest athwart the relationship and tends to impair the independence of both.

H. J. PALMER.

NAPOLEON ON HIMSELF

SOME unpublished memoranda relating to the great Napoleon after his final downfall in 1815 have come into my possession. They consist of notes made by Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who had charge of the Emperor at St. Helena before the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe. While no Englishman could be a *persona grata* to Napoleon, we find from a variety of authentic sources that at least he regarded Cockburn as a gentleman and entitled to respect, while he always spoke with unmeasured bitterness of his successor.

Cockburn's reminiscences or records are apparently in the form of a confidential letter or despatch, and are dated the 22nd of October, 1815. They have not been published by Las-Cases, Montholon, O'Meara, or any of the biographers of Bonaparte, and on some important points in Napoleon's career they put an entirely different interpretation from all the hitherto accepted versions. Take first the expedition to Egypt. It is stated by all writers that the French Directory, fearing Napoleon's ambition, thought they could only keep him quiet by employing him, and gave him command of the so-called Army of England. 'But,' to quote one of his latest biographers, who only sums up the opinions of most historians, 'he was bent on the conquest of Egypt. He appears to have had something visionary in his temperament, and to have dreamed of founding a mighty empire from the standpoint of the East, the glow and glamour of which seem always to have had a certain fascination for him. He therefore employed the resources of the Army of England to prepare for an expedition to Egypt, and the Directory yielded to his wishes, partly no doubt through the desire of getting him away from France.'

This view is entirely wrong. In his conversations with Cockburn Napoleon admitted that the Directory wanted to get him out of France, but he distinctly assured Sir George that the expedition to Egypt did not originate with himself, as generally supposed. But when the proposition to go to Egypt was placed before him, he warmly entered into it, for he was as anxious to get away from the Directory as they

were to be rid of him, and he calculated upon returning with increased popularity whenever he might deem the crisis favourable.

Sir George Cockburn thus continues his narrative:—

Napoleon said that, having left France with these ideas, he was anxiously looking for the events which brought him back even before they happened, and on his return to France he was soon well assured that there no longer existed in it a party strong enough to oppose him. He therefore immediately planned the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, and though he might, he said, on that day have run some little personal risk owing to the general confusion, yet everything was so arranged that it could not possibly have failed. The government of France from that day (the 7th of November 1799) became inevitably and irretrievably in his hands and those of his adherents. Therefore, Napoleon added, all the stories which I might have heard of an intention to arrest him at that time, and of opposing his plans, were all nonsense and without any foundation in truth, for his plans had been too long and too carefully laid to admit of being so counteracted. After he became First Consul, he said, plots and conspiracies against his life had, however, been very frequent, but by vigilance and some good fortune they had all been discovered and frustrated.

New and most interesting details are furnished by Cockburn, on Bonaparte's authority. With reference to the famous plot by Pichegru and Georges Cadoudal, Napoleon said that this plot was the nearest proving fatal to him of any, and he implicated Moreau in it, though this great general was convicted and banished on insufficient evidence.

Napoleon (continues Sir George Cockburn) said that thirty-six of the conspirators had been actually in Paris six weeks without the police knowing anything of the plot, and it was at last discovered by means of an emigrant apothecary, who had been informed against and secured after landing from an English man-of-war. The police at length having entertained some suspicions in consequence of the numbers of persons reported to have been clandestinely landed about the same time, it was judged the apothecary would be a likely person to bring to confession if properly managed. Therefore, being condemned to death, and every preparation made for his execution, his life was offered him if he would give any intelligence sufficiently important to merit such indulgence. He immediately caught at the offer, and gave the names of the thirty-six persons before mentioned, every one of whom, with Pichegru and Georges, were, owing to the vigorous measures at once adopted, found and secured in Paris within a fortnight. Napoleon added that previous to this plot being discovered it would probably have proved fatal to him had not Georges insisted upon being appointed a consul, which Moreau and Pichegru would not hear of, and therefore Georges and his party could not be brought to act.

Napoleon likewise defended himself to Cockburn on the subject of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. It will be remembered that this unfortunate prince of the House of Bourbon was charged with being concerned in the plot of Pichegru and Cadoudal immediately it was discovered, and that Napoleon unscrupulously resolved to seize the person of the Duke. Accordingly, on the night of the 14th of March 1804 the neutral territory of Baden was violated, and the Duke, with two attendants, was captured and carried prisoner to Strasburg, and

thence to Paris and Vincennes. On the early morning of the 20th of March he was tried before a military commission consisting of eight officers, and after a five hours' examination was condemned to death. Soon afterwards he was shot in the castle moat, and buried in the grave already dug for him. After the Restoration his bones were taken up and re-interred in the chapel of the Castle of Vincennes. This wantonly cruel and criminal act fixed a deep stigma on the character of Bonaparte. The records of the trial were published by M. Dupin, who showed the illegality of the proceedings of the military commission—an illegality which was publicly acknowledged by General Hulín, the president of the court. Thiers has endeavoured to exculpate Bonaparte, but Lanfrey took a strongly adverse view, while some historians have fixed most of the guilt on Talleyrand. Fouché, who was a very pretty villain in his own way, described the execution of the Duke as worse than a crime—it was a blunder.

In his conversations with Sir George Cockburn, Napoleon asserted that it was to be at hand for the purpose of aiding in the Pichegru conspiracy, and to take advantage of any confusion it might produce. that the Duc d'Enghien took up his residence in the neighbourhood of Strasburg, in which town he (Bonaparte) maintained that he had certain information of the Duke having been in disguise several times. Cockburn asked the Emperor whether there was any truth in the report that he had sent an order for the Duke's reprieve, but that it had unfortunately arrived too late. Bonaparte replied that it was certainly *not* true, for the Duke was condemned for having conspired against France, and he (the Emperor) was determined from the first to let the law take its course respecting him, in order if possible to check these frequent conspiracies. In answer to a remonstrance from Sir George against his having taken the Duke from the neutral territories of the Duke of Baden, Napoleon said that this did not, in his opinion, at all alter the case between France and the Duc d'Enghien; that the Duke of Baden might certainly have some reason to complain of the violation of his territory, but that was an affair for him to settle with the Duke of Baden, and not with the Duc d'Enghien. He maintained that when they had got the latter within the territory of France—*no matter how*—they had full right to try and punish him for any act committed by him in France against the existing government.

Those three little words, 'no matter how,' vitiate the whole of Napoleon's argument. They cut at the root of all right of asylum in neutral states, and such miserable special pleading will be of no avail at the bar of history. Well might Sir George Cockburn exclaim—'Thus does this man reason who now exclaims so violently against the legality of our conduct in refusing to receive him in England, and sending him to reside in St. Helena.' No, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien must remain a dark blot upon Napoleon's

career; and it is difficult to believe that a man of his clear views on most questions could possibly have deceived himself by his own arguments. He must, on the contrary, have had many bitter moments of remorse when the deeds of the past rose up before him in the solitude of St. Helena.

Writing under the date already mentioned (the 22nd of October 1815), Sir George Cockburn gives these personal glimpses of Napoleon:

Since General Bonaparte's arrival at St. Helena, I have been so occupied that I have seen but little of him. I went with him, however, one day to Longwood, and he seemed tolerably satisfied with it, though both he and his attendants have since been complaining a good deal. The General having stated to me that he could not bear the crowds which gathered to see him in the town, he has at his own request been permitted to take up his residence (until Longwood should be ready) at a small house called The Briars, where there is a pretty good garden and a tolerably large room detached from the house, of which he has taken possession, and in which and in the garden he remains almost all the day. In the evenings, I understand, he has regularly invited himself to join the family party in the house, where he plays at whist with the ladies of the family for sugar plums until his usual hour of retiring for the night.

The greatest conqueror of modern times playing at whist for sugar plums is a severely simple spectacle, but it is a better and more humane one than that presenting him as the instigator of the crime by which the Duc d'Enghien was sent to his death. Never was there a monarch who played so recklessly with human life—whether in its individual or aggregate aspect—as Napoleon; and it would furnish strange reading if the world could have a real transcript of his inmost thoughts as he paced the gloomy and rockbound island of St. Helena.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

FRENCH NAVAL POLICY IN PEACE AND WAR

IN a recent article¹ it has been shown, and reasons have been given for the belief, that France has allowed the psychological moment for attacking Germany in a single-handed war of revenge to pass by, that the desire for such war of revenge is passing away despite the increasing bombast of superficial military display, but that the many and grave causes which have brought about this new and only partially realised situation do not appeal to the sentiments and material interests of the French people when war with England comes in sight; finally, that the chances of such war are worthy of serious consideration by all those interested in the defence of our Empire.

There are three methods of examining this question: the first is to think out and reflect upon our action in such war; the second, to regard the subject from both points of view in order to properly combine and harmonise our arrangements for defence and attack; and the third, to limit our investigations to the French side of the question. On all that concerns our action, the initiative we may take, the rapid or more carefully prepared blows we may intend to deliver, the less said the better. Here and there one finds a politician foolish or wicked enough to discuss in public our offensive policy, but fortunately it is the exception, every hint and every suggestion thrown out on such a subject is at once reported to foreign Intelligence Offices, and on the very rare occasions when action that has been academically considered is accidentally hit upon by irresponsible writers one finds the reflex in corresponding precautions, movements, or additions to defences which may go far to promote the failure of the measure proposed.

In the same way, and for even more obvious reasons, no discussion on the double action of defence and attack is admissible.

But with regard to the ideas, theories, and preparations of a possible enemy there may be less reserve, since these can be gleaned, to a very large extent, from writings and speeches of leading authorities on the other side, from admissions or hints allowed to

¹ *United Service Magazine*, November 1896.

drop in unguarded moments, from reports of committees and commissions, and from naval or military programmes and preparations taking place in conformity with the ruling and prevalent opinions of defence councils. These things not only can be known, but ought to be known, since they alone afford the necessary light by which we can take corresponding precautions.

In all our great wars the navy has taken the first place, it has generally delivered or received the first blows, and upon its success or failure the whole after-conduct of the war hinges; the question whether a foreign navy can or cannot obtain the command of the sea in a war against Britain, cover the act of invasion, if such is premeditated, or, under modern conditions, so harass our great sea-borne trade that we may be forced thereby to sign an ignominious peace, is therefore the question which naturally comes before everything else.

In considering questions of naval strategy the greater number of modern writers have adopted the historical method: they have analysed past events, have shown how effect follows cause, and from these inquiries have built up certain laws, or, rather, have enunciated certain great principles of naval strategy that have held good and will hold good for all time. But a few do not rest satisfied with the deduction of great principles from past naval history, and would force us to accept as mathematical truths, that is to say, as absolute and infallible, certain deductions of their own which can never be assimilated to mathematical sciences, and, in fact, have the most profound and essential differences. Just as in painting and in literature true masters have obtained their greatest successes, not by following trodden paths, but by knowing when and how far they may depart from them, so in military operations a great number of factors have to be considered—finesse, sagacity, character, tradition, and other moral elements, all of which are included in the term the ‘art of war,’ which is no pedantic expression, but corresponds to a real truth, since, like all other arts, it is far removed from pure science.

History is without a doubt the firmest and safest basis for inquiry, but it is not everything; if we are to accept as final that what has happened in the past will happen again in the future, it must be proved that the conditions of the past and the present are identical and immutable, and who will venture to affirm that they are? Besides, we presumably wish to study defence problems from the point of view of our possible enemy; if we encumber ourselves with fine principles which are not accepted as truths by the other side, we run a very great risk of approaching the study of this question from a point of view which has everything to recommend it except that it is not that of our enemy, and, so far from helping us to understand or gauge his action and its effect, in fact blinds us to truths that might otherwise be obvious. These considerations refer to the manner in

which some writers deal with the question of invasion. Even if one may pass by certain forced interpretations of very plain historical facts—needless now to specify since they recall many dreary and long-winded arguments that are best buried in oblivion, and also a certain assumption of infallibility with which modern commentators assert their dogma—one cannot avoid the conclusion that the cheery optimism which insists that no territorial attack will take place until naval superiority is asserted, is excessively dangerous, since, whether true or false, whether supported by all the weighty evidence of history or the reverse, it is only an opinion, and one that is not accepted as a fundamental truth by either France or Germany—nations we may to-day or to-morrow find arrayed against us. If we recognise and anticipate the fact that foreign opinion is not with us in this matter we shall be safe, but if we wrap ourselves up in comfortable theories we incur the greatest risk.

'We at sea,' wrote Collingwood in 1798, 'I am well assured, will do our part, and would that the contest were to be decided there; but this the enemy will avoid by every possible means, for their dependence is on being landed before our fleet can prevent them, and, considering how near the coast^s are, the thing is practicable.'

It is, of course, known that some people deny that Napoleon ever intended to invade England, and they constantly bring forward Bourrienne's Memoirs and a conversation between Napoleon and Metternich in 1810 to prove their case. To this, one may answer that Bourrienne's Memoirs are clever, but quite devoid of historical value, and that Baron de Ménéval has shown in the most conclusive manner that Bourrienne had no knowledge of Napoleon's policy in the years 1803-5, while as for the conversation of 1810, the struggle with England was still at its height, and Napoleon was not the man to disclose his mind to an enemy at such a moment. Besides, any one who reads the voluminous correspondence between Napoleon and Decrès, and takes note of the gigantic preparations made on the coast between Etaples and the Texel, as well as of Napoleon's fury when Villeneuve's failure was reported to him, can only draw the obvious meaning from plain and incontrovertible facts.

In studying French naval policy of the past, and in searching for the causes which have so constantly produced failure, we find that two facts stand out with peculiar prominence: first, that France has always followed a double national objective by sea and land, and secondly, that the direction imparted to her naval policy has seldom continued long in one stay and has constantly varied with varying councillors. France is, and always has been, a military nation in the common acceptation of the term, with great land frontiers to defend, and continental rivalries to combat: added to which, she has been hypnotised for the past five-and-twenty years by the thought that she has a military vengeance to exact and continental territories to recover.

Pages have been written to prove that the threat of Torrington's more or less uninjured fleet prevented invasion after the battle of Beachy Head, but the activity of France was as usual so little confined to one purpose that, when the battle was fought, she had five armies in the field—Catinat in Savoy, the Duc de Noailles in Catalonia, de Lorge and the Dauphin in Germany, and Luxembourg in Flanders; and that no invasion of England took place may be attributed to very simple causes—namely, want of troops to make the descent, and absence of preparation for such a considerable undertaking.

The second distinguishing characteristic of French naval policy, want of continuity, we find exemplified in a striking manner in the history of French naval programmes. So far back as 1820 Baron Portal, Minister of Marine, obtained nearly 29,000,000*l.* sterling for the first of these programmes, which was intended to provide fifty-four ships of the line and sixty-six frigates in eleven years, but in 1835 not only had the sum allotted been largely exceeded, but only fifteen ships of the line and twenty-eight frigates were in a fit state to sail and fight. Fresh programmes succeeded one another and increased expenditure, yet in every crisis France was unready for war. In the Crimean War she was only prepared to take the offensive seriously at the conclusion of peace, and in 1870 she could not maintain the blockade of an enemy who was almost without a fleet, while French prizes were captured at the mouth of the Gironde. More programmes followed in 1871, 1879, 1881, 1891, and 1894, and they have only one characteristic in common—namely, that they have never been carried out. The programme of 1891 was intended to take effect in the decennial period 1892-1902, and aimed at the construction of eighty-four chief units at a cost of 36,760,000*l.* In December 1894 the *Conseil Supérieur de la Marine* expressed a pious hope that the programme might at least be carried out by 1904, but in October 1895 Admiral Besnard had to inform the Budget Commission that the programme would only be completed in 1906, when it was hoped that the required twenty-four battleships would be ready. But *Dieu dispose*, and a month later Admiral Besnard was out of office and a 'new course' in full swing.

When M. Lockroy succeeded at the Rue Royale it meant not merely a change of masters, but a change of mind. There are two so-called 'schools' of naval thought in France, the old school, generally omnipotent, the 'hereditary oligarchy of admirals' as they were once described, who would frame the naval policy of the country with a view to the needs of war against the Triple Alliance, working on well-considered and generally accepted lines, constructing battleships, cruisers, and smaller vessels in due proportion, and in the prevailing uncertainty as to the determining factor in the next naval war, refusing exaggerated importance to any particular class of vessel.

To the *Jeune École*, created by the late Admiral Aube and M.

Charmes, and preached by a few admirals and a number of junior naval officers with more zeal than logic, this old routine was much too dull. 'Le plus pressant de nos devoirs,' wrote Admiral Fournier a few months ago in *La Flotte Nécessaire*, 'est d'approprier notre marine aux épreuves à outrance d'une guerre opiniâtre et prolongée contre la marine Anglaise.'

The Jeune École is nothing if not consistent; learning as it professes to do from history that great classic naval actions have generally ended in a disastrous manner for France, and have only the more firmly established British supremacy at sea, it would have no more squadron warfare and would construct no more *mastodontes*; it turns with eager eyes to the destruction of British commerce and defenceless merchant vessels, and to the raiding, ransoming, or devastation of our coasts and towns as a sure means of victory, and demands for this purpose the construction of a rapid and numerous torpedo-boat flotilla, gunboats of light draught and good speed armed with a heavy gun capable of throwing large shells filled with high explosive, and cruisers of the type of the *Guichen* and *Châteaurenault* now under construction, of some 8,000 tons, 23 knots speed, and with sufficient coal to enable them to traverse 7,000 to 8,000 miles without visiting port.

When M. Lockroy came into office a year ago the Jeune École came in with him. Admiral Humann, the chief of the general staff, was superseded by Admiral Chauvin, an officer who had filled nearly every post in the navy suited to a torpedo specialist; Chief Inspector Chatelain, one of the most intimate associates of Admiral Aube in 1886 and 1887, was called up from Toulon and placed in charge of the central control; Admiral Roustan, Director of Personnel, was replaced by another officer whose views were more in harmony with those of the new masters; M. Paul Fontin, formerly Aube's secretary, was given the Library; Lieutenant Louel of the Navy, and Commandant Vallier of the Artillery, experts in light-draught gun-vessels and explosives, were called in to study the best possible development of Admiral Réveillère's famous *bateau-canon*, a competition was thrown open for a new type of submarine torpedo-boat, while a great number of reforms, both at the central administration and at the naval arsenals, were at once undertaken with a feverish haste that probably came from a sure knowledge of short-lived power.

On taking office M. Lockroy assembled his satellites and made them a set speech, pointing out the nature of the reforms he intended to promote: these reforms were indeed, as he has told us, a 'profound revolution,' but their great scope and the haste with which they were undertaken prove that their author came into office with fixed ideas rather than with an open mind. As, at the moment, the estimates were all but passed, little interference with the building programme for 1896 was possible; money had to be found for ves-

ships under construction, since authority and funds to begin them had been voted in previous years; but on the other hand, the estimates for 1897 were framed by M. Lockroy, and they not only showed a great departure from the 1891 programme, but with regard to ships to be laid down in 1897 they are in conformity with the tenets of the Jeune École, and represent an engagement to spend 28 million francs only upon one battleship, and 69 million francs upon cruisers and torpedo boats, thus necessarily affecting the nature of French naval power for some time to come.

The two schools are thus by no means, as some people think, merely divided on abstract matters of opinion; it has been shown that their ideas are translated by an entire change of programme. One may indeed conceive, and his recent disclosures confirm one in the opinion, that M. Lockroy had an unpleasant quarter of an hour more than once with the hereditary oligarchy of the *conseil supérieur*, who were probably totally opposed to his naval policy, root and branch, and did not fail to let him know it. In fact, it is believed that this body in May last stated in plain terms that it considered it inadmissible to frame programmes with a view to a war against England, and preferred to keep solely in view the hypothesis of a war with the Triple Alliance, an expression of opinion which afforded a very damaging criticism of many acts and measures of the new Minister and his supporters.

Thus, while England lays down her programme, adheres to it, and completes it, in the allotted time, and, practically speaking, with the allotted funds, France does neither one nor the other, while the very spring and mainstay of naval power, consecutive thought and consistent policy, is thrown to the winds, to allow some scheme, that it is well known cannot be carried out in its entirety, to be at least initiated so far that it destroys all unity of doctrine and design.

One need scarcely add that a counter-revolution succeeded the departure of M. Lockroy: Admiral Fournier received his *congé* as head of the new *école de guerre*; the school itself, as such, was broken up and the cruisers which formed it distributed among the permanent squadrons: Admirals Humann and Roustan, two of the chief sufferers of the Lockroy régime, received their *solutium*, the first named being appointed to command the reserve squadron of the Mediterranean, and the second being installed in Paris as director, of a wonderful institution named the *École des hautes études maritimes*. What such a school has to do at Paris it is somewhat difficult to fathom, and the list of tutors and professors since appointed to teach at the new establishment positively makes one shudder. There are no less than fifteen lecturers, including a professor from Nancy, another scientist from the Sorbonne, a Paris astronomer, a high legal luminary, constructors, engineers, specialists of electricity, mechanics, engines, boilers, nautical instruments, dologies and ographies of every sort,

and lastly of terrestrial magnetism, the very thing the French navy has suffered from for years, and which is now to be taught as a fine art.

Other adherents or nominees of M. Lockroy were treated in the most extraordinary manner: General Dodds, whose only crime was to have been appointed by M. Lockroy to the command of the troops in French Indo-China, was summarily superseded without a word of explanation; others were dismissed or found their responsibilities curtailed, while M. Paul Fontin was honoured by a domiciliary visit of the police on the pretence that he had abstracted state secrets from the musty library which he had been commissioned to put in order. While all this friction has been taking place at headquarters, the fighting navy has been going from bad to worse. During the past twelvemonth, no less than 24 battleships, cruisers, and smaller vessels have either broken down or been incapacitated from one cause or another, while some 80 vessels of all classes have been either struck off the list of the fleet or marked down for a similar fate: the French fleet is showing all the well-known symptoms of *cholera morbus*. The want of ships may be exemplified by the present state of the reserve squadron of the Mediterranean. This squadron includes at this moment only two battleships, the first-class *Amiral Duperré*, a fourteen-knot ship, built in 1879, and the second-class *Friedland*, thirteen knots, built in 1873, the coast defence vessels *Caiman* and *Terrible*, both of which have old boilers which cannot be trusted, and a few cruisers of which the *Latouche Treville*, re-annexed from the defunct *Ecole de guerre*, is the only one of any value. It is true that there are a number of ships under trials, like the battleships *Carnot* and *Charles Martel* and the cruisers *Bruix*, *Pothuau*, and *Descartes*, which may be available when they can overcome their misfortunes: but at present the position of the reserve squadron is precarious, and there are in reserve only a few twenty-year old slow ships like the *Colbert* and *Trident* to fall back upon. Moreover, the necessity for economies has placed French squadrons in an inferior position as regards training: in 1897 the Northern Squadron will only have full complements for six months of the year, and the reserve squadron of the Mediterranean for one month, while on foreign stations the number of ships will be reduced.

The precarious situation of the French navy has been recently attested by no less an authority than M. Lockroy himself, in a remarkable book,² as well as by M. Kerjégu, the *rapporteur* of the Naval Estimates for 1897. M. Kerjégu, in his carefully weighed report, shows that in numbers, in speed, and in coal endurance the French navy is far inferior to its rivals, and his remarks may be summed up in this pithy sentence: 'Nous n'avons pas la flotte de notre politique.' M. Lockroy paints the darkest picture; he states that the navy has

² *La Marine de Guerre*. Six Mois Rue Royale.

almost as many different types as it has ships, that both speed and coal endurance are inadequate, that 40 per cent. of the French navy is always under repair and unavailable for war purposes, that the new ships cause endless disappointments, that some are afflicted by cumbrous superstructures, others by instability, that French vessels on foreign stations are notoriously insufficient, and that the arsenals are badly managed. For all this he throws the blame on the combatant branch of the navy, and especially upon the senior ranks, of whose sentiments and sympathies he draws a clever picture, but in absurdly dark colours, concluding: 'À toutes les époques, en toutes circonstances, la marine, par l'organe de ses chefs, s'est opposée à toutes améliorations, a repoussé toutes les découvertes.' One may believe as much or as little of this as one likes, but so far as the author of this diatribe is concerned one need only say that he generalises from very insufficient data, and that failure must always be the fate of a politician who enters a great public office with fixed and preconceived ideas, entrusts his confidences to a syndicate of partisans, and proves himself incapable of dealing with human nature as he finds it.

Whether under a convention, a directory, or a republic, the French navy has always suffered from being out of touch with the Government, a legacy of the Revolution which destroyed the old royal navy, and by abandoning discipline in favour of the shibboleths of equality prepared the way for the disasters of the war with England. To the Radicals, the naval caste, with its professional independence and conservative immobility, is exceptionally exasperating. In October 1895 M. Camille Pelletan gave the Budget Commission his opinion in the following remarks: 'Plus on étudie plus on voit que les chiffres sont absolument fictifs. . . Ils ne savent pas plus ce qu'ils dépensent eux-mêmes que le sait le public . . . l'obscurité existe sur tout . . . la division des chapitres n'est qu'un mensonge . . . c'est le chaos . . . la marine est hors du reste de la France . . . le ministre n'est lui-même que le premier des amiraux quand ce n'est le dernier . . . le chef d'état-major-général a des pouvoirs qui font en lui un vice-ministre, plus puissant que le ministre . . . le parlement, dans ces conditions, n'est rien, ne peut rien;' to which M. Gerville Réache added: 'La marine est un état dans l'état: pour la marine le parlement n'existe pas:' and he told a story of a French admiral who, being reminded by a Commission before which he was giving evidence that there was no Parliament in Russia, exclaimed: 'Quel bonheur!' upon which M. Réache comments: 'C'était le cri du cœur: l'expression des sentiments intimes du corps: on est en face d'un système.'

In all French military organisation, if one wishes to arrive at the truth, one has to take the theory and deduct 10 per cent. to arrive at the practice; in naval matters one might increase this to 25 per cent. Programmes grandly conceived but never executed; the double national objective constantly deflecting national interests from naval

affairs; schools of thought diametrically opposed; Parliaments aggressively hostile and prejudiced against the naval service; marine machinery defective, and a third of the fleet constantly unserviceable; types of vessels widely varying; naval squadrons at home and abroad inadequate in numbers and largely out of date; ships built not to 'lie in a line,' but for every other purpose on the water and under the water.

That the French navy has many strong points and excellent qualities it would be absurd to deny; the active squadron of the Mediterranean is a fine fleet, and all French squadrons are well commanded and manned by brave and hardy crews, while Colbert's great achievement, the *inscription maritime*, affords an ample supply of men, sufficient to complete all vessels afloat with a reserve in hand of nearly 40,000 men, not counting *inscrits* over forty years of age. The authors of the 'Exposé de la situation des services de la marine,' published as an annexe to the 1897 estimates, point with justifiable pride to the great advance in rapidity of construction exemplified in the case of the *Gaulois*, to the improvements in artillery in which France retains the lead, and to the almost unique position still held by French artillerists in their ability to handle and use high explosives—a factor which may upset all calculations of relative naval power in time of war.

In his new work on 'Naval Policy' Mr. Stevens has made a great point of our inferiority to the French and some other foreign navies in the question of gun power. Clear and interesting as his work is, one cannot help regretting that he should have overstated his case in this particular, for the total weight of armament of the French vessels is not greater than in our ships of the same class, while the weight absorbed by the belts in so many of the French ships leaves little for armour on other parts of the vessel; and one cannot allow an exaggerated importance to the numerous French batteries on the main decks which are not fought behind armour, since all recent experience shows that the men working such batteries must be destroyed by the quick firers of a better protected enemy. In numbers, in speed, in individual attributes of power, in supply of ammunition, and in coal endurance, the French navy is far inferior to ours; nor can one doubt, greatly as one must respect the hardy crews from Brest and Breton quarters, that a navy which only trains men for forty months is not to be compared with another which is, in fact, the only professional navy in the world, and trains its men from boyhood.

When one turns from this brief consideration of the present state of the French navy in time of peace to the more important question of war policy, there are many things that must be left unsaid, and others that can be only touched on.

Briefly, all inquiries show, that the general policy of France in case of war with England will be something as follows: An offensive

policy from the first; the destruction of our cables; night assaults upon our war ports and assembling ships in the narrow seas by the numerous torpedo craft; an attempt to surprise one or more of our squadrons *en flagrant délit de concentration* if the strategical situation permits; attacks of a raiding character in many parts of the world, with a view, as Napoleon expressed it, to make us 'experience the sense of our weakness'; war against commerce waged in a ruthless manner and aiming at the destruction of our carrying trade by fair means or foul; masterly inactivity by the main French squadrons, combined with an attempt to wear out our watching squadrons by constant and harassing attacks, surprises, and threatened descents; finally, when we are lulled into a false sense of security, and our forces have been weakened by large detachments abroad, the final stroke, aiming as in Napoleon's time at the mastery of the Channel for six days, and invasion.

To think that a great country like France proposes to simply endure a war at our hands and not to wage it, is the most dangerous of fallacies, nor has she any means of concluding the war or even of saving her numerous, scattered, and almost defenceless colonies except this one extreme solution. 'I hope,' wrote Collingwood in 1803, 'that Bonaparte's invasion will not be held too lightly, for in that consists the only danger.'

Of all these operations, the only one which it is proposed to discuss in this paper is the war against commerce, since strange ideas are entertained on this subject, which are quite at variance with the truth. There is no doubt that not only the *Jeune École*, but also an increasing number of naval officers, and many civilians, flatter themselves that the most surprising results will follow this method of attack; what M. Lockroy describes as a 'terrible means of intimidation and of victory' equally recommends itself to the sober judgment of M. de Kerjégu, who goes out of his way to applaud it in his Budget report, while it is even more important to bear in mind that French constructive activity is now being devoted to produce the very weapons and ships for carrying these ideas into practice. What commercial war means, and to what lengths the French propose to carry it, any one can learn who reads that strange effusion with the misleading title of *Stratégie Navale*, or any of Admiral Aube's works, or again certain numbers of the *Marine Française*, which is constantly harping on its favourite theme.

We are told that our coasts are to be bombarded and defenceless towns burned to the ground; that inoffensive merchant vessels with their load of women and children are to be incontinentally sent to the bottom; in fact, the only thing we are not told is where the British Navy comes in.

So far as our coasts are concerned, these threats are not worth very serious consideration; a fugitive gunboat, in terror for its very

existence, may here and there skulk across under cover of night and wage war against the bathing machines with relentless vigour, but nobody will be a penny the worse. A few houses may be knocked down, but many invalid resorts on the south coast would really be improved by some slight architectural alterations; some old women will be frightened, and a few inquisitive children massacred; but the exasperation which such acts would cause may have a very serious influence upon the war, and not at all in the manner intended, while the fate of the crew of the gunboat if it is ever brought to book one hardly likes to discuss.

The war against commerce on the sea is, however, a much more serious matter; yet it can be shown that there are many and weighty reasons for the belief that this mode of warfare will also fail to achieve the results expected. Raids upon our great maritime lines of communication will be made from bases both at home and abroad. The French naval divisions abroad, as well as their local stations, are to our forces in the same waters in the proportion of about 1 to 6; the vessels employed are for the most part old and slow, and their coaling stations widely scattered and badly found; one cannot doubt that they will speedily find their wings clipped.

In France, however, we find a fair number of smart cruisers now ready, and others building which are in many ways suited for long-distance raiding. Judging by the past, some of these will act singly, others be used to form two or three flying squadrons, which will break out at the first signal, and, acting in groups, hope to be temporarily superior to our scattered cruisers on convoy and patrol; each flying squadron may be accompanied by one or two swift steam colliers or by fast liners with coal stored in place of cargo, after the example of the *Nichteroy* (ex *El Cid*), purchased by Brazil in 1893, which is reported to have taken 1,000 tons of coal in her bunkers and to have stored 2,000 tons in place of cargo. Auxiliary cruisers from the merchant fleet will also take their part in this warfare; the arrangements for the conversion of certain of these vessels are now complete and can be rapidly effected.

The primary consideration in these operations will be the adaptation of the plan of the cruise to the coal endurance of the ships. In the old days the privateers only required to touch land for the purpose of procuring fresh water and provisions, which could be obtained almost anywhere. But coal is quite another matter; it is contraband of war, and can only be obtained in friendly fortified harbours, by rendezvous with colliers, or by seizure from hostile ships or ports. Judging by the very complete and prolonged experiments conducted of late years, the cruisers which will probably be detailed for commerce raiding may be expected to burn about one ton of coal for every four miles traversed, and in a month's cruise three or four large cruisers would require some 8,000 tons for continuous activity. The

accumulation of such immense war reserves of coal abroad, combined with that of naval stores, spare machinery, food, and so forth, represents a large outlay, and might even then possibly be never used. An inspection of the coal capacity of French cruisers shows that the first-class vessels have at the outside from 800 to 1,000 tons, answering at most, at a fairly economical rate of speed and allowing for the drain of auxiliary engines, to a radius of action of about 5,000 miles. Now if we take a chart of ocean routes, we see at once how very inadequate this coal endurance is for the prosecution of war against our commerce. Unless a French cruiser can rely with absolute certainty, which it never will be able to do, upon finding security and coal in plenty when at the end of its tether, it cannot venture more than 2,500 miles from its starting-point; and in view of the need of keeping a reserve for fighting and fast steaming 2,000 miles would probably be a practical limit. With this radius, except in the Mediterranean and with the possible exception of our unimportant West African possession at Bathurst, *no British colony can be reached*, no raiding or ransoming is practicable, and the depredations must be confined to the maritime zone 2,000 miles from the French coasts. But, it may be said, certain French defended coaling stations exist, and must be taken into consideration. Certainly they do, and one only wishes there were more of them. Forming as it does a fixed point in the cruise, the coaling station, even though suitably supplied, equipped, and defended, is of far less value to an inferior than to a superior fleet, since its known existence gives the latter a *point de repère* where it will sooner or later run its enemy to ground. The *Jeune École* has taken this into account, and would replace the fixed coaling stations by rendezvous with steam colliers at unfrequented localities. But in the latter case the life of the cruiser is bound up with that of the collier, whose existence again will be very precarious, since our highly developed system of information may easily give us notice of its sailing; and thus it may frequently happen that the cruiser will fail to find the aid it anticipates, and die of inanition.

Thus, while a certain amount of damage always has been and always will be effected by this long-distance raiding, such action under modern conditions has very defined limitations, numbers are bound to tell in the end, and the extinction of these flying squadrons will ultimately be only a question of time.

More serious, though less far-reaching, will be the action of the larger number of French cruisers whose depredations will be confined to a zone between 500 and 1,000 miles from the French coasts. With a centralised control it does not depend upon individual commanders to decide what they will or will not do, but upon the directing admirals at headquarters. The successes of French corsairs in the past, so well brought out by Mr. Norman, were mainly due to their independence of the direct control of admirals at home. These latter

will now naturally wish to keep all resources in hand for the final stroke, and will look jealously upon any severance of their control over the flying squadrons. They may also say, and with good reason, that there is no special advantage in going half round the world in pursuit of trade which must, in order to reach its destination, pass within striking distance of French shores: that it is preferable to keep all French ships under observation and within call, in order to seize the throat of the trade lines which converge towards the shores of the United Kingdom; the true danger to Australian trade will not be in Australian waters. In this argument their views would be strengthened by the consideration that French home ports are well supplied and defended, and that by using them French cruisers will be able to carry home many prizes which flying squadrons could only destroy. So far as regards our ocean trade, history shows that during the great wars lasting from 1793, to 1815 this trade nearly doubled in volume, and that even during the last years of that period, when we had the United States upon our back, there was still an annual increase, despite the depredations of American privateers, while in the meantime the sea-borne trade of our enemies was almost entirely destroyed. Is it nothing for France to find her sea-borne trade, now valued at 300,000,000*l.* sterling annually, entirely lost to her? Given sufficient numbers, adequate protection, and proper arrangements, trade will thrive and increase: numbers, indeed, are not everything, but no great and lasting results have ever been obtained in the whole history of war without them. The French dreamers appear constitutionally incapable of looking at commercial warfare from any point of view but their own, and their arguments for the most part gratuitously assume stupidity on the part of our leaders as a fixed point in the general situation. Against stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain, and history shows that the measures and precautions we have taken in times of danger have generally been dictated by solid common sense—a quality which tells more in the long run in military operations than the intermittent flashes of more fascinating genius.

If, led to hasty conclusions by immature reasoning and the panic of self interest, our shipowners attempt to transfer their vessels to a neutral flag they will have every cause to repent it, since no neutral flag can compensate for the absence of a great protecting navy; and if this neutral is not strong enough to ensure respect for his flag by force of arms, his newly acquired trade, now, as in the past, will be at the mercy of the belligerent, who will not fail to use his advantage. Even, if the legal difficulties of transfer and the manning of ships under the neutral flag could be arranged, there is no security that the neutral himself may not be drawn into the struggle, and in this case the last state of the transferers will be worse than the first.

A belief that our home industries will be deprived of the raw

materials necessary for their continuous activity is not in harmony with history, which shows that the losses of our carrying trade in war have varied between 2½ and 5 per cent.; a different result can only be expected if we neglect the well-ascertained needs of our position.

That the war against commerce will starve us into submission is a still more improbable contingency. Although we must all deplore the reduced acreage of cereals under cultivation at home, and the reduction of stocks by merchants owing to the fluctuation and fall of prices, new grain markets like that of Argentina are constantly being opened up, and the interception of this trade is not within the power of an inferior navy itself in constant risk and dread of being overwhelmed by superior numbers. Our foreign commerce has innumerable points of departure abroad, and the ports of arrival in the United Kingdom are so many that even a very superior fleet could not establish a blockade of any real efficacy. Between America and England, England and the Cape, the Cape and India, there are vast expanses of ocean, over which a hundred different routes may be chosen. The horizon of the smartest cruiser is limited to some twenty miles when at sea; and even if a merchant vessel is sighted, it by no means follows that she is caught, unless the cruiser has a great superiority of speed, sights its prey early in the morning, and is not interrupted during, perhaps, a ten hours' chase. The war routes of our ocean trade can be regulated and varied by the Admiralty, and being known to us will be patrolled by our cruisers; the enemy will have first to find the route, and then escape interruption during his depredations. It is true that in comparatively narrow waters like the Mediterranean the interception of passing trade will be an easier task, but, as regards food supplies, the country which would be hardest hit by the dislocation of Mediterranean trade would be Russia—a condition of affairs not calculated to predispose her in favour of her new ally,—while America would have a word to say if food were declared contraband of war, and her most profitable trade interrupted.

From this brief inquiry into the chances of the new style of warfare with which we are threatened, the conclusion is that, although a certain amount of damage will no doubt be done to our trade, such action has its limits; that the radius of effective action of the steamer corsair of an inferior navy will be much less than that of the old sailing privateer, and will rarely extend to distant seas; that on this account less damage will probably be effected than in the old wars; finally, that systematised commerce-destroying directed against a mercantile marine protected by a superior navy cannot reasonably be expected to have any lasting or decisive influence upon the main issues of the war. These considerations are equally applicable to the hypothesis of war

with Russia or Germany, or to an alliance of one or other of these States with France against us. Germany would, no doubt, in accord with what she considers the genius of her race, also adopt an offensive policy; but her strategical position has no terrors for us in a maritime war. She has a stout and well-kept little fleet, but a poor lot of cruisers and no coaling stations abroad; while, so long as diplomacy keeps Antwerp and Rotterdam from her grasp, she is without the means for organising an attack on England, eloquently though her staff officers, who have probably never seen salt water, may write on the subject in the columns of the *Militär-Wochenblatt*.

If little has been said concerning French threats to sink out of hand the defenceless merchant vessels which come in their way, it is because one cannot credit that a nation which prides itself on being the very mould of honour and the glass of chivalry will ever descend to such depths of infamy. If, however, passion and interest combine to cause such barbarous outrages, our French friends should know that, so far from terrorising us into submission, such acts would have quite a contrary effect, and that we should be prepared to give measure for measure. The stern law of reprisals must always be resorted to by a civilised nation with the greatest reluctance; but let the French look to themselves, for we have a remedy under our hand. From Dunkirk to Bayonne, from Port Vendres to Nice, round the coasts of Corsica, along the shores of Algeria and Tunis and in many French colonies, numberless great centres of life and activity are spread out upon the shore within easy range of deep water, nor could any number of batteries prevent us from taking a swift and exemplary vengeance.

There are certain occasions when a little plain speaking saves a good deal of trouble at a later stage. Deceived by the pessimistic vein in which so many of our writers cry out before they are hurt and delight to belittle our strength and power, many foreigners, even men of experience, conceive that our Empire will crumble to the dust at the first touch, and is everywhere vulnerable. They are wrong; they are too late by two centuries.

The Roman Empire in the zenith of its power occupied the whole of modern Europe from Britannia to the Euxine, the north coast of Africa, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Arabia; it was peopled by 100,000,000 souls and defended by 450,000 soldiers and seamen. The British Empire is many times larger and more populous, and the citadel of the Empire, immeasurably more secure and inaccessible than Rome, has more men for its defence than had all the Roman Empire in the age of the Antonines. In wealth and in staying power it is far superior; in intelligence and belief in itself and its destiny it is at least equal. Is its hostility less to be feared than was that of Rome?

The British Empire is a synonym for peace and liberty; but it is not defenceless, and woe betide the nation or alliance that forces it to turn its vast strength and resources to the business of war.

CHARLES A COURT.

MR. G. F. WATTS: HIS ART AND HIS MISSION

For the second time within fourteen years a great collection of Mr. G. F. Watts's pictures has been brought together in London—a collection which, in the present instance, was designed at first to include only such works as had already been presented to the public, or are intended to be offered later for their acceptance. Ultimately, greater scope was given to the scheme, so that an opportunity is now afforded of studying the lifework of incontestably the greatest of the few essentially intellectual painters to whom England has given birth.

It must be recognised at the outset that if Mr. Watts's art is to be understood—I do not say, in the first instance, accepted—his particular standpoint, both artistic and philosophic, must be made clear. No true estimate can otherwise be formed of the manifestation of his art, whether as regards direction of aim or achievement of purpose. That point of view has hardly changed from the beginning when, more than sixty years ago, the young self-taught student picked up an artistic education of a sort in Behnes's studio and derived his first inspiration from the contemplation of the Elgin Marbles. His principles, at least within the past forty years, have never swerved—principles that include the restoration of Art to her true and noblest function, and the personal self-sacrifice of every worker in the commonwealth for the common good. While denying to mere technical dexterity the supremacy over intellectual qualities which it has usurped, Mr. Watts has held—and spent his life in demonstrating—that it is in the power of paint to stir in man something more sublime than is possible to a simple, sensuous appreciation of tones and 'values,' colour and line; and while himself seeking these things in the highest perfection possible to him, and so acquiring the grammar of art, he has sought to express in painter-language the thoughts and emotions that occupy his mind. It is, no doubt, this preacher-sense, that often seems to declare itself with the fervency and intellectual force of a Hebrew prophet's, that has overcome his natural modesty and repugnance for public notice, and has permitted the

public exhibition of his collected works, among which a few are still in course of completion.

'*l'art, mes enfants,*' Paul Verlaine exclaimed in an oracular moment to his disciples, '*c'est être absolument soi-même.*' The epigram is incomplete; but so far as it goes it may be applied to the art of Mr. Watts. Whether noble or ignoble, we usually take a long while to find ourselves out sufficiently to become, even should we dare, 'absolutely ourselves.' But Mr. Watts succeeded early, and has been so much 'himself' that all schools and movements, from Pre-Raphaelitism to Impressionism, he has seen come and go, and has remained untouched by any one of them—still less concerned by any passing fashion, though greatly moved by waves of genuine feeling passing over the nation. A glance around the collection of his works reveals the fact that no painter of our time has been more faithful to the tenets of his artistic creed throughout a long career, or adhered more undeviatingly to the path he laid down for himself. It is true that in method of painting we must ascribe to Mr. Watts two main periods: the first, when he displayed in his art the highest technical accomplishment, and, while already devoting himself to subjects having philosophic intent, sought to produce the effect of illusion; the second, when he chose to cast aside the vanity of manipulation for itself alone, and proclaimed the thought as the nobler part of the picture. But since those earlier years there has been no change of direction in respect to technique; nor has the ethical bearing of his art been less steadfastly kept in view than his long-cherished intention to devote himself and the fruits of his labour unselfishly to the service of his fellow-men. These considerations cannot, of course, blind us to faults or stifle criticism, for all the sense of noble patriotism they convey; but they exact, nevertheless, a more respectful attention for the purely spiritual claims of his work than the young bloods whose cry is 'Art for Art' are usually willing to allow. . .

Aspiration and *intention*—these claim the first consideration of the Master. If the thought to be worked out in a picture be but elevated and ennobling, the subject, and even the work itself, are regarded as of relatively little importance; they are his signposts to the thought to be expressed. Then, and only then, is his concern awakened to composition of line and rhythmic beauty (both in the order named, and developed to the highest point of the painter's power or purpose); then to nobility and character of form, with due reference to artistic principles—for it is fitting that the signposts be fashioned as perfect as possible. Finally, colour, harmony, and dignity are imported, that the work may result in a monumental whole. But the picture resulting is not necessarily allegorical; it is, more accurately speaking, suggestive.

His aim, therefore, and as a consequence his pictures, are of

necessity somewhat vague and visionary, so that absolute completeness is difficult; almost, indeed, a contradiction. The artist is held not less by his imagination than by a strong feeling of what humanity, awakened to a true sense of its dignity, might be, and what it most certainly is *not*—dragged down as it is by ignoble thoughts and unworthy aspirations. 'Divinity in man,' Mr. Watts once exclaimed while asserting this point, 'is like a lamp in a casque; you may let the light shine forth, or you may stifle it, as men generally do, by shutting the vizor down; but *it is always there.*'

Years ago Mr. Ruskin declared that Mr. Watts was the one painter of thought and history in England. But the artist in a measure repudiates the implied compliment. He makes no claim to be a painter of history. For history-painting is not much more than elaborate *genre*, resulting in what are practically 'costume-pieces' that leave us cold, if not indifferent. He is never, therefore, historical in the accepted sense. Literary he may be; but even then not simply narrative; and he always maintains the artistic and poetic sense. Yet, whatever his deserts, Mr. Watts seems to care little for consideration as an artist at all—nor as a preacher either, nor as a teacher. He is rather a thinker who would have all men think for themselves; a man of noble dreams who would have those dreams reality; a seer to whom Nature has been but partially kind in bestowing on him the gift of elevated conception which he would rather put into words with the pen than with the brush translate them into form. To that cause perhaps we must attribute his passionate desire to raise painting, intellectually, to the side of poetry—*ut pictura, poesis*—and, at the same time, to combat the idea that 'Art for Art' is the only principle, or even the best. 'I do not deny,' he wrote to me many years ago on this very subject, 'that beautiful technique is sufficient to constitute an extremely valuable achievement; but it can never alone place a work of art on the level of the highest effort in poetry; and by this it should stand. That any work of mine can do this I do not for a moment claim; no one knows better than I do how defective all my efforts are. But I cannot give up the hope that a direction is indicated not unworthy, and that a vein of poetical and intellectual suggestion is laid bare which may be worked with more effect by some who will come after.'

The careful study of Mr. Watts's art, other than landscape, will reveal the fact that it comprises three sections of well-marked distinction. The first is the Realistic, in which, as in the portraits, absolute truth of resemblance is a chief consideration. The second is the Typical, in which, as in 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' 'Eve,' and 'Mammon,' the figures represent types of humanity, pure and simple. The third section is the Symbolical, in which the figures are abstractions. Of this section 'The Court of Death,' 'Dedicated to all the Churches,' and 'Time, Death, and Judgment' are examples. In

addition to these are the exercises in colour and in atmospheric effects, in which the artist has proved a superiority almost lost sight of in the interest of his portraiture and subject-work. But 'Uldra,' and 'The Three Goddesses,' with 'Off Corsica,' and that golden glory representing the sun bursting through the rain-laden atmosphere after the Flood, are in themselves achievements of a remarkable kind and of unusual value; for few now aim at that beauty of prismatic colour to which Mr. Watts devotes so much time and happy effort, as Turner in some sort strove before him.

No section of his art, it seems to me, illustrates more completely his strength and his limitations than that of portraiture. It should be understood that, despite the place accorded to him in the public estimation, Mr. Watts is but incidentally a portrait-painter, never having regarded the practice of portraiture otherwise than as a means of study or of supplying him with the wherewithal of doing work of another class less acceptable as a rule to the ordinary collector, and therefore wholly unremunerative. Indeed, under other circumstances it is likely that Mr. Watts would never have been known as a professional portrait-painter at all. As it was, however, he was for many years the leading English portraitist of his day but quitted a lucrative practice as soon as he was placed so far beyond anxieties for the future as prudence demanded.

It is universally allowed that in portrait-painting, realism is the dominant note; so that, as Mr. Watts is beyond all else an idealist, it might have been supposed that his greatest quality might have presented itself as an insuperable defect. The fact is, however, that the word 'realism' is a term a good deal misused and misapplied. It has been usurped by the modern French school and appropriated generally by an aspect of art so different from that not only of Mr. Watts, but equally of the whole healthy tendency of the English school, that for distinction's sake the quality of his portraiture may best be expressed by the paradoxical term of 'ideal realism,' and so cast into danger of being confounded with 'idealism' pure and simple. The realism of Holl and Millais may have little in common—at least in later years—with that of Mr. Watts, yet neither painter had admirer more sincere than he. That the first-named was not enough appreciated I have heard Mr. Watts more than once assert, while of Millais he believed that, though he lacked imagination, he was approached by none for brilliant, vital perceptions, nor, except by Velazquez, was ever rivalled by any man who ever lived in the success with which he obtained the aspect of the individual.

But, after all, this excellence, however supreme in itself, does not reach the consummate point of what is possible to the portrait-painter, if the artist stops short at externals. If he gives us a slavish copy, however perfect, of the model's features, unqualified and uncompromising though the truth may be, he gives us but sur-

face truth alone. The lights and shadows that played upon the face in the searching studio-light, the wrinkle on the forehead and the wart upon the cheek, would not suffice to satisfy the more thoughtful quality of Mr. Watts's mind. While, according to facial resemblance, all it is in his power to render, he aims chiefly at realising his sitters' habit of thought, disposition, and character, their very walk of life, as these might reveal themselves upon their face as they sit by their own fireside. Here, then, are the elements of the strength and weakness of the artist's work, fully displayed in the wonderful series of great men and fair women that many consider as his capital life's work. It is obvious that the most common aspect of a man's face, the bare features undisturbed and unlit by any expression, is the most likely to be recognisable; for the most characteristic intellectual expression need not by any means be the commonest, nor that by which the sitter is best known to his friends. It is Mr. Watts's practice thoroughly to study his subject before painting him, not only by simple observation, but also by conversation on the matters that touch him most, so bringing his worthier self to the surface. Partly for this reason do we find on all the countenances in these impressive portrait-pictures the loftiest expressions of which they are capable, even though in some cases the more obvious resemblance of the features has been somewhat neglected. Partly, I said; for another, an intruding consideration is to be taken into account—perhaps unsuspected by the artist himself. This is his own personality. He has always shrunk from the pitfall of mannerism and from every trick of method, drawing, or technique, in treatment or in touch, that comes almost natural to a painter: indeed, an examination of the portraits will show that in no two portraits are the noses, for example, painted in the same manner, nor is the drawing of the nostrils precisely similar. But no more than the great imaginative painters of old—all of whom produced portraits, and, moreover, sometimes found in them the initial ideas of their greatest works—has Mr. Watts been able to suppress his own intellect, seek as he would to suppress his individuality. We find as a result this curious circumstance: that while he invariably ennobles every head he touches and lifts his sitter to his own intellectual level, he has fallen short only in the portraits of certain of the greatest of them, with whom he has not been, apparently, in entire sympathy. It is hardly fair to cite the likeness of Carlyle, for that was but a two hours' study, and it has always been the painter's habit not to spare himself in the number of sittings he demands.

His work in portraiture, therefore, shows a strongly marked individuality of an impersonal kind. It has become sculpturesque and monumental in character, and rich in beauty, although the painter never, for all his vogue, has stooped to use that most popular of all portrait-painters' colour mediums—flattery. It is, moreover, so elevated and so imaginative that in his case portraiture is raised far beyond the

reach of Juvenal's sarcastic shaft. Mr. Ruskin has recorded his belief that 'Watts's portraits are not realistic enough to last;' but Ford Madox Brown, who himself preferred spiritual to more concrete qualities in portrait-painting, classed them above Millais's by reason of their high level of style and dignity, to which the latter attained not more than once or twice.

Although symbolism is Mr. Watts's most obvious characteristic, it is the characteristic not of the painter but of the thinker. That he has been able to practise it successfully in his art is perhaps the most remarkable of his achievements. When M. de la Sizeranne, disbelieving the possibility of the existence of symbolism not an actual survival, such as we may still find in Germany, declared that he had mounted the staircase of the South Kensington Museum with one set of opinions, and had descended it with quite another, he probably paid the artist a higher compliment than he had any notion of. If Mr. Watts were told (as, in fact, he often has been told) that his work is literary, symbolic, and not to be judged as 'art' at all, he would assuredly accept the judgment as welcome praise. The painter's craft, pure and simple, is to him the craft of the painter and nothing more, and its skill, something to employ to good, and not to little, purpose. Appreciating to the full the transcendent power of the old Dutch school in imitative painting, with their miracles of colour, luminosity, and shadow, a man of his stamp of mind must naturally deplore that painters who had so completely mastered the grammar and language of their art, failed to use their knowledge to express thoughts, so far as they may be defined as such, other than intellectually childish or unfeignedly vulgar, by which they produced, so far as significance is concerned, nothing more than the results of observation. Francia and Mabuse we may always admire as magicians of the brush, but will they ever take their place beside Michael Angelo? 'I would not like to be left in a room alone with the "Moses,"' said Thackeray of the sculptor's masterpiece: 'the greatest figure that ever was carved.' The spirit of Thackeray's tribute to the triumph of the influence of imagination over execution is in this instance incense also on the altar of Mr. Watts's art. After all, asks the painter, why should a picture address itself only to the eye? Why should it stop at the retina and not pass on in its appeal to that intellect which governs and includes all the senses? Artistic justification surely lies in the argument that philosophical painting is higher than other forms, by reason of the wider field open for the realisation of poetical imagination and expression, in comparison with matter-of-fact transcriptions of scenes from life. The idea that the sole object of Art is to please the eye is, he holds, an insult to the sister of Poetry, suggesting as it does a mission of unworthy triviality; and an affront to the intellect of man, by supposing that it can be satisfied with extracting so meagre a yield of gold from so illimitably

rich a mine. If our emotions can be stirred by the spectacle of Art 'with a purpose,' are we still to consider that Art's mission is no higher than to tickle the eye with colour, to charm it with dexterity, or—not to do violence to the tenets of the Newest Criticism—to please with skilful rendering of atmosphere, truthful juxtaposition of tone, distinction of 'composition,' or graceful sweep of line? If we may have these, why not something more? 'The opinion that Art can have nothing to do with religious cult,' wrote Mr. Watts to me in 1888, 'if widely shared by artists and lovers of art, would make any approach to the greatness of former production impossible. The claim of Art to an original place with Poetry must be upheld, at least by some, and I hope that a band of artists will always be found to fight for this with pencil or with pen. As far as my strength will permit, I will be a standard-bearer.'

It may fairly be doubted whether symbolism is possible in these days of material thought, when religion, the true origin of all the highest art, is on the wane. If it be true, as Mr. Ruskin argues, that symbolism is not invented, but only adopted, there is still invention demanded for the adoption; and as invention is not so rare a thing as poetic imagination, it follows that there may still be hopes for the true symbolism, which is not the insipid allegory masquerading as 'decorative art' that we often see. But a symbolic work must be neither anecdotal nor indecisive in its appeal. It must incarnate, so to say, the idea it represents; it must force that idea on the beholder, and awaken in him a responsive emotion akin to that which filled the painter when he conceived it. The picture of a woman with the material attributes of Justice in her hand and around her eyes is only emblematic, until the spectator is filled with a sense of the intellectual attributes of Justice—honesty, firmness, majesty of the Law; and not till then does the emblematic or 'significant' work become actually 'symbolic.' Judged by this standard, Mr. Watts's 'Justice' is, to the modern mind, as much superior as an intellectual work to Giotto's, as his conception of the grandeur of Death surpasses Holbein's or Dürer's.

It is one of the greatest merits of these great pictures that they are almost elemental in their simplicity, and that in whatever quarter they may be exhibited they attract alike the cultivated and the uneducated; indeed, during the whole period of their exhibition at Birmingham the great gallery, it was reported, was 'always crowded, often impassable.' It is not only that there is a strong feeling among the populace for the ideal, the elevated, and the allegorical; it is also that Mr. Watts's art contains in itself so many sympathetic elements. It is Greek in its philosophic spirit and in its display of material beauty, and Christian in its clear appeal to man's righteousness and love. 'Greek Art,' said George Henry Lewes, 'is a lute, not an organ.' Mr. Watts's art includes the strains of both, and the painter's dominant

ambition—that if his more serious works were viewed during the execution of Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata,' or during the reading of the Book of Job or 'Paradise Lost,' they might be felt in harmony and keeping—is in the case of most persons likely to be realised. Moreover, his art, not wholly unlike Kaulbach's, though more mysterious and far more elevated in conception, has a touch of German mysticism. It has not a little of the romance and fancy of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, with added solemnity, both of purpose and feeling.* It comes into tangential touch with Rossetti in artistic sentiment and poetry, but it is altogether free from sensuousness. Blake is perhaps nearest to him in imagination, but furthest from him in ordered thought and power of execution. In Mr. Watts the public find the artist, poet, moralist, and preacher in one, and therein lies the secret of his popularity.

Leaving untouched for the moment the debatable ground of the place of allegory in art, we must admit, I think, that Mr. Watts is the greatest symbolist who in this country has ever used paint to express his ideas. If comparison be made with all who have attempted it, from Reynolds to Leighton, no doubt of his supremacy can be entertained. They touched their subjects; he touches his spectators. For he seeks not only abstract beauty, but beauty of idea and spiritual truths—essentially the beauty of morality and of thought; not as a preacher merely—for he does not seek to be didactic—but as a poet. Examine, for example, the smaller picture of 'The Rider on the White Horse' (for his first sketches are often superior in inspiration and spontaneity to the large works elaborated from them), and compare his realisation with the text in 'Revelations,' 'His horseman is indeed riding forth conquering and to conquer;' but not as other painters have represented him—with jaw set and fierce and lowering brow. Mr. Watts's 'Rider,' full of power and majesty, has the self-reliance, the benevolent repose of a conscious divinity—a figure that none but an epic poet could have conceived. Lyrics he has given, too, in symbols conceived in a lighter vein—playful subjects thrown lightly off 'as the musician runs his fingers over the keys.' The artist's motto, 'Remember the Daisies,' in itself touches a keynote in his love for symbol; and the feeling revealed for the beauty of lowliness, and sympathy with down-trodden humility, are pictured in the phrase.

His great symbolical canvases, then—his 'Court of Death,' 'Love and Death,' 'Love and Life,' 'Hope,' 'The Messenger of Death,' 'Mammon,' 'Vindictive Anger,' 'The Minotaur,' the synthetic series of 'Eve,' and the rest, as well as his great sculptures, 'Hugh Lupus' and 'Physical Energy'—are intended to present a series of reflections of an ethical character, a pictorial Book of Ecclesiastes, or Omar Khayyam with a liberal admixture of spirituality. They are inspired by a sense of the loss in Art, at any rate in England, of the seriousness which we feel to dominate the great art of Greece and

of mediæval Italy: hardly less by the absence of any echo of the best and noblest side of our English national life. The Parthenon, with its great statue of Pallas and the Panathenaic Frieze, embodied the national character, spiritual and physical, of Greece generally, and of Athens in particular; and equally did the mediæval art of Italy interpret the national life of the age. With the exception of Hogarth, Reynolds, and Old Crome, few of our artists have reflected by seriousness of style the true qualities of the English character. Whatever reservations we may make in respect to Mr. Watts's view of the functions of art, we cannot withhold from him the acknowledgment due to his patriotic achievement, nor allow to pass without a word the willing sacrifice, worthy of San Giovanni da Fiesole himself, of a great fortune and public honour which the endeavour entailed. Just as his art has been worked out simply, quietly, and thoroughly, so his influence should be deep and lasting.

As a painter of reverent emotion Mr. Watts is a Fra Angelico without the profession of religious faith, repudiating the narrower construction of Prudhomme's contention that 'Art is a Priesthood.' It is to be observed—a remarkable circumstance in a painter who has devoted a lifetime to ethical and religious thought—that he has never dealt with dogma or doctrine. So unsectarian is he that he has always avoided in his works even the ordinary theological emblems and symbols; indeed, not so much as a cross is to be seen in any of his pictures. He paints Righteousness, but not Religion; and personifies Sin, but never as the Devil; nor has he ever given us an Enemy sowing Tares, such as we have had from Millais, from Overbeck, and even Félicien Rops.

'You must not speak of my "theology,"' he said once, when I let fall the word; 'it should rather be called religious philosophy. For I do not admit that Reason can be banished at the behest of belief. I might illustrate my meaning by holding up my hand when such a contention is advanced, and tick off on my fingers "Faith," "Veneration," and so on; but those fingers cannot effectively grip or grasp till the thumb, Reason, completes the whole.' It is wholly absurd to suggest that he is a 'mystic,' as he is sometimes reproached. He doubtless believes that there is something mysterious—the spirit of a great Creator—in all living things: and most of all in man as the greatest in creation, dowered with the greatest brain power and intellect. 'It may shock you,' he said on another occasion, 'but I feel that one creed is as good as another, and that Nature—Divinity—Humanity are to me almost convertible terms.'

From this philosophic love of humanity springs the fervid, almost passionate, earnestness with which he seeks to combat the Greek idea of Death—of Death the Destroyer; of the grim and grisly spectre of Dürer's 'Dance.' His obvious aim has been to impress us with a theme to which he returns again and again in his more

lofty compositions; giving us, not Death itself, but rather the Angel of Death; inevitable, inexorable, irresistible, but stripped of the dread and horrors with which painters have loved to invest it, like Prempeh in his 'Sacred Grove.' The conventional skull and cross-bones view, which, I suppose, attained its fullest development in the weird, infernal *masque* designed by Piero di Cosimo for the Florence Carnival, and which, with its decked-out terrors, and its 'screaming horrors, funeral cry,' is made more awful than death itself, Mr. Watts from the first set himself to supersede by a more reasonable and philosophic belief. He ranged himself by the side of the elder Drelincourt and of Michael Angelo. 'If life be a pleasure,' said Buonarrotti, 'so death should also be, for it is given to us by the same Master.' Just so Mr. Watts, almost alone in his day, has given us, in a dozen canvases, Death the Consoler—the messenger from whom, it is true, there is no escape, yet who is neither ungracious nor unkind—now as a beautiful maid, as in 'Time, Death, and Judgment,' now as a gentle nurse, as in 'Death crowning Innocence,' or, again, as a dignified Presence, as in 'Love and Death.' The first-mentioned picture may, I think, profitably be compared with 'Holbein's, woodcut known as 'Knight, Death, and the Devil,' the composition of which it greatly resembles, when the enormous spiritual superiority of the English master's conception will at once be apparent. 'Death crowning Innocence' with a golden aureole of purity has solaced many a bereaved and afflicted mother; and this fact I know—although some may laugh—has been a reward far more precious to the painter than any praise that men could heap on its beauty of line, its merits of technique, or its dexterity of handling.

The general respect for this dexterity finds little response in Mr. Watts's artistic philosophy. That he could be as dexterous as any, we may ascertain from the study of his early pictures. But he has long since cast it aside, and forsworn it as a vanity: despised it, as all vanity should be despised, when it is intended as mere display, as most dexterity must now-a-days be allowed to be. Merely dexterous painting—as most modern 'impressionistic' painting is—offends against Nature and her laws, for Nature is not dexterous, but produces slowly, by gradual evolution. What comes in a flash, goes in a flash, and, as a rule, is flashy in its essence. Dexterity, according to Mr. Watts, is a very fine thing in the hand of an artist, but if not backed up by a poetic imagination, or by a sense of—and striving for—nobility, it makes a mere painter of the man who has it: a craftsman, and nothing more. The fine colourist can no more secure the greatest triumphs by swift painting than the great miniaturist reached perfection by cold calculation. It is, indeed, more than doubtful whether obviously dexterous work, however good, can give lasting pleasure; it will astonish and please for a time, but it will never be loved. To be successful, the appearance of ease must not be

apparent or obtrusive; and if not apparent it is of no consequence if the excellent result is due to *bravura* manipulation or to heart-breaking pains. But pains are likelier to produce a fine picture than dash, in the representation of the fulness and loveliness of Nature. The matter lies deeper than the 'reverence' for which Mr. Ruskin pleads; it lies in the strength and weakness of the human character itself. Manifestations of artistic power must above all be sincere, and sincerity and love of superficial effect are hardly compatible with one another. This distrust of mere dexterity, with its final abandonment by Mr. Watts, finds its counterpart in the case of the great French original engraver, Monsieur A. Lepère. In the beginning his work was intensely modern and 'clever,' for to him modernity and cleverness seemed the all-in-all of art. Yet in spite of the success he achieved—so far as public recognition and applause constitute success—his sincerity, as well as his mental development gradually modified his views, until he finally came to regard them with suspicion and with scorn. He accordingly simplified his handling of wood engraving and etching as Mr. Watts simplified his painting, and habitually refers to *virtuosité* as 'despicable.' Some critics, especially foreign critics, condemn Mr. Watts for the lack of the very quality he has purposely forsworn, and foolishly dismiss his technique as that of a 'barbare.' So did they dismiss one of the greatest of their own painters, whose chief excellence Thackeray had the wit to appreciate. 'M. Delacroix,' said he, 'has produced a number of rude, barbarous pictures; but there is the stamp of genius on all of them, the great poetical intention, which is worth all your execution:' words, some of them, which might have been written of Mr. Watts himself.

It is in his treatment of the nude that Mr. Watts rises to the fullest expression of his art as a painter. With him the nude does not represent simply the unclothed: in the first instance, during what I would call his Second Manner, not even actual flesh. The primary intention is the rendering of 'types of humanity,' the employment of the human body to personify an idea—a purpose which would, of course, be utterly defeated by the particularising use of draped figures. By eliminating from it all the elements of reality, and by infusing into it that sense of 'style' which pervades all his work, even the least successful, the painter brings his representation of the nude nearer to the flesh of Titian than any English painter, except Rty at his best, who ever lived. At the same time, it has even less of the quality of looking-glass reflection of the figure than we find in the great Venetian; for, while it affords an opportunity for the most subtle handling of colour in all the range of Art, it is purposely employed by Mr. Watts only as the most expressive of all symbols, 'clothed in the garment of perfect purity.' M. Chesneau was probably right when he declared the artist who produced 'The Three Goddesses' and 'Orpheus and Eurydice' to be the only Englishman

who combined an appreciation of the nude in art with the ability to portray it. More than the texture and the infinite variety of colour of flesh is attempted—qualities which are subservient in the estimation of a painter whose ambition it has been to look primarily, as Phidias did, for the form and dignity of the human structure, with its monumental character, its power, and its fascinating play of muscle. The small, half-length 'Ariadne,' Madox Brown—by no means an over-indulgent critic—declared to be 'as fine as a fine Etty;' but other works better display that grandeur of form and composition which Lord Leighton so warmly admired as the quality rarest of all gifts among English painters.

Into the technique of Mr. Watts's painting it is not needful here to enter, either to criticise or describe. But in explanation, not in excuse, of the artist's occasional departure from academic proportions (which many decry as one of the seven cardinal sins in Art), it may be said that, while correct anatomy and excellence of figure-drawing are no more despised by him than by any other master, accuracy, as such, occupying his attention in a minor degree than the main lines of his composition, must yield (if it clash) to the dominating significance of the work. Even here he follows Michael Angelo, who, when he drew figures from nine to even twelve heads high with the sole object of securing a certain beauty and grace not to be found in the natural body, retorted to his critics that a work should be measured with the eye, and not with the hand; 'for the eye, and not the hand, is the judge of a work of art.'

There are qualities in Mr. Watts's pictures to be looked for other than the purity and range of colour—the variety of texture which is needed to support the movement of light and atmosphere in a picture—the broken surface, which other artists so carefully avoid—the outline which is never insisted on, and is only lost to be found again—and, above all, that mystery which, as a quality in painting, is the one vital superiority which modern art can boast over that of the great masters of old. There may be little display of humour in the work, though plenty of playful fancy. To be a wit, a man must have a quick head and a sluggish heart. In that sense Mr. Watts is no wit. His art is the picture of his life: a life in which independence of character and elevated thought throw into relief the highest philanthropy and patriotism of the perfect citizen—a life which is sustained in its sad outlook upon the grim and threatening future by a simple faith in his fellow-man—like the star shining in his picture of 'Ararat,' or the lyre-string answering to the maiden's touch in his masterpiece of 'Hope.'

• M. H. SPIELMANN.

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URGENT QUESTIONS FOR THE COUNCIL OF DEFENCE

THERE is no more unthankful task for a naval officer than to appear to be always finding fault with Authority. More especially is this the case when Authority has done, and is doing, a good deal.

Though the necessity of pointing out glaring and dangerous defects is an unthankful task at all times, it is none the less necessary even when so much has been done by both the present Government and its predecessors to improve our organisation for war. There is a danger that the press and public (who, when governments are apathetic and careless, rouse them to a sense of their duties), having been convinced that much has been done, may think that all that is necessary has been taken in hand. This danger is emphasised just now by the public criticisms of the most excellent speech delivered by the Lord President of the Privy Council, at the Guildhall, on the 3rd of December last. Theoretically nothing could be more satisfactory than that speech, and apparently it would not be too much to hope that this Government, which has already produced the first Naval Estimates ever made out on business-like lines, is really going to continue in well doing.

Unfortunately, however, it is impossible to forget the Report of the Lartington Commission, in 1890, and how much remains undone that that Report recommended; how little real good that Report effected. I look with alarm, also, to the speeches of the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Chancellor of the Exchequer promising a reduction of the ship-building vote in 1897-98, and the declaration of

the First Lord in the House of Commons on the 9th of March last, that he 'did not propose to increase the Reserve beyond the 25,000 at which it now stood,' and that 'the training received every possible attention.'

Remembering these things, I do not feel so hopeful that the Lord President of the Council's speech on the 3rd of December really meant business. At the same time, if the Council of Defence were at all responsible for the manner in which the last Estimates were prepared, embracing, as they did, so many of the auxiliaries of defence which have hitherto been neglected, then the Council of Defence is doing good work, and to assist them in that work I will mention a few of those matters which seem to have escaped their attention although drawn into prominence by the 'Hartington Commission of 1888-90.'

The Commission referred to 'undoubted evils' that existed, and the proposals made 'to remedy this unsatisfactory and dangerous condition of affairs.' The Commission also stated that the 'first point which strikes us in the consideration of the organisation of these two great departments (Army and Navy) is, that while in action they must be to a large extent dependent on each other, and while in some of the arrangements necessary as a preparation for war they are absolutely dependent on the assistance of each other, little or no attempt has ever been made to establish settled and regular inter-communication or relations between them, or to secure that the establishments of one service should be determined with any reference to the requirements of the other.' The Report also said, 'It has been stated in evidence before us that no combined plan of operations for the defence of the Empire in any given contingency has ever been worked out or decided upon by the two departments.'

It is six years since this Report was printed, but I contend, in spite of the Lord President of the Privy Council's speech on the 3rd of December, that the same dangerous and inefficient state of things exists to-day, and this can be conclusively proved. The whole of the Report teems with facts so monstrous, and reveals a state of affairs so shocking, that in any other country in the world there would have been a complete re-organisation of the 'system.' It can only be supposed that so little has resulted from it owing to the fact that 'much of the evidence was given on the understanding that it should not be made public.' The old cry of 'not in the interests of the public service,' yet every foreign Power has all our deficiencies pigeon-holed, and the only people kept in ignorance are the taxpayers of this country, who, if they knew how much yet remains to be done before the country can consider itself in a position of security, would certainly demand that matters were put on an efficient and businesslike basis.

The Lord President of the Privy Council, in the speech I have

referred to, told the country that 'the maintenance of our sea supremacy was the basis of Imperial Defence.' That is absolutely accurate, but the supremacy is not assured, and in no way exists, if you have grave and dangerous deficiencies in the *personnel* of the fleet; an untrained and useless reserve; ships in commission and reserve of obsolete type, and armed with old and useless muzzle-loading guns; or, further, if you have no combination between the army and navy, as pointed out in the 'Hartington Commission'—a combination which can only be obtained by both services drilling together in times of peace, in those operations which they will have to perform in time of war, and in which the one is entirely dependent on the other for the success or failure of a campaign.

THE PERSONNEL

I have entered so fully into the Manning Question in various speeches that it is unnecessary to refer to it much in this article. My statements have never been controverted. No attempt has been made to prove them wrong, and the only arguments used by the authorities have been: 'We have so many more men than we had in such and such a year.' This is no reply at all. We do not want more ships or more men than in a certain year, but a navy sufficient for our needs, and the question is not 'how many more men we have got this year than in preceding years,' but 'Have we enough for the ships that we should commission, either as active service men, or as a reserve fit and ready to be drafted?' We have the First Lord of the Admiralty's own admission that in March 1896 he was 11,000 short of the number required according to his calculations, but as he also stated at the same time that he actually had 88,850 available for active service, whereas the numbers borne were only 78,560, he had evidently made a mistake of over 10,000 men; a mistake the Estimates were expressly altered to avoid in 1892-93. On the clear and definite statements of Authority the country was in March 1896 over 20,000 men short of the number necessary to man every possible sea-going ship. Moreover, Authority seems to disregard all the other services for which trained men will be wanted besides manning ships, and has never publicly laid down what it considers the standard should be, either of active service ratings or of the Reserve. Men are joined haphazard and by fits and starts. When the Naval Defence Act was passed in 1889, adding 70 ships to the fleet, the *personnel* was reduced by 100 in the vote of that year. When the *Renown* was laid down in 1892 as the solitary large vessel for that year, 3,100 men were joined, and for the last three years, in spite of starting with a deficiency in the *personnel*, Authority, has continued

to lay down more vessels each year and never added the proportionate number of men to man them.

Nothing could be more unbusinesslike, or more thoroughly bear out all that has been said than this question of the *personnel*; and if the First Lord adheres to his determination 'not to be influenced by critics within or without, but to stick to a steady increase of 5,000 men a year,' then our position this year must be dangerous, and one which the country should most carefully consider. Under our present system Authority never moves till the press and the public push it. Logically, the first question to be dealt with is the *personnel*. The country may build many fleets and squadrons, but they are useless for winning actions without the human element in the shape of officers and men to man them. Thorough training and splendid courage are necessary to act coolly under the appalling and unforeseen circumstances which must occur in a modern war of steam shipping. These can only be obtained by perfect drill and discipline, and it is absolute folly to think you can bundle on board a lot of long-shoremen, or even first class seamen from the mercantile marine, and that they could at once perform the duties which must fall upon a man-of-warsman in action. The merchant seaman is no longer three parts a man-of-warsman, and a man cannot be trained to work and fight a modern breech-loading quick-firing gun within the same time as when guns were chiefly 32-pounders or similar smooth bores, worked by manual power without machinery.

THE RESERVE

It is absolutely ridiculous to call the present 25,000 R.N.R. men a reserve at all. They are excellent material, but they are of no use. First, because few of them would be available in war time, and secondly because they are untrained and undisciplined. Very few of them have ever seen a gun fired afloat. A large proportion of them take their twenty-eight days' drill-spread a week at a time over the year. Each time they have to start afresh. The 'twenty-eight days' is in itself a farce. Deducting Saturdays and Sundays they only get twenty days a year, and this may be split up as indicated. What use are men trained on the 9-pounder fieldpiece of the drill ship *President* fitted with a Morris tube, or the 7-pounder of the *Durham*? In two of the drill ships the men get no firing practice at all. In all but two cases it is on obsolete 7-pounders, 9-pounders, 32-pounders, and 64-pounders. In the two exceptions the men only get gun practice if they happen to be at drill when the vessel goes to sea yearly or half-yearly as the case may be.

The Naval Estimates Statement for 1892-93 fixed the lowest reserve needed in 1894 at 27,000. This is 1897, and there are now only 25,800. The lowest naval reserve the country ought to have

is 70,000 officers and men. These should be trained at the guns and on the ships they will have to man in time of war.

THE SHIPS

Not so many months ago a very interesting return was published, known as the Dilke Return, and in that Return the British Navy appears to consist of 361 vessels built, and 89 building. It does not include some that are actually in commission now. Yet on this return there have been scores of attempted comparisons of sea power. Anything can be made of comparisons based on tonnage, numbers, &c. Such comparisons are absolutely useless.

On looking at that Return it will be found that in the British Navy there are included vessels (put down as fighting ships) which it would be criminal to send to sea to fight an action. There are *forty-five* vessels in the British list in that return which are still armed with muzzle-loading guns. Not *one single* vessel in the Return of any other European nation has a muzzle-loading gun on board.

The forty-five vessels I refer to are:—

BATTLESHIPS* (10)

Ajax
Agamemnon
Inflexible
Téméraire*
Superb*

Alexandre*
Dreadnought*
Neptune*
Triumph*
Swiftsure*
Hercules*

Sultan*
Iron Duke*
Invincible*
Audacious*
Monarch*

ARMOURD CRUISERS (3)

Northampton
Nelson
Shannon

Black Prince
Warrior
Northumberland*

Agincourt*
Achilles*
Minotaur*

PROTECTED CRUISERS (7)

Boadicea
Raleigh

Active
Volage
Inconstant

Constance
Carysfort

SPECIAL VESSELS (1)

Hecla

COAST DEFENCE (12)

Orion
Belleisle
Hydra
Gorgon

Hecate
Cyclops
Glatton
Hotspur

Penelope
Prince Albert
Wivern
Scorpion

Not one of these forty-five vessels, as at present armed, is of the slightest use as a 'fighting ship.'

The seventeen marked * are the only ones worth re-arming and keeping as fighting vessels. Of the remaining twenty-eight I submit that the majority should be sold, broken up, or blown up, but in no case repaired for commission, unless as tenders, store-ships, &c., and modern ships should be at once laid down to take their place. The seventeen ships marked * could be re-armed at a cost of about 1,100,000*l*. This would slightly increase the weight in three or four of the ships, but would lighten the others. No alteration of the structure is needed, as the same ports, turrets, and implacements could be used, and although alterations would be necessary to the magazines, the cost of these alterations is included in that sum. The *Téméraire* is mentioned in the press as to be re-armed. All these seventeen vessels marked * are well worth re-arming. As for such ships as the *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*, *Inflexible*, *Wivern*, *Scorpion*, and *Prince Albert*, the Ministry who sent a crew to sea in such ships to fight an action would certainly be severely dealt with. Even the seventeen ships named are useless unless re-armed. Three small modern cruisers could sink all of them if they met them in blue water, because the modern cruisers would have both the speed and the range, and these seventeen vessels could neither catch the cruisers nor hit them. They are well-armoured vessels, and though they could never be made speedy vessels, many naval officers would prefer fighting in them, if armed with modern guns, to fighting in the light-ended ships of the *Admiral* class. If armed with modern guns they would be able to hit the enemy whenever the enemy could hit them, and their armour could burst the enemy's shell on the outside of the ship instead of its bursting inside, as would be the case in the light-ended ships. Thus, at a cost equal to only that of one new battleship and one cruiser, a fleet of seventeen useful vessels might be added to our fighting strength.

Altogether there are fifty of the British vessels which have breech-loading guns of 30 calibre which are not quick-firing, whereas in the same Return it will be found that the French and other navies have nearly all quick-firing guns up to 30 calibre. It was only last year that Authority started to re-arm the British armoured cruisers by making their 30 calibre guns quick-firing at a cost of 438*l*. a gun.

It must not be supposed that only the ships with muzzle-loading guns are worthless. There are others in the British Navy that are armed with breech-loading guns and yet are worthless as fighting ships. All the 'C.' class of cruisers, for instance. A list could be made out of eighty or ninety of such ships utterly unfit to be kept in commission or reserve as 'fighting ships.' In 1886 I submitted a resolution in the House of Commons to the effect that sixty-nine

vessels then on the active list 'should be sold, broken up, or blown up, but in no case repaired, and that those on foreign stations be ordered home as soon as the exigencies of the service would admit of it; and that these proposals, while effecting vast economies, would allow the expenditure of money now wasted on useless and obsolete vessels to be devoted to the building of cruisers, torpedo vessels, and torpedo boats for the fleet.'

Within less than two years of that resolution all but seven of the sixty-nine had been dealt with as proposed; but it should not be for irresponsible outsiders to get these things carried out. At present the system is that nothing is done unless the press and public force Authority; but Authority is paid to do the work, and should not want forcing.

If these vessels were removed from the list, economies would be effected in several ways. They take up so many men, and a certain amount of money for care and maintenance parties. They require money for stores. They always need patching. They take up valuable room in the dockyards and at moorings. All this is for what? To enable them to take their part as fighting ships in a sudden emergency. Not one of them could, and therefore the money spent upon them is wasted, and could be better employed. I have been charged with saying unjustly that the Admiralty is not run on business-like principles. What firm would keep obsolete plant and machinery on its premises? What railway would keep George Stephenson's 'Rocket' in reserve to supply the place of a modern express engine should the latter break down? Yet we are asked to believe that the Admiralty is run on business-like principles. It is preposterous to think we still have, and in our training squadron, ships that carry old 64-pounder muzzle-loaders.

The light-ended ships of the *Admiral* class have been referred to. These are another source of weakness in our navy, and prove how idle comparisons are. All other nations have stuck to the belt of armour. These ships of ours are constructed on the most scientific principle to have their ends destroyed by shot and shell, and then go down bottom up.

In September 1891, eighteen months before the *Victoria* went down bottom upwards under conditions similar to what might obtain in war, I wrote officially, pointing out exactly what would happen and that 'it was impossible to conceive upon what fallacy the constructors who built those ships based their extraordinary theory, that the perforation of the unarmoured ends of British battleships would not affect their buoyancy.' A year or two before this letter, when I had a seat in the House, I brought forward a motion that one of the unarmoured ended battle-ships should be thoroughly tried by perforating its ends, and placing it in the same position as it would probably occupy in an action. This motion I was asked by a

member of the Cabinet not to press, the argument he used being, 'Suppose your theory is correct, do you think it would be to the advantage of England to show other nations that thirteen out of twenty-two of her first-class battle-ships are inferior to those of France, and that they can be made dangerous from small gun-fire?' The right hon. gentleman quite forgot that it would be still worse for other nations to discover this when the thirteen ships in question went to the bottom *in war time* by turning turtle with their crews. His argument, however, was sound, and the motion was not pressed. It is notable that the next battle-ships laid down had their belts considerably increased longitudinally.

Looking to these facts, which can be proved or disproved, it does appear extraordinary that the First Lord of the Admiralty should have assured the House of Commons that there would be a 'sensible decrease in the ship-building vote' for 1897-98. There is some hope that the First Lord may think fit to somewhat modify his statements in that direction, after the recent debates in the French Chamber on the strength of the French fleet. It certainly gives him an admirable opportunity.

COMBINATION BETWEEN THE SERVICES

This was a point specially emphasised six years ago by the 'Hartington Commission.' Let us see how it has been carried out. There ought to be yearly combined operations of the Army and Navy at all naval bases, under conditions similar to those which would obtain in war. Yet this rarely takes place. If done, the value of it for instruction and practice would be enormous. Even in the ordinary drills there is no combination.

In April 1891, during one of my visits to Malta, I obtained permission from the Governor to attend with him and view a night attack. The object of the operations was to practise the artillerymen at repelling a supposed attack on the harbour by the enemies' torpedo boats. To my utter astonishment the boats used for this were two mining launches, the speed of which would roughly be about five knots, while the absence of system was pretty well marked by the projectors being under the charge of the Royal Engineers, the guns under the Royal Artillery, and the cables which worked the projectors being under the Ordnance Department, so I was informed. The absurdity of the situation struck me, as indeed it did all the military and naval officers present, as very great. Here were men being practised at firing at two launches going five knots in order to teach them how to meet an attack of torpedo boats going from fifteen to twenty-one knots. At the time this occurred the majority of the Mediterranean fleet were at Malta with their 'hoist in' torpedo boats on board, besides which there were the usual torpedo

boats in reserve there. Yet the fleet took no part in the night attack, and the torpedo boats were not used.

Of course 1891 is a long time ago. The 'Hartington Commission' had barely reported a twelvemonth, but to show that things have not altered, I may point out that in January 1896 I was at Gibraltar and found exactly the same state of things existing there. On the 13th of January, 1896, there was to have been gun practice at two towed targets, but only one boat was available, and that a steam launch belonging to Messrs. Haynes. This launch is used as a tug, and is hired out, so it was only allowed at their will. Often the men were marched to the batteries, and a message came to say that either the tug was employed or the owner thought it too rough for it to go out. This happened while I was there. At the time there were seven first-class torpedo boats, two second-class torpedo boats, and H.M.S. *Polyphemus* and *Skipjack* in the harbour. The artillerymen never get a chance of practising at anything moving faster than five knots an hour.

Take the case of the Brennan Torpedo at the Needles—a torpedo boat was refused for the trial, and eventually a tug was used.

At all naval bases the Army and Navy should go to 'general quarters' once in three months, or once in six months at least. Commanders-in-Chief should be encouraged to combine with the military authorities in operations in peace which would have to be performed in war, and on the success of which the one service absolutely depends on the other.

The expenditure of money would be very little. The ships, guns, and men are there. There might be a few accidents, but it is far better to have accidents in time of peace, and give that experience which is almost certain to prevent them in time of war. The accidents in peace will only give the *personnel* a useful lesson. The same accidents in war may lose the action and might lose the campaign. I am sorry to say that during my experience, in the majority of the cases that have come to my notice where the Army and Navy have not combined, or rather where difficulties have been raised to their combining in certain operations, almost invariably the difficulties have been raised on the part of the Navy. This is a mistake. The men want more exercise, and such operations as I have described would give the men that healthy and interesting exercise which it is so difficult to obtain for them now that masts and yards have been abolished.

At present the two services, by this want of combination and cohesion, often cause sad waste of money. Naval men ought always to be on Fortifications Committees at naval bases, for instance, and this would prevent such a lamentable disgrace as the building of Fort Zoncor at Malta at a large cost.

The fort was erected in order to prevent an enemy's ships shelling

the naval arsenal at Valetta, which from the position was three miles off. The enemy's guns would have to be given sufficient elevation to fire over two hills at an object which was completely obscured by the height of the hills. In addition to this the hill in front of the fort has a rise superior to the fort itself, which would effectually prevent the guns of the fort from hitting the vessel located below the hill.

Referring to guns, it must be remembered, although a number of the old guns have been dismounted at Gibraltar, and the implacements for the new guns had had to wait for months, because the Royal Engineers could not get the pivots, the last heard from there in April 1896 was that this work was at a standstill, and they were not to get a single gun out *there for a year*. Since that these matters have been hurried. It has been stated over and over again that things are different at the Admiralty now, and that they have a proper plan of defence. If this be so it is extraordinary that our most important naval base abroad should even now have large sums of money expended on an incomplete scheme.

Although arrangements are being made and carried out for extending the mole, for docks, and for artillery armament, still nothing has been done with regard to the Mercantile Mole, an all-important feature for making the new harbour thoroughly protected, and without which the mercantile fleet cannot possibly coal in war time. The importance of this question cannot be overrated, as Gibraltar must be the point of departure, whether the narrow sea route through the Mediterranean or the blue water route to the Cape be used by our water-borne commerce.

It would be possible to continue a list of startling and serious facts about our administration and its want of method, so as to fill up more than one number of this Review, but it would not be wise to reveal too many of our weaknesses at once. Foreign Powers know them. The British taxpayer is the only person who does not. Of course their Lordships at Whitehall know all these facts, but under the 'system' they are not supposed to do anything; and 'it is an act of patriotism rather than a duty if they tell the First Lord what the naval requirements of the country are,' *vide* Hartington Commission, page ix, paragraph 27, referring to a former First Sea Lord's evidence.

All of these points, however, are questions that the Council of Defence ought to take up, inquire into, and get remedied at once. If the Council of Defence does not, or is not competent to deal with them, then you might just as well have the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade and his associates to superintend our defences.

If ever war comes and finds us unprepared, it will bring with it a terrible load of responsibility to those who have been trusted and paid by the country to see it adequately defended, and while the 'system' is largely responsible for the evils that did and still exist, yet in the

past individuals have also been to blame, and the sentiment 'It will last my time' has been a common one with those holding high positions.

The Navy League has done most excellent service in informing the press and the public, 'with whom lies the ultimate issue of all these questions.' I trust it will continue its work as successfully in the future as in the past, and this it will undoubtedly do, if it sticks to its rôle of pointing out defects and deficiencies, and does not try to dictate how these shortcomings shall be remedied.

To summarize the points raised in this article is now necessary.

SUMMARY

(1) Imperative necessity of laying down what the numbers are which Authority considers necessary as a standing number for active service, long service ratings.

(2) A thorough, drastic, and complete re-organisation of the R.N.R., both in numbers and training.

(3) Necessity of re-arming the seventeen useful old ironclads we possess.

(4) Elimination from the list of fighting ships (*i.e.* in commission or reserve) of all those obsolete ships which by their age, steaming power, and armament must be totally lost in an engagement without any adequate recompense. New ships to be laid down to take their place.

(5) Yearly manœuvres between the combined services at all naval bases of operation.

(6) A definite plan of defence, and evidence that it exists by our important strategic bases, like Gibraltar, &c., being put in a proper condition to make such a plan effective.

CHARLES BERESFORD.

THE PLAGUE

THE serious outbreak of plague which has recently taken place at Bombay, and which is assuming such alarming dimensions, has again called attention to a form of disease which in former times was one of the most grievous scourges of the human race.

The name of 'plague,' or 'pestilence,' was given to any sudden, mysterious, and fatal epidemic. Many such severe visitations are historically on record of which the nature is still more or less uncertain. Such are the plagues of Egypt; that which visited the Jews in the wilderness; the plague of Ægina, and that in the Grecian camp at the siege of Troy; the plague in Canaan; the plagues which occurred at Rome in 738 B.C., 461 B.C., 451 B.C., and 433 B.C.; the plague of Athens in 430 B.C. recorded by Thucydides; and those at Rome in 363 B.C., 295 B.C., and 175 B.C.

The first undoubted historical allusion to true plague was made by Rufus the physician, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Trajan (A.D. 98-117). He states that pestilential glandular swellings are mentioned by the contemporaries of Dionysius, who lived at the beginning of the third century B.C., or at an earlier date, and adverts to the disease as described by Dioscorides and Posidonius in the second century of the Christian era, and which existed in Libya (Egypt) at their time.

In the sixth century A.D. the plague called the plague of Justinian, from its having occurred in his reign (A.D. 565-74), spread over the whole Roman Empire. Originating, as supposed, in Egypt in the year 542 A.D., it extended in an easterly direction to Syria, and in a westerly to Constantinople, where a thousand persons died daily. The disease then overran the whole of Europe, spreading devastation wherever it appeared, and receiving the name of 'pestis inguinaria' or 'glandularia,' which it retained until the seventeenth century.

Severe pests occurred frequently in the middle ages, some of which were undoubtedly examples of true plague. Since, however, the description of the disease is in most cases limited to an announcement of the date of its appearance and the number of victims, while

such epidemics as those of typhus, small-pox, &c. were looked upon as outbreaks of plague, the true nature of the disease is usually uncertain. It is only from the fact that in some cases it was called by its specific name that the occurrence of true plague can be at times determined.

In 1347 A.D. the disastrous pestilence known as 'Black Death' (probably on account of the dark marks present upon the surface of the body) appeared in Europe. Supposed to have originated in Cathay (China) or Tartary, and to have spread thence into the Crimea, it was imported from that place into Constantinople. The disease then invaded the whole of Europe; Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, France, England, and the Scandinavian countries were overrun by it, while in all Europe Hecker believes twenty-five million persons, or one-fourth of the whole population of our division of the globe, to have perished.

This outbreak of plague is said to have caused the death of almost half the population of England, its effects in France being as disastrous as those in our country. Its immediate effect seems to have been to double the wages of labour, or to raise the amount paid even more than this. The rates paid for work were those of panic, being at a height unparalleled in previous or subsequent years. The increase was undoubtedly due to a scarcity of hands, specially of competent ones, and continued during the next twenty years. Whilst the annual income of a first-class agricultural labourer, combined with the money earned by his wife and child, was estimated to be 2*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* before the plague, it was calculated that after the epidemic it rose to as much as 3*l.* 15*s.*

The plague occurred frequently during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in different parts of Europe. It appeared in London in 1400, 1406, and 1428 A.D., and though probably endemic in England during the fifteenth century, is specially mentioned as having occurred in this country in 1472 A.D., and the succeeding years, whilst London was severely attacked in 1499-1500 A.D.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the plague is said to have been most destructive in China, which it almost depopulated. It occurred in London in 1537-39, 1547-48, 1563-64, 1592, 1599 A.D.

In 1603 A.D. there was a severe epidemic of plague in Egypt, where one million persons are said to have died from the disease, and though the plague had now begun to decrease in Europe, the Continent was visited by many severe epidemics during the seventeenth century. London suffered again in 1609, 1625, 1636, and 1647 A.D., after which year, although sporadic cases still occurred in the country, England was almost free until 1664 A.D.

In 1656 A.D. the plague again appeared in Europe in its most aggravated form. After being very destructive in Naples, where 300,000

deaths are said to have occurred in five months, it spread to the rest of Italy, and invaded the other countries of Europe. So fatal and malignant was the disease that many places were almost depopulated by it.

Thus while 14,000 persons died at Rome, Geneva lost 60,000, Amsterdam 50,000, and London 70,000 lives. This, 'the Great Plague of London,' began in that city in 1664, and became more virulent during the spring and summer of 1665, the number of deaths gradually increasing until September, during which month more than 30,000 deaths occurred. It then abated, although in 1666 nearly 2,000 (1998) deaths were due to this cause.

The total number of deaths from plague in London during 1665-66 was 70,594, the total population of the city being 460,000, of whom two-thirds are supposed to have fled from the place in order to avoid the disease.

The public measures taken by the magistrates for the general safety of the people, whilst the plague existed, were of no avail. The shutting up of any house in which the plague happened to exist, and the consequent closure of buildings in which the healthy and suffering were associated, the immediate burial of those who had died, in one common grave, termed the pest pit, the appointment of watchmen to prevent anyone from leaving an infected house, the marking of every house stricken by plague with a red cross in the middle of the door, with the words 'Lord have mercy upon us,' printed above it—all this must, if possible, have increased the consternation of a people amongst whom, again, the deaths were so terrible and frequent. Effectual as the closure of the infected houses may have been in preventing the spread of the disease (and it was only partly so, owing to many escaping by stratagem or force, and thus carrying the infection elsewhere) it undoubtedly caused great distress. Thus Daniel Defoe, when speaking of the infected households, says :

• The misery of those families is not to be expressed ; and it was generally in such houses that we heard the most dismal shrieks and outcries of the poor people—terrified, and even frightened to death, by the sight of the condition of their dearest relations, and by the terror of being imprisoned as they were.

I remember, and, while I am writing this story, I think I hear the very sound of it ; a certain lady had an only daughter, a young maiden about nineteen years old. . . . The young woman, her mother, and the maid had been abroad, . . . but about two hours after they came home the young lady complained she was not well, . . . and about a quarter of an hour later had a violent pain in the head. Her mother resolved to put her to bed, and upon doing so discovered the fatal tokens of the disease. Her mother, not able to contain herself, screeched out in such a frightful manner that it was enough to place horror upon the stoutest heart in the world. Nor was it one scream, or one cry, . . . but she ran all over the house, up the stairs and down the stairs, like one distracted, . . . and continued screeching and crying out for several hours, . . . and as I was told, never came thoroughly to herself again. As to the young maiden, she died in less than two hours. . . . The mother, I think, never recovered, but died in two or three weeks after.

Many other stories follow, recording similar examples of the distress and misery which existed in London at this time.

The plague then spread over the rest of England, and did not disappear until 1679, since when no case of the disease has occurred in this country.

During the remainder of the century there were occasional outbreaks of plague in some parts of Europe (Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria, Poland and Turkey), but the area of plague in Europe was now becoming narrower; and whilst the British Isles, the north of France, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Switzerland, have been totally free from the disease since this period, the south of France has suffered from but one epidemic (1720), the western limit of plague now occupying a more easterly position.

In the eighteenth century occasional outbreaks of plague occurred in Europe, being confined with few exceptions to the eastern portion of the Continent. During the year 1720 the plague appeared in the south of France, having been apparently introduced into Marseilles by a vessel arriving from Syria, in which country the disease then existed. Cases of plague had also occurred in the ship. Since that epidemic France has been free from the disease.

During the eighteenth century plague was still retreating in an easterly direction from the soil of Europe.

The same easterly recession of the plague has continued during the nineteenth century, and no considerable epidemics have occurred in Europe except at its eastern part, while Turkey, Southern Russia, Turkey in Asia, the north coast of Africa, from Egypt to Tangiers, the west coast of Arabia and parts of Asia, especially China, have been visited by the plague.

In China the plague raged from Singapore to Shanghai and Hong Kong from 1892 to 1896, whence it is supposed to have been carried in bales of cotton to Bombay, where the present outbreak is assuming such grave proportions.

It is a curious fact that plague has very rarely occurred within the Tropic of Cancer, the exceptions being when it appeared upon the western coast of Arabia as far south as 19° latitude, in India upon the island of Cutch, in Rajputana, and certain parts of the Bombay Presidency, and in Southern China. It has never occurred in the Southern Hemisphere or the New World, or reached any point south of 19° lat. N.

The geological character of the soil has no influence upon the occurrence of plague. It may appear upon a dry soil, one which is saturated with moisture, or upon ground which is frozen and covered by snow. Nor has the elevation of the ground apparently much to do with the outbreak of the disease, as it has been found in valleys situated but little above the sea level, and also at an altitude of 5,000, 7,000, or even 10,000 feet.

But there is no doubt that the climate and season of the year have a special influence upon the onset of the plague. Thus in Egypt the disease was almost invariably most severe during the spring (February to June), at Aleppo during the summer (July, August), at Smyrna and Trebizond in the spring and summer (February to August), in Turkey in Europe in the summer (June to October), &c. These and other similar facts, and the rarity of its occurrence within the tropic of Cancer (lat. $23^{\circ} 30'$), indicate that a moderate amount of heat (60° to 85° Fahr.) is favourable to its occurrence, while a very high or low temperature usually prevents its appearance.

At the same time it may prevail during the severest cold of winter, as on the Volga (1878-79), and in Moscow (1771); as also in extreme heat, as in Smyrna (1735), Malta (1812), and India (Kumaon, 1850). Uncleanliness is the principal predisposing cause of the disease, being associated as it is but too frequently with poverty and unsuitable or insufficient food. From its prevalence among the poorer part of the population the Great Plague of London in 1665 was termed the Poor's Plague. It would seem that dirt and decaying animal matter, although they cannot originate the germs, supply whatever is necessary for the development of the poisonous element to which plague is due. The disease is rare among the better classes of society, and its gradual disappearance from Europe is in all probability mainly due to increase of cleanliness, and the improved habits which result from attention to public and private hygiene.

It is certain that plague is a contagious disease, and infection may be conveyed by clothes, merchandise, &c., to other parts, and also spread from the existence of the poisonous material in houses where cases of plague have already occurred. It is supposed that it may even be conveyed by such small insects as flies and ants.

Animals also suffer from a fatal disease when plague exists, especially the rat, dog, jackal, pig, and snake. It is curious that only flesh-eating animals are affected, the reason probably being that they have eaten the flesh of some person who has died of the plague. Again, the snake may become infected from eating a diseased rat; in the same way the jackal, dog, and pig may suffer, while herbivorous animals such as the horse, cow, and donkey entirely escape. The cat seems also rarely to suffer, perhaps because it instinctively avoids eating flesh which is diseased, or possibly from its natural cleanliness.

The plague which occurred at Eyam in Derbyshire in 1665 is supposed to have been conveyed to a tailor in that village from London, where the plague was then raging, through the medium of materials relating to his trade.

Dr. Meade states that the servant who opened the box containing

these materials, while drying them at the fire, 'was seized with plague and died,' one person alone of the whole family surviving.

The prompt action of the heroic vicar, Mr. Mompesson, who arranged that no one should leave the village until the epidemic was over, prevented the disease from spreading elsewhere. All clothes, &c., belonging to those attacked were burned.

It is generally believed that the earth is the habitat of the poisonous bacillus. Disturbance of the soil in which the bodies of persons or animals that have died of the disease are placed would therefore naturally be liable to produce the disease.

Plague, then, has certainly a parasitic origin, and the plague bacillus or micro-organism has been discovered by a Japanese physician, Dr. Kitasato.

The plague which appeared in Bombay in July 1896 is now assuming grave proportions. The natives, it is said, formed large processions of a religious character in order to propitiate the Goddess of the Plague. But as invocations have not caused the pestilence to cease or even to diminish, they are now in a state of panic, and are leaving Bombay in great numbers, it is to be feared, and should the disease gain a footing among the famine-stricken people in some parts of India, the most dire results may ensue. The plague has already reached Kurrachee.

Quarantine undoubtedly prevents the importation of plague by arresting communication with the country where it exists, and the lazaretto has stopped the extension of the disease on many occasions in India, as at Pali and elsewhere. Quarantine, however, has more recently given way to the modern system of medically inspecting the vessels which reach our harbours from infected places. The isolation of any cases of plague which are found in these vessels and disinfection of the ship are invaluable as preventive measures. The rapid communication which now exists between India and Europe must greatly facilitate the importation of the plague germs into this continent, the more so as there is good reason to suppose that they might be carried by clothes and articles of merchandise from infected places such as Bombay and Kurrachee.

As regards the measures which should be taken when the epidemic appears, isolation of the affected person by closure of the house in which he lives, or if this is impossible by placing every suspected case in a special and isolated hospital, is of primary importance. The efficacy of this measure naturally depends upon the promptness of its adoption, the recognition of the first cases and their segregation being most essential.

The houses in the affected districts should be visited and kept under medical supervision in order that no case of plague may escape notice; whilst every house in which the disease has occurred should be disinfected, and left uninhabited for a time. As regards the

sanitary precautions which should be taken in connection with the actual condition of the houses, those which are usually taken when contagious disease exists should be carried out, namely, the pulling down of any which are insanitary, and the requirement of good ventilation, water, and drainage in every house which remains. In the Bombay Presidency the persons leaving Bombay, Kurrachee, and Poona, where plague now exists, undergo medical inspection, and when travelling or alighting at the larger stations are at once removed for treatment if the least suspicion exists that they are suffering from plague. Since the pilgrims who visit Mecca and other places would be able to convey the plague to Arabia and elsewhere, Bombay and Kurrachee will cease for the present to be points of departure for them, a restriction which may well be extended to other ports upon the same coast. Only four pure Europeans have as yet died from the plague in Bombay, but it is stated that more than two thousand natives have fallen victims to this terrible disease, which is usually fatal within three days from the commencement of the attack.

Science has within recent years taught us the nature of the plague; we know with what we have to contend and this is of great importance. The plague spreads among those who are badly fed, and live in conditions of uncleanness and squalor. England has probably fewer of this class of people than any other country, and the state of its community is therefore unfavourable to the existence of the disease. Our means of defence again are admirable, our Public Health Department being most efficient and well organised. We ourselves need therefore have little fear of the disease; but the state of our fellow-subjects in India, a vast number of whom are at this time upon the verge of famine, must naturally cause us great anxiety, and the more so since medical treatment appears to have little, if any, influence upon the progress of the disease. This anxiety is the greater inasmuch as about one-half of the people attacked by the plague die in spite of any known form of treatment, the best nursing, the freest ventilation, and the purest air.

MONTAGU LUBBOCK.

THE ELIZABETHAN RELIGION

(IN CORRECTION OF MR. GEORGE RUSSELL)

IN two notable articles contributed to this Review¹ Mr. Gladstone has insisted on the personal share belonging to Queen Elizabeth in the determination not only of the ritual, but even of the 'creed' and doctrine, adopted by the Anglican Church. • Leaving aside the Erastianism implied in the fact of that Church, at the present day, bearing, as he proved, the indelible impress of Elizabeth's personal predilections, I propose to glance at certain points of that settlement of religion in her reign on which, in giving an account of herself, the Church of England must fall back.'² •

If, theologically speaking, the subject has been worn threadbare history, at least, has yet to speak. The increasing activity of late years in the publication or calendaring of documents, home and foreign, is ever placing at the student's disposal fresh contemporary and authentic evidence on which to form his judgment. Among the sources thus rendered available, even since Mr. Gladstone wrote, I may instance the famous collection of Spanish State papers (1892-1896), the Venetian despatches (1890), and the Acts of the Privy Council (1893-1896). Of parish and other local records I shall speak further on. •Some astonishing assertions, on matters of fact, made in these pages a few months ago,³ have led me to believe that these sources cannot as yet be generally familiar.

Before proceeding to discuss their bearing on Mr. Birrell's recent inquiry⁴ and Mr. Russell's reply, I must justify the title of this article, 'The Elizabethan Religion,' to which, as in all these matters, objection will probably be taken. Turning, as we should, to contemporary evidence to learn what the men of the time really thought and felt, we find, about the middle of Elizabeth's reign, a letter from the Council to the Déan of Westminster relating to a recusant who had urged before them,

that he might not be forced on the soddaine to alter the Religion he hathen brought up in and ever professed, untill by conference with some learned men he

¹ 'The Elizabethan Settlement of Religion,' Queen Elizabeth and the Church of England' (*Nineteenth Century*, xxiv. 1, 764).

² *Ibid.* p. 2.

³ 'Reformation and Reunion,' by George W. E. Russell (*Nineteenth Century*, July 1896).

⁴ 'What, then, did happen at the Reformation?' (*Ibid.* April 1896).

might be resolved in conscience touching the Religion now professed within the Realme.⁵

It was recognised, therefore, by both sides that there were two 'religions,' of which the one professed under Queen Elizabeth was not that of the Church in England before the Reformation. As early as the 21st of January 1560, De Quadra, the Catholic bishop of Aquila, had described the former as the 'new religion' (*nueva religion*),⁶ and, shortly afterwards, he reports Cecil as stating that the Queen could never marry the Archduke Charles on account of the 'difference of religion' (*la diversidad de la religion*).⁷ What the essential difference was we shall see further on. Now what, historically speaking, were the names of these two religions? From the Roman standpoint, the answer was simple. The one the Bishop of Aquila styled 'the universal Catholic faith' (*la religion universal y Católica*),⁸ the other, 'heresy.' 'No other parties,' he wrote, 'exist now in the country, but Catholics and heretics.'⁹ On the opposite side it was less easy to define exactly the position: the old religion, in official documents, is bluntly styled 'Poperie,' or more emphatically, as we read in a letter from the Council to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'that sincke of error and faulce doctrine of the Pope.'¹⁰ But what was the new? Elizabeth herself was puzzled: pressed on the point by the Spanish Ambassador soon after her accession, she found it difficult to define what her religion would be. At a later period, when the Earl of Sussex was despatched as ambassador to the Emperor, and would have to discuss the religious obstacles to a marriage with the Archduke Charles, he had to insist, De Silva writes,¹¹ on some clear definition,

because, although he was a native-born Englishman, and knew as well as others what was passing in the country, he was at a loss to state what was the religion that really was observed here.

Officially, men spoke simply of her Majesty's, 'Religion by her lawes established,'¹² or 'the religion now by her-Highness' authority established.'¹³ How can this be better expressed than by the title I have chosen for this article: 'The Elizabethan Religion'?

What, then, was, historically, this Elizabethan religion, of which, Mr. Gladstone tells us, the Restoration settlement 'was, as to all main

⁵ August 24, 1580 (*Acts of the Privy Council*, xii. 169).

⁶ *Add. MS.* (B. M.) 26056 A, f. 81.

⁷ *Ibid.* f. 95.

⁸ June 3, 1560 (*Spanish Calendar*).

⁹ July 12, 1559 (*Ibid.* p. 85).

¹⁰ May 6, 1581 (*Acts of the Privy Council*, xiii. 40).

¹¹ Letter to the King of Spain, April 26, 1567 (*Calendar*).

¹² Letter of Privy Council, January 15, 1581 (*Acts*, xii. 316). It is much to be regretted that the editor of these 'Acts' should persistently speak of the established 'Church.' Much envenomed controversy is due to this loose phraseology.

¹³ 23 Eliz. cap. 1.

interests¹⁴ and purposes, an acceptance and revival'?¹⁵ What, as Mr. Birrell has expressed it, did happen at the Reformation?

It is obviously only possible within the compass of this paper to discuss a few salient issues; but these, I hope, will cover the ground to which Mr. Birrell and Mr. Russell have virtually narrowed the controversy. That the issues raised may be clearly established, I would here repeat, in the words of the former, his two critical questions. First, Was the Reformation 'a break of the visible unity of the Church'? Second, 'Has the English Church, as a Church, after the Reformation continued to celebrate the Mass after the same fashion, and with the same intention, as before?' His own conclusion of the whole matter, as to the breach between the two religions, is that 'it is the Mass that matters, it is the Mass that makes the difference.' Whether that conclusion is historically true, the evidence of contemporary documents will probably enable us to decide.

Mr. Russell's 'reply' to Mr. Birrell's straightforward and natural inquiry reminds me of a passage in that quaint biography, *The Travels and Adventures of Dr. Wolff*.¹⁶ It is there alleged that among the books used by Propaganda students is Father Marz's *Method of Confuting a Protestant in Argument*, according to which, 'should it happen that the Protestant produced a powerful argument the Roman Catholic was not to attempt to answer it, but, laughing Ha! Ha! he should look into the face of the other, folding his arms, and say: "Sir, look into my face and see whether, with open countenance, and without blushing, you can dare to produce such a silly argument."' Mr. Russell similarly makes merry over Mr. Birrell's 'notion' that the Mass ceased to be said in the Church of England, and that, with its departure, came a severance alike from mediæval England and from modern Rome, which it is idle for Anglicans to ignore and impossible to repair.¹⁷

Of course, being only a Nonconformist, he may really believe something of the kind; but it is so very, very funny that Mr. Russell cannot help feeling amused at his ignorance. Why, 'the Mass is the service of the Holy Communion—nothing more and nothing less;' it is only Mr. Birrell who 'reads into the phrase some other meaning of his own;' 'even the Reformers,' we learn, 'regarded the words as synonymous.'¹⁸ Now, if these statements were only made by Mr. Russell himself, or by those newspaper correspondents who have appealed to his authority, they might not deserve serious attention. But they represent, as is well known, the attitude of a considerable school, which, having successfully brought into use the critical word 'altar,' so decisively expunged, we shall find, at the Reformation, is now openly endeavouring to do the same for 'Mass.' The tactics employed are precisely identical, a distinction which is to those who

¹⁴ (?) intents.

¹⁵ *Nineteenth Century*, xxiv. 2.

¹⁶ 'Dedicated by permission' to Mr. Gladstone.

¹⁷ *Nineteenth Century*, July 1896, p. 34.

¹⁸ *Ibid.* p. 36.

desire it, as it was under Queen Elizabeth, of enormous and indeed vital importance, being studiously represented, on the contrary, as of no consequence whatever. How, then, do the typical statements of Mr. Russell appear in the dry light of contemporary historical documents?

It is common ground that Queen Elizabeth was, by the famous Papal Bull (1570) and by other political developments, driven into the arms of the Protestant party in the latter portion of her reign, to a far more decisive extent than in those earlier years, when, from complex considerations, she acted as a drag upon their zeal. It must always remain a difficult matter, with that most inscrutable member of an inscrutable sex, to disentangle her private convictions, on which Mr. Gladstone has so ably dwelt, from those reasons of State and subtle policy which led her to encourage, as long as possible, the Catholic party at home and abroad to hope that her personal sympathies were not wholly alien from their own. It is easy, rather than just, to blame her for a policy which, if morally crooked, was essential not only to her self-preservation, but even, as it seemed, to our national existence.

In any case, the fact remains that, at the commencement of her reign, it was only slowly and with statesmanlike caution that Elizabeth sanctioned religious change. And this renders the more remarkable, and imparts a greater weight to, the changes she, at this period, did actually sanction. From the moment when, of her own accord, she forbade Oglethorpe to elevate the Host¹⁹—and was instantly informed that even he²⁰ could never, as a prelate of the Catholic Church, celebrate the Mass in any other manner than that appointed by the Church—the breach was clear. The most distinctive doctrine, at that period, of the Church had been openly impugned by her act. It was shortly after this that Convocation assembled, and ‘issued’ what the Spanish Ambassador termed ‘a very Catholic declaration.’²¹ This consisted of the five articles presented by the Lower House to the bishops at the close of February (1559), the first three of which were wholly concerned, not with that question of the Pope’s authority which Mr. Russell would have us believe was ‘infinitely the most important’ at the time, but with that Catholic doctrine of the Mass, which, as Strype observes with perfect truth,²² was ‘the great κριτήριον of Popery,’ that is, of the old religion. This they placed in the forefront of the strife. Parliament, however, ignoring Convocation, passed the Act of Uniformity, which was forced through the Upper House, towards the end of April, in the teeth of the

¹⁹ ‘The Sunday in Christmas-tide, 1558 (*Spanish Calendar*, p. 17).

²⁰ ‘His conduct shows him,’ writes Canon Venables, ‘to have been a man of no strength of character’ (*Dictionary of National Biography*, xlii. 42).

²¹ Feria’s despatch (*Spanish Calendar*, p. 44).

²² Ed. 1824, vol. i. pp. 80, 81. Compare note 95 below.

determined opposition of the whole bench of bishops.²³ It was thus that the Church of England 'reformed itself.' The real attitude of the prelates was expressed by the Bishop of Ely when, speaking from his seat in Parliament, at the close of the great struggle, *muy bien y catolicamente*, he declared that he would die sooner than consent to the change of religion (*que antes morira que consentir en que mudase la religion*).²⁴

Whatever we may think of the Catholic bishops, and of their behaviour under Mary, nothing is more remarkable at that eventful epoch than their astonishing tenacity to the faith, at a time when the clergy at large seem to have been utterly demoralised by the violent and bewildering changes crowded into twelve years. Feria reported that they were all 'determined to die for the faith.'²⁵ A month after Thirlby of Ely had spoken in Parliament as above the Council sent for the Bishop of London, and gave him 'orders to remove the service of the Mass and of the Divine office'; but he answered them intrepidly, &c.²⁶ Again, within a month, the Bishop of Winchester was imprisoned in the Tower 'for having told the Council, perhaps more boldly than necessary, that in his church he would not tolerate this new method of officiating, as it was heretical and schismatic.'²⁷ In London, however, by the end of May, it had been enforced everywhere but at St. Paul's, where the bishop, we have seen, held out.²⁸ His resistance was of no avail. De Quadra, who must, as a bishop, have known what he was speaking of, wrote to Philip on the 19th of June (1559), that the Government had 'deprived the bishop and dean of London, casting them out of their church, changing the services, and doing away with the Holy Sacrament, which was done last Sunday the 11th.'²⁹ His statement is independently confirmed by the diary of a London citizen, who records that on the 11th of June Mass ceased at St. Paul's.³⁰ Is it a deficiency in the sense of humour that makes one unable to share Mr. George Russell's amusement at Mr. Birrell's 'notion,' that 'the Mass ceased to be said in the Church of England'?

'We have no longer Masses anywhere,' wrote Il Schifanoia from London, 'except in the houses of the French and Spanish Ambassadors.'³¹ Writing to Bullinger (May 21, 1559), Parkhurst summed up what had been done in the words, 'the Mass is abolished.' Paulo Tiepolo had thus expressed his view of the state of things: the churches 'are to renounce the Catholic religion and its rites; but certain bishops and other men of worth are disposed to for-

²³ Strype, ed. 1824, vol. i. p. 113.

²⁴ Feria's despatch of the 29th of April (*Add. MS.* 26056 A, f. 30 B).

²⁵ Despatch of the 19th of March, 1559 (*Calendar*, p. 89).

²⁶ May 30, 1559, Il Schifanoia's despatch (*Venetian Calendar*, p. 94).

²⁷ June 27, (*Ibid.* p. 105).

²⁸ Il Schifanoia, *ut supra*, p. 94.

²⁹ *Spanish Calendar*, p. 76.

³⁰ 'Masse a' Powles was non that day' (Machyn's *Diary*, p. 200).

³¹ Despatch of the 27th of June, 1559 (*Venetian Calendar*, p. 105).

feit property and life rather than do what would cause the eternal damnation of their souls.' ³² It was assumed by the Protestant divines that the Queen's object was to 'root out' the Mass, ³³ and, as a matter of fact, the visitation articles issued this summer (1559) included an inquiry whether any parishioner had secretly said or heard 'Mass or any other service prohibited by the law.' ³⁴ It was by imprisonment or fines that the suppression of 'the Mass' was enforced. In January 1560, for instance, a Jersey priest is in prison 'for saying Mass;' ³⁵ and penalties were incurred in England the same year, for 'having heard Mass.' ³⁶ In April 1561 we have a list of knights and gentlemen, with their ladies, 'prisoners for the Mass,' ³⁷ and in the following July Lord Hastings solicits pardon for his offence 'in hearing Mass.' ³⁸ At length De Quadra wrote to Philip: 'It appears as if they were determined to prohibit any one from coming to Mass, even foreigners,' ³⁹ for the very chapels of the embassies were entered and searched.

It is essential to remember that, even as early as November 1562, Rome had decided that it was 'not lawful' for Catholics to attend the new service; nor could they make their confession, for no one had 'power to absolve.' ⁴⁰ At the beginning of 1564, the Spanish Ambassador, instructed by Philip, implored in vain that the Catholics might, at least, have 'a church in each town, where they may hear Mass.' ⁴¹

If we turn from the despatches of Catholic ambassadors to the records of the Queen's Privy Council, we again find Mr. Birrell's 'notion' absolutely, literally, exactly true. How are the two 'religions' there distinguished? 'It is the Mass that matters: it is the Mass that makes the difference.' ⁴² When young Throckmorton is committed to the custody of the Dean of St. Paul's, it is 'for being at some assemblies where Masse hath been said,' &c. ⁴³ Gentlemen of Oxfordshire and Berks are 'detected for the hearing of the Masse;' ⁴⁴ William Bell is arrested 'for saying of a Masse.' ⁴⁵ A few months later another priest is 'committed to the Marshalsea for saying Masse.' ⁴⁶ *Sed quid plura?* What was suppressed was 'the Mass,' not this or that variety, but the central rite of the Catholic Church.

³² *Venetian Calendar*, p. 97. Compare the phrase (1562) attributed to a Portuguese bishop: 'Sacra, ceremonias, et sacramenta omnia funditus everti' (Scrype, i. 125).

³³ *Ibid.* pp. 237-241. See below, p. 199.

³⁴ Cardwell's *Documentary Annals of the Reformation*, i. 216.

³⁵ *State Papers: Domestic*; Addenda, 1547-1561.

³⁶ *Ibid.*, Addenda, 1547-1580, p. 152.

³⁷ *Ibid.* 1547-1561, p. 570.

³⁸ *Ibid.*, 1547-1580, p. 179.

³⁹ February 7, 1563 (*Spanish Calendar*, p. 295).

⁴⁰ See (Bishop) De Quadra's letter of the 8th of November 1562 (*Ibid.* p. 267).

⁴¹ See Philip's instructions of the 19th of January 1564 (*Ibid.* p. 353).

⁴² *Nineteenth Century*, April 1896, p. 658.

⁴³ February 15, 1579 (*Acts of the Privy Council*, xi. 48).

⁴⁴ November 1, 1580 (*Ibid.* xii. 256).

⁴⁵ January 30, 1581 (*Ibid.* p. 321).

⁴⁶ *Ibid.* xiii. 147.

So fiercely, indeed, was it rooted out, that 'Massinge stuffe,' when found, was ordered by the Council to be 'defaced,'⁴⁷ the haunts of 'Massing priestes' were searched for 'hidden vestementes and such lyke tromperie for Massing,'⁴⁸ and even Lord Southampton's house was ransacked by the Recorder of London in search of 'ornamentes for Massing.'⁴⁹ No wonder, therefore, that the Council were horrified, in the midst of all this zeal, at the 'odyous and unsufferable slaunders and untruthes' of a man who alleged that 'Masse' was said in the Queen's chapel.⁵⁰ 'Sharpe and seveare punishment' was, naturally enough, his fate, considering that Parliament had enacted, only a few months before, that everyone who should 'say or sing Mass,' or even 'willingly hear Mass,' should be not only heavily fined but imprisoned.⁵¹

Thus far I have dealt with the 'notion,' so droll in Mr. Russell's eyes, that, as a consequence of the Reformation, 'Mass' ceased in the English Church. We have seen that the contemporary evidence carries us further still, and that 'Mass,' wherever it is mentioned, appears (to men of both 'religions') and appears only, as the distinctive feature of the old 'religion,' and as an office suppressed accordingly by law. I will now glance at his confident assertions that 'the Mass is the service of the Holy Communion, nothing more, and nothing less,' and that 'the Reformers regarded the words as synonymous.'

Hard as it would of necessity prove to effect a change in the name of the Sacrament 'commonly called the Mass,'⁵² the Reformers were determined to accentuate their rejection of the doctrines inseparably connected with that word, by substituting for it their own phrase, 'the Lord's Supper'⁵³ or Holy Communion.' The marvel is that they succeeded. When we remember that, to this day, Nonconformist and Freethinker alike speak of 'Michaelmas' and 'Christmas,' it is certain that a term so closely woven into the speech and life of 'our forefathers' could never have been eradicated therefrom, except as the recognised symbol of a faith discarded and suppressed. That the Reformers regarded 'as synonymous' the words 'Communion' and 'Mass' is one of those statements, now boldly made, which one would hesitate to define. Hooper, the Protestant bishop of Gloucester, spoke of 'the impious Mass,' and what 'the Mass' meant to Bishop Jewell⁵⁴ will be evident from these words:

Our Papiests oppose us most spitefully, and none more obstinately than those who have abandoned us. This it is to have once tasted of the Mass! He who drinks of it is mad. Depart from it all ye who value a sound mind: he who drinks of it is mad.⁵⁵

⁴⁷ *Acts of the Privy Council*, xiii. 186, 187.

⁴⁸ *Ibid.* p. 234.

⁴⁹ *Ibid.* p. 298.

⁵⁰ *Ibid.* p. 180.

⁵¹ 23 Eliz. cap. 1.

⁵² First Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth.

⁵³ 'Supper of the Lord' (*Ibid.*). In the Act of Uniformity (1 Eliz. cap. 2) it is 'the Lord's Supper' only.

⁵⁴ Bishop of Salisbury, 1559-1571.

⁵⁵ From London (*Zurich Letters*, ser. d. p. 34). He describes the country, at the time of his return, as 'still desecrated with the Mass' (*Ibid.* p. 10).

When his fellow-reformers successfully insisted on the abolition of the 'altar,' it was, we learn, on the explicit ground that its retention might lead, in some cases, to teaching that should weaken the distinction between the 'Communion' and 'Mass.'⁵⁶

That 'our forefathers,' in the days of Queen Elizabeth, were perfectly familiar with the difference between 'Communion' and 'Mass,' that they knew these terms to be the shibboleths of the two warring 'religions,' is placed beyond question by documentary evidence. As early as the reign of Edward the Sixth, when the tide of reform was at the flood, the churchwardens of Wing (Bucks) purchased the commynyan boke'; shortly afterwards, with Mary's accession, they had to acquire 'a massboke.'⁵⁷ When Lady Waldegrave was imprisoned 'for the Mass' in April 1561, the interrogatories addressed to her were as follows:

Where have you received Communion according to law? Where have you heard of Masses being said, besides in your own and Sir Thomas Wharton's houses, since they were made illegal?⁵⁸

In the 'Acts of the Privy Council' the distinction is precisely the same: the 'Mass,' as we have seen, is the forbidden thing; the 'Communion'⁵⁹ or the 'Lodes Supper'⁶⁰ has taken its place.

The rising of the Northern Catholics at the close of 1569 had for one of its chief features the daily celebration of Mass; and it was publicly boasted by a 'most pernicious and obstinate papist' that 'the Mass should be as openly said in Yorkshire as the Communion was.'⁶¹ 'They not only threw down the Communion tables, tore in pieces the Holy Bible,' writes Hilles to Bullinger, 'but again set up the blasphemous Mass as a sacrifice for the living and the dead.' When Gabriel Pultney, a Warwickshire recusant, was called on to recant, in 1580, he had to declare: 'I also detest the Mass as abominable sacrilege, being a sacrifice, as the Papists term it, for the quick and dead.' So much for Mr. Russell's assertion that 'the Mass is the service of the Holy Communion, nothing more, and nothing less.'

And now, from Mr. Russell's assertions, I pass to the astounding statement made by Mr. Gladstone in these pages, and made, one is sure, in perfect sincerity and absolute good faith. One cannot, at least, be charged with repeating what is common knowledge, when we find so ardent a student and so eminently qualified a writer making the statement to which I call attention by placing it in italics:

Now the altars, displaced wholly or partially under Edward, had been replaced under Mary. *And thus they were to continue*, but with a discretion meant, without doubt, to meet the diversified exigencies of the time.⁶²

⁵⁶ Strype, i. 237-241.

⁵⁷ *Archæologia*, xxxvi. 232.

⁵⁸ *State Papers: Domestic*; Addenda, 1547-1564, p. 510.

⁵⁹ *Acts of the Privy Council*, xiii. 432.

⁶⁰ *Ibid.* xii. 125.

⁶¹ *State Papers: Domestic*; Addenda, 1566-1579, p. 223.

⁶² *Nineteenth Century*, xxiv. 767.

I know that I am treading on delicate ground, that the mere recital of historic facts may evoke furious protest, but I cannot consent to ignore an episode in English history which constitutes an integral factor in the Reformation settlement. That Elizabeth, moving so cautiously as she did, may have been averse to a measure so violent as the actual abolition of the altar, is not only possible but probable. If so, however, she was overruled, as in the matter of the 'first' and 'second' Prayer Books, and by the same men. Although Mr. Gladstone himself, like other writers on the subject, quotes from Strype without question, I have avoided doing so where possible, as he wrote from the 'Protestant' standpoint. But apart from the fact that his own statements seem to be generally accepted, the documents which he quotes *in extenso*, giving his reference for the text, may fairly, and do, command our confidence, especially when they are in perfect harmony with all our evidence *aliunde*. Now, Strype has preserved for us a document of such cardinal importance that it deserves far more attention than it has generally obtained—I allude to that strenuous appeal to the Queen not to sanction the retention of the altar, which is assigned by him to the committee of divines by whom the Prayer Book had been prepared. From internal evidence it must be subsequent to the 'publication' of the Prayer Book, and previous to the issue of the Queen's injunctions in the summer of 1559. Fifteen considerations are urged,⁶³ but the essential point is that the arguments are based throughout on the fact that 'the sacrifice of the Mass' had been discarded. It was illogical, the Queen was told, 'to take away the sacrifice of the Mass, and to leave the altar standing; seeing the one was ordained for the other.' Again, 'an altar hath relation to a sacrifice; for they be *correlativa*, so that, of necessity, if we allow an altar, we must grant a sacrifice.' Further, 'the Mass priests . . . are most glad of the hope of retaining the altar, &c., meaning thereby to make the Communion as like a Mass as they can, and so to continue the simple in their former errors.' In short, the Reformers' victory could not be deemed complete until the thing itself had been expelled from the Church as effectually as its name from the Liturgy.

It is needless to dwell on the significance imparted by this document to the wholesale destruction of the altars which followed in accordance with its prayer. The directions in the Queen's injunctions 'for tables in the church'⁶⁴ give but a faint idea of her visitors' actual work. At St. Paul's they began on the 11th of August, and though the Archdeacon of London flatly refused to substitute a 'table' for the 'altar,' he was vigorously overruled.⁶⁵

Saturdaye the 12 of August the aulter in Paules, with the roode, and Marye and John in the rood loft were taken down . . . by the command of Dr. Grindall,

⁶³ Strype, i. 237-241.

⁶⁴ Cardwell, i. 201.

⁶⁵ Strype, i. 249 *et seq.*, from the record of this visitation.

Bishop of London elect, and Dr. Mey, the new deane of St. Paules, and other of the Commissioners.⁶⁶

The horrified Bishop of Aquila wrote to Philip :

They have just taken away the crosses and images and altars from St. Paul's and all the other London churches, . . . and the bishop of Durham, a very able and learned man, came up from his diocese⁶⁷ solely to tell the Queen what he thought about these affairs. He showed her documents in the handwriting of King Henry against the heresies now received, and especially as regards the sacrament, but it was all of no avail.⁶⁸

It was one of the injunctions to the Queen's visitors

that they shall utterly take away, utterly extinct and destroy all shrines, coverings of shrines, all tables, candlesticks, trindals, and rolls of wax, pictures, paintings, and all other monuments of feigned miracles, pilgrimages, idolatry, and superstition, so that there remain no memory of the same in walls, glass windows, or elsewhere within their churches and houses.⁶⁹

One of the results of this sweeping edict was that great holocaust in the City, when for three days, at 'Bartholomew-tide' (August 24) there

were burned in Paule's Churchyarde, Cheape, and divers other places of London, all the roodes and images that stode in the parishe churches. In some places the copes, vestments, aulter clothes, bookes, banners, sepulchres, and other ornaments of the churches were burned ; which (had) cost above £2,000⁷⁰ ren(e)uinge agayne in Queen Marie's tyme.⁷¹

Machyn similarly describes the 'two gret bonfires of Rodes and of Mares and Johns and odur emages,' blazing in full sight of the Lord Mayor, Ambassadors, and other potentates, and tells us that there were also burnt 'copes, crosses, sensors, altar-clothes, rod-clothes, hokes, baners,' &c. &c.⁷¹ An entry in the churchwardens' accounts of St. Mary-at-Hill records payment for the 'bringing down ymages to Romeland (near Billingsgate) to be burnt.' The splendours of our pre-Reformation churches are known to few but archaeologists ; and the Bishop of Durham was doubtless right when he exultingly wrote : 'The Papists weep to see our churches so bare, saying they were like barns.'⁷² The wonder is, when we bear in mind the drastic character of the Queen's injunction, that Mr. Gladstone should have claimed for her, on the ground of the Ornaments Rubric, that 'she made legal provision for continuity as to what met the eye in public worship.'⁷³

⁶⁶ Wriothlesley's *Chronicle*, p. 146. He adds that orders were given 'to use onely a surplesse in the service time;' while Strype states that 'vestibus vocatole copes' were forbidden.

⁶⁷ He had reached London on the 20th of July. In August he wrote to Cecil that he would never consent to the visitation of his diocese 'if it extend to the pulling down altars, defacing churches, and taking away crucifixes' (*State Papers*).

⁶⁸ *Spanish Calendar*, p. 89.

⁶⁹ Cardwell, i. p. 188.

⁷⁰ Wriothlesley's *Chronicle*, p. 146.

⁷¹ *Diary*, pp. 207-8. Cf. Hayward's *Annals* (Camden Soc.), p. 28: 'The orderes which the Commissioners sett wer both imbraced and executed with greate fervency of the common people,' &c.

⁷² Pilkington on Haggai.

⁷³ *Nineteenth Century*, xxiv. 781.

Yet, of all the things which, historically speaking, 'did happen at the Reformation,' nothing surely could have so emphasised or so brought home to the people the absolute triumph of the new 'religion' as that destruction and abolition of the altars, which is, we have seen, denied by Mr. Gladstone, and which Mr. Russell significantly ignores among the 'events which happened.'⁷⁴ He admits himself that 'before the Reformation all public worship centred in the service of the altar;' and, even now, not only in the churches of the Roman obedience, but also in those, professedly Anglican, where 'bowing to the altar' and similar practices prevail, we may learn what the 'altar' meant to those who held the doctrines of the old 'religion.' What, then, must have been the feelings of 'our forefathers' when the centre of all Christian worship, the scene of the most awful of mysteries, was broken down by pick and crowbar, and carted away as 'rubbish'? Such was the tremendous sight that met their wondering eyes, as the outward and visible sign of that doctrinal revolution by which 'the sacrifice of Masses' was thrust out of the English Church.

As Canon Raven has well observed, 'few suspect the importance of those documents which are lying entombed in the parish chests of England.'⁷⁵ Unfortunately, even in those cases where the parish papers of the Reformation period have survived, they have been till recently much neglected. A few zealous antiquaries have printed them here and there, but in quarters so widely scattered that their study is fraught with difficulty. No more complete or typical accounts for the Reformation period could be found than those of the well-known London church of St. Mary Woolnoth, described by a late Bishop of London as 'the most prominent church in the City, and second in importance only to the cathedral of St. Paul's.' Here we have entry after entry recording the re-building and consecration of the altars under Mary, and the purchase of Mass-books, crucifixes, rood, images, and all the accessories of Catholic ritual. Suddenly Elizabeth succeeds: 'bookes of the English service' are bought; and then come entries so significant that they must be quoted *verbatim*:

Item: paide to Efton the carpenter and 4 men to help him to take downe the roode.—*Item*: paid to 4 men for taking down the altares and the alter stones.—*Item*: paide for 2 labourers for 2 dayes dyggyng downe the altares and conveying out the rubbish.—*Item*: paide to a bricklayer for 2 dayes work and his labourer, for lettynge the alter stones into the ground and mendynge the hoale in the church wall where the altare stode.⁷⁶

Immediately after this, we read of 'copes, vestments, and ornaments,' sold 'by the consent of the paryshoners,' in 1559, to the

⁷⁴ *Nineteenth Century*, July 1896, p. 35.

⁷⁵ Introduction to Mr. Holland's *Cratfield Parish Papers* (1895)—a useful and instructive work.

⁷⁶ See the valuable work on the registers of this parish by the Rector (1886), p. xxii.

amount of no less than 100*l.*, at a time when the curate's 'wages' for the whole year were only 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* 'Next, we have three chalices sold, and 'a comunion cuppe' bought out of the proceeds.⁷⁷ I have described these extracts as typical, because they illustrate the real character of the changes under the new régime. The fate of the consecrated altar-stone itself differed: sometimes it was let into the ground to be trodden under foot of men; sometimes, as at St. Michael's, Cornhill, it was sold for what it would fetch.⁷⁸

London, of course, was a Protestant centre; but the same work was going on all over the country. Even in Catholic Devon, where, ten years before, men had risen in rebellion for the Mass and the old religion, the churchwardens were making a clean sweep of altars and images alike. At Barnstaple, for instance, they record payments

for dressing of the places where the Images were; for defacyng of Images and Whityng the places where the Aulters were; . . . for the Communion Table and selyng about the same; for pullyng downe of the aulteres and cariage away the robe theroff; . . . for makyng of a carpett for the communion Table, with bokram to lyne the same; . . . for wyne for the communion; for wode to burne the Images; for setting up a dexten in the church from the Iebill.⁷⁹

We have seen how 'Massing stuffe' was 'defaced' like these Barnstaple images; and such a measure was probably common, for we read of 'altering and defacing of the Aulter-stone' at St. Margaret's, Westminster,⁸⁰ while the 'opes, vestmentes, tunicles, and such other Popish stuffe,' discovered in Lichfield Cathedral (1579), were ordered by the Council to be defaced before being sold.⁸¹

At Salisbury, there is a payment to 'five workmen for layeing downe the auter stones and carryeng away the Robell.'⁸² At St. Martin's, Leicester, in the same twelvemonth, there was 'paid to drink to 4 men at tayken down the alter stones.' In Berks, also in the same twelvemonth, labourers were paid 'for takeing downe of the aulters' at St. Mary's, Reading,⁸³ while at St. Lawrence, in the same town, we have charges 'for taking down the awlters and laying the stones' and 'for carryeng outt the rubbysh,' a 'comunyon table' being purchased in their place.⁸⁴ At St. Helen's, Abingdon, we read of 'taking down the altere,' and 'making the comunyon table.'⁸⁵ In Bucks, we learn from Dr. Lee (an extreme High Churchman) that,

⁷⁷ The 'Challis and Picks' were similarly sold at St. Mary Woolchurchaw (and elsewhere), and a 'Communyon Cuppe' purchased.

⁷⁸ 'Res. of Mr. Luttrell for the stone of the Hight Aultere, 22 *th.* 1 Eliz. (*Churchwardens' Accounts of St. Michael's, Cornhill*, p. 146).

⁷⁹ Accounts of 1 & 2 Eliz. (*Ninth Report on Historical MSS.*, App. I. p. 205).

⁸⁰ It was first defaced and then laid in the ground.

⁸¹ *Acts of the Privy Council*, xi. 208.

⁸² *Accounts of St. Thomas*, Easter 1559—Easter 1560 (Wiltshire Record Society, p. 280).

⁸³ *Churchwardens' Accounts of St. Mary's*, p. 37.

⁸⁴ Accounts, Michaelmas 1558—Michaelmas 1559 (Kerry's *Municipal Church of St. Lawrence, Reading*, pp. 26, 27).

⁸⁵ Accounts of 1 and 2 Eliz.

as a 'direct consequence' of the Queen's Commissioners' visit, 'all the altars which had been set up again under Queen Mary, were finally taken down and removed,'⁸⁶ the 'trestles and loose "communion-board"' of the day being set up in their stead.⁸⁷ At Wing, in the same county, where the Catholic influence was strong, the parish narrowly escaped trouble from its diocesan, the Bishop of Lincoln ('Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis') for its slackness in taking down the altars. Down they had to come, and the rood loft with them.⁸⁸ In East Anglia, we read at Brockdish, Norfolk, of 'sinking the altar' and 'carrying out the altar,' the 'Ten Commandments' being purchased (doubtless for the sake of the second); while at Cratfield, Suffolk, there is an early charge (1558-9) for 'pullinge down the aluter.'⁸⁹ But perhaps the most eloquent of all these entries is that which is found at Eltham, Kent (one of the Queen's seats): 'for a bibell—for putting downe the alter.'⁹⁰ It is the English Reformation in a nutshell.

One is told that what I have termed 'the Elizabethan religion' represents a compromise. Granting that the phrase is true, it tells us nothing. If a man claims a sovereign, and nineteen shillings are given him, that may be described as a compromise. It is also a compromise if you give him sixpence; but there is not much in common between the two transactions. Even as Freeman and his followers, in the natural reaction from Thierry, have unduly minimised the results of the Norman Conquest, so, for two generations, the most strenuous efforts have been made to minimise and explain away the fruits of the English Reformation. In the latter, as in the former instance, the tide is bound to ebb. All that edifice of webs that sophists so cunningly have spun is doomed to be shattered and rent asunder, even as Mr. Russell's amazing assertions vanish, in the light of facts, like mists before the rising sun.

Keeping, as I have done throughout, to two simple issues, we learn from documents and records:

(1) That the 'Mass' and its correlative, the 'altar,' were deliberately abolished and suppressed; and that Catholics, from prelates to laymen, were in no doubt whatever on the point.

⁸⁶ See the whole passage (well worth study) in Lee's *History of the Prebendal Church . . . of Thame*, together with the relative entries from the Churchwardens' Accounts (p. 75).

⁸⁷ *Ibid.* p. 90, note. By the Queen's injunctions the table was to be moved out from its place for the administration of the Sacrament.

⁸⁸ See the valuable papers on the Wing Churchwardens' Accounts in *Archæologia*, xxxvi. 2, 232.

⁸⁹ Holland's *Cratfield Parish Papers*.

⁹⁰ Accounts of 1559-1560 (*Archæologia*, xxxiv. 56). Conversely, when the Northern Catholics rise in rebellion (1569), 'altars are erected in their camp, the Holy Bibles are committed to the flames (*comburentur*), and Masses are said' (Bishop Jewel to Bullinger, *Zurich Letters*, I. 228).

(2) That 'Communion' was substituted for 'Mass,' and 'table' for 'altar' (in practice, as in the Liturgy), the latter change being made avowedly on the ground that 'the sacrifice of the Mass' had ceased.

(3) That the ordinal (as is now familiar) was again altered by deliberately excising the words conferring the power to 'offer sacrifice.'⁹¹

(4) That the Articles were made to harmonise precisely with these changes, not only repudiating the doctrines asserted so late as 1559 by the pre-Reformation Church of England⁹² (as, indeed, by the whole Catholic Church⁹³), but even adding (as the priest Raichoffsky cruelly observed to Mr. Palmer, from the standpoint of the Eastern Church) 'abusive language.'⁹⁴

There is one explanation, and one only, of these historical phenomena. The casuists and special pleaders may be left to twist and shuffle: the historian, who is called upon to deal with facts, to 'see them sanely, and see them whole,' is forced to the conclusion that these changes involve the rejection of that 'sacrifice of the Mass' which successive 'Governors' of the Church of England have had, on ascending the throne, to declare 'superstitious and idolatrous,'⁹⁵ and which, rightly or wrongly (of that it is not for him to speak), the Reformers deemed neither scriptural nor primitive, but a 'dangerous deceit and a 'blasphemous' denial of the 'one oblation once offered.'

Whatever kings or queens purposed, courtiers coveted, or statesmen schemed, it was this for which men and women, in England, laid down their lives. And, at least till our own days, they had not died in vain.

That an article written, not from a polemical, but from an historical standpoint, will be acceptable neither to 'Catholic' nor 'Protestant' is probable enough. There are three ways in which its facts may be met: these are ridicule, silence, and evasion. Purely from a psychological standpoint, it will not be wholly without interest to observe which of them is adopted.

J. HORACE ROUND.

⁹¹ This is, of course, wholly independent of the question whether such words are essential to valid ordination.

⁹² See p. 194 above. Playfully described by Mr. George Russell as 'some loose notions, of no theological authority, which had become current in England just before their time.'

⁹³ I use the term 'Catholic' throughout, like Bishop Creighton (*Age of Elizabeth*, pp. 2, 6, 125, 127.) and other historians, to denote what, before the Reformation, was 'the Catholic Church,' without prejudice to its contested theological meaning.

⁹⁴ *Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church*, by the Rev. W. Palmer. Compare their language with that quoted on pp. 197-8 above.

⁹⁵ 1 Will. and Mary, Sess. 2, cap. 2, referring to 30 Car. II., cap. 1, in which 'the sacrifice of the Masse' as 'now used in the Church of Rome' has to be abjured as distinctive of 'Popery.'

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY PROBLEM

IN a memorable article in this Review published in October 1895 Lord Playfair set forth with great clearness the principal facts in relation to the long delayed reorganisation of university teaching in London. He showed that after the failure of Lord Selborne's Commission in 1888 to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, and after the withdrawal by the Government of an alternative scheme which contemplated the establishment of a second academic body in London under the name of the Gresham University, another Royal Commission in 1894, under the presidency of Lord Cowper, had reported in favour of a third and more practicable scheme. At the end of twelve years of discussion and negotiation, this report appeared at least to furnish the basis of a working settlement, and its main recommendations have been received with approval by the principal scientific bodies in London as well as by the Senate and Convocation of the University itself.

The year which has just ended has witnessed some advance towards the solution of the question. In July last the Government introduced into the House of Lords a Bill which was designed to give effect to the recommendations of the Royal Commission, and, following the precedents established in the case of the older universities, to provide for the appointment of a Statutory Commission to frame the necessary ordinances and regulations. The proposed measure, after a full debate, passed the second and third readings in the Upper House, but owing to the pressure of other business at a late period of the session, and to the fact that some opposition was threatened in the House of Commons, the Government declined to proceed with the Bill, and the consideration of the whole subject has thus been postponed until the present session of Parliament.

In these circumstances it may be well to recount one or two facts in the early history of the university which have an important bearing on the problem now awaiting final discussion. Although those who founded University College in Gower Street in the year 1825 sought to obtain a charter recognising it as a university with power to confer

degrees, some years elapsed before its constitution was settled. In 1836 William the Fourth granted a charter incorporating it under the name of University College, and at the same time a new and independent body, to be styled the University of London, was created, with power to receive students from University College, from King's College, and other teaching institutions, and to confer degrees and honours on successful students. This charter was renewed at the commencement of the Queen's reign, and during the next twenty years no candidates were eligible for degrees in the university who did not produce a certificate of attendance during two years at one of the affiliated colleges. 'Experience, however,' as we gather from the memorandum prefixed to the Calendar of the university, 'proved that the requisite certificate was granted by various institutions on very different conditions, and that in some cases it was of little worth as attesting regular academic discipline or instruction. The senate had no visitatorial power over the affiliated colleges, or any influence in determining the conditions to be fulfilled by the candidates. Its duty was practically limited to examination.' Accordingly, the charter of 1858 contained provisions practically abolishing the exclusive connection of the university with the affiliated colleges, and empowering the senate to dispense with the certificate of studentship in the faculties of Arts and Laws, although attendance at a recognised medical school was still required as a condition of graduation in the faculty of Medicine. The story of the large increase of members and of the extension of the university's influence since the degrees became thus open is well known and need not be traced here.

The restriction of the functions of the university to the framing of programmes of study and to the examination of students has materially altered its character, and caused it to develop in a direction not contemplated by its original founders. It has become rather an imperial than a local or metropolitan institution. Its examinations have been characterised by thoroughness and by fairness, and have secured the confidence of teachers and students in all parts of the country. Yet the complete detachment of the senatorial or examining body from schools and colleges, while it has secured impartiality, has not been wholly free from disadvantages. Occasional efforts have been made in the senate itself to establish closer relations with the principal teaching bodies, but any organised connection between these bodies and the university authorities has been ruled to be practically impossible under the terms of the present charter.

Meanwhile, a strong feeling has been growing up among men of learning and science that the largest city in the world ought to possess an organised university of its own, which should co-ordinate the scattered agencies in the metropolis, furnish help and guidance in other ways than by mere examination, give to the principal teaching bodies an effective share of control, and make London a great seat of

learning worthy of its position and resources. The Royal Commission of 1894 has recognised this great national need, and has provisionally sketched out a plan by which all these objects might be attained in the reconstituted university without interfering with any of the duties which it is discharging at present. Of this provisional scheme it will suffice to say here (1) that at present it holds the field, there being no practicable alternative for the settlement of this long debated question; (2) that statutes and ordinances need to be framed in the first instance by competent authority to settle the details of a new constitution; and (3) that the Government in its Bill of last year expressly provided for the hearing by a Statutory Commission of all suggestions and objections from the senate or convocation, or any other body or persons whose interests are affected. It was added, 'In framing such statutes and regulations, the commissioners shall see that provision is made for securing adequately the interests of collegiate and non-collegiate students respectively.'

That there should be difficulties and debate in connection with some of the administrative details involved in the proposed reconstruction might reasonably be expected. But at present only two of these appear to be in any sense serious, and it is to a consideration of these that attention will be briefly drawn in this paper.

II

The first relates to the terms under which colleges with a distinctively religious or denominational character shall become integral parts of the university. The Royal Commission expressly prescribed a condition, the meaning of which is plain notwithstanding the clumsiness of the expression, 'forbidding the grant of money for any purpose in respect of which any privilege is granted or disability imposed on account of religious belief,' and the Bill of last session imposes upon the Statutory Commissioners the duty of making regulations for the University of London in general accordance with the report. It is obvious that this provision is in harmony with all recent legislation in reference to religious tests and disqualifications. But objection has been taken to it by the authorities of King's College in London on the ground that to enforce it in their case would be virtually to exclude that college from a share in the ordinary funds of the university.

The history of King's College is in this connection especially interesting. It was founded a short time after the first project for a new London university had been put forth. It owes its origin to a generous desire on the part of leading churchmen to take a substantial share in supplying higher education to the metropolis; but also in no less degree to the fact that University College was avowedly unsectarian and secular, and to a wish to counteract

its influence by providing side by side with it in London another college which should be distinctly connected with the Church of England, and should provide for its students the religious teaching and discipline its rival did not profess to furnish. Accordingly the King's College charter of 1829 contains this provision, which is recited in the Act of Parliament of 1882 now governing the institution :

No person who does not declare himself to be a member of the Church of England shall be competent to act as a governor by virtue of his office or to be a life governor or a member of the council or to fill any office in the college except the professorships of oriental literature and modern languages."

During many years large sums have been contributed to the funds of the college in consequence of this provision, and the institution has been generally regarded by its friends as a bulwark to the Church of England, a centre of religious influence, and a standing protest against the 'godlessness' of University College. It may be doubted whether the expectations of its founders have in this respect been fully realised. King's College has proved to be a most valuable factor in the higher education of London. Its medical school has achieved distinguished success. It has enlisted in its service many eminent professors. It has done much to encourage branches of physical and practical science which at the time of its foundation were not included in any scheme of liberal education. Its evening classes have greatly helped to stimulate intellectual life among learners who had not leisure to avail themselves of regular day classes. Its chief present difficulty is the fewness of its students; and, for the moment, its financial condition is a source of some anxiety to its friends. But as a safeguard for religious orthodoxy and an instrument for strengthening the influence of the Established Church its career has been somewhat disappointing. No theological teaching or chapel attendance is enforced on all the regular students. Its theological department has hardly fulfilled its early promise as a seminary for the training of the clergy. And it is an unfortunate episode in the history of the college that Frederick Denison Maurice—the one of its professors in that department who has exerted the largest influence on the thought of the nation and on the religious life of the Church—was required by the council to resign his office on the ground that his views of the eternity of future punishment appeared to that body to be dangerous and unorthodox.

No great perspicacity is required to estimate the practical effect of the restrictive clause in the King's College charter which has just been quoted: Such a clause is obviously unfavourable to the interests of learning. It obliges the council to select, say, of two candidates for the professorship of chemistry, not the better chemist, but that one who professes allegiance to the Church of England. It thus offers to candidates for office a premium on insincere profession of religious belief. And it fails altogether to secure the professed

object of its framers, for it does not give a religious tone or character to the teaching, nor furnish to parents any additional guarantee for the churchmanship of their sons. Finally the existence of such a requirement, however suited to a private society or to a sect, is wholly inconsistent with the deliberate judgment of Parliament and the nation, as expressed in public measures affecting the older national universities.

Yet the council of King's College, having an intelligible and not unreasonable regard to their traditions and to the conditions under which large contributions have been entrusted to them by faithful members of the Established Church, are unwilling to part with the one clause in their charter which furnishes a nominal if not a real security for the distinctively religious character of the foundation. Accordingly they have, through their spokesman in the House of Lords, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, objected to the terms of the Government Bill on the ground that those terms will debar the future senate from assigning any portion of the university revenue to the college or to its professorships while the present system of tests exists. At the final stage of the Bill Bishop Temple moved the insertion of the words: 'Provided that no statutes and regulations made under the Bill shall inflict any disability on any college or institution on account of its religious character.' He urged that if the Bill of the Government were drawn in accordance with the recommendations of the commissioners it would inflict a serious disability on King's College. But to this the Duke of Devonshire, in declining to accept the amendment, replied that it went far beyond the necessities of the case, that it was couched in terms which were in direct opposition to the spirit of the University Test Act, and that if the proposed words were inserted in this shape they would raise so much controversy in another place as would put an end to the possibility of the Bill being passed in that session. At the same time the Lord President of the Council expressed his willingness to insert in the Bill a provision, originally suggested by Bishop Barry, the former Principal of King's College, to the effect 'that no statute or regulation shall preclude the university from accepting, if it sees fit, the administration of funds for every university purpose, whatever be the conditions attached to such administration.'

This concession would enable public bodies and private donors to confide funds to the university on the distinct understanding that a Church of England, Baptist, or Roman Catholic college might share in the application of these funds, notwithstanding its denominational character. But it did not give to the senate power to subsidise a denominational college or professorship out of public funds contributed by the nation at large. Thereupon the Bishop, on behalf of the authorities of King's College, refused to accept the *εἰρηνηκόν*, and, while withdrawing his amendment, expressed his

intention to 'endeavour to secure justice in the Lower House.' In a memorandum the council of King's College have since put forth they ask that the senate 'shall be left free to assign university funds to any chair in a school of the university—that is to say, to any chair which might be recognised as doing university work.' And in the coming session it will be the duty of Parliament to consider whether compromise is possible on such terms.

We are here confronted in another form with the same problem which is at this moment giving so much trouble to statesmen in the sphere of elementary education: 'What are the conditions under which the State can wisely and equitably co-operate with religious bodies in the matter of public education, whether in schools or in universities?' Obviously, it is of high national concern that religious bodies should be strong and influential. They are most important factors in the higher life of the nation, and have among the main objects of their existence the purification of morals and the warfare against sin and ignorance. *Prima facie*, therefore, they ought to be the most powerful allies of the State in every effort she makes to instruct and elevate the people. But the motives of the State in maintaining schools and colleges are, though partly, not wholly identical with those which animate the various religious sects. For the prominent aims of each church are to attach learners to itself, to inculcate those doctrines and practices which separate it from other religious communities, and, if possible, to make converts, and *pro tanto* to weaken other churches. With these aims it is impossible for a free democratic State like ours to identify herself. Hence the conditions on which alone the State and the churches can hope to co-operate in England in the work of education must be the results of compromise and mutual concession. For all the secular instruction and the general intellectual culture which it is in the power of the churches to give the State may well be grateful, and may furnish facilities and material help. But she cannot properly express preference for one religious communion rather than another, and she cannot aid any of them in their efforts either to multiply converts or to gain special advantage for their own creeds. Nor could Parliament, unless it is prepared to embark on a large scheme of concurrent endowment, grant a charter to a Roman Catholic or a Wesleyan university, empowering it to confer degrees of its own. The State, in fact, cannot make herself denominational. But the denominations can make themselves national. And if they are willing to do this, in a spirit of conciliation, with a full recognition of the limits within which the State can act in this matter, and of the conditions which she is bound to impose, they may retain some very substantial influence and continue to take an honourable and worthy part in the higher as well as in the primary education of the country. On the other hand, an uncompromising demand on the part of the

churches will lead inevitably, as it has led in other countries, to the abandonment of all attempt on the part of the Legislature to make terms with the religious bodies, and will end in the establishment of a purely secular system. French statesmen like Guizot have in past times sought to establish a system of public instruction on the basis of co-operation with the church, but such co-operation has been found in subsequent years to be impracticable, and in France religion and the ministers of religion are now, as in Italy and the United States, completely outside the system of national education, and destitute of all influence on it. Such a result would be with us a national disaster. If it is brought about, the future historian will be obliged to attribute it, not to the aggressiveness of Nonconformists and secularists, but to the lamentable lack of statesmanship on the part of those who speak in the name of the English and the Roman churches.

There is, however, no necessary inconsistency between denominational colleges and an unsectarian and national university. In Upper Canada, for example, there is a splendid university building at Toronto, and a body of professors subsidised by public funds. Its teaching and the degrees it confers are wholly undenominational. But near it are placed Knox College, which is under the control of the Presbyterians, Wycliffe College, a Church of England institution, and St. Michael's, a Roman Catholic college. All these colleges are federated with the university, all are officially represented on its governing body, and students from all three attend the lectures on classical, scientific, and secular subjects in the university. Each of them supplements this general instruction by the religious teaching and discipline appropriate to its own communion. Yet no part of the funds with which the university is endowed goes to the maintenance of these affiliated colleges, or to the payment of salaries to professors of a distinctly denominational character. In like manner there is no good reason why the reconstituted University of London should not admit, and recognise as integral parts of itself, strictly denominational colleges, whether Protestant or Catholic, giving to each of them a share in the general academic government, admitting their students to degrees and honours, and yet retaining its own strictly unsectarian character as a national institution. The funds at the disposal of the university might be not improperly appropriated from time to time to specific purposes in respect of university work, or even to the augmentation of the salary of any distinguished teacher who was pursuing special investigations. But it should be wholly beyond the power of the senate to make a grant for the general purposes of a sectarian college, or to endow a professorial chair the occupant of which was appointed by a private body and not by the university itself, and held office, moreover, subject to a religious test. Conditions founded on this essential distinction could readily

be formulated by a statutory commission, and when settled would result in an honourable and working compromise securing, on the one hand, the national and impartial character of the university as the degree-conferring body, and, on the other, the religious character and continued public influence of the denominational colleges.

III

A second ground of objection to the measure of reconstruction has been urged in the supposed interests of the non-collegiate graduates. These are scattered all over the country and in the colonies, and among some of them a fear has arisen that, if the university becomes too closely identified with London institutions, the country graduates will be placed at a disadvantage and the value of their degrees will be lowered. They urge that, while the present constitution of the senate and the examining body secures absolute impartiality and commands the confidence of provincial colleges and students, that confidence will not be equally felt in a central body composed largely of London teachers, who are identified with rival interests.

Probably one third of the candidates who have succeeded in the faculties of Arts and Science have not been students in any recognised college of university rank. They have obtained their knowledge at public and in higher schools, or in small institutions, and in some cases by diligent private reading aided by tutors. I have had special opportunities of knowing how country grammar schools, local colleges at a distance from university centres, and secondary and higher schools, both for boys and girls, have been helped and raised by the syllabuses and the examinations of the university, and to how many secluded students, especially to schoolmasters, these examinations have served as a most effective stimulus to mental improvement. The service which has in this way been done to learning and to the intellectual interests of England it would be difficult to estimate.

If it were now seriously proposed to abandon this external work and influence, and to restrict the usefulness of the institution to those who made regular attendance at a teaching university, there can be no doubt that the opposition of the country graduate would be justified, and that higher education in England would suffer material loss. But the commissioners did not propose any measures which would have this effect. On the contrary, they expressly recommended that 'the examinations for external and for internal students respectively shall represent the same standard of knowledge, and be identical, so far as identity is consistent with the educational interests of both classes of students.'¹ It is difficult to understand what motive an academic body thus instructed would have to lower the character of the degrees, or

¹ *Report*, p. liii.

be less impartial than the present senate in estimating the merits of different classes of students. And it is observable that apprehension of this kind does not appear to be shared by the professors or other authorities of the provincial colleges from which students come up for degrees, but mainly from those who profess to speak in the name of the non-collegiate graduates.

There is a section (21) in the present charter of the university which gives to the convocation or general body of the graduates 'the power of accepting a new or supplementary charter or consenting to the surrender of an old one.' Those who oppose the contemplated reform naturally desire to retain this provision, and to make use of it in preventing any change. Yet the power thus reserved to convocation is anomalous, and might prove very mischievous. It has no parallel in the statutes of any university known to me. It is absolutely indefensible in principle, since it enables a majority of the holders of degrees to obstruct any reform, however desirable such reform may seem to Parliament and to the best representatives of learning and science. Among all the conclusions arrived at by the Royal Commission, after a full consideration of the abundant and varied evidence before them, none are expressed with more confidence and emphasis than the belief that the continued existence of such a power might prove a permanent barrier to improvement, and that the charter ought, as in the older universities, to be superseded by statutes having legislative authority, and capable of being modified when necessary by the will of Parliament.

There is the less necessity for the retention of this exceptional privilege in the case of the existing London University because there is among its members little or no cohesion, *camaraderie*, or corporate life. They have not been fellow-students; there is no teaching institution, as in the case of Oxford or Edinburgh, with which they have all been connected and which attracts their loyalty and affection. The only tie that binds them together is the accident that at some period of their lives they have been examined at Burlington Gardens. They have thus no common academic traditions, and no necessary interest in the further advancement of learning, either in the metropolis or in the provinces. Among those who actually attend the meetings and discuss university policy are many who display an enlightened interest in educational progress. But to the miscellaneous body of scattered graduates the cynic might apply the well-known definition of another Convocation: 'a noun of multitude signifying many, but not signifying much.' The argument that the right of such a body to hinder a greatly needed public reform ought to be perpetuated and respected is clearly untenable.

It is much to be regretted that the eminent representative of the university in Parliament should have encouraged his constituents to cling to this view of their rights. No one can doubt that Sir John

Lubbock is keenly interested in educational improvement, and would like to see a university in London which should control teaching as well as examination. A chivalrous desire to defend the interests of those of his constituents who supposed themselves unprotected has probably led him to espouse their cause. He has even gone farther, and in his address at the last general election has proposed that the power of veto shall not only be retained by convocation in the form now prescribed by charter—that is to say, by voting at a meeting and after discussion—but that the present opportunity shall be taken to extend that power, and to permit graduates who do not meet in convocation to exercise it by means of voting papers. To do this would be to appeal to a yet more heterogeneous and irresponsible body than that which at present possesses rights under the charter, and would make all reform wellnigh impossible. For it is to be observed that at the actual meetings of convocation resolutions in favour of the Royal Commission's proposals have been passed by large and increasing majorities. It is the absent member, living remote from the metropolis, and presumably with little care or knowledge about its educational needs, whose opposition has been invoked. What degree of importance ought to be attached to the opinion of such a body, and how easily it may be influenced by the ingenious appeals which were made to its own sense of vested interests, may be judged from one simple fact. On the last occasion when it became the duty of this large constituency to vote for a senator to represent the medical faculty, there were two candidates—the eminent surgeon till lately known as Sir Joseph Lister, one of the most distinguished graduates the university ever produced, and Mr. Rivington, a Master in Surgery, the former of whom received 846 votes and the latter 963, the only plea on which this extraordinary choice was made being that Mr. Rivington was understood to be an opponent and Sir Joseph to be a friend of the proposals of the commissioners. It would be difficult to find a stronger verification of the opinion in the Report that the general body of the graduates is not qualified to take a large and statesmanlike view of a great public question such as is now awaiting an answer, and that whatever is done by way of reform should be done under the authority of Parliament. Any proposal to accomplish reform by an amended charter would be futile. A charter could not create a body competent to deal with the large measure of reconstruction now needed. And if the present power of veto were perpetuated, the best conceivable plan of reconstruction might be wrecked altogether.

Thus there are only two obstacles to the early settlement by Parliament of this important national question—the controversy about the relation of religious bodies to the university and the objections of those graduates who deem their present privileges in danger. But

neither of these obstacles ought to seem serious to a Government with a large majority, a resolute will, and a clear purpose. The problem before the Statutory Commission is undoubtedly intricate and difficult, but it is not insoluble. The Royal Commission has provided the needful facts and suggestions, and in the hands of the experts whom the Government proposes to enlist under the skilful and experienced guidance of Lord Davey such statutes and regulations as will be satisfactory both to the parties most nearly interested and to the whole nation will probably be framed. A more interesting task, or one involving graver and more permanent consequences, has seldom been entrusted to an advisory body. They will seek to bring into harmonious and mutually helpful relations the various scattered agencies concerned in the higher and professional education of London. They will try to retain the spirit of all that is best in the academic traditions of the older universities, and will at the same time feel free to take a large and generous view of the new intellectual requirements and the changed conditions of our time. They will recognise that while it is the first business of a university to foster *literæ humaniores*—the studies which help to make the accomplished and capable man—a second duty is to ennoble and liberalise the professions. Hence they will not leave outside their purview the institutions which are training for a life's work the lawyer, the physician, the engineer, the schoolmaster, and the electrician. They will find means of recognising and assisting so much of the work done under the name of 'University Extension' or 'Evening Classes' as shall be proved to possess a really disciplinal and academic character. They will have regard to the organisation of 'Post-graduate' studies, and to the encouragement of research and advanced learning by means other than examinations. They will, it may be hoped, find it possible to perform this duty without impairing in the least degree the present usefulness of the university in directing, testing, and rewarding non-collegiate study. Above all, they will provide room for future expansion, and will remember that every institution in the world which has real vitality in it must be ready to avail itself from time to time of new opportunities of acquiring strength and rendering itself useful to the community.

Thus the moment is opportune, and the way seems to be open at last for the settlement of this long debated question on an equitable and permanent basis. It is manifest that the present Government and Parliament would derive much honour and do a signal public service if the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's memorable reign were distinguished by the establishment of a great university, on a scale worthy of its imperial position and commensurate with the intellectual needs of the metropolis.

J. G. FITCH.

THE TRUE NATURE OF 'FALSETTO'

It is the object of the following pages to show that behind the familiar term 'falsetto' a great truth lies concealed—a truth which is of much importance, not only to the musician and the scientist, but also to the general public. As commonly employed, the word may be said to denote that kind of voice with which a man can imitate the voice of a woman. The highest authorities on the subject of voice production hold two opinions concerning this voice. Some look upon it as an unnatural or artificial voice, and say that it ought not to be used under any circumstances whatever. Others maintain that it is one of two or more vocal registers, and is perfectly natural, but intended by nature to be employed only for a few notes at the top of the male voice. The latter of these opinions is undoubtedly the more reasonable and the more defensible, but neither of them is consistent with facts. The experiments which I have made with the so-called falsetto during the last five or six years render each of them untenable. It seems strange that in this pre-eminently scientific age no such experiments should ever have been made by others. Yet this would appear to be the case; or, at any rate, if similar experiments have been carried out before, they have, so far as I know, never been made public.

Many years before these experiments commenced I had formed a very definite and decided opinion as to the character and capabilities of the so-called falsetto. This was owing to certain experiences with my own voice. The conclusions, however, which at that time forced themselves upon me were of so startling a nature, and so utterly at variance with all that I had ever read or heard on the subject, that I felt the impossibility of getting them accepted, and therefore the uselessness of making them known, until, by experiments with other voices, I had furnished myself with further evidence of their correctness. Opportunities of thus verifying my conclusions did not present themselves for a good many years, and it was not until the year 1890 that I was enabled to begin the series of experiments to which I now wish to direct attention. The result of these experiments was such as to fully confirm me in the views which I had long entertained, by

the establishment of the remarkable fact that by bringing down the so-called falsetto to within a few notes of the bottom of the vocal compass, and by exercising it frequently and persistently, it is possible at this low pitch to gradually strengthen and develop it until it acquires all the robustness of the ordinary 'chest voice.' When this process of development is completed, the voice may be said to be entirely transformed. The old 'chest voice' is discarded, and in place of the two registers of which the voice formerly consisted there is now only one register, which extends from one extremity of the voice to the other. This new voice, while as regards strength and volume of tone it bears a great resemblance to the discarded 'chest voice,' for which it may easily be mistaken, differs from it in three important particulars: firstly in the peculiar beauty and sweetness of its quality, secondly in its exceptionally extended compass, and thirdly in the perfect ease with which it can be carried to its upper limit.

One of the voices with which I was most successful was that of a young man of about six-and-twenty years of age, who when he came to me had already had some little training. His voice, which was tenor, consisted of the two registers commonly known as 'chest voice' and falsetto. The 'break' between these two registers was quite conspicuous, and the difficulty in producing the upper notes of the 'chest' register was unmistakable. He had been taught to exercise the 'chest voice' and let the so-called falsetto alone. I advised him to do exactly the reverse. On getting him to bring the upper register down as far as G in the fourth space of the bass staff, nearly an octave lower than it is supposed to be of any practical use, I found it, as was to be expected, exceedingly weak and 'breathy.' Below that point it was little better than a whisper. On this weak and 'breathy' voice he now began to work under my directions, by means principally of octave and arpeggio exercises. After about three months of regular and diligent practice, a very remarkable increase of strength was observable in all the notes as far down as the G just mentioned. These notes had lost their falsetto character, and had begun to sound like 'chest' notes. In a few more months the improvement had extended itself to the lower notes as far as the low D. Thus the development process went on until, in less than a year, the transformation was complete. The old 'chest voice' had been entirely discarded and superseded, and in its place was what may be described as a new kind of 'chest voice,' with an available compass of two octaves and a fourth, extending from the low A flat to the high D flat, every note strong and of good quality, *and every note produced in exactly the same way as the so-called falsetto.*

Another case was that of a young man who came to me from Scotland. His also was a tenor voice. When I first saw him he had

come to London only on a visit. He had been exercising his voice on the method of the late Emil Behnke. In this method, as many of my readers are probably aware, the terms 'thick' and 'thin' register are used instead of the terms 'chest voice' and falsetto. Following out the principles there laid down, he had been employing the thick register for the lower three-fourths of his voice and the thin register for the upper fourth. I told him that, in my opinion, every time he exercised the thick register he undid the good that was done by the exercise of the thin register, and that the only way to develop his voice fully was to take the thin register all the way down. He could not bring himself to believe this all at once; consequently, when he got back to Scotland, while he so far followed my advice as to use the thin register much lower down than formerly, he still continued to employ the thick register for the middle and lower portion of his voice. The result of this was that, although the thin register was considerably strengthened, a complete development of the voice was prevented. Subsequently he returned to London and put himself regularly under my instruction. He then gave up the exercise of the thick register altogether, and in course of time succeeded in making another thick register out of the thin one, thus proving not only the impropriety of these terms themselves, but also the unsoundness of the pseudo-scientific theory which brought them into vogue.

These two cases may be taken as specimens of others which have been treated in a similar way with a similar result. In each case the mode of production which I have caused to be employed throughout the whole compass of the voice has been that of the so-called falsetto. In one or two cases this kind of voice was called, by the pupil's former teacher, either 'head voice' or 'thin register,' and the pupil had been allowed to use it for a few notes at the top of his compass. But in the majority of cases former teachers had called it falsetto, and had absolutely forbidden its use.

Interspersed with the successful cases there have, of course, been many failures. There has also been a considerable number of what may be called partial successes. Some of the failures were cases in which pupils were prevented by their business pursuits from getting regular and sufficient practice, but most of them were those of young men who lacked the necessary patience and perseverance. Several of the partial successes were men over forty years of age.* In these and some other cases complete success seemed to be unattainable. Nevertheless, they proved of great value, for they served to make plain another remarkable and apparently unknown fact—viz., that the so-called falsetto not only strengthens that voice itself, but is beneficial to the 'chest voice' also. It is generally supposed that its exercise to any great extent is productive of serious injury to the

'chest voice,' and the assertion has been made, and is endorsed by high authority, that, if it be exercised exclusively, the 'chest voice' will be entirely destroyed. There is not a vestige of truth in this assertion. The many careful and prolonged experiments which I have made disprove it completely; and not only do they do this, but they also show that, while the so-called falsetto is improved by being exercised, the 'chest voice' is improved by being let alone.

There is another point to which reference must now be made. It is commonly taught and believed that every adult male voice possesses by nature at least two registers. In the course of my investigations, however, I have met with untrained voices, both tenors and basses, which possess only one register—voices which Nature has taken the liberty of making in her own way, in defiance of all the great authorities, and in utter disregard of all their pet theories. Of course it may be asserted that these voices do possess separate registers, but they are so well blended that no 'break' is perceptible, and therefore they *appear* to have one register only. But if we wish to discover the truth, we must take facts as we find them, not imagine or invent them to suit our own theories. Now it is certainly a fact that there are adult male voices in which, even when examined with the aid of the laryngoscope, no 'break' can be detected at any point throughout their entire compass. We have this fact recorded by Sir Morell Mackenzie in his work, *The Hygiene of the Vocal Organs*, although it in no way supports the theory which he himself favours. If, then, there are voices in which no 'break' or change of production can be found, even when the laryngoscope is brought into operation and the ear is assisted by the eye, there is surely some reason for assuming that, in these cases, no 'break' or change exists. Perhaps it may be said that physiology teaches us that there are, and must be, separate registers. This is a common supposition, but it is a mistake. Physiology teaches us nothing of the kind. Physiologists have to deal with the fact that most voices possess separate registers, and they try to account for it; but, so far as I have been able to discover, there is nothing in the mechanism of the larynx to show the necessity for more than one mode of production, and no physiologist has ever yet succeeded in satisfactorily explaining how it is that these separate registers exist.

The voices which Nature has made with only one register, by a secret process of her own, are exceptionally fine voices, and in adult males they have the peculiarity that they seem to be all 'chest-voice.' But there is one striking difference between this and the ordinary 'chest voice'—it can be carried with perfect ease to the highest limit of the voice. Now the question arises, how is this kind of voice produced? In answer to this question I point to the

fact that I have succeeded in producing similar voices by employing throughout the whole compass of the voice that mode of production which is used for the so-called falsetto. Here then, it seems to me, we have the clue to Nature's secret process. The untrained voices which by nature seem to possess—and, as I believe, do possess—only one register, owe their exceptionally fine condition to the manner in which the speaking voice is and always has been produced; and the result of my own experiments and investigations is to force me irresistibly to the conclusion that the mechanism by which this speaking voice is produced is simply and solely that which is employed in the production of the so-called falsetto.

If this conclusion be true, and I fail to see how it can be successfully disputed, then the question, What is falsetto? which has always been a puzzle to the physiologist, may be satisfactorily answered. Falsetto is the remains of a voice a portion of which has been wrongly produced, and the wrongly produced portion is not the falsetto itself, as is commonly supposed, but that portion which is known by the name of 'chest voice.' Signor Garcia, in his *Hints on Singing*, says that falsetto is a remnant of the boy's voice. This is perfectly true, although the majority of professional singers and many teachers of singing are quite unaware of it. But it is not the whole truth. Falsetto is not only a remnant of the boy's voice, but it is a remnant of the rightly produced voice. Moreover, in every case where it exists as a separate register it is the only rightly produced voice.

That the theory of voice production which this view involves is a strange and startling theory to propound is not to be denied. But I have brought forward some strange and startling facts, and these facts cannot, I believe, be accounted for by any other theory. Nor is this all. Strong and conclusive as these facts appear to me, they are not the only facts by which the theory may be supported. Others may be noted which point plainly in the same direction. There are many musical men who had good voices when they were boys, but have anything but good voices now. These men have a distinct recollection of the kind of voice which they formerly used when they sang soprano as children, and are well aware that, whatever were the mechanical means by which it was produced, the mode of production was exactly the same as that which they would now employ if they wished to produce the voice which is called falsetto. In other words, they are fully conscious of the fact, already referred to, that the falsetto of their present voice is the remains of their former soprano voice, while the voice which they now use both in speaking and in singing is obtained by a mode of production which was not natural to them as children, but was acquired at or about the period of change from boyhood to manhood. Some boys

undoubtedly acquire the power of producing the so-called 'chest voice' at an earlier period than this, but they are not usually the boys who have good soprano voices. I think I may safely say, with regard to really good boy sopranos, that while a few of them may use this 'chest voice' for their lowest notes, most of the best among them do not use it at all. It is a mode of production about which they know nothing and of which they feel no need. This being the case, I would ask the anatomist and physiologist what is there about the mechanism of the larynx to show that when the boy singer becomes a man he should change his mode of production for the whole, or nearly the whole, of his voice? Is there any difference, so far as the mechanism or muscular action is concerned, between the larynx of a boy and the larynx of a man? If so, all the books that I have studied on the subject have failed to mention it. That it increases greatly and rapidly in size at the age of puberty is, of course, well known. But if the mechanism continues the same, why should the mode of production be changed? If a boy, by employing certain muscles of his larynx in a certain way, develops a good voice, it is surely in accordance with true physiological principles that he should continue, as he grows into manhood, to use these same muscles in the same way with the same satisfactory result!

Now my contention is that the men singers who possess the best voices did develop them in this way. They may not use them so at the present time. Many of them certainly do not; but that is the consequence of the training they have received, training which did not commence until long after Nature had completed her process of development. It is a curious confirmation of this view that if you ask these men about their voices, if you inquire what is the difference as regards production between the voice which they possess now and that which they possessed when they were boys, they will tell you that they are not conscious of any radical change. Most of them will not have any clear recollection of their former voice, or of the kind of feeling they had in producing it; but if you happen to meet with one who has, he will declare to you that his voice merely got gradually lower in pitch and heavier in quality, and that he is using the same mode of production now as he used then.

It must not be assumed that, if this theory be true, every adult male singer who is being taught on any of the recognised systems of the present day is of necessity trained wrongly. That very large numbers of singers are being trained wrongly there can, I think, be little doubt. Indeed it is matter of common observation. But some teachers, like some preachers, are better than their creed, and, while they are wrong in theory, they are sometimes right in practice. Among the most successful of such teachers are those who make great use of what they call 'head voice.' Under this name they

sometimes, though not always, cause to be trained downwards to a very considerable extent that part of the voice which, so far as its mode of production is concerned, is identical with the so-called falsetto. That is to say, when this kind of voice is fairly strong and good they call it 'head voice,' and tell their pupils to use it; but when it is weak and effeminate they call it falsetto, maintain that it is a different kind of voice altogether, look upon it as something unnatural, and tell their pupils *not* to use it. In these cases another kind of 'head voice' is used—viz., a sort of modified and restrained 'chest voice,' obtained by extreme elevation of the soft palate. But even when they employ the right kind of 'head voice,' which is really identical with the so-called falsetto, they fail to perceive its true character. They treat it simply as one of two registers, both of which are to be exercised, and when they have carried it down to a certain point they endeavour to unite it as nearly as possible with the so-called 'chest' register. Sometimes, however, they carry it right down to the bottom of the voice without knowing it, and thus succeed in making a perfect voice by an imperfect method.

There are also other cases in which the adult male voice may be properly trained upon a wrong method. These are the cases already referred to, in which the voice has been fully developed by Nature. Such a voice will have, as I have pointed out, all the robustness of the ordinary 'chest voice,' although it is produced in a different manner. It is true that, even in this splendid condition, it may be seriously injured by a false method of training, although it cannot be destroyed. But a wise and cautious teacher may be content to let it remain as it is. He will perceive at once that it is an exceptionally fine voice, but will be unaware that it is not produced in the ordinary way, and will see no reason for altering the mode of production.

Of course it is obvious that, if the theory here put forward were accepted, it would necessitate a revolution in the art of voice training. For this reason, however true it may be, and however cogent and convincing are the arguments in its favour, it is sure to meet with strenuous opposition. It will probably be turned into ridicule. A newly discovered truth often appears ridiculous to minds unprepared to receive it. It will also, no doubt, be decried and denounced as involving most dangerous and pernicious doctrine, which ought at once to be put down and stamped out. There are always some persons of a choleric disposition and with minds impervious to reason who, confidently believing themselves to be the sole depositaries of the truth as well as its divinely appointed guardians, are ready to burn the heretic who ventures to call any article of their creed in question. Such persons, however, have little power or

influence in the present age of scientific enlightenment, and hardly need to be taken into consideration. I turn from them to persons of a different stamp, to the leaders of thought and progress, to men of open mind and dispassionate judgment. These I invite to examine and weigh the evidence which is here placed before them. I do not ask them to accept the theory for which I am contending. I merely ask them to inquire into it. If they will do this, the opposition which is sure to be raised by ignorance, prejudice, and self-interest may prevail for a time, but I shall have no fear of the ultimate result.

E. DAVIDSON PALMER.

LAW AND THE LAUNDRY

COMMERCIAL LAUNDRIES

THE application, by the measure of 1895, of the Factory and Workshop Acts to the laundry appears likely to rank as one of the great disappointments of experimental legislation. For years there had been an agitation for securing to the washerwomen the advantages which the visits of the Factory Inspector had brought to other trades. A strong case was made out for this extension of the law. It was only by inadvertence that the great industry of washing clothes had been omitted from the 1867 Act. In that year Parliament intended to include within the scope of the Factory Inspector every kind of employment *for profit* in which manual labour was engaged. Unfortunately, the definition clause of the Act referred to the preparation of articles 'for sale.' The result was that lawyers held that only those laundries which were attached to manufactories came under the Act. When shirts and collars, sheets and baby-linen, were washed on their way from the factory to the retail shop, the thousands of washerwomen employed enjoyed all the advantages that Parliament intended. The laundry had to be healthy and decently ventilated. Excessive hours of labour were sternly prohibited. Proper sanitary conveniences had to be provided. But all the other washerwomen—those who washed the customers' own articles—were by the unforeseen result of the two words in the definition left unprotected. And then there gradually forced itself upon the public attention a long tale of woe—of women kept slaving day and night at the washtub to cope with the unregulated rushes of work; of insanitary conditions and unhealthy workplaces; of low rooms filled with steam and noisome smell, absolutely without provision for ventilation; of the seeds of disease sown by long standing in the wet mess caused by defective flooring and drainage; of an absolute disregard, in short, by heedless or unscrupulous employers, of all those precautions and safeguards to the public health which had long since been made compulsory in every other industry. More important even than the physical effects were the demoralising results of this irregularity of life and bad conditions of work, the long hours and

the late hours, upon the character of the women. The 'good employers' were eager for legislative regulation. The political economists were satisfied that the danger of 'foreign competition,' or 'driving the trade out of the country,' was, to say the least of it, remote. Even the Home Office was converted to the desirability and actual urgency of legislation.

Unfortunately, the agitators for reform were imperfectly acquainted with the circumstances, and the officials were indiscriminate in their proposals. They ignored the fact that, besides the laundry, large or small, carried on as a business for profit, there exist many hundreds of establishments engaged in the same industry, but conducted with quite other ends. The washing of clothes for private customers is perhaps the most convenient occupation by which the inmates of reformatories and industrial homes of all kinds can earn some contribution towards their maintenance. The same industry has, moreover, become an adjunct of many convents, sisterhoods, and religious houses. These 'institution laundries' stand, it is obvious, upon a different footing from ordinary businesses. The employment of women and girls is, in these establishments, not primarily a means of gain, but an instrument of reformation, industrial training, the development of personal character, and the deepening of the spiritual life.

It would have been easy to have drafted separate clauses for these 'religious,' as distinguished from the 'commercial' laundries, and the Government did indeed eventually offer to make this discrimination. It was, moreover, not absolutely necessary to deal with them at all. But the Bill as laid before the House of Commons applied the same Draconic regulation to convents and charitable homes, commercial laundries carried on in a large way, and the cottages where old women took in a little washing. The result was an outburst of opposition from all parts of the country. When the clause relating to laundries was reached, it was found that, to the ordinary opponents of factory legislation, there was joined a large proportion of the religious world. The members of the Grand Committee on Trade were besieged by letters and petitions from convents and homes, clergymen and philanthropists, Anglicans and Roman Catholics. The Irish vote, usually with Mr. Asquith, turned solidly against him. Because it was far too rigid and stringent to be applicable to the institutions, the whole of the Government clause about laundries was rejected. Next the bewildered members tried their hands at amateur drafting, seeking to reconstruct a clause which should give some help to the oppressed washerwomen, whilst not offending the institutions. Finally, as the outcome of the muddle, after the new clause had been watered down with an undefined idea of making it universally applicable, a further amendment was carried exempting institutions altogether!

The result was the addition to the Statute Book of the following section relating to the hours of labour :

In any laundry carried on by way of trade, or for purpose of gain, the following provisions shall apply :

(i.) The period of employment, exclusive of meal hours and absence from work, shall not exceed, for children, ten hours, for young persons twelve hours, for women fourteen hours, in any consecutive twenty-four hours ; nor a total for children of thirty hours, for young persons and women of sixty hours, in any one week, in addition to such overtime as may be allowed in the case of women.

(ii.) A child or young person or woman shall not be employed continuously for more than five hours without an interval of at least half an hour for a meal.

(v.) The notice to be affixed in each laundry shall specify the period of employment and the times for meals, but the period and times so specified may be varied before the beginning of employment on any day.

Women employed in laundries may work overtime, subject to the following conditions :

(a) No woman shall work more than fourteen hours in any day.

(b) The overtime worked shall not exceed two hours in any day.

(c) Overtime shall not be worked on more than three days in any week, or more than thirty days in any year.¹

Now, this piece of amateur law-making reads smoothly enough, and there can be no doubt that the members of the Grand Committee, who patched it together after rejecting the clause of the Government draughtsman, thought they had done a good piece of work. But the subject is one of greater intricacy than appears at first sight, and the Home Office experts at once declared the new clause to be ineffective. There has now been over a year's experience of its working, and careful investigation into the matter convinces us that, great as is the need of the laundry workers for protection, the mangled clause which has become law has, in respect of their hours of labour, effected little or no improvement.

What the members of Parliament intended who substituted this clause for Mr. Asquith's was, presumably, to shorten the washer-women's hours of labour. But they went about it in altogether the wrong way. As a matter of fact, it was only in a comparatively few of the worst laundries that the hours now legally sanctioned were being worked. In other trades, the practice of Parliament has been to take the standard of the good employers, and force the bad ones up to it. With regard to laundries the members took the standard of the bad employers, with the result that the good ones stand in serious danger of being forced down to it.² Hitherto, where long

¹ The law will be found precisely stated and conveniently explained in *The Law relating to Factories and Workshops*, by May Abraham and A. Llewellyn Davies (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1896).

² On the important question of 'overtime' this has become only too apparent. The custom of the trade has always been to consider work after 8 P.M. as overtime, and the good employers habitually pay an extra rate for work after this hour. But

hours had been worked, it had been with a knowledge that public opinion and sympathy was against such a practice, and with the consciousness that it would be immediately condemned when the law was extended to laundries. What, therefore, was the surprise both of employers and washerwomen to find that, far from condemning the long hours, the new Act had accorded to them the sanction of law. What has hitherto been done by bad employers with a feeling of shame can now be done openly as of legal right; whilst good employers, who have hitherto limited the day's work by their own sense of fitness and justice, are encouraged positively to extend their hours to those fixed by the Act. Under the present law, indeed, if two hours are allowed for meals, it is permissible to keep women continuously at work from 8 A.M. to midnight (sixteen hours) on two days in every week throughout the year; on two other days in the week from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. (twelve hours); and on Mondays and Saturdays (the usual short days in the industry) from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. (ten hours), and from 8 A.M. till noon (four hours) respectively. And this, be it remembered, without making any use of the permitted 'overtime.' Moreover, as (unlike any other industry) the exact amount of time to be allowed by the employer for each meal is not defined by the Act, it is very difficult, if not impossible, for the Inspector to protect the workers in the enjoyment of their meal times.

But this is not all. During any ten weeks in the year overtime may be worked, so as to make the following time-table perfectly legal:

Mondays	8 A.M. to 8 P.M.
Tuesdays	8 A.M. to 8 P.M.
Wednesdays	8 A.M. to midnight.
Thursdays	8 A.M. to midnight.
Fridays	8 A.M. to midnight.
Saturdays	8 A.M. to 12 noon.

The above hours may be altered so as to make Saturday one of the long days, if the employer chooses. Moreover, it is permissible so to arrange the hours that a woman starting work at midnight on a Thursday may be kept at her tub until 8 P.M. on the Friday evening, or, indeed, varied in any other way.

The freedom thus given to the employers to spread the permissible number of working hours over the whole twenty-four in any way that they think fit is, we believe, an innovation without parallel in our factory legislation. At first sight it may appear an unimportant matter, as only adding to the employer's convenience. But in reality

under the Act of 1895 a woman beginning work at 8 A.M. might continue, without drawing upon overtime, working until midnight. Unlike other trades, overtime is only reckoned after the maximum of sixty hours per week has been worked. This maximum is, as we shall show, quite illusory.

it deals a deadly blow at the efficiency of the whole law. It reduces to a nullity the Inspector's power of enforcing any limit of hours at all. The period of employment and the nominal hours for meals may be different in each laundry, and may even be varied, at the will of the employer, at the beginning of each day. Overtime may (within the perfectly nominal limit³ of ten weeks in the year) be added to the normal day, whether at its beginning or its close; or after any interval—say, for instance, beginning at 1 A.M. after closing at 8 P.M.; or on the whole of Sunday. With all these varieties and loopholes for escape, no employer can ever be caught exceeding the statutory limit of hours. We believe that there has not yet been a single prosecution on this point. The legal limit of hours in laundries by this Act is, and must remain, a dead letter.³

We have hitherto dealt only with the hours of adult women, but the thoughtlessness with which the Act has been drafted appears no less conspicuously in regard to 'young persons,' the girls between 14 and 18, whose hours of work are always more strictly limited than those of adults. These girls in the business laundries are employed chiefly in the machine-room in feeding steam-ironing machines (rollers). Their work requires unremitting attention, and that it is not without danger is shown by the not infrequent loss of fingers caught between the rollers. If they were at work in a textile (steam) factory, their maximum working day would be rigidly confined to the period between either 6 A.M. and 6 P.M., or 7 A.M. and 7 P.M. with precisely defined meal hours. *Under no circumstances whatsoever would any overtime be permitted*, and they could therefore never be kept at the mill after 6 P.M. or 7 P.M. respectively. The girl of 13 or 14 in the laundry may now (subject to the illusory and unenforceable provision as to meal times) legally be kept at her rollers from 8 A.M. to as late as 10 P.M. on three days in every week throughout the year; from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. on two other days of every week—five long days in a single week²—and then still have four hours work to do on Saturday.⁴

³ Among the ambiguities of the Act it is questionable whether the sixty hours' limit is to be reckoned for each individual woman, or as the total number of hours during which women and young persons are to be at work on the premises. If the former, it is obvious that an employer may extend the working hours of his factory indefinitely, and it becomes absolutely impossible for any Factory Inspector who does not live on the premises of the employer to discover how long any particular woman has been at work. Such an absurdity could not have been contemplated, and is only another proof of the amateur drafting of the section.

⁴ The carelessness of Parliament as to the welfare of these girls is shown by the fact that the important provisions of the Factory Acts, which prescribe that children and young persons shall not work in a factory unless they have been certified by a surgeon as physically fit to do so, do not apply to steam laundries. It is difficult to see why a protection which is afforded to children and young persons employed in such light work as paper-folding in bookbinding works should not be extended to those engaged on machinery as dangerous and in work as heavy as that in the steam laundry, especially as the hours permitted are so much longer than in other trades.

The laxity thus permitted to laundry employers with regard to these young girls is all the more extraordinary in that the same Grand Committee which constructed this remarkable clause accepted without demur the stringent proposal of the Home Office absolutely to forbid any overtime whatsoever for 'young persons' in other trades. It is now a penal offence to employ any young man or young woman under 18, in any factory or workshop, for more than the statutory number of hours on any one day. Thus, a girl of 17 may not be kept at work in any manufacturing industry for more than forty-eight hours in the week (plus eight hours for meals). If the same girl goes to a laundry—it may be to a huge steam laundry, with dangerous rollers—she will have to work sixty hours (plus ten more, for only nominally protected meal times). But even this limit is illusory. In every other industry the period within which the young person may be kept to work is precisely defined, so that the Factory Inspector can discover when the law is broken. The laundry girl has no such protection. Her normal period of twelve hours' work may be arranged by the employer at any part of the twenty-four. It is, for instance, quite legal for a girl of 14 to be regularly kept at work in a laundry throughout the whole night—a laxity which makes all official checking of hours impossible. And this neglect to specify the working hours brings a new peril. Parliament declares that it is inexpedient to allow the vigorous young cotton-weaver, or the respectable book-folder or compositor, to be kept at work late at night, whatever may be the exigencies of their employer. Yet the same House of Commons deliberately permits the rough and untrained laundry girl, after standing long hours in the heat, to be turned into London streets or suburban lanes at any hour of the night, in such a way that not even the most careful mother could possibly keep an eye on her coming and going.

The disregard, shown by Parliament for preserving to this large class the advantage of a weekly day of rest is especially amazing. Throughout the whole century of factory legislation, Sunday has hitherto always been marked out for respect. Alike in textile and non-textile works, in workshops as well as factories, at the lathe, at the forge or the loom, 'young persons,' and women at any rate, are in every other case protected in the sanctity and enjoyment of their Sabbath. It was reserved for the 1895 Parliament to break this honourable tradition. *In fixing the hours for laundry-women and girls there is absolutely no mention of Sunday.* The employer is as free to compel work on Sunday as on any other day, and thus to absorb the whole day and evening in continuous toil. Even if Parliament now counts itself a purely secular body, not concerned with the spiritual welfare of young girls, it might at any rate protect them in the weekly rest which is physiologically necessary for their development as wives and mothers.

Looking back on the whole action of the Grand Committee with respect to laundries, it is almost impossible to understand upon what principles it can have framed so ineffective a clause. There are, of course, still to be found opponents of any legal regulation of the conditions of labour, sincere and honest believers in the axiom that free and equal bargaining between employer and employed may be trusted to secure for every class the best possible surroundings. But the great mass of educated public opinion now admits that, at any rate for children and women, such free and equal bargaining means practical compulsion to put up with whatever sanitary arrangements and hours of labour the employer sees fit to ordain. This conclusion from our prolonged experience of factory legislation is now acted on as a matter of course in every other industry. Why, therefore, should any exception have been made for commercial laundries? There can in this case be no fear of foreign competition or ruining the industry. Clothes must in any event continue to be washed, and to be washed within the United Kingdom.⁵ The answer is, we fear, that members of Parliament had some dim idea that (although there was no economic objection) to regulate the hours of laundries involved some personal inconvenience to the ladies who administer the domestic details of the household. It has, for instance, been gravely alleged as an argument against prohibiting Sunday labour in laundries that, if a lady had suddenly to go abroad, it would be very inconvenient not to be able to get her clothes home from the wash on Monday or Tuesday. In thousands of middle-class households it was imagined, no doubt, that the accepted domestic routine might have in some way to be altered if a limit was set to the hours during which the laundry was at work. There are several recorded instances in which beneficent factory legislation has been obstructed and delayed from a genuine fear that it would involve pecuniary loss to an industry, and eventually destroy the means of livelihood of the workers. But this is the first time that the personal convenience of private households has been made an excuse for excluding a large class of women and girls from the protection of the law.

As a matter of fact, there is no reason to believe that the requirement of proper conditions of work in laundries would involve any appreciable inconvenience to the customers. Almost all the objections that are made to limiting the hours of laundry work, in the manner adopted for other industries, would disappear if customers would exercise ordinary thoughtfulness and reasonable consideration in their demands. At present an almost invariable custom requires that all the work should be collected on Mondays and returned on Fridays or Saturdays, thereby necessarily hampering the commencement of the work early in the week, and putting undue pressure on the workers

⁵ A vague rumour has been put into circulation that the Act has caused clothes to be sent to Belgium to be washed. We have investigated this rumour, and find that it is absolutely without foundation, and that the cost of carriage to and from Belgium or France would be prohibitive.

towards the end of the week. *Is there any insuperable objection to work being collected and delivered from something like half the customers on Wednesdays or Fridays instead of Mondays? The small hand laundries especially declare that this arrangement would be helpful to them. Here is an opening for the display of a little of that practical help which is perhaps not so popular as more conspicuous forms of philanthropy. Ladies who show much sentimental sympathy with the 'woes of workers' have been known indignantly to refuse a request from their laundress that they would allow their work to be collected and delivered on days less inconvenient than Mondays and Saturdays. It is not for a moment suggested that such an arrangement would entirely remedy the evil of over-pressure; but if some of the better provided households would fall in with the suggestion, it would make it possible for the poorer classes to obtain the 'clean change' for Sunday, without heaping up all the work on certain days in the week, and leaving the women nearly idle on others. Unfortunately, any arrangement of this kind is not likely to be proposed by laundry employers, fearful of displeasing their customers, unless they are pressed into it by the requirements of the law. It is to the law that we owe the beginning of many of our good habits, especially those which are based on consideration of the needs and convenience of our fellow-citizens.

What, then, are the conclusions to which the experience of the 1895 Act points as regards the hours of labour in laundries? It seems essential that the amending Bill, which the Government cannot surely long delay, should observe the following points. It must, to begin with, either exclude, or deal separately with, the religious or philanthropic 'institution laundries.' It ought, at any rate, to secure absolutely the Sunday day of rest, by prohibiting any commercial laundry from working on that day. It must, we think, extend to 'young persons' in laundries the same absolute protection against overtime as is secured to them in every other regulated industry. Night work, moreover, ought clearly to be forbidden for girls under 18, if not (as in other industries) also for women. There is no reason why the hours of labour should be longer for laundry women than for the women in other trades. And the whole experience of factory legislation in the past makes it quite clear that, if we really wish the law to be effective, the hours of labour and the meal times must be precisely specified, the times of beginning and ending work being either fixed by the Act, or, at any rate, so defined in advance, with adequate notice by the employer to the Factory Inspector, as to make it an offence for the laundry to be found at work outside these limits.

HELEN BOSANQUET.

LOUISE CREIGHTON.

BEATRICE WEBB.

For the Industrial Sub-committee of the National Union of Women Workers.

II

LAUNDRIES IN RELIGIOUS HOUSES

It has been felt, even by those who fully recognise the need of State inspection of all public institutions as a general rule, that the peculiar circumstances of 'Religious,' and especially of Penitentiary Houses, constitute a claim to exemption. No one can deny, to start with, that the inmates of penitentiaries are not independent workers, serving under a wage contract. They do not, like women in a commercial laundry, sell to an employer a definite part of their strength and time, but place themselves under special treatment, as in a true sense invalids.

1. It is urged that Inspectors' visits would inevitably cause excitement among the inmates, to the destruction of order and discipline.

2. That in penitentiaries, the standing proportion of inefficient hands being always at least one-fifth of the whole, some elasticity as to hours is especially necessary, to prevent, on 'heavy days,' overpressure on the skilled and diligent hands.

3. That all needful 'outside' supervision is already exercised by committees or other voluntary authorities.

I think that, on consideration, it will be seen that the arguments in favour of inspection outweigh these objections.

Exemptions are always to be looked at with suspicion. Is it desirable to maintain exemptions from the scope of a law meant to secure wholesome conditions of labour, in the case of workers least qualified to fight their own battles?

It is, of course, true that no inmate of penitentiary institutions can either enter or remain there against her own will. But, short of the extreme step of leaving a shelter which in most cases is all that stands between them and ruin, these girls have no choice but to fall in with the rules of the place. Thus, under the irresponsible management of an unwise or unscrupulous head, it is not to be denied that abuses might prevail.

I would now endeavour to meet the above-named objections.

(1) The danger of anything like excitement among the inmates of penitentiaries is by no means imaginary. Their past lives have been governed by mere impulse, and ruined by lack of self-control.

All experience shows the need of guarding them from anything that upsets the orderly routine of the day.

But must State inspection necessarily involve any such 'upsetting' at all? Doubtless the arrival of a 'Government gentleman,' notebook in hand, who should question the girls and put it into their heads to get up grievances, would wreck the best-managed penitentiary in the land. Equally hazardous would be the posting-up in the work-rooms and wash-houses of factory regulations, inviting the workers to send complaints to the Inspector.

But very slight modifications would obviate these difficulties.

To avoid any harmful excitement, all that would be necessary would be (a) that the Inspector should be a woman; (b) that her official position should be unknown to the girls; (c) that her visits should be unexpected; (d) that the factory regulations should not be hung up in sight of the girls. In addition, it might be well to make it a general rule that the Inspectress should not question the girls. There can be no doubt as to (a) being made a *sine qua non*; as to (b) little difficulty is likely to be raised. Nor would any but a very zealous new 'Jack-in-office' consider it desirable to question the girls. She would see them at work, at meals, at recreation; she would have full opportunity of judging of their surroundings, their conditions of work, the sanitary state of the buildings, &c. She would thus arrive at the truth by far more certain methods than by questioning the hands themselves. And she would point out privately to the Superior or to the managing Committee anything that appeared open to objection. All this could be done, and done thoroughly, without raising a ripple of excitement among the inmates.

(2) Under the new Factory Act, the limitation of laundry hours is *weekly*, not *daily*. That is to say, the maximum number of hours a day may vary with different days, provided the maximum number of hours per week be not exceeded.

Now, in penitentiaries, as a matter of discipline, the hours of work must needs be strictly laid down, though it is true they must vary a little on different days. Therefore compliance with the law would cause little, if any, change in the arrangements.

(3) Where 'outside' supervision is already efficiently exercised by voluntary committees of management, no alarm need be felt at the visit of an Inspectress, who would find and report all to be in satisfactory order.

But in the cases, which may or may not be numerous, where no such committees exist, or where they are remiss in their duty, some form of Government inspection would obviously be most desirable. We are not without warning, at the present day, of the harm that comes of even well-intentioned, ably-conducted, and religiously-inspired despotisms. In itself evil, as most of us hold a despotism to be, it is not always deprived of its power for mischief by being

wielded by well-meaning despots. Rather is its harmfulness increased by the blind confidence it thus inspires in the minds of the enthusiastic. In the last resort, the Home Secretary should have power to institute a special private inquiry for the remedying of proved abuses.

May I now point out that, so far from penitentiary laundries having any reason to fear indictment for cruelly long hours, the new Factory Act provisions, 1895, section 22, actually permit of longer hours than are even *possible* in *bonâ-fide* religious houses; the reason being that time has to be made for chapel services, two or three daily, varying in length from ten to twenty or thirty minutes?

In a large House of Mercy well known to me (and which is more or less typical of all similar institutions under Church of England or Roman Catholic management with regard to the time devoted to chapel services), the time-table is as follows:

Mondays	9½ hours.
Tuesdays	9½ hours.
Wednesdays	9½ hours.
Thursdays	9½ hours.
Fridays	7 hours.
Saturdays	3½ hours.

Total working hours per week, less meal times, 48½. Half the girls come down at 6 A.M. and half at 6.30 A.M. They never work later than 8 P.M. The last chapel service is at 9 P.M. All are in bed before 10.15 every night. These hours are moderation itself compared with the twelve hours a day sanctioned by the new Act.

In this institution, at any rate, overtime is absolutely unknown, except on three days in the year, for the purpose of securing to the girls three whole holidays; and on these occasions, which are eagerly looked forward to, the girls rise an hour or so earlier, and have an extra breakfast. On no occasion, and under no circumstances, is any work done on Sundays, Good Friday, or Christmas Day.

The chapel services, as breaks in the monotony of hard work, are invariably popular, even with new-comers, who may not at first be religiously impressed by them.

From inquiries I have made as to undenominational laundry homes it would appear that their weekly average of working hours is from 8 to 9 hours, beginning at 6.30 or 7 A.M. and ending at 6, 6.30, or 7 P.M.; they have prayers morning and evening, an hour's or half-hour's recreation at midday, evening classes or evening walk. Also Saturday half holiday.

In one of these institutions, on very rare occasions, 10½ hours have been worked.

No Sunday work is ever done. . .

It should be remembered that, as every kind of untrained, and worse than untrained, girl is received in penitentiaries, and as dismissal is impossible except for hopeless health or conduct, it is evident that, if the work is to be got through at all, the highest possible standard of health must be maintained. And this can only be done by providing regular and sufficient meals (eaten in rooms away from the laundry), eight hours in bed, and proper intervals for recreation.

That, with such very raw material to work upon, such good laundry work is turned out, under such just and merciful conditions of labour, is a thing the managers of these institutions may well be proud of.

LUCY C. F. CAVENDISH.

TIMBER CREEPING IN THE CARPATHIANS

'In Karpaten we should call that good second class,' was the remark of my companion in the gallery of the Natural History Museum, when I showed him the beautiful head of a red-deer from the Caucasus which I had hitherto regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of grace and strength. With a trace of incredulity, I replied that, if that was second class, I should like to see a first-class head. 'Well,' said my friend, 'I cannot promise you that. They are not common like your Scotch stags, and the forest is wide. Last year we had seven stags, big and little, and the year before six. Besides that, if you *do* see one, you may possibly not shoot it. Still, I will promise that you shall have a good dinner every day.' 'Now, as the strongest passion in the human breast, next to the desire for a good dinner, is to shoot an animal with horns a trifle longer than those possessed by anybody else, it will be readily understood with what eagerness I accepted the invitation of my host to visit him in his forest in Galicia, where, as he told me, these giants existed. .

As Highland red-deer exceed the island deer, so they, in turn, are surpassed by those of Germany, and again, travelling eastward, the stags which inhabit the Carpathian Forest greatly excel the finest Bavarian or Styrian stags in weight and strength of antler. There is no fixed line of demarcation to the west of which the deer can be described as red-deer, and to the east of it as belonging to some larger race. Whether the *Ollen* or *Maral* of the Caucasus and Asia Minor, which is practically indistinguishable from the deer of the Carpathians, is of still larger growth, is a doubtful point. From some skull measurements which I have taken, and antlers which I have seen, it would seem to follow the same law: Some think that this increased size bears an inverse ratio to the numerical abundance of the herds. The German forests support but a fraction of the 'head' which may be seen on an equivalent area in Sutherland or Inverness; and in the regions which I am about to describe the winter ravages by wolves still further thin the ranks of the deer.

The abundance of food and its quality must tell, but in my host's opinion these deer owe their massive frames, in part at least, to the fact that their family cares are light, for each stag has no more than two or three wives to disturb his domestic peace.

It is a far cry from the north of Scotland to the eastern spurs of the Carpathian Mountains, which may be described as the key-stone of Hungary, Poland, and Russia. I had been travelling continuously from early on Tuesday morning till the middle of Saturday, and my impressions of Central Europe are somewhat vague. I seem to remember an interminable plain without landmarks, an endless vista of scarlet-trousered and scarlet-petticoated peasants, haycocks, and the sweeping motion of the scythe, white-washed cottages, Indian corn, yellow gourds, flocks of geese, and abominable roads.

About 200 miles east of Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, I turned off from the main line, and, following one of the military railways by which, in the event of war, the Austrian troops would be concentrated on their eastern boundary, I crept up among the spurs of the Carpathians. By mid-day I found myself ensconced in a roomy wooden *Jagdhaus*, surrounded by a domain of 400 square miles of pine-covered forest, under the guidance of a host who takes his chief pleasure in the pleasure of his guests, and with brother sportsmen not less keen than myself. The party had assembled five days earlier, and here in the porch were already some trophies calculated to quicken the pulses of the sportsman fresh from the degenerate specimens of Ross-shire. One very long and heavy fourteen-pointer, splendidly 'guttured' and 'pearled,' produced in me that vile envy which we cannot always suppress. Even more interesting was a heap of shed antlers, gathered in various parts of the wood since the previous season, more interesting since the owners of these massive crowns presumably still lived and roamed, and might, if the fates were propitious, be encountered by me. Yet, how remote the chance seemed when one looked at this vast range of black forest, and remembered that, taking the bags of previous years, only one stag, on an average, to sixty square miles had been obtained. The thing would be well nigh hopeless, but for one circumstance. It was the 20th of September and the height of the season of conflict, when every warrantable stag gives notice, far and wide, of his whereabouts, and of his willingness to engage in battle with any rival.

The day following my arrival, being an off day for the rest of the party, I devoted to a preliminary inspection of the forest near the house, in the company of the head-forester. Gloom and monotony is the prevailing characteristic of such a forest. Scarcely once in the course of a four hours' walk along a steep hillside was I able to see the opposite side of the valley. The only clearances are where some hurricane has cut a gap, upsetting everything in its road, and

piling broken and twisted branches to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. The forest is composed mainly of spruce, interspersed with drawn-up beeches, and a proportion of silver firs which attain noble dimensions.

The first thing that happened was that my feet slipped from under me, with startling swiftness, on a smooth trunk, and the second thing was to fall again, sliding on a greasy root. I was beginning to learn something. Rubber soles would not do here, but I felt sadly humiliated, before the *head* forester too! Then I exhibited my ignorance by asking the purpose of a trough, roughly carved out of a trunk and sunk in the ground. Of course it was a salt lick. The hollow is filled with rock salt and clay, and the deer smell it and taste it, and return to the place. Certain shallow pits, which had the appearance of old sawpits, puzzled me next until I made them out to be the sites of trees, uprooted centuries back, whose stems and roots had long ago rotted and disappeared. And then the millions of trees on the ground! The essential feature of the whole region, for the hunter to consider, is the fallen timber. This constitutes his chief difficulty. It covers every yard of the surface with stems and branches in all stages of decay. It is these fallen giants, many of which are of surprising girth and length, that charm, with their weird skeleton points, their wealth of green moss and grey lichen, and the story which they have to tell of the forces of nature, more than their brethren which still stand erect. Some have lain so long that, though retaining their shape, they consist only of spongy wood and pulp. Such ancient boles form seed-beds for young trees, and it is a common sight to see a perfectly straight hedge of juvenile spruces forty yards long, literally growing in, and feeding on the body of their prostrate ancestor.

To traverse this maze there are certain tracks, indicated by blaze marks on the trees, and locally called 'plyj,' or 'Steige' in German. These avoid the worst intricacies. The deer also, who dislike obstacles nearly as much as men do, to a great extent learn to use these lines of least resistance as passes. As long as one keeps to the 'Steige' the work is easy. If one has to leave it, as, for instance, to approach a calling stag, it is gymnastics all the way. I followed one of these tracks for some hours, trying to learn the velvet tread. There is a foot-sensitiveness which can be cultivated by practice, and which is the more necessary as the eyes must all the time be alert to search the depths of shadow ahead. The ears too must be tuned to catch the slightest indication of sound. The stillness is almost oppressive. Among these closely ranked stems there is scarcely any movement of air. Neither is there much sound of life. In the course of a long morning I saw only one hazel-hen, the smallest of the perching grouse, and heard once or twice the beating flight overhead of some capercaillie, as he dashed out on the opposite side of a

tall spruce. Besides these I remember only black squirrels and a few tom-tits. But of the noblest game of Europe signs were not wanting. Here was an area, some ten yards square, trampled and torn with hoofs and horns—a *Brunftplatz* where the lord of the herd had expended his surplus passion on sticks and brambles. Close by was a black wallowing pit, with the impress of his great body where he last rolled in it, and tossed lumps of mire yards away. Of the deer themselves I neither saw nor heard anything, though we found the fresh track of a stag which may have been disturbed by us; and now my native follower brought out from the recesses of his rucksack an old hock bottle with the bottom cut off, and, lying on the ground to deaden the sound, produced, with this trumpet, a close imitation of the raucous, impatient challenge of a stag. But even the most provocative call failed to elicit a response.

This part of the forest was quite untouched by the axe. It is not so everywhere. Some valleys, more accessible than this, have been exploited. When such an area is attacked, it is cleared completely, nothing being left but a few dead or valueless stems. Such a tract produces a luxuriant growth of wild raspberry and other plants, and is therefore attractive to deer. To send the timber on its long voyage to navigable waters, the following method is adopted. A heavy dam, called a *Klause*, about forty feet high at its deepest, and of a proportional width, is constructed of a framework of timber, weighted with large stones, across the valley at its narrowest part. This forms an artificial lake which can be emptied at will by large sluices. In or below it the logs are collected, being dragged over the winter snow, or sent thundering down the timber shoot, by their own weight. At a favourable moment the sluices are opened, and a spate is produced, which carries them hurtling along the upper waters of the Pruth and the Dniester.

As the method of hunting in these forests is new to most English sportsmen, let me now explain the plan of campaign. It is obvious that to cover so extensive a forest it is impossible for four or five guns to hunt from one centre. There are two *Jagdhäuser*, about twenty miles apart, but it is not from these that the sportsmen hunt. At various points, in the depth of the covert, at distances varying from two to six hours from the lodge, log huts have been constructed for their accommodation. There are about thirty of them altogether, to enable all parts to be reached. To each guest is assigned a beat, accurately defined, but wide enough for all his requirements. On no account must he pass the boundaries, lest he should spoil his neighbour's sport.

On the second morning after my arrival, we were to start for our respective beats. In the courtyard about thirty native followers were paraded. These peasants showed great variety of type. If the map of the Continent is examined, it will be seen that, just here, invading

hosts from Asia, attracted by the fat plains of Hungary and Poland, must have passed westward, and hosts in retreat eastward. The very name of the place indicates that it was the pass of the Tartars. Here then were Tartars and squat flat-faced Mongolians, as well as tall hatchet-visaged Magyars. They all wear the same distinctive garment—a sleeveless jacket of skin, with the fur turned inwards, and the outside richly embroidered, together with a leathern belt of portentous solidity and width. Their hair hangs down their shoulders in long matted locks, unless here and there a military bearing and cropped head denote that such a one has lately returned from doing his time as a soldier. Then there are the Jews, distinct in their dress and in all else. They did *not* come with us. They never seem to leave the houses, or to work. Yet they must do something, for they absorb whatever is worth having. Yes! They have one characteristic in common with 'the rest. They do not wash. Abdullah, a Somali servant fresh from East Africa, was surprised at this. He had never seen a people who did not remove their clothes. He remarked 'these people savages, like the Masai.' Yet it was a superficial judgment, for they are a kindly race. I may here mention that the astonishment was mutual. Abdullah, among his other accomplishments, had been taught by his master to ride the bicycle, and went daily for the post. Now these people had never seen a black man or a bicycle. They had a notion that the combination was a new animal which had been fetched from foreign parts, and fled precipitately at the first encounter.

In this country there is no one between the prince and the peasant. Consequently there is a subservience of manner which is almost crushing to a Westerner. It is difficult to know how to behave to a man who bows so low and kisses your hand with such fervour. Yet their lord knows them all personally, and addresses them like his children. To each he gives the most precise instructions. 'Thou, Ivan, sayest that three stags are crying in Blazow; may be the old twenty-ender that the Graaf saw last year is among them. Thou wilt accompany the Englishman to the Koliba of Bukowinka. Go out in the night and bring him a report of those thou canst hear an hour before daylight. There is little feed there for thy horses. Thou wilt buy two trusses of hay in the valley and take them. At middle week thou wilt bring him to the house at Zielonicza, where I shall be.' Such instructions are repeated to each, and enforced, until he knows the ropes. As I could not be expected to understand either the Polish or Ruthenian language, the German head forester was considerably allotted to me. I could not have wished for a better guide and counsellor. At last the lessons were learnt, the luggage ponies loaded, and we rode together up the valley, along green alps, and past potato patches, with here and there a scattered farm, or small church, which appears to be circular; but is really in the form of a

blunted Greek cross. At the end of two hours we separated with many a 'Weidemannsheil.' In another hour of steep ascent I had reached my quarters—a solid one-roomed hut, in the depth of the forest. The furniture is sufficient, but not too gorgeous. It consists of table, bench, and bed-shelves, fixed to the ground by stakes. The shelves are bedded down with six inches of pine shoots, than which there is no better mattress, and the earthen floor is carpeted with the same, so that the air is fragrant with the aroma of pine. The only drawbacks to it are the innumerable spiders which hide in it. There is no provision for a fire inside, and this is by design, lest the casual woodman should take shelter here, and leave the place less solitary than he found it.

The men's hut adjoining is open to all. A log fire burns in the centre of the floor, and the occupants sit or doze with their toes towards the blaze, while the smoke escapes through the ridge, which is left open from end to end. Some woodmen's *gites* are simply pent-houses, and, if well constructed, and covered with sheets of bark, are an excellent protection against the weather. To each hunter are allotted a band of six or eight natives. Some of them look after the ponies, others constitute what is called 'the dinner express.' The latter leave the hut in the small hours of the morning for the nearest *Jagdhaus*. When the hungry hunter returns to his snug retreat, he observes a neat row of tins, whence proceed varied and seductive odours, and his repast is set on the table as soon as these have been heated in the ashes of the great log fire, which burns outside his door. But it is only when he is so fortunate as to slay the monarch of these woods that he realises the utility of this somewhat large following. The spoils of the chase, weighing from thirty to forty stone, must then be carried down, piecemeal, on men's backs, to some point whence they can be packed out on horseback.

Winter, the forester, who was eager for my success, now confided to me that Bukowinka was the best beat in the whole forest. I was all ready to prove it, but nothing was likely to speak till near 4 o'clock. Some time before that we had reached the edge of a *Wiese*, or small grassy alp, surrounded by timber, such as occur frequently on the highest ridges, and sat down to listen. The lowing of cattle at no great distance, the voices of herdsmen and the barking of dogs, were heard very distinctly. I thought that their presence must silence any stag, if not drive him away, but Winter assured me that the deer do not mind the cattle, which improve the grass by pasturing it. Sheep and goats, on the other hand, are abhorrent to deer, and everything is done to withdraw them from the best beats.

Then at last came the challenge for which we waited, a prolonged 'yaw-w-w,' followed by a succession of impatient grunts, distinctive of a *Brunfthirsch*, in his most combative mood. It is difficult to locate the sound when you are looking over a sea of tree tops, and

the rolling echo from their stems is often strangely deceptive as to its direction. We started at once at our best pace, and when the stag spoke again, twenty minutes later, he was apparently but little below us in a deep hollow. We plunged down the hill, under or over the prostrate stems, getting as near as we dared, then waited for a further indication. Ivan now tried calling—a large shell was the instrument this time—and the imitation was decidedly inferior to that produced through the hock bottle. There was no response. Perhaps the note was too palpably false, and the stag got suspicious. I think this is very often the case, particularly with old and heavy stags. They will sometimes respond, but they generally lie low, and, if my experience is worth anything, these old hands never come to the call. We sat on a log listening till it got dark. Once I thought I heard a stick break, and perhaps I ought then to have attempted to get nearer, but I was deterred by the impenetrable wood yard in front of me. In this form of sport one should take as a maxim ‘nothing venture, nothing have.’ Then we lighted our lantern, and returned in pouring rain.

My faithful forester slept in the hut with me—a really terrible snorer. My night was partly spent in throwing boots about, but I had borrowed felt boots from my host, and felt is not an effective weapon. Our point the next morning was a wide valley where there had been a great clearance of trees. To reach it we followed upwards an old timber shoot, now ruined. The head of this valley forms a wide amphitheatre called Blazow. It looks easy to traverse, but is not so. The raspberry plants are, in many places, higher than my head, and, everywhere, hide the rotting sticks and stems. At the end of the day my knickerbockers and stockings were ‘snagged’ to pieces by these hidden stumbling-blocks. It is a favourite haunt, and I listened to such an orchestra of tenor and bass as I had never heard before. Three stags at least were roaring themselves hoarse, and as there was nothing to impede the sound, their voices rolled up the valley, echoing against its banks. To judge the size of a stag by his voice is a most important art, in which I relied chiefly on the experience of my native companion. Old stags, except at the beginning of the season, ordinarily emit only brief grunts of satisfaction, more like the language of a pig over his trough than of a nobler animal. The noise which a *Beihirsch* makes is quite out of proportion to his importance. It is louder, more frequent, and full of self-assertion. Such a stag I now perceived, feeding about four hundred yards off, with two or three hinds, but he was not worth stalking. The master stag was apparently stationed on the top of the ridge, but he became silent about seven o'clock, and under these circumstances ordinary mortals should wait for his majesty to speak again. We took refuge in a deserted wood-cutter's hut and lay there for several hours. The Americans call this ‘sitting on a log.’ Doubtless the exercise of

unlimited patience is wholesome, and generally pays the hunter in the long run, but this virtue is not given to everybody, and, mindful of my last night's experience, we climbed at length to the top of the ridge, hoping to come to closer quarters before the afternoon concert began, with the result that we jumped two hinds, and found the empty royal bed. It was not till three o'clock that I both heard and saw another stag on the edge of the timber. I had to make a wide circuit—an obstacle race against time and daylight—but when I reached the place he was gone, and no longer signalled his whereabouts. As we tramped home along the slippery tracks, lighted by the glimmer of the swinging lantern, stags were bellowing in several directions. One, who must have been quite close to us, was apparently excited by our light. So insolent in tone was he that I almost expected him to come charging through the bushes.

I calculated that I had now had three days' 'timber crawling.' Those tremors of the nerves which constitute sport had vibrated through my body on several occasions, but the result was so far nil. I could count on only seven or eight more clear days of hunting. The difficulties were great and seemed heavily against the hunter. I have generally found that perseverance will sooner or later bring the happy chance, and so it proved in this case.

Imagine a lovely frosty morning, well calculated to start a good chorus. It may be taken as a rule that clear, cold weather has this effect, while southerly wind and moist, warm weather silence the deer. Half an hour from the hut two lusty voices proclaimed good-sized stags in front of us. Proceeding a few hundred yards, I was able to locate the sound on the ridge of Tchernacleva, upon which we were—wooded of course, nearly every yard of it, and the whole ground covered with the usual *débris* and tangle. Having now acquired some confidence in my own power to find or force a way through such impediments, I proceeded by myself; but the way was better than usual, and I was able to advance without breaking sticks or making other mistakes. I remember nearly treading on a beautiful pine marten, and I flattered myself that, if I could surprise so alert an animal, I must be learning the trick of it. One of the stags was roaring grandly, and, at length, I was sure he lay on the top of a rise in the ridge, which I could just see a hundred yards ahead. There was a hollow between us, rather more free from trees than usual. Feeling every step, I moved on to the bottom of it and stood. A slight current of air made me anxious, as I watched my breath floating dangerously in front of me, and I was just feeling in my pocket for my pipe, thinking to make more sure of its direction, when up jumped a great grey stag, from his couch in the raspberry bushes, about fifty yards from me. I think he had either had the wind or seen me. He stood a moment with his head and shoulders concealed by a large trunk. Then he moved forward at a walk, and I had a bullet into his shoulder.

There was a crash of broken wood, and when the smoke cleared, which seemed an age, he was struggling on the ground. I thought he was done for, and neglected to reload quickly, but he struggled on to his feet and made off. Before I was ready he got among thick tree stems, and I could only fire a random shot, with what result it was impossible to tell at the moment. When the men came up we followed the blood track for a short distance, but I determined to give him time. Some think this savours of cruelty, but it is in reality the surest, and therefore the most merciful, way. When, after a long delay, which I endured with considerable impatience, we took up the track, I led, sometimes climbing over massive trunks, then again creeping on hands and knees, where one would think such a heavy body could scarcely pass. He had had strength to jump a recumbent stem four feet high,—a bad sign. On the other hand, Ivan now pointed out, from the blood drops on the leaves, that he was wounded on *both* sides. In about two hundred yards I became conscious of a strong smell of stag, and there lay the great beast, quite dead and stiff. Both shots had struck him, and he must have died within a minute or two of receiving them. I ran forward and counted his points—seven on one horn, and five on the other—a noble head, according to my thinking, but far from being of the first class of those produced in this country. While Ivan bathed my hand with kisses, Winter cut out the tushes from the upper jaw, and presented them to me on his cap, along with a sprig of spruce, which I was expected to wear, in token of victory—a picturesque ceremonial which has been handed down for several centuries.

• Returning to the hut, we sent out the whole of my following to perform the necessary offices, and bring the meat in, which is then separately weighed; and amounted, if my arithmetic is not at fault, to 29 stone. But there is, of course, much loss with this method of weighing. For the next thirty-six hours one of those mysterious silences ensued which baulk and disconcert the hunter. One or two faint grumbles were heard in the early hours, after which not the most seductive calls could lure a response. The wind was in the south, the weather moist and warm; we could only pray for the frost, which stimulates the slow blood of the lord of the woods. The chance of encountering a stag by accident is very small. There was nothing to do but to wander aimlessly, looking for the tracks of bears, which were numerous hereabouts. One of my fellow-guests had seen and shot at a band of three a few days before, and the marauders had eaten many sheep. The next day dawned clear and cold, and therefore propitious, but I was due that night to keep the tryst at Zieloniczka *Jagdhaus*, distant five or six hours. Fortunately the open valley of Blazow lay on our way. Here to my great delight two rivals were bellowing at one another. Right in front of me, a master stag, to judge by his voice—the same, as I believe, that had evaded

me three days before—was growling surlily. I followed an old timber road, and the stalk was so easy that I am almost ashamed of it. But there was a curious circumstance connected with it. After the shot one of the hinds, which had been in the company of the stag, stopped on the rise at a short distance, and kept on 'barking' at intervals. We were seeking for the track of the stag I had shot at, for I did not then know that he lay dead within twenty yards, when there was a loud crash of broken sticks close to us; but, being in a hollow, we could not see what it was. While we were speculating on the cause, the second man, whom I had left on the timber road, came down to tell us that another great stag had come right across the valley, attracted by the hind. This was one proof among several that I had that in these unsophisticated regions the deer pay little attention to a gun shot. He had nearly walked over us in his eagerness to reach the hind. His escape did not distress me, for I was well content with my prize. This was a far finer beast than the first one, the antlers measuring 45 inches, with an inside width of 40 inches, and when the separate portions were subsequently brought to scale they topped 35 stone. Thus my early good fortune was not only maintained, but was on the ascending scale. I knew that this stag was at least worthy to be awarded a 'good second class,' but that night my host still encouraged me to hope for a better one.

I cannot expect the reader to follow me into the details of the damp but delightful days of wandering which I spent at my next post—the valley of Dziurdziniec. This was a long and deep defile, with more precipitous sides than are generally found in the Carpathians, and it lay so out of the way that even my host had never visited it. Yet it was well tenanted. As the beat, which comprised another valley, was very extensive, there were four huts to cover it; but I did not shift my quarters, for the simple reason that no pony could go from one to the other.

My companion here was the ex-poacher Jaki. Jaki has considerable knowledge of his craft. He is very tall and lanky, and his movements reminded me of the gliding of a serpent. Though, no doubt, he had laid low many a fine beast in his unregenerate days, no stag had been 'killed to him' on his own beat since he had become a *garde-chasse* and a respectable member of society. He was thus on his mettle. Of spoken words we had none, but there was a perfect understanding between us. If, being in doubt, I looked back for suggestions, Jaki's anxious face was at my elbow. Unlike most of these peasants, he always knew his own mind, and was at no loss to express it with a sign. He had a blind and child-like belief in my unerring aim—an evidence of the confiding simplicity of his character—I in his woodcraft. As the rut was at its height and several good stags were wandering to and fro, and crying in this wilderness, I was continually following up one or another of them. I frequently got

very near without attaining success. Sometimes the pungent smell of the animal would smite me in the face, but, not being a dog, I failed to take the right turn. In such blind-man's buff, the stag might probably get a whiff of an odour not less startling to him. It is surprising how silently these heavy creatures depart when they are suspicious. Once I heard a stag roll in his mud bath, and yet I could not get a sight of him. Often it was the mere restlessness of passion which impelled them to move off. Yet my good fortune continued, for I killed three more stags in three days. On each occasion Jaki covered my hand with kisses, and then going down on his knees kissed my legs, a piece of most delicate flattery, but a thing to make a modest man blush.

Here I must make a confession. I twice shot the wrong stag. The first mistake was in this wise. There was a grassy alp high up on the ridge, and I had shot a good stag of eleven points which had fallen dead in the opening; but before I could reach the spot to examine my prize, another took up his parable in a double bass which appeared to belong to a beast of large size. The voice proceeded from a steep timbered bank which faced me, at a distance of less than two hundred yards. Thinking that the animal would probably come out into the opening, I hastily concealed myself in a group of trees. For four hours I sat there listening to the exhortations of this patriarch. At the end of that time my patience was rewarded, or at least I thought so. I saw the dim figure of a stag emerging from the edge of the trees, exactly in the direction I expected, and at once jumped to the conclusion that this was the gentleman who had been preaching his sermon all the morning. As he passed for a moment behind a bunch of spruces, I drew forward in a sitting position. The moment he reappeared he saw me, and up went his head with a jerk. I ought to have examined him more carefully, but, without waiting, rolled him over stone dead. It proved to be a small *Beihirsch* of eight points, a mere brocket or baby of 23 stone. Within five minutes of my firing the shot, the real patriarch recommenced his advice to his family, in the same spot as before. This time I tried to beard him in his castle, but the contingency which I dreaded occurred. The wind, which was high and shifty, carried my taint to his nose, when I had got within fifty yards of him.

Two mornings later I was hotly pursuing a beast who was evidently intent on provoking a contest with another of his species, whose voice I also heard in the distance. Every three or four minutes he spoke out vehemently, but I did not depend on ears alone. His track was easy to perceive along the green alley which he trod, and his powerful odour would have been sufficient to follow him by, without any other indication. Thus three of my senses were on the alert, and I thought only of the stag in front of me. To cut a long story short, I slew that stag, who carried a head decidedly

above the average. Yet I thought, as we counted his points, that Jaki wore a pained expression. There were no explanations of course, but, when Winter had arrived from the hut, I learnt the melancholy truth. Just before I had fired, Jaki had caught sight of 'the biggest stag he had ever seen,' on the opposite bank, and less than sixty yards from me, doubtless on his way to meet his rival. He said, 'he had touched my elbow, but I paid no heed, and—he was afraid of the big English lord.' I had not the smallest recollection of his touching me. In the old chivalrous days I should have suffered penalties for a like breach of the laws of venerie.

When we met again at the *Jagdhaus*, instead of the chaff which I expected, and richly deserved, I received only encouragement. I might yet get a first-class stag; such a one was known to abide under the mountain called *Kukul*. The 'Herzog' had tried for him for three days, and one of his men had seen the beast, a hoary monster with a fabulous number of points. The stags there were few, because the forest is very dense, but those which are found in such a place are generally exceptionally good. It was distant, and the best stags had nearly given up roaring. Still there was a chance. Would I go?

There was no hesitation on my part. From my previous camp to the new one the journey occupied the best part of three days, allowing for a little casual hunting by the way, though the only thing we captured was a poacher who was taken fishing one of the pools of the Pruth, but released after a good frightening.

I reached my new quarters at Hawryle Wielki by mid-day, and having had a five or six hours' walk went into the hut to rest. I had dozed off when one of the men came to the door to say that a stag was roaring. Coming out I could hear him distinctly far up the glen. It was only two o'clock, and a strange thing that a stag should be roaring so early. I set him down at once as an impatient youngster. After an hour's rapid walking, I seemed to be getting distinctly near his trumpeting. By the sound, for he kept on speaking at frequent intervals, he appeared to be moving slowly on. Soon after this I found his slot, and it was clear that he was no *Beihirsch*, but a large heavy stag. Now there was a silent interval, and Nikola, my new attendant, tried to draw him with a call, which he made with his hands, but the feeble imitation produced no response, and we had to wait for half an hour. When at last the stag roared again, the sound was startlingly near us. We now left the 'Steige,' and the going was thenceforth very rough. For the next hour and more it was a continuous struggle with fallen timber. Sometimes I thought I had reduced the distance between us to less than a hundred yards. Then serious obstacles were always interposed, and the delay would suffer him to gain upon us. The whole time we were climbing over, creeping under, or balancing along slippery, half-rotten stems, till my legs almost refused their office, and, when the muscles are

tired, it is impossible to step with the lightness necessary to ensure silence. In such a case, however, it does not do to be too tender about sticks. Something must be risked, and it even occasionally happens that a broken stick will bring a stag towards the intruder. At last we came to a heavy windfall through which we tried in vain to force a passage, but the stag himself ultimately furnished the clue. We found his track and followed it. And now we arrived at a deep and narrow gully with a stream at the bottom. The stag was roaring about eighty yards off on the opposite slope, which was very steep. He was of course hidden from me by the usual curtain of foliage. To get down to the stream was easy; to climb, unperceived, the opposite bank was another matter. But it had to be attempted. I remembered that in my previous experience, though I had lost some chances by attempting too much, I had lost more by fearing to attempt anything. We managed the first fifty feet or so up the slippery bank, and then I came in sight of a small grove of young spruces, in which I was able to locate the origin of the sound, though I could see nothing. The next fifty feet were the critical part, especially as the stag now paused in his roaring, as though he had heard something. Nikola wanted to go straight up, but I thought this course hopelessly risky, and withdrew a few yards to where there was a slight hollow, descending the slope, which would partly deaden any noise we might make.

Leaving Nikola behind, I ascended this hollow, foot by foot, safely climbing all the obstacles which cumbered it, and again came in sight of the grove of young trees, which was now not more than thirty yards off, but there were here so many stems of large growing trees that I almost despaired of getting a clear view. "As long as I stood still I knew that I was safe from detection. An erect figure among so many erect stems is not easily 'picked up.' The little tits and golden crests, playing within a yard of my head, were proof of that. There was one narrow vista between two trunks, and I was debating whether to risk a further advance along it when the form of some animal appeared in it. It was in deep shadow and for a moment I mistook it for a stag, and was disappointed at its small size. Then I saw it was a hind. She crossed to the left out of my sight. Another dainty damsel glided across my narrow stage. Then I felt sure the stag would follow, and made ready for him. Sure enough his great head came into sight, carried close to the ground, and gently tossed up and down. He was moving very deliberately, and it seemed an age before a forest of gleaming white points, laid well back on his withers, appeared—truly noble antlers. The space was not wide enough to see more than a portion of his body, and I fired as soon as the shoulder was visible. He crashed through the underwood and passed out of sight. Slipping in another cartridge, I pressed forward and caught sight of a massive body swaying about the stems of the

young trees. Once more I fired, and I was so confident of success that I turned and waved my cap to my companion, but when I turned again the stag had disappeared. When Nikola came up he sought for blood, and, finding none, made a deprecatory motion with his hands, implying that the stag might be in the next parish. But he lay there within five yards, a most ancient and venerable beast. His mask grizzled with age, blind of one eye, his teeth worn down, and his body a bag of bones, he still carried a grand head of eighteen points, of which, thirteen were on the 'tops.' Under the circumstances I hope I may be excused if I 'roar' somewhat on my own account. For the benefit of the initiated, then, I may mention that the tape shows the length along the curve to be 52 inches, while the weight of the horns, with part of the skull, is 20 lbs. 8 ozs.—dimensions which are certainly not often surpassed. His weight, in pieces, was 36 stone, but he was much run down, and would undoubtedly have scaled much heavier at the beginning of the season. As is the custom, the antlers were compared with others in Vienna, and these were adjudged to be the best obtained this year in Austria or Poland. It may have been surpassed by one or two Hungarian heads with which it was not compared. A good authority afterwards put this stag's age at fifty years; but, however that may be, I had undoubtedly secured 'a first-class head,' and I had been doubly lucky in finding such a patriarch, still roaring lustily on the 3rd of October, and in reaching him just before it got too dark to shoot.

It was now five o'clock and we had to leave the stag, as he was, lest we should be overtaken by darkness before we had escaped from the chaos which lay behind us. As it was I found the back track in cold blood not less arduous than it had seemed with the passion of the chase upon me.

And now that I had crowned my previous good fortune I would not tempt the kindly dame further, but rejoined my friends, who had already abandoned the quest, and with them combined for a bear hunt, but that is not to be named in the same day with the regal pursuit which I have endeavoured to describe.

E. N. BUXTON.

RECENT SCIENCE

STEP by step, modern science penetrates deeper and deeper into the intimate structure of physical bodies, and the new step which we have now to record is the progress made in our knowledge of the inner molecular structure of solids. It may seem strange, of course, that physicists should have found difficulties in interpreting the structure of so commonplace a thing as a stone, or a block of lead, copper, or silver. But it must be remembered that what we want to know about the solids is not the arrangement of their rougher particles (that much is learned easily enough with the aid of the microscope); we want to penetrate far beyond the utmost limits of microscopical vision; to know how the molecules, which are so minute as to defy the powers of our best microscopes, are arranged; how they are locked together; in how far they are free in their movements, and what sort of movements they perform; what is, in a word, the inner molecular life of a seemingly inert block of metal. Such a question could not be answered directly, and the problem had to be attacked in all sorts of roundabout ways. Attempts to solve it were made, accordingly, in more directions than one, and in these attempts physicists grasped first the molecular structure of gases; then it took them years to extend their knowledge to liquids; and it is only now that some definite results have been arrived at as regards solids through the combined efforts of a great number of chemists, physicists, and metallurgists.¹

¹ For penetrating into this vast domain no better guide could be found for the general reader than Prof. W. C. Roberts-Austen's *Introduction to the Study of Metallurgy* (1st edition in 1891; 3rd edition in 1895), which contains, besides excellent reviews of the whole domain, copious bibliographical indications. C. W. Roberts-Austen's lectures before the Royal Society, the Royal Institution, and the British Association, all published in *Nature*, deserve the same mention:—'On the Hardening and Tempering of Steel' (1889, *Nature*, vol. xli. pp. 11 and 32); 'Metals at High Temperatures' (1892, vol. xlv. p. 534); 'The Rarer Metals and their Alloys' (1895, vol. lli. p. 14 and 39); 'The Diffusion of Metals' (1896, vol. liv. p. 55). Also his three 'Reports to the Alloys Research Committee of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers' in 1891, 1893, and 1895, and the subsequent discussions. For a general review of the alloys, considered as solutions of metals in metals, the second volume of Ostwald's *Allgemeine Chemie* (Leipzig, 1893; English translation in 1894) is the

We conceive gases as consisting of an immense number of molecules which dash in all directions, continually meeting each other in their rapid movements, and consequently changing their courses, and continually endeavouring to escape into space. The more we heat a gas, the more agitated become the movements of its molecules, and the greater become their velocities. To raise the temperature of a gas simply means, in fact, to increase the velocity of the movements of its molecules. These molecules, as they dash in all possible directions, bombard the walls of the vessels which a gas is enclosed in, and take advantage of every issue to escape through it; and although they are extremely small in size, their numbers are so great and their movements are so rapid that they even break the walls of the strongest receptacles. When they bombard the piston of a steam-engine, they push it with such a force that it can move heavy masses or set in motion a heavy railway train at a considerable speed.

Such a conception of the structure of gases ('the kinetic theory of gases') was first propounded as a hypothesis only; but it so remarkably well corresponds to realities, it gives us so full an explanation of all phenomena relative to gases, and it permits us to foretell so many phenomena, that it may already be considered as a well-established theory. We measure the velocities of the molecules, and even attempt to count the numbers of their impacts as they dash against each other; we have an approximate idea of the sizes of some of them—sieves having been imagined which let the smaller molecules pass but intercept the bigger ones;² and, maybe, Messrs. H. Picton and S. E. Linder, in their researches into solutions of sulphide salts, have even seen under the microscope how some bigger molecules aggregate into particles.

So far the inner structure of gases is known; but as regards the inner structure of liquids our views are much less definite. We know that liquids are also composed of molecules, or of groups of molecules (particles), which very easily glide upon and past each other. Gravitation makes them glide so as to fill up every nook of a vessel, flow through its apertures, and produce a horizontal surface on the top of the liquid; and if we heat any part of the liquid, currents and eddies are immediately produced—particles gliding

surest guide. The general parts of the papers of W. Spring and Van der Mensbrugghe (mentioned hereafter) are very suggestive. Otto Graham's 'Collected Papers' are a rich mine of suggestive information which need no recommendation. Behrens's book, *Das mikroskopische Gefüge der Metalle und Legierungen* (Leipzig, 1894), can also be warmly recommended. Special researches are mentioned further down.

² No human hand could make such a sieve; but Warburg and Tegetmeier have imagined a means of locking the molecules of sodium out of a pan of glass. Through the minute channels thus obtained, molecules of sodium make their passage, as also the still smaller molecules of lithium, while the bigger ones of potassium are intercepted.

past each other in various directions. But until lately, if the physicist was asked whether, apart from these movements due to extraneous causes, the liquid molecules have not their own movements, like the gaseous ones, he hesitated to give a definite reply. These doubts, however, have been removed within the last twenty years. By this time there is not one single gas left which would not have been brought into a liquid state. Every gas, if we sufficiently compress and cool it—that is, bring its molecules into closer contact and reduce the speed of their oscillations—is transformed into a liquid, and, before being liquefied, passes through an intermediate, ‘critical’ state, in which it combines the properties of a liquid with those of a gas.³ Moreover, it has lately been proved that mechanical laws which hold good for gases are fully applicable to liquid solutions,⁴ as if they really contained gaseous molecules, and we are bound to recognise that there is no substantial difference between the inner structure of a gas and a liquid—the difference between the liquid and the gaseous states of matter being only one of degree in the relative freedom, mobility, and speed of molecules, and perhaps in the size of the particles.

Can we not, then, extend our generalisation, and say that the difference between a solid and a liquid is not greater than between a liquid and a gas? For simplicity’s sake, let us take a block of pure metal. Like all other physical bodies, it consists of atoms grouped into molecules and of molecules grouped into particles, and it is known that these last cannot be solidly locked to each other, because each rise of temperature increases the volume of the metallic block and every blow makes it emit a sound. The molecules must consequently have a certain mobility, since they can enter into sonorous and heat vibrations. But to what extent are they free? Do they not enjoy—some of them, at least—such a freedom of movement that they can travel, as they do in liquids and gases, between other molecules, from one part of the solid to another? Do they not maintain in the solid state some of the features which characterise their movements in both the liquid and gaseous states? This is, in fact, the conclusion which science is brought to by recent investigations. As will be seen from the following facts, it becomes more and more apparent that a solid piece of metal is by no means an inert body; that it also has its inner life; that its molecules are not dead specks of matter, and that they never cease to move about, to change places, to enter into new and varied combinations.

It was especially through the study of alloys, for both industrial and scientific purposes, that modern science was brought to the above,

³ This stage has been treated at some length in a preceding article, *Nineteenth Century*, April 1894.

⁴ *Ibid.* August 1892.

views; and therefore we are bound to make an incursion into that vast domain. An alloy is not a simple mixture of two metals; far from that. It stands midway between the physical mixture and the chemical compound, and combines the characteristics of both. If we take, for instance, some molten lead and throw into it a piece of tin, or add molten zinc to molten copper in order to obtain brass, or mix molten copper and silver in order to make silver coins, we do not obtain simple mixtures of lead and tin, copper and zinc, or silver and copper. We produce quite new metals, totally different from their component parts; not true chemical compounds, and yet not mixtures. The alloy has a different colour, a different hardness or brittleness; it offers a quite different resistance to the passage of electricity; and it requires, for fusion, a temperature which is generally much lower than the temperatures of fusion of its two or three component metals. We take, for instance, 118 parts of tin, 206 parts of lead, and 208 parts of bismuth, as finely divided as possible, mix them as rapidly as we can with 1,600 parts of mercury, and we obtain a freezing mixture of so low a temperature (14° Fahr.) that water can be frozen in it. Or, we take 15 parts of bismuth, 8 parts of lead, 4 parts of tin, and 3 parts of cadmium, and we obtain a metal which fuses in boiling water (at 209° Fahr.), although the most fusible of the four metals, *i.e.*, tin, requires a temperature of, at least, 446 degrees to be melted, and cadmium does not fuse before the heat has reached 576 degrees.⁵

Nay, all the physical properties, and the very aspect of a metal, can be changed by merely adding to it a minute portion of some other metal. Thus, the very aspect of pure bismuth can be so changed by adding to it $\frac{1}{1000}$ th part of tellurium (a rare metal, found in small quantities in combination with gold, silver, etc.), that, as Roberts-Austen remarks, one could readily take it, on mere inspection, for a totally distinct elementary body. The addition of twenty-two per cent. of aluminium makes gold assume a beautiful purple colour; but gold can also be made to assume a greenish colour, and its strength can be doubled, by adding to it $\frac{1}{1000}$ th part of one of the rare metals, zirconium; while the addition of another rare metal, thallium, in the same minute proportion, would halve the strength of gold. Nay, we may obtain gold which will soften in the flame of a candle by adding to it $\frac{1}{1000}$ th part of silicon. As to copper, it is known that its electric conductivity is so rapidly diminished by the presence of the slightest impurities of other metals, that if the copper of which a cable is made contained only $\frac{1}{1000}$ th part of bismuth, this impurity would 'be fatal to the commercial success of the cable.'⁶

⁵ I follow in these illustrations Roberts-Austen's *Introduction to the Study of Metallurgy*.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 76.

As to the immense variety of different sorts of metals which are obtained by adding small quantities of carbon to iron in the fabrication of steel, or by introducing very small quantities of manganese or chromium into steel, it would be simply impossible to enter into the subject in this place, so vast and interesting is it. Suffice it to say that, beginning with pure iron, which can be had as soft and pliable as copper, and ending with steel which is hard enough to cut glass, or with those chrome-steel shells which pierce nine-inch armour plates, backed by eight feet of solid oak, without their points being deformed,⁷ there are all possible gradations of iron alloys. And it becomes more and more apparent, from the work of Osmond, Behrens, and many others, that steel contains not only five different constituents—partly chemical compounds of iron and carbon, and partly solutions of carbon in iron alloyed in different proportions—but also iron and carbon appearing in different molecular groupings of their atoms (allotropic forms), microscopic diamonds inclusive.⁸ A block of an alloy is thus quite a world, almost as complicated as an organic cell.

Besides, a close resemblance has been proved to exist between alloys, so long as they remain molten, and solutions of salts in water and other solvents. When a piece of tin is dissolved in molten lead, or two molten metals are mixed together, the same complicated physical and chemical phenomena are produced as in dissolving a lump of salt in water or mixing alcohol with water. The physical properties of the metal used as a solvent are entirely altered as the molecules of the dissolved metal travel, as if they were in a gaseous state, amidst its own molecules. Some of them are dissociated at the same time, and new chemical compounds of an unstable nature are formed, only to be destroyed and reconstituted again. In a word, all laws based on the assumption of a nearly gaseous mobility of molecules and atoms, which have been found to be applicable to solutions of salts in water, can be fully applied to molten alloys as well.⁹ And the question necessarily arises: whether the mobility of molecules

⁷ Mr. Hadfield's paper, read before the Iron and Steel Institute on the 21st of September, 1892 (*Nature*, vol. xli. p. 526).

⁸ Roberts-Austen has summed up some recent French works on this subject in a paper contributed to *Nature* (1895, vol. lli. p. 367). See also his earlier lecture on steel, incorporated in his *Introduction to Metallurgy*. Diamonds have been extracted from common, very hard steel by Rossel (*Comptes Rendus*, 13 juillet, 1896, p. 113).

⁹ Hancock and Neville have proved by their admirable series of researches (since 1889) that all laws which have been established for solutions by Ostwald, Van't Hoff, and Arrhenius are applicable to alloys. The 'freezing-point' is lowered in alloys as well, in proportion to the number of molecules of the dissolved metal added to the solvent (Tammann, Ramsay, Hancock, and Neville). At the same time, many perfectly homogeneous alloys, just as homogeneous as certain solutions, have been obtained (see also the extensive researches on ternary alloys by Dr. Alder Wright in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society* since 1889, and in the chapter he has contributed to the third edition of Roberts-Austen's *Introduction*). The number of chemical compounds formed by two metals in alloys, in analogy with the chemical compounds formed in

entirely disappears as soon as an alloy is solidified, or whether it is not partially maintained even when the alloy has reached its quite solid state.

To answer this question we must, however, cast a glance upon another wide series of investigations into some physical properties of metals.

II

It is well known that if a rod of lead, or even of steel or of brittle glass, is placed by its two ends on two supports, and is left in that position for a long time, its own weight ultimately gives it a permanent bend. The molecules of the unsupported part of the rod, under the accumulating effects of gravitation, slowly glide past each other, and ultimately re-arrange themselves in their mutual positions, just as if, instead of the metallic rod, a stick of soft sealing-wax had been taken, or some other plastic body, in which the particles easily glide and change places. But the analogy between metals and plastic bodies can be rendered still more apparent if external pressure is resorted to. Suppose we put a lump of plastic clay in a flower-pot, and press it from above. The clay will 'flow' through the hole at the bottom of the pot, exactly reproducing the flow of a vein of water out of the same pot; the speed only of the flow will be slower, but all the relative movements of the particles will be exactly the same. But now, suppose we take a piece of lead instead of the clay, and, after having placed it in a strong steel cylinder, which also has a hole in its bottom like the flower-pot, exert upon it a strong pressure: a powerful piston, let us say, slowly presses the lead. The lead will then 'flow,' exactly as the clay flowed out of the flower-pot, although it will never cease to remain solid—its temperature being hundreds of degrees below the point at which lead could be molten. The same happens, if we use a still greater pressure, with copper, and even with steel, as was proved some five-and-twenty years ago by a member of the French Academy, Tresca, in his memorable researches on the 'Flowing out of Solids.' All metals, when they are submitted to a sufficient pressure, behave exactly as plastic bodies: their molecules acquire a certain mobility, and glide past each other, exactly as they glide in liquids—the metal remaining in the meantime quite solid, or even brittle.

A still closer analogy between liquids and solids appears from the experiments of the Belgian Professor, W. Spring.¹⁰ He shows that, solutions, increases every year. The rejection of pure metal out of solidifying alloys, or of metals combined with a definite number of molecules of the solvent, is quite similar to the crystallisation of salts out of liquid solutions. Also the influence of a third metal for increasing solubility. In a word, all the properties of solutions (they have been analysed in this Review in August, 1892) are known to exist in alloys.

¹⁰ They were begun since 1878, and the results were published in the *Bulletin de l'Académie de Belgique*; the chief memoirs are in 1880, vol. xlix, p. 323; 1883, 3rd series, vol. v. p. 492; 1883, vol. vi. p. 507; and 1894, vol. xxviii. p. 23.

just as two drops of a liquid coalesce when they are brought in contact with each other, so also two pieces of solid metal coalesce, at a temperature very remote from their melting-points, if they are brought into real contact with each other by external pressure. He takes, for instance, two small cylinders prepared of each of the following metals: steel, aluminium, antimonium, bismuth, cadmium, copper, tin, lead, gold, and platinum. Their ends are carefully planed, true to $\frac{1}{100}$ th of an inch, by a tool quite free from grease. One cylinder of each pair is then posed upon the other, the two being pressed upon each other by means of a hand-vice. They are left in this position for a few hours, and ultimately are found solidly welded to each other. If they are heated at the same time to a temperature which is, however, very remote from their fusion-temperature, they are so solidly welded together that all traces of the joint disappear.

Cylinders of different metals, submitted to the same experiment, give still more striking results. They are so well welded together that, when they are afterwards torn asunder by means of a powerful machine, quite new surfaces of tearing are produced. Besides, real alloys are formed between the two cylinders, in a few hours, for a thickness of from $\frac{1}{100}$ th to $\frac{1}{30}$ th of an inch, and more than that for lead and tin. An interpenetration of the molecules of the two metals takes place, although they both remain as solid as solid can be. As to fine filings of various metals, even of such a brittle metal as bismuth, they are easily compressed into solid blocks, as solid as if they had been molten before solidification and having the crystalline fracture characteristic of certain metals. More than that. Alloys of Wood's metal, as well as bronze and brass, have been obtained by pressing together fine filings of the different metals, although it was proved, both by calculation and direct experiment, that the temperature of the filings rose but a few degrees above the temperature of the laboratory.¹¹ And finally, Spring has proved that solid metals *evaporate* from their surfaces, exactly as if they were in a liquid state, or as camphor evaporates, while remaining solid, so that, if we were endowed with a finer sense of smell, we could smell a metal at a distance. Zinc requires, as is known, a temperature of 780° Fahr. in order to be fused, and a still higher temperature in order to be brought to the state of vapour. And yet, even at a temperature of from 680° to 750° Fahr., it is volatilised and its molecules set upon a copper cylinder placed very near to it, making a brass alloy on its surface, as if the copper cylinder had been held

¹¹ It is very interesting to note, however, that alloys were not obtained at once. When the filings of two or more metals were compressed into one solid block, the block had to be filed again into a fine powder; and when this powder was thoroughly mixed once more, and compressed for a second time, the alloy was obtained. Spring gives to that operation the characteristic name of 'kneading' (*pétrissage*).

in vapour of zinc at a high temperature. Strange as it may seem at first sight, we are thus bound to admit that the superficial molecules of a solid piece of metal enjoy the same mobility as if that surface were in the liquid state; and that they can as easily be freed from cohesion with their neighbours, and be projected into space, as if they were gaseous molecules.

The explanation of these most remarkable phenomena is found, as W. Spring points out, in a broad generalisation which we owe to Otto Graham, and which passed unnoticed when it was published, thirty-four years ago. A gas, we have said, consists of molecules dashing in all directions with very great velocities, which are increased when the temperature of the gas is raised. But it seems highly improbable that all the molecules of a gas should have the same velocities. Some of them, in all probability, run at a smaller speed, in consequence of their impacts with other molecules; while others have much greater velocities. One could say, as Spring writes, that some of them are *hotter* and some others are *cooler*, and that the thermometer, which gives the temperature of the gas, informs us only about the *average* velocity of the molecules which bombard it, without giving us an idea of either the maximum or the minimum velocities attained by some of them. Spring concludes therefrom, in conformity with Graham, that while most molecules of a solid move about (or vibrate) with the slower velocities characteristic of the solid state, there are, in addition, a number of molecules which move about with a much greater rapidity, corresponding to the liquid or to the gaseous state. And when a heated metal, on approaching its temperature of fusion, becomes soft, as red-hot iron does, its softness is simply due to an increased proportion of rapidly moving molecules amongst those which still perform the slower movements characteristic of the solid state. The great puzzle of plasticity in the most solid rocks and the most brittle metals thus ceases to be a puzzle.¹²

As to the fact of evaporation from the surface of solid metals, Spring suggests that each piece of metal (each solid, in fact) has on its surface a number of molecules which, finding more free scope for their oscillatory movements, acquire greater velocities and are torn off the sphere of cohesion with their neighbours so as to be projected into space. In other words, they evaporate like gaseous molecules, although the average temperature of the piece of metal is very much below its temperature of evaporation, or even its temperature of fusion.¹³ This conclusion of Spring finds a further most remarkable

¹² The importance of *time* in plastic changes of form is well known, although it was so much neglected by Tyndall in his polemics with Forbes. The bearings of Graham's hypothesis upon this feature of plasticity are self-evident, and we must hope that somebody will soon take up this question.

¹³ 'Sur l'apparition, dans l'état solide, de certaines propriétés caractéristiques de

confirmation in the work of G. Van der Mensbrugghe, his colleague in the Belgian Academy, who worked in a quite different direction, but came about the very same time to the same idea; namely, that 'the density of a solid is often, if not always, smaller in its superficial layer than it is in its interior.'¹⁴

However, one step more remained to be made in order to prove by direct experiment that in a solid block of metal certain molecules are really endowed with a greater mobility, and can travel through its mass while the block itself remains solid. And this step was made by Graham's former collaborator, Roberts-Austen, and announced in the Bakerian lecture which he delivered before the Royal Society in February last.¹⁵ Roberts-Austen took a small cylinder of lead (about $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch long), with either gold, or a rich alloy of lead with gold, at its base. He kept it for thirty-one days at a temperature of 485° Fahr., which is 135 degrees lower than the temperature of fusion of lead. Or else he kept like cylinders at a still lower temperature, down to the temperature of the laboratory rooms. At the end of this time, the lead cylinder was cut into sections and the amount of gold which had diffused through it, in its solid state, was determined. It then appeared that gold had diffused through solid lead, more or less, at all temperatures between 484 and 212 degrees, and there is evidence that diffusion went on, though at a smaller speed, even at the ordinary temperature of our rooms. Molecules of gold had travelled up the cylinder amidst the lead molecules, and they had lodged themselves amongst the latter on their own accord. A decisive proof in favour of Graham's hypothesis was thus produced.

The brilliant hypothesis of Graham, who suggested, so long ago as 1863, that the 'three conditions of matter (solid, liquid, and gaseous) probably always exist in every liquid or solid substance, but that one predominates over the others,'¹⁶ finds now a full confirmation in Spring's and Roberts-Austen's researches, which have themselves been confirmed by other workers in the same field. If these views become generally accepted, as they probably will, their bearings upon the whole domain of molecular physics and chemistry will have a far-reaching and lasting importance. Not only the continuity between the three states of matter, solid, liquid, and gaseous, is demonstrated, but we can understand now why such continuity exists. Moreover, with the aid of Graham's hypothesis we

l'état liquide ou gazeux des métaux,' in *Bulletin de l'Académie de Belgique*, 3^e série, tome xxviii. pp. 27 sq.

¹⁴ 'Remarques sur la constitution de la couche superficielle des corps solides. *Ibid.*, tome xxvii. 1894, p. 877.

¹⁵ *Transactions of the Royal Society*, 1896, vol. clxxxvii., A, p. 383. A summary of the lecture was published in the *Proceedings*, and in *Nature*, as also in most continental papers.

¹⁶ Quoted from Roberts-Austen's Bakerian lecture.

begin to see our way in the extremely difficult and puzzling subjects of solutions and alloys, of the 'critical state' of matter, of dissociation, and of a number of other physico-chemical phenomena. From this hypothesis the kinetic theory of gases receives a new, powerful support; and very probably the theories of surface-tension and evaporation, as also, perhaps, of surface-electrification, will receive a new impulse. Seeing that, we are ready to recognise, with Roberts-Austen, that 'metals have been sadly misunderstood'; that they probably are never quiescent, and fully deserve that the methods so fruitful for the study of living beings should be applied to them and their alloys.

. III

A corner of the veil which for so many centuries concealed from man the North-Polar area has at last been lifted by the Nansen-Sverdrup expedition. All what we formerly knew of that vast realm of ice was its borderlands only; but the bold Norwegians have deeply penetrated into its heart, beyond the eighty-sixth degree of latitude, and the whole aspect of our hypothetical knowledge about these dreary regions is already modified. The vague name of a 'North-Polar area' can be abandoned, and henceforward we can speak of a 'North-Polar basin.'

This basin is often referred to as if it were a circle, the centre of which is the North Pole; but it has not that circular shape. If we look at it, keeping the Greenwich meridian before us, we see, first, a broad channel, 900 miles wide, between Greenland and Norway, inclined to the north-east and leading from the Atlantic into the Arctic Ocean. From that wide entrance a long and wide gulf stretches, in a slightly crescent-shaped form, between the shores of Russia and Siberia on the right, and the North-American archipelagoes and Alaska on the left. It widens as it crosses the Pole, and it ends in a wide semi-circle, out of which the Behring Strait is the only outlet. This narrow issue being, however, of little importance, we may neglect it, as well as several wide indentations of the two coasts, and we may say that the Arctic basin is a broad, pear-shaped gulf, 2,500 miles long, 900 miles broad at its entrance, widening to 2,000 miles at its nearly blind Behring Strait end.¹⁷

¹⁷ The Behring Strait is so narrow and so shallow (maximum depth, 60 fathoms) that for oceanic circulation it has but little importance. A warm current flows along its American side, from the Pacific into the Arctic Sea; and a cold current flows in the opposite direction along the coast of Asia—both seemingly varying in intensity with the seasons. As to a permanent cold under-current, the *Yukon* soundings have rendered it improbable. Cf. the admirable Atlas of the Pacific, published by the Deutsche Seewarte; Otto Pettersen's excellent paper, 'Contributions to the Hydrography of the Siberian Sea' (in English), in *Vega Expeditionens Votenskapsliga Iakttagelser*, vol. ii. p. 379; Stuxberg's 'Evertetratfauna i Sibiriens Ishaf,' same work, vol. i. p. 677; and H. W. Dall, in *American Journal of Science*, 1881, vol. xxi. quoted by Pettersen.

Warm water enters it, and cold water, laden with ice, issues from it—the former originating from, and the latter returning to, the Atlantic. The ‘rule of the road’ for oceanic currents is to keep to the right, and the two currents obey it. The warm water of the Atlantic which is drifted northwards, and can be considered as a continuation of the Gulf Stream, flows past the coasts of Norway, and, before reaching North Cape, divides into two branches. One of them takes a northern course; it reaches the western coasts of Spitzbergen and flows along them as far as their north end, occasionally bringing to these coasts the glass balls that are used by Norwegian fishermen, as well as the big beans of the West Indian plant, *Entada gigalobium*, which are carried by the Gulf Stream across the Atlantic.¹⁸ The other branch bends eastwards. It flows past North Cape and for some distance along the coast of the Kola Peninsula; it crosses next the Barents’s Sea and reaches the Russian island of Novaya Zemlya, to the frozen shores of which it also carries the same glass balls and the same West Indian beans.¹⁹ A sub-branch of the latter seems even to enter the Kara Sea in summer. Of course, the severe cold which reigns in those latitudes cools down the superficial layers of the warm current; but the thermometer still detects its presence, and its bluish waters are ‘distinguishable, even at sight, from the greenish and cooler waters of the polar currents. And, inhospitable as these regions are, they would be still more inhospitable and inaccessible if the heat stored by water in lower latitudes were not carried by this current to the north. Owing to it, the Barents’s sea is free from ice for a few months every year, the western shores of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya are of easy access, and, besides the lichens and the mosses which grow on these islands, the traveller finds there, in better protected nooks, a flora similar to the flora of the high Alps.

A considerable quantity of warm water thus enters the Arctic Gulf from the south. Consequently, a no less considerable quantity of cold water issues from it in the shape of a mighty ice current, nearly 300 miles wide, which also keeps the rule of the road and enters the North Atlantic between Spitzbergen and Greenland. Thence it flows southwards, along the eastern coast of Greenland,

¹⁸ Scoresby had already pointed out the existence of this warm current, but it was fully brought to light by the Swedish expeditions. See also Gumprecht’s ‘Treibproducte der Strömungen im Nord-Atlantischen Ocean’ (*Zeitschrift für allgemeine Erdkunde*, iii. 421). The chief oceanic currents which now exist must have flowed in the same directions in the later part of the Quaternary epoch. The same bean was found in a peat-moss, 30 feet above the sea, in the Bohuslän province of Sweden. The cold current of which I am going to speak has the same venerable antiquity.

¹⁹ These facts were known in the year 1850, but little attention was paid to them, save by E. Kane (*Arctic Explorations*), till the year 1870. See Mühry’s *Ueber die Lehre von der Meereströmungen*, 1869; A. Petermann’s *Der Golfstrom*, &c., 1870; A. Middendorff’s *Der Golfstrom östwärts vom Nordkap*, 1871; and Heuglin’s *Johannsen’s Umfahrung von Novaya Zemlya*, 1874. •

pressing itself to its crags and cliffs, and piling up ice-floes upon ice-floes as it forces its way through Danemark Strait (the passage left between Iceland and Greenland). When it has reached the southern extremity of Greenland (Cape Farewell) it also divides. A small branch of it bends round the cape and enters the Baffin Bay, while the main body continues its southern course, meeting the Atlantic steamers as they approach the coasts of America. But the icebergs which these steamers meet with are only taken in by the mighty current as it flows past some East Greenland glaciers; in higher latitudes it consists only of thick floe-ice many years old, which grew thick as it was drifted in the Arctic Gulf.

It is this current which renders the eastern coast of Greenland so difficult of access. Many times whalers have been caught in it and drifted with it, and it nearly proved fatal to the crew of the second ship of the German expedition, the *Hansa*. The small schooner was firmly beset in ice in latitude 74° , and was drifted southwards. Eventually, she was crushed under the pressure of the thick ice-floes, and sank, while the brave crew, who took refuge on the floe-ice, were carried with it along the coast, until they succeeded, after a seven months' imprisonment, in escaping from it to their three boats. Making their way past Cape Farewell, they reached at last a Danish colony on the south-western extremity of Greenland; but their floe followed them, and the Eskimos found on it later on many valuable things which were left behind by the *Hansa* men.

Nansen and Sverdrup were also caught in the same current in 1888, as they were making their way in a boat to the coast, and although they were quite near to it when they left the whaler which had brought them thither, they were drifted with the ice for fourteen days southwards before they reached the land. One might almost think that the two friends conceived the bold plan of the *Fram* expedition during that drift, had not Nansen spoken of it before he undertook that journey.²⁰

One more feature of the broad Atlantic entrance into the Polar Gulf must be mentioned. In the midst of it—nearer to Greenland than to Europe—Iceland and Jan Mayen rise from the top of a submarine ridge which runs from the south-west to the north-east;²¹ further on, in the same direction, rise the Spitzbergen and the Franz Joseph archipelagos; and this row of islands is an important line of demarkation; a deep trough lies to the north-west of it, while, with the exception of one sub-marine gulf, the sea is much shallower on

²⁰ There is one more opening, through which the cold water of the Arctic Gulf finds its way southwards. It is Smith Sound and Baffin Bay. But this current must be chiefly fed by water and ice coming from the north-west through the channels between the islands of the Parry Archipelago.

²¹ In fact, Iceland stands on the crossing of this submarine ridge with another broader ridge, which runs perpendicular to it, from the Far-øer to Greenland.

our side of these islands ; ²² so that Iceland, Jan Mayen, Spitzbergen, and Franz Joseph Land, as also the New Siberian Islands further eastwards, can be considered as a sort of outer wall of Europe and Asia. Now, it is most remarkable, although the explanation of the fact is not quite clear, that the above-mentioned warm current keeps within that outer wall, while the cold polar current flows over the much deeper trough. And the same was found by Nansen further to the east, throughout the whole length of the ice-current.

Such being the leading features of the North Polar Gulf, five different routes were tried to reach the North Pole: one, through Smith Sound, along the western coast of Greenland; three, through the broad Atlantic entrance; and one through the Behring Strait: three *with* the warm current, and two *against* the cold current. For nearly eighty years all these routes have been tried in turn. Immense tracts of new lands were discovered, science was benefited to an almost unfathomable extent in nearly all its dominions through these expeditions; every step made in the ice-deserts was marked by acts of sublime heroism and abnegation. But the result of all these noble efforts was, that less and less hope was left of reaching in a near future the very heart of the immense yet unexplored tracts—the North Pole. Parry, in 1827, had pushed with his sledge and boat party to the latitude of $82^{\circ} 45'$ on the north of Spitzbergen; and fifty years later, after years of slow work along the western coast of Greenland, a latitude of $82^{\circ} 26'$ was attained on board ship, and sledge parties had penetrated some sixty miles ahead, to $83^{\circ} 20'$ (Markham) and $83^{\circ} 24'$ (Lockwood), only to prove that further progress on the old line was impossible. Everywhere the mighty ice-current barred the way, and when the northern extremity of Greenland was reached, it was found to be blocked by a branch of the same current.

It is well known how the discovery of some relics of the ship-wrecked *Jeannette*, which were found on floe-ice near the southern extremity of Greenland, suggested to Nansen the idea of trying a new route. De Long, on board the *Jeannette*, had entered the Arctic basin, in 1879, through the Behring Strait, and he had sailed westwards to meet Nordenskjöld's *Vega*, but the *Jeannette* was soon caught in ice and was drifted with it for nearly two years—first in a circle round Wrangel's Land, and then north-westwards. She sank, on the 21st of June, 1881, to the north-east of the New Siberia islands, and the crew, which went in boats to the mouth of the Lena, mostly perished. Two years later, various things belonging to the *Jeannette* were found in Greenland, and Nansen, after having traced their presumable route straight across the polar basin, proposed to follow that track. To

²² On the north-west of this line the depths attain 1,800 and 1,900 fathoms; even in Danemark Strait they are 800 fathoms, while 1,370 fathoms were found in the north of Spitzbergen. On the south-east of it, with the exception of a deep gulf between Norway and Iceland, the depths are much smaller.

build a strong ship which could resist the formidable side-pressures of the ice, and be lifted by them; to boldly enter the ice-current, and to be drifted by it across the unknown polar area—such was, as is well known, his plan. It is also known that this plan met with a strong opposition on behalf of most Arctic authorities—not only on account of its unprecedented audacity, but also because it was said to be based upon an unwarranted hypothesis. It must, however, be said that the hypothesis was, on the contrary, a quite sound, thoroughly scientific generalisation, and it was received as such by a number of physical geographers.

About the genuineness of the *Jeannette* relics there could be no doubt, although even this point was contested in America.²³ As to the route which they had followed, it was highly improbable, to begin with, that in two years they could have reached the southern extremity of Greenland on a circuitous route, coming from the west, or through the narrow Kennedy channel. On the contrary, it was only natural to suppose that they had been carried with the great ice-current which sweeps along the east-coast of Greenland—the current which drifted the *Hansa* and brought the ice-floe of the *Hansa* crew to the very spot where the *Jeannette* relics were found in 1883. As to the origin of that great ice-current, it was clearly indicated by the masses of Siberian trees, only recently torn off the places where they grew, which are drifted every year to the shores of Greenland. Out of the twenty-five specimens of drift-wood which were examined by the Koldewey's German expedition, as they wintered in 1869–70 on the East Greenland coast, no less than fifteen were found to be trees of the *Siberian* larch, while the ten others belonged to species also growing in Siberia. And when the specimens of mud, which Nansen had collected from the ice-floes off the shores of East Greenland in 1888, were examined by the Upsala professor, Cleve, it appeared that, out of thousands of collections which he had had the opportunity to examine, none contained the same species of microscopical diatoms, except one specimen which had been taken by Kjellman, of the *Vega* staff, from an ice-floe in the far north-east of Siberia.

More than that. The route followed by the Siberian drift-wood is marked on the map with an unmistakable distinctness. De Long saw such wood on the floes during the *Jeannette* drift; heaps of it are accumulated on the New Siberian Islands; other heaps are found on the northern extremity of Novaya Zemlya—Barents utilised them for building his house in 1596; and they are also found on the

²³ The chief of them were: a provision list of the *Jeannette*, signed De Long; a list of the *Jeannette* boats; and a pair of oilskin trousers bearing the name of Louis Noros, one of the survivors from the *Jeannette* crew. They were minutely described twice by Lytzen, Director of the Julianehaab colony, in the Danish *Geografisk Tidsskrift*, 1885–86. Having been sent to an exhibition in Europe, they eventually got lost.

northern and eastern coasts of Spitzbergen. Mr. Murray saw the same drift-wood during his cruise between Iceland and Greenland,²⁴ and Nansen saw it on ice-floes between Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen.

No route could be better indicated on a map, and already, in 1884, Professor Mohn, one of the best authorities in Arctic physical geography, wrote in the *Morgenblad* an article on the *Jeannette* relics, in which he distinctly advocated the view of their having crossed the polar basin. This article—Nansen says in his new fascinating book²⁵—suggested him the route to be taken in order to approach the Pole.²⁶ Dr. John Murray and the German physical geographer, Professor Supan, both supported and confirmed this view; so also Captain Wharton, of the British hydrographical service, and the Russian Admiral Mëkaroff, explorer of the Pacific. Altogether, the existence of this current was rendered so probable, since 1870, by the Scandinavian expeditions, that in 1871 the very existence of a then undiscovered land between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya, 'penetrating further north than Spitzbergen' (now Franz Joseph Land), could be indicated in an Arctic report framed at the Russian Geographical Society, because—it was said in the Report—if no such land existed, the ice-current would reach North Cape and the Laponian coast and pile up there its ice—the warm current being too weak to prevent its invasion.²⁷ Nay, it may interest Nansen to know that even the greatest authority on ocean currents, Maury, was with him. He foresaw the existence of the *Fram* current in 1868.²⁸

The idea of this current was thus growing in Arctic literature during the last five-and-twenty years, although nobody was bold enough to trust to it; and, in accepting it in its entirety—that is, in embodying the drift of the *Jeannette* and the East Greenland ice-drift in one mighty current—Nansen only proved the correctness of his scientific insight into the true characters of oceanic circulation. That this induction was quite correct, is now fully proved by the drift of the *Fram*. For three years this splendid little ship was drifted

²⁴ *The Scottish Geographical Magazine*, January 1890, pp. 38, 39.

²⁵ Fridtjof Nansen, *In Nacht und Eis* (Leipzig, 1896). Only the first four fascicles of this book have as yet reached London.

²⁶ The Colony-Director Lutzen wrote in the same sense, suggesting that a ship which would enter that current would be carried across to South Greenland (Nansen, *ibid.*, p. 14).

²⁷ 'Report of the Committee for the Arctic Expedition' (Russian), in *Investia* of the Russian Geographical Society, 1871, p. 67.

²⁸ In a little-known letter, addressed to the Committee of Gustave Lambert's proposed polar expedition *via* Behring Strait, and published in the *Annuaire Scientifique* of P. Déherain, 8^e année, 1869, pp. 404, 405, he wrote: 'The Behring Strait offers no issue to the icebergs; what becomes, then, of those which originate on the northern coasts of Alaska and Eastern Siberia or the adjoining islands? Must they not be drifted through an open sea in order to melt later on in the Atlantic? . . . The icebergs of Alaska and Siberia thus find a free passage from their birthplaces in the North-west to their burial-place in the Atlantic.' He consequently encouraged Lambert to go with this current.

north-westwards and westwards, till it began to be drifted south, towards Greenland. Only at the end of each summer it was regularly carried for a short distance eastwards, under the influence of contrary winds. A formidable ice-current, almost as mighty, and of the same length as the Gulf Stream (from Florida to the coasts of these islands), a current having the same dominating influence in the life of our globe, has thus been proved to exist. Its width is enormous, and must attain at the least 300 miles. Moreover, we now know positively that it follows a deep trough, 1,600 to 1,900 fathoms deep, which is a continuation of the above-mentioned deep trough of the North Atlantic. The polar basin is thus not the shallow depression which it was often supposed to be. * It is a real continuation of the Atlantic, and its water is in as regular a circulation as the water of other oceans. Heat and cold are as regularly exchanged there as they are in the Atlantic or the Pacific.

We have learned, moreover, from the *Fram* what becomes of the warm current as it reaches higher latitudes. Under the 85th degree it is still felt, but it is found underneath the cold current. Its water still retains there a temperature of about 1° Fahr. above the freezing-point, and although it ought, accordingly, to flow above the cold current, its greater salinity renders it the denser of the two.²⁹ It consequently flows in the abysses of the Arctic Ocean, and thus prevents the polar area from becoming a terrible reservoir of cold. A more equal distribution of temperature over the globe takes place in this way; and although the Norwegian expedition did experience a very great cold, it never found under the 85th degree of latitude the same terrible winter as is experienced at Verkhojansk, the pole of cold of the eastern hemisphere. As to the southern coasts of the Franz Joseph Archipelago, they fully experience the beneficial effects of the south-west winds and of the warmer Atlantic water which enters the Barents's Sea, as it now appears from Jackson's observations.³⁰

The wonderful journey of the *Fram* has made, at the same time, short work of all the hypotheses of wide lands extending towards the pole from its Eurasian side. The Franz Joseph Land is only an archipelago which, as is now proved by Jackson's boat journey, stretches further westwards towards Spitzbergen, but does not extend far northwards. Of course, many islands may still exist on the south of the track of the *Fram*. Thus, land was sighted again by Mr. Jackson to the north-west of Franz Joseph Land, and many islands may exist to the east of it; but none of them, we now know, protrudes beyond the 85th degree. As to what may lie to the north of the

²⁹ Mohn found the same reversion in a part of the North Atlantic; and Otto Petterson made the remark that 'the last out-parts of the warm Atlantic water to the north must not always be sought for at the surface' (*Vega's Vetenskapliga Iakttagelser*, iii. p. 360).

³⁰ *The Geographical Journal*, December 1896.

track of the *Fram* no one can say, and Nansen himself is the first to refrain from hasty generalisations. True, that the great depths discovered by the *Fram* seem to indicate the existence of a deep sea round the Pole. But we must not forget that the 3,000 fathoms' line passes within a hundred miles from Boston, and the 5,000 fathoms' line in the North Pacific runs within thirty miles from the Kurile Islands. An immense expanse of the North-Polar basin, 1,400 miles long and 1,000 miles wide, in which Greenland could easily be lodged, still remains even less known than the surface of Mars. It even appears probable, from the shape of the curve followed by the *Jeannette* and the *Fram*, as also from the eastern drift along the northern coasts of America, that some land may exist between the two currents. It must not be forgotten either that immense flocks of various species of birds were seen flying northwards, from the coasts of Siberia, not only at the mouth of the Lena, but also at the *Vega's* winter quarters, and that their destination could not be the small Wrangel Island, remarkably devoid of bird-life in the summer.³¹

As to the magnetical and meteorological observations which were made on board the *Fram* for three consecutive years, with the aid of the best self-registering instruments, and the meteorological readings made by Nansen and Johansen as they made their daring dash towards the Pole and afterwards wintered in their fursack on Franz Joseph Land, they are simply invaluable. Mohr has truly remarked in his sketch of the scientific results of this expedition,³² that for three years the *Fram* was a first-class observatory located in the far north. And the value of these observations was still more enhanced by the fact of another Arctic observatory being at work, during the later part of the same years, at Elmwood, the wintering-place of Jackson's expedition under the 80th degree of latitude, and in East Spitzbergen, where Ekroll wintered. Suffice it to say, that our magnetic maps, and maps of normal barometric pressure, remain mere guessings over large areas, simply from want of observations in high latitudes.

IV

So long as the polar basin has not been explored over its length and width, men will attempt to penetrate into its mysteries. The Pole itself may be reached, but if seventeen degrees of latitude remain untrodden on its American side, there will be no lack of scientific volunteers ready to undergo the greatest privations in search of unknown lands and seas. Arctic nature has so powerful an attraction for men endowed with poetical feeling, that he who has

³¹ Captain Hovgaard, 'The Kara Sea and the Route to the North Pole,' in *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, January 1890, vol. vi. p. 84.

³² *Morgenbladet*, September 6, 1896; translated in *The Geographical Journal*, October 1896, vol. viii. p. 389.

lived once amidst that dreary nature, so full of its peculiar charms, will long to return to it.—‘Only to put my feet on that land—and to die,’ the old guide Yegheli said once to Baron Toll, as they were talking of that mysterious Sannikoff’s land, which appears as a fairy vision amidst the glittering ice on the north of the New Siberian Islands.³³ The methods of exploration of these wildernesses must, however, undergo a profound modification. The *Fram* expedition has proved that there is no land stretching as far as the North Pole, on our side of it, which would permit us slowly to progress along its coasts; and that between us and that spot flows the immense ice-current, 300 miles wide, as a floating girdle stretched round the Pole on more than one-half of the circumference. Sverdrup and his ten companions, in order to reach Norway and to sail at once, if necessary, in search of Nansen and Johansen, have certainly accomplished the almost inconceivable feat of warping and forcing their way across that current for 150 miles. But this represents only one-half, or even less, of the total width of the ice-girdle which protects the Pole from human intruders.

True, there is the resource of a balloon. The Swedish aeronaut, S. Andrée, has proved that a balloon can be filled up with gas in Spitzbergen and be kept, in spite of the storms, ready to take its flight as soon as the wind blows from a proper quarter. But last summer, although the balloon was kept in readiness for a fortnight, the wind, except for a few hours, never ceased to blow during that time from the north.³⁴ And, after all, even under the best circumstances, a balloon flight would only be a reconnoitring excursion, which men would surely follow in ships, on sledges, or on snow shoes.

It becomes, however, more and more evident that in order to carry on that sort of exploration—with no land to serve as a basis—men endowed with a special scientific training, and a special physical training, implying a more than Eskimo endurance, will be required. And such men cannot be produced at will. A whole atmosphere of Arctic research and taste has to be created before the necessary men will come to the front; an atmosphere such as was created in this country by the exploits of Parry, the two Rosses, and those intrepid men who went in search of Franklin and of the seas he had left undiscovered; or such as has lately been created in Sweden and Norway for the exploration of the eastern hemisphere. It is not a mere accident that Nordenskjöld, the discoverer of the North-East Passage, and Nansen are Scandinavians; nor is it mere luck that made success, untinted by losses of comrades, crown the expeditions of these two explorers. Arctic explorations, put on a firm scientific basis, and car-

³³ ‘Baron Toll’s Expedition to Arctic Siberia,’ in *Geographical Journal*, 1895, vol. v. p. 376.

³⁴ See the meteorological diary published by S. Andrée, in his report (*Imor*, 1896, 3^e häft. p. 189); abridged note in *Geographical Journal*, November 1896, vol. viii. p. 518.

ried on, year after year, for science's sake, had prepared their successes. For nearly forty consecutive years (since 1858), the Swedes have been sending out scientific expeditions to Spitzbergen and the adjoining seas, in order to carry on researches in all branches of science. Their museums are full of Arctic collections, their science of Arctic investigations, their literature of Arctic adventure. And when Nansen tells us how his heart was beating when, a boy of twenty-two, he went out for his first Arctic trip and occasionally saw the *Vega* afloat in the Arctic Sea, he only tells what thousands of Scandinavian hearts have felt. *

It was only natural that Norwegian seal-hunters and whalers should have felt the effect of that atmosphere of Arctic enterprise. At the end of the sixties they began, accordingly, to roam about the Barents's Sea, and, in rapid succession, they discovered new islands, circumnavigated Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya, discovered the house where Barents wintered, and which had not been visited by man for nearly 300 years. In 1870, they opened the Kara Sea for navigation, and mapped, sounded, and explored that sea from end to end, pushing eastwards as far as the meridian of the Yenisei. Geographers wondered at these achievements of simple seal-hunters, who made discoveries and valuable measurements during their hunting expeditions. * But these seal-hunters were backed by a great geographer, Mohr, the leader of the North Atlantic Norwegian expedition, who guided them, supplied them with instruments, pointed them out what was to be done.³⁵ The result of these discoveries was that, in 1871, Mr. Leigh Smith chartered one of these seal-hunters, Captain Ulve, and thus inaugurated his epoch-making series of scientific explorations in the Barents's Sea; and in 1875 Nordenskjöld chartered a small Norwegian sloop, the *Pröven*, with Captain Isaksen and a Norwegian crew, and made his first famous voyage to the Yenisei. The North-Eastern Passage was thus opened, and next year Captain Wiggins followed, to continue thenceforth a series of regular journeys to the mouths of the Siberian rivers.

In 1878-79, Nordenskjöld, on board the *Vega*, accomplished a still greater feat, the circumnavigation of Asia, the aim of so many generations of Arctic explorers. Nay, the Austrian expedition of 1873-74, which resulted in the discovery of Franz Joseph Land, and the *Jeannette* expedition (to meet the *Vega*), were a direct outcome of the bold journeys of the Norwegian whalers, which journeys were themselves prepared by the Swedish scientific expeditions.

Besides, a new method of travelling on the ice, or rather an improvement upon Parry's method and Schwatka's method of living

³⁵ The story of these discoveries and their succession are one of the most suggestive Arctic readings. It was told by Nordenskjöld (*Voyage of the Vega*, 2 vols., London, 1881), and lately retold in *Fridtjof Nansen*, by W. C. Brögger and N. Rolfsen, English translation by W. Archer (London, 1896).

and journeying with Eskimos, was worked out by Nordenskjöld, Peary, and Nansen, in their explorations of the Greenland inland ice. A light equipment, light sledges dragged by dogs, and men on snow-shoes, ready to live the Eskimo life or worse, was their method. Nordenskjöld inaugurated it in 1883, when his two Laps ran on snow-shoes 100, or perhaps 150, miles over the inland ice. Two years later, Peary, equipped in the same light way, made his astounding journey across the same inland ice in North Greenland; and in 1888, Nansen and Sverdrup, with two more Norwegians and two Laps, accomplished the feat of crossing Greenland from east to west. During this journey and the subsequent wintering amidst the Eskimos, Nansen and Sverdrup must have learned a great deal, and must have realised the true conditions of success of every bold scheme: to work it out in all details, so far as prevision can go; and to rely, in their case, not upon a numerous 'disciplined' crew, but on a small number of volunteers, all equally inspired with the same idea, and all equally ready to turn their hands to any work. And then—true heroes of our century—Nansen and Johansen have shown what two men, lost in the ice wilderness, can do to live in that immense solitude, to explore it, and to make scientific observations of the highest value, even when they spend the winter in a rough semblance of a hut made of stones and skins, relying upon their rifles for food, heat, and light. Modern science may be proud of being able to enrol such men in its service. The work of Parry, Ross, Franklin, Kane, and of all that glorious phalanx who have conquered every mile of the Arctic archipelagos and every league of the Arctic seas by their enthusiasm and energy, is not lost while it can inspire other men with like heroism.

P. KROPOTKIN.

*LIFE IN POETRY:
POETICAL EXPRESSION¹*

EXPERIENCE shows me that, in England, it is unsafe to suppose that the most elementary truths of criticism will be accepted as self-evident, or that the most familiar terms can be left without explanation. In opening this series of lectures on 'Life in Poetry,' I began, as I was bound to do, with a definition. I said that 'Poetry was the art which produces pleasure for the imagination by imitating human actions, thoughts, and passions in metrical language.' Since poetry had been regarded as an imitative art by a hundred well-known critics from Aristotle downwards, and since not only Aristotle, but such modern and Christian critics as Wordsworth and Coleridge, had agreed that the end of poetry was to produce pleasure for the imagination, I fondly hoped that what I called a 'working' definition might pass without argument. But what happened? A critic in a weekly paper of high standing supposed that by using the word 'imitation' in relation to poetry I must necessarily mean the photographic reproduction of external objects, and that the word 'pleasure' must by implication carry with it some low and materialistic sense. Reasoning on this hypothesis, he contrived, in the first place, to misinterpret the argument in my lecture to an extent which in my vanity, I had hoped to be impossible, and to convince other people, as appeared from the correspondence which ensued, that I was not only an ignorant but an immoral person.

As I shall need my definition for the purposes of my present lecture, let me say at starting that I regard poetry as a fine art, and therefore subject to the operation of laws which, like those of the other fine arts, are capable of explanation; that I call it an imitative art because its function is to find beautiful forms for the expression of ideas existing universally, but embryonically, in the human imagination; that while I consider the end of poetry, as of all the fine arts, to be, to produce pleasure for the imagination, this idea of pleasure includes rapture, enthusiasm, even pain of the kind intended by Aristotle when he says that Tragedy effects a purgation of Pity and Terror by means of those passions. I must apologise to my

¹ A lecture delivered in the University of Oxford on the 7th of November 1896.

present audience for an explanation which they will probably find superfluous, but as I desire to make my argument as clear and convincing as is possible from the nature of the subject, it is best to proceed by the ordinary course of dialectic.

My last lecture was devoted to an investigation of the law of poetical conception, which may be called the soul of poetical life.² We sought for the universal conditions under which an idea must germinate and come into being in the imagination of the individual poet, in order afterwards to enjoy immortal life in the imagination of the world. I shall deal to-day with the laws of poetical expression, in other words, of the outward form or body in which the poet's conception is manifested. And just as in human beings it is the complete union of soul and body which constitutes the harmonious life of each person, so in poetry the beauty and propriety of the imaginative form will proceed from the organic unity of the imaginative conception. This is a truth which requires to be thoroughly realised, and I think I cannot make it clear to you better than by reverting to the words of Horace I have already cited :

Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc nec lucidus ordo.

I do not understand Horace to mean that just conception in poetry necessarily inspires the poet with the best form of expression. Such an opinion would be contrary to experience. The history of poetry shows that many true poets, especially young poets—men like Persius and Oldham, for example—have wanted the perfect art which is needed to do justice to their thoughts. Thus Dryden, in his lines on the death of Oldham, asks :

Q early ripe, to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more ?
It might—what Nature never gives the young—
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue :
But Satire needs not those, and Wit may shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.

Horace is speaking of the inward conditions that must be satisfied before a poetical conception can be animated with the spark of life. What are they ? First of all, *res* ; the poet must be sure that he has something poetical to say. Next, what he has to say must be *lecta potenter*, chosen suitably or according to capacity,—a phrase which, I think, has a double meaning. The subject must be treated in accordance with the powers of the poet, and conformably with what its own nature requires. Poets are often anxious to excel in styles of poetry for which nature has not qualified them. Tennyson, for example, constantly attempted the poetical drama, but never with success. Keats and Shelley failed conspicuously whenever they aimed at

² Printed in the *Nineteenth Century*, August 1896.

comic humour. Again, the subject must be treated in the manner which its inherent nature and the circumstances of the age demand. *Paradise Lost*, as we have already seen, required epic treatment; it could not have properly taken a dramatic form, at least in Milton's time. On the other hand, when the conditions of just conception have been satisfied; when the fruitful subject has been selected; when its true poetical character—be it epic, dramatic, or satiric—has been realised; when the poet has allowed the subject in all its bearings to blend and harmonise with his own imagination; then, as Horace says, he will find himself provided, as if by Nature herself, with the richness of language and the lucid arrangement of thought necessary to give to his conception the appearance of organic life.

We have seen that in every just poetical conception there are two indispensable elements of life—one individual, one universal. Both of these elements must therefore reappear in the form of poetical expression in which the poetical conception is given to the world. Now the individual element in every great poem is imparted to it solely by the genius of the poet. It includes everything relating to the treatment of the subject, all that helps to produce the organic effect; the just distribution of the matter, the particular methods of diction, the peculiar combinations of metrical movement; whatever, in fact, constitutes the distinction, the character, the style of the work. All this resembles the individuality of the human body, and indeed the style of every genuine poet may be compared to that total effect of personality produced by the combination of feature, the expression of the countenance, the complexion, the shape, which makes each single member of the human race in some respect different from every other member of it. To lay down laws of style for poetry is to attempt the impossible. What form other than that of the *Divine Comedy* could have expressed the universal idea contained in the subject? Yet what critical analysis could ever have arrived at the form invented by the genius of Dante? In Dante doubtless there is a strong lyrical note; in the epic and dramatic forms of poetry, on the contrary, the universal element predominates; but even in these the individual genius of the poet will always make itself felt by some characteristic mode of expression. The treatment of a tragic subject by Ben Jonson differs from the treatment of Shakespeare, and Shakespeare's manner is equally distinguishable from Fletcher's; Pope's satiric style is unlike Dryden's, and Byron's stands apart from both.

We cannot go beyond the simple principle of Horace which says that the right form of expression will spring naturally out of a just mode of conception. In all that portion of the art of poetry which relates to the treatment of the subject, the sole guide of the poet must be his own judgment: the extent of his success in the expression of his ideas will be principally determined by the possession of a

quality which, as a factor of composition, is not less important than imagination and invention.

But while the genius of the individual poet enjoys this large freedom, there are certain universal laws of expression, proper to the art of poetry, which no individual poet can disregard with impunity; and as to the nature of these I think it is perfectly possible, by the inductive method of criticism, to arrive at positive and certain conclusions. I have said that, in my opinion, poetry necessarily produces its effects by means of metrical language. But upon this point there is a dispute; and the question which I am now going to put before you for consideration is, Whether metre is necessary for poetical expression, and, if so, whether this necessity binds the poet to use forms of expression which, even apart from metre, are different from the forms of prose?

Now as to the first of these questions very opposite opinions have been advanced according to the view which has been taken of the nature of poetry; it has been said, on the one hand, that poetry is merely versification, and, on the other, that verse is not necessary for poetry. The former opinion had its advocates as early as the days of Aristotle, who shows us that certain authorities, of whom he does not speak without respect, considered that poetry consisted in putting words together in a certain order determined by the quantity of their syllables, one critic going even so far as to say that it would be quite easy to make poetry if you were allowed to lengthen or abbreviate syllables at will.³ Opposed to this opinion is one equally extreme, but recommended by the eminent names of Sir Philip Sidney and Shelley. Sidney says, in his *Apology for Poetry*:

The greatest part of poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numerous kind of writing which is called verse. Indeed but apparelled, verse being but an ornament and no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that have never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. For Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently as to give us *effigiem justi imperii*, the portraiture of a just empire under the name of Cyrus (as Cicero saith of him), made therein an absolute heroical poem.

And Shelley says, in his *Defence of Poetry*:

It is by no means essential that a poet should accommodate his language to the traditional form, so that the harmony which is its spirit be observed. The practice is indeed convenient and popular and to be preferred, especially in such composition as includes much action: but every great poet must inevitably innovate upon the example of his predecessors in the exact structure of his peculiar versification. The distinction between poets and prose writers is a vulgar error. . . . Plato was essentially a poet . . . the truth and splendour of his imagery and the melody of his language are the most intense that it is possible to conceive. . . . Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect.

What Aristotle thought on the matter is not quite clear. He extends the idea of poetical 'imitation' so as to include certain com-

³ Aristotle, *Poetics*, xxii. 5.

positions in prose ; but his argument is directed against those who think that poetry lies solely in versification ; he does not attempt to prove that metre is not a necessary accompaniment of the higher conceptions of poetry.⁴ This great critic, therefore, cannot be ranged with those who support that extreme opinion, and the arguments of Sidney and Shelley will not stand examination. The fallacy of the examples given by each of these critics is, that they do not take into account the different aims of the writers they cite. The end of Xenophon in the *Cyropædeia* was not to please but to instruct ; if he produced an image pleasing to the fancy, it was only by accident. Shelley's reasoning is still more inconsequent. It does not follow, because the versification of every great poet innovates on the practice of his predecessors, that versification can therefore be dispensed with in poetry. Nor does it follow, because the truth and splendour of Plato's imagery are the most intense that it is possible to conceive, that he was therefore 'essentially a poet ;' the same might be said of the imagery of a great orator ; yet oratory is not poetry. The end of Plato was to convince by dialectic, and though for this purpose he may have resorted to rhetorical and poetical methods of persuasion, that does not take him out of the class 'philosopher,' and transplant him into the class 'poet.' The most that Sidney and Shelley prove is, what every sensible critic would be ready to grant without argument, that poetry does not lie in metrical expression *alone*.

Against the *obiter dicta* of these two writers, distinguished as they are, I put the universal practice of the great masters of the art, and I ask, Why have poets always written in metre ? The answer is, Because the laws of artistic expression oblige them to do so. 'When the poet has been inspired from without in the way in which we saw Scott was inspired to conceive the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—that is to say, when he has found his subject-matter in an idea universally striking to the imagination—when he has received this into his own imagination, and has given it a new and beautiful form of life there—then he will seek to express his conception through a vehicle of language harmonising with his own feelings and the nature of the subject, and this kind of language is called verse. For example, when Marlowe wishes to represent the emotions of Faustus, after he has called up the phantom of Helen of Troy, it is plain that some very rapturous form of expression is needed to convey an adequate idea of such famous beauty. Marlowe rises to the occasion in those 'mighty lines' of his :

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium ?

But it is certain that he could only have ventured on the sublime

⁴ See Aristotle, *Poetics*, c. i. 6-8. A correspondence with Professor Butcher, the eminent editor of Aristotle's *Poetics*, convinces me that by ψυλαί λόγῳι the philosopher means compositions in prose, and not, as I was at first inclined to think, metrical words unaccompanied by music.

audacity of saying that a face launched ships and burned towers by escaping from the limits of ordinary language, and conveying his metaphor through the harmonious and ecstatic movements of rhythm and metre. Or, to take another instance, Virgil more than once describes the passion of the living when visited by the spirits of those whom they have loved and lost, and he invented a metrical form of expression for the feeling which he knew to be so beautiful that he used it twice. Expressed in prose, the passage runs thus : 'Thrice he there attempted to throw his arms round her neck ; thrice embraced in vain, the phantom glided from his grasp ; light as the empty winds, likest to a fleeting dream.' There is pathos in this ; but now listen to the verses :

Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum,*
Ter, frustra comprensa, manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

What infinite longing, what depths of sorrow, are expressed in the selection and collocation of the words, and the rhythmical effect of the whole passage ! How profound a note of melancholy is struck in the monosyllables with which each line opens ! How wonderfully is the fading of the vision symbolised in the dactylic swiftmess with which the last line glides to its close !

Or, yet once more : you remember how Prospero breaks off the marriage pageant in the *Tempest* to deal with the conspirators, and the splendidly abrupt transition of feeling with which he reminds his audience of the end of all mortal things :

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-cap't towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inhabit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

I think no critic in his senses would say that the full effect of this passage could be given in prose.

Nevertheless, though the necessity of metre to poetry would thus appear to be proved by reason and by the practice of the greatest poets, it has been denied by one who was undoubtedly a master in the art. In the well-known preface published with his poems in 1805 Wordsworth asserts that the poet is under no obligation to write in verse, and that he himself only does so on account, partly of the additional pleasure afforded by metre, and partly of certain technical advantages to be derived from the practice. He defends his theory as follows :

From the tendency of metre to throw a sort of half-consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that

more pathetic situations and sentiments—that is, those that have a greater proportion of pain connected with them—may be endured in metrical compositions, especially in rhyme, than in prose. . . . This opinion may be illustrated by appealing to the reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the representation of the distressful parts of *Clarissa Harlowe* or *The Gamester*; while Shakespeare's writings in the most pathetic scenes never act upon us as pathetic beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which in a much greater degree than might be imagined is to be ascribed to small but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.

I think Wordsworth's diagnosis of the case is clearly wrong. The reason why the harrowing descriptions of Richardson are simply painful, while Shakespeare's tragic situations are pleasurable, is that the imagination shrinks from dwelling on ideas so closely imitated from real objects as the scenes in *Clarissa Harlowe*, but contemplates without excess of pain the situation in *Othello*, for example, because the imitation is poetical and ideal. Prose is used by Richardson because his novel is, as it were, photographic; metre is needed by Shakespeare to make the ideal life of his drama real to the imagination. Wordsworth, if I may say so, has put the poetical cart before the horse.

. . . It may be admitted, however, that if Wordsworth's theoretical principles of poetical conception were just, he would not only have been under no necessity to write in metre, but he would have been wrong to use it at all. He says of his own method:

The principal object proposed in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of the imagination whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them truly, though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement.

Now, whether this method of composition can or cannot be regarded as falling legitimately within the art of poetry, it is at least certain that it is opposed at all points to the mode of conception adopted by the greatest poets of the world, as this has been already described. It does not involve inspiration by the universal idea from without, and the recreation of the universal idea within, the mind of the individual poet. It implies, on the contrary, that the inspiration proceeds from the poet's own mind; that the poet can make even common things poetical by throwing 'over them a certain colouring of the imagination'; the process of conception described is one not so much of imaginative creation as of imaginative analysis; and to express quasi-scientific truths of this kind the metaphorical forms of language peculiar to metrical writing are certainly not *required*.

But, more than this, it can be shown that, in endeavouring to put the particular conceptions he speaks of into metre, Wordsworth was adopting a wrong form of expression. Let me not be misunderstood.

Wordsworth, I need hardly say, often wrote very nobly in metre ; but when he did so he did none of those things which, according to his own theory of poetry, he ought to have done. For it is quite certain that neither in *Laodamia*, nor in the *Ode on Immortality*, nor in the lines about skating on Windermere in the *Prelude*, nor in those about the 'lively Grecian' in the *Excursion*, nor in those describing the Yew Trees of Borrowdale, nor in the Sonnet on the Dawn on Westminster Bridge, nor in that on Liberty, nor in a hundred other places, is there anything of that analytical process of conception on which he sets so high a value. In all of the examples I have mentioned there is the *res lecta potenter*; that is to say, an idea of universal interest. This universal idea is assimilated with the poet's imagination, and it is expressed in what is universally felt to be a noble and beautiful form of words. But sometimes Wordsworth really does work in the way which he says is the right way. The whole conception and construction, for example, of the *Prelude* and the *Excursion* are founded on a subject matter which is private to the poet himself, and consists for the most part of conversational discourse about external matters not of universal interest. Here undoubtedly the whole process of imagination is analytical, and consequently the forms of expression used are, for the most part, prosaic. Take, for example, the following lines, which are neither better nor worse than hundreds, probably of thousands, in these poems :

These serious words
Closed the preparatory notices
That served my Fellow Traveller to beguile
The walk while we advanced up that wide way.

Who does not perceive that the man who wrote this was not, at the time he wrote it, in the right mood for poetical expression? And accordingly, as he chooses to express himself in metre, he often uses wrong forms, as, for example, in a passage like this, describing his residence in London :

At leisure then I viewed from day to day
The spectacles within doors, birds and beasts
Of every nature, and strange plants convened
From every clime; and next those sights that ape
The absolute presence of reality,
Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,
And what earth is, and what she has to show :
I do not here allude to subtlest craft,
By means refined attaining purest ends,
But imitations, fondly made, in plain
Confession of man's weakness and his loves.

Observe that Wordsworth is here working on a subject of his own choosing—an 'incident and situation from common life'—and he is trying to make it fit matter for poetry by showing its relation to his

own mind, and yet, for all this, he does not contrive to present his thought in what he calls 'a selection of language really used by men.' For if he had done this, he would simply have said: 'Every day I was accustomed to go to a natural history museum, or a picture gallery, in which scenes from nature were exactly imitated;' that is to say, he might have expressed in twenty-four words what he actually expresses in eighty-one. . You see, too, that Wordsworth, as he chooses to write in metre on such a subject, is, in spite of himself, forced to use a kind of poetical diction, which makes his style pedantic and obscure. For what man in real life, wishing to describe what he had seen at Kew Gardens, would say that he had '*viewed* strange plants *convened* from every *clime*'? Or who would think it worth while to say that the Panorama of Niagara was an exhibition that '*apes* the absolute presence of reality'?

I think that what I have said serves to show that the propriety of poetical expression is the test and the touchstone of the justice of poetical conception. Like all sound principles, Horace's maxim about the right selection of subject is capable of being reversed. Poetry lies in the invention of the right metrical form—be it epic, dramatic, lyric, or satiric—for the expression of some idea universally interesting to the imagination. When the form of metrical expression seems *natural*—natural, that is, to the genius of the poet and the inherent nature of the subject—then the subject-matter will have been rightly conceived. When, on the other hand, it is found to be prosaic, obscure, strained, or affected, then we may be sure either that the subject has not been properly selected, or that the individuality of the poet has, in the treatment, been indulged out of due proportion to the universal nature of the subject.

Apply this test of what is natural to metrical expression to any composition claiming to be poetically inspired, and you will be able to decide whether it fulfils the universal conditions of poetical life, or whether it is one of those phantoms, or, as Bacon calls them, idols of the imagination, which vanish as soon as the novelty of their appearance has exhausted its effect. For instance, the American poet, Walt Whitman, announces his theme, and asks for the sympathy of the reader in these words:

Oneself I sing, a simple, separate person,
 Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En Masse.
 Poets to come, orators, singers, musicians to come,
 Not to-day is to justify me and answer what I am for.
 But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before
 known,
 Arouse! for you must justify me!

I am a man who, sauntering along without fully stopping, turns a casual
 look upon you and then averts his face,

Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
 Expecting the main thing from you.
 Thou, reader, throbbest life, and pride, and love, the same as I :
 Therefore for thee the following chants.

To this appeal I think the reader may reply : The subject you have chosen is certainly an idol of the imagination. For if you had anything of universal interest to say about yourself, you could say it in a way natural to one of the metres, or metrical movements, established in the English language. What you call metre bears precisely the same relation to these universal laws of expression, as the Mormon Church and the religion of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young bear to the doctrines of Catholic Christendom.

Again, we have the poetical ideal of the graceful poet whose recent loss we in England have so much cause to deplore. Mr. William Morris's aim in poetry was to revive the spirit and manner of the past in opposition to the spirit of the present. He says, in his *Earthly Paradise* :

Of Heaven and Hell I have no power to sing ;
 I cannot ease the burden of your fears ;
 Or make quick-coming death a little thing ;
 Or bring again the pleasures of past years :
 Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
 Or hope again for aught that I can say,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather when, aweary of your mirth,
 From full hearts, still unsatisfied, ye sigh ;
 And feeling kindly unto all the earth,
 Grudge every minute as it passes by,
 Made the more mindful that the sweet days die ;
 Remember me a little, then, I pray,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care,
 That weigh us down, who live and earn our bread,
 These idle verses have no power to bear,
 So let us sing of names remembered,
 Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
 Nor long time take their memories away
 From us poor singers of an empty day.

Of this we must say that it is tender, charming, even beautiful, and under existing circumstances peculiarly pathetic ; but still a poetical idol. We feel that the form of expression in metre is not quite natural ; the artifice is apparent. It bears the same relation to the life of poetry that mere Ritualism bears to Religion. The language does not proceed from the source of life that inspired the poetry of Chaucer, Mr. Morris's professed master. Chaucer would never have spoken in this morbid way about life, and death, and action ; he would never have regarded poetry as an opiate for the imagination. His mode of conception was masculine, humorous,

dramatic; he drew his inspiration from the life about him, and accordingly the metrical forms he used sprang naturally out of the idiom of his time.

Again, there is an idol of the art of poetry which suggests that the source of poetical life is to be found in words rather than in ideas. This is of all poetical idols the most seductive, because it presents strongly one side of the truth, and because it is recommended by many brilliant poetical *tours de force*. Coleridge defined prose to be words in the right order, poetry to be the best words in the right order. And, doubtless, the mere sound of words has the power of raising imaginative ideas, as we see from Keats' lines—

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell,
To toll me back again to my sole self!

and we know that the word 'nevermore' inspired Edgar Poe with his remarkable poem, *The Raven*. But words, apart from things, can, as a rule, suggest only fragmentary conceptions of life and nature. What can be more delightfully suggestive of coming poetry than the opening of *Kubla Khan*?

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

But, as we know, Nature never provided the completion, nor could she have done so, of that wonderful fragment of poetry. Sometimes, indeed, a whole poem containing a definite idea may be constructed on this principle, and a very fine example is furnished by Mr. Swinburne's *Dolores*, where the aim of the poet has, apparently, been to group a variety of images round the single central phrase, 'Our Lady of Pain.' Many of the stanzas in this poem completely satisfy Coleridge's definition of poetry, 'the best words in the right order,' but, on the other hand, as the inspiration proceeds from words rather than ideas, there are many other stanzas in it which have no poetical *raison d'être*, and which diminish the effect of the whole composition. The mode of expression belongs to the art of music rather than to the art of poetry. Horace's rule is inverted: the eloquence and order of the metrical arrangement suggest the idea, not the idea the verse. I do not say that this method of composition is illegitimate; but it must be evident that such inspiration is of the most fortuitous kind, and that one might as well attempt to make oneself dream the same dream twice over, as to find a regular principle of poetical expression in the metrical combination of words and metaphors.

Few indeed are the metrical compositions that will stand the test. I propose, few the poems that answer perfectly to Spenser's description of life in poetry :

• *Wise words, taught in numbers for to run,
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay.*

But this being so, we may well ask ourselves the question, Why is verse so abundantly produced in our time? Why do we so often find men in these days, either using metre like Wordsworth in the passages I have cited, where they ought to have expressed themselves in prose, or expressing themselves in verse in a style so far remote from the standard of diction established in society that they fail to touch the heart?

I think the explanation of this curious phenomenon is that though metre can only properly be used for the expression of universal ideas, there is in modern society an eccentric or monastic principle at work, which leads men to pervert metre into a luxurious instrument for the expression of merely private ideas. The metrical form of expression is the oldest form of literary language that exists. In the early stages of society it is used for two reasons, first because, as writing has not been invented, it is the only way of preserving memorable thoughts, and secondly because in primitive times what may be called the poetical or ideal method of conceiving nature predominates over the scientific method. Imagination is then stronger than reason, and the poet is at once the story-teller, the theologian, the historian, and the natural philosopher of society. As society emerges from its infancy more scientific habits of thought are gradually formed; the art of writing is invented; and men find the means of preserving the records of ordinary observation and experience in prose. Science is always withdrawing fresh portions of nature from the rule of imagination; and no one who is animated by a scientific purpose, and understands how to use language properly, thinks any longer of composing a treatise on astronomy or an historical narrative in verse.

Yet, in spite of these achievements of civilisation and science, it would be a vast mistake to suppose that society in its later stages can dispense with the poet and the art of metrical composition. The deepest life of society is spiritual, ideal, incapable of analysis. What binds men to each other is the memory of a common origin, the prospects of a common destiny, common perceptions of what is heroic in conduct, common instincts as to what is beautiful in art. The unimpassioned language, suitable to law and science, suffices not for the embodiment of these great elemental ideas. The poet alone possesses the art of giving expression to the conceptions of the public conscience, and he is as much bound to interpret the higher feelings of society in the maturity of its development, as the scald or minstrel was bound to act as interpreter for the imagination of the primitive tribe. No other defence of the art of poetry is needed than this, that, only in imaginative creations, metrically expressed, can

society behold the image of its own upity, and realise the objects of its own existence.

But since this is so, to pursue any other ideal is 'to speak things unworthy of Phœbus,' and to misapply the purposes of the art. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that contrary views of the end of poetry have asserted themselves in this generation. The vulgar idea of poetry is, that it is something private, peculiar, and opposed to common sense. We have been taught by the poets themselves that the source of poetry lies solely in the mind of the individual poet, and that the life of poetical expression is to be found apart from the active life of society. Philosophers have encouraged this belief. John Stuart Mill attempts to draw a sharp distinction between the genius of the orator and that of the poet; the one, he says, speaks to be heard, the other to be overheard.⁵ I venture to say that a more false description of the life and nature of poetry has never been given to the world. At no great epoch of poetical production was the art of the poet ever entirely separated from that of the orator. Did Homer, Pindar, the Greek tragedians, and Aristophanes not speak to be heard? Were the Trouvères, the Troubadours, the Ballad Singers, the Elizabethan dramatists, the English satirists of the Restoration and the Revolution, not dependent on an audience? There have been, it is true, epochs when the private literary motives approved by Mill have prevailed in poetical composition—Alexandrian periods of literature, when the poet, abandoning the representation of the great themes of action and passion, and sick of self-love like Malvolio, has indulged himself in the pleasures of soliloquy. But these were also the ages in the history of the world when men for the sake of life had destroyed the causes of living, when a petty materialism had dwarfed their conception of the sublime and the heroic, when liberty had perished, and art languished in decay.

On this subject I propose to speak more fully in my next lecture on Poetical Decadence. Meantime the course of our argument brings me round to a re-statement of the law of poetry, as it is declared by Horace, and illustrated in the practice of all great classic poets. The secret of enduring poetical life lies in individualising the universal, not in universalising the individual. What is required of the poet above all things is *right conception*—the *res lecta potenter* of Horace—a happy choice of subject matter which shall at once assimilate readily with the poet's genius, and shall, in Shakespeare's phrase, 'show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' The poet must be able not only to gauge the extent of his own powers, but to divine the necessities of his audience. He must realise the nature of the subject-matter which, in his generation, most needs expression, and whether it requires to be expressed in the epic, dramatic, lyric, or satiric form. When the subject has

⁵ *Dissertations and Discussions*, i. 71 (1859).

been rightly conceived, then, as Horace says, it will instinctively clothe itself in the right form of expression, according to the laws of the art. The poet's theme being of a universal nature, Wordsworth was right in demanding that his diction should not be very remote from 'the real language of men;' but as his thought is conveyed in verse, the expression of his ideas must accommodate itself to the laws of metre, and these exact a diction far more radically distinct, than Wordsworth imagined, from the forms of prose. As to the more particular character of poetic diction, everything will depend on the individual genius of the poet: the beauties of style must be studied in the works of the great classic poets. Shakespeare has furnished a thousand examples of poetic diction suitable to the requirements of the romantic drama; the style of *Paradise Lost*, peculiar as it is, is exactly appropriate to what Pope calls the out-of-the-world nature of the subject; Dryden's character of Zimri, and Pope's lines on the death of Buckingham, reach the highest level of poetic diction in satire; and, lest I should be thought to depreciate the poetry of our own day, let me cite one out of many suitable passages from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, to exemplify the perfection of lyrical composition. The lines are those in which the poet is describing the loss of the individual human life in the total life of nature:

Unwatched, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down;
Unloved, the beech shall gather brown,
The maple burn itself away.

Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames the disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air.

Unloved, by many a sandy bar
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon, or when the lesser Wain
Is twisting round the polar star.

Uncared for gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of fern and crake,
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove.

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child.

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, and lops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

There is but one phrase in this passage which I could wish to see altered. '*Twisting round the polar star*' is a mode of expression too fanciful and particular in my judgment to blend with the chaste simplicity of the other images. But with this exception the poetical effect is produced by rendering a general idea into language which differs from the ordinary idiom only in the elegance and refinement of the words chosen, and in the perfect propriety with which they adapt themselves to the movement of the verse. Horace's principle is vindicated in practice; the eloquence and lucid order of the versification prove the justice and universality of the thought.

W. J. COURTHOPE.

SKETCHES MADE IN GERMANY

III

It was seven o'clock. Marion Carr was a punctual woman. She lingered for a moment in the dark and narrow corridor just to touch her hair before a mirror, while a maid waited with her hand on the door of the salon to usher the Englishwoman into the presence of the *gnädige Frau*.

'Mrs. Carr.'

Marion bowed to a pretty girlish presence that had once been graceful and now was veiled in voluptuous drapery. The bow was affably returned, but with considerable matronly dignity and not a little youthful condescension, and with just a little play about the corners of a too complacent mouth. Uttering a few commonplaces, Frau Bankier Stein motioned the Englishwoman to a seat, resuming her own easy-chair, and taking up a baby's sock, which she began knitting.

Dead silence ensued. Marion Carr moaned within herself, then took a 'header' into the icy waters of formal dialogue at so many marks the hour.

'I assume you understand English, Frau St—— Frau Bankier?'

Frau Bankier Stein smiled quickly, as though the question amused her; as, indeed, it did. She lifted her well-defined brown eyebrows, and still looking down upon her knitting answered:

'Oh, yes; very well, quite well. I learnt English in the pension; there were many English girls in the school, and an English teacher who lived in the house.'

'And will you not repeat that in English?'

'I do not speak English,' was the cold reply.

'But you wish to learn, I believe?'

Frau Bankier pursed her red youthful lips with an expression which seemed to imply complete and utter indifference upon the point.

'Perhaps you have forgotten much?'

'Oh, no'—this was quickly said with a little toss of the head. never forget anything; I have a remarkable memory.'

'Certainly those pension days were not so long ago, Frau Bankier.' There was no flattery in the words.

'Indeed no. I *am* very young. I married when I had eighteen years. But I was not well taught in the pension—in English subjects I would say. The English teacher was neither a lady nor an educated woman. She did not know her own language, and often could not spell. I could not learn of her—none of the girls could learn of her. The English are bad teachers.'

'So I am told—in Germany,' said Marion Carr, dryly. 'I think I can tell you why, Frau Bankier.'

'Yes?' Frau Bankier Stein smiled interrogatively and lifted her eyes, then glanced at the clock in a casual way.

'Cultivated Englishwomen, Frau Bankier; who have a title to teach—in schools—are on the whole too well off in their own country to risk banishment to German schools and pensions of various grades, on terms which would barely satisfy the demands of English domestic servants.'

'This is Germany,' was the frigid reply. 'We do not give so large salaries as are given in England.'

'I am aware of the fact, Frau Bankier,' said Marion Carr coolly, 'and if the English language is often ill taught and ill spoken in certain German educational institutions, the heads of those institutions have only themselves to blame for it. This does not prove that the English are bad teachers, but only that the German heads of certain schools and pensions pay badly; they desire the services of cultivated gentlewomen, but are unwilling to pay for the same, and are then surprised at the result.'

Frau Bankier Stein listened with an alert, intelligent expression, which seemed to imply absolute non-conviction. In talking with this important and complacent little lady, Marion Carr was sensible of something barring the way to anything like a true and fair and candid exchange of opinion. She was like a blind wall, raising an obstruction without opening or light.

And again the conversation lagged. Frau Bankier Stein seemed to enjoy the situation and the silence. Her mouth smiled at the corners, and she breathed quickly through her mouth. Also she knitted industriously, as though she had no other aim in life, and looked upon conversation with the Englishwoman as a frivolous loss of time.

'Then why does she take English lessons?' Marion Carr mused. 'Surely she is inconsistent, and I thought consistency was the fetish of German minds.' And, as though to propound the riddle, Marion Carr asked:

'Are you fond of the study of languages, Frau Bankier?'

Frau Bankier Stein looked up and smiled, and then down again, and knitted rapidly, changing her needles. 'Oh, yes, I am not stupid;

they said in the pension that I was quick. I speak French quite fluently, every day with my husband. I speak also Italian.'

'Have you been in England, may I ask?'

Frau Bankier Stein looked slightly indignant.

'Oh, no,' she coldly said. 'I have no inclination to go. But my husband has been in America.'

'There are many Americans in this town.'

'Yes, they are very charming.'

'The English you find—not quite so charming, I believe.' Marion Carr made the remark with an impersonal air, as she smoothed her gloves.

Frau Bankier Stein ceased smiling for the first time in the uncomfortable interview. She gave the Englishwoman a sudden rapier-like glance, and was silent for a moment or two. Then she said with sudden *malice prepense*, and a disagreeable whetting of the tongue:

'I dislike the English.'

'It is a pity—a misfortune for England,' said Marion Carr, regretfully.

'You are ironic, Mrs. Carr.'

'Really, Frau Bankier, I am sometimes compelled to be. Not a day goes by, not a lesson, that it is not thrust upon me, in no very kindly and generous spirit, that Germany and the German people have not only no love for England, but a hatred of my country people. This, I repeat, is a pity. But—and you will excuse me for saying so—England will not break her heart about it.'

'I am no politician,' said Frau Bankier, haughtily.

Marion Carr could not repress a merry laugh. 'Neither am I, Frau Bankier. But I am a patriot, and it is not in my nature to sit still and listen to unkindly remarks upon my country people. You will forgive my plain speaking, but in my daily life and work I am constantly attacked by this spirit of—what shall I call it?—I will give it a negative term, and call it a lack of magnanimity on the part of your country people. To-day I have had no less than three different arguments, have been forced to stand on the defensive three different times, in three different lessons, on the subject of Germany's dislike for the English people, English manners, and English enterprise. In each case my services had been ostensibly retained for the purpose of giving a lesson in English grammar.'

'You ought to have been a man, Mrs. Carr. Surely you have missed your calling.' Frau Bankier spoke with a sneer.

'My calling!' Marion Carr repeated in more softened tones and with a startled expression. 'Oh, no, Frau Bankier, I am all woman. . . . Is love of country incompatible with the calling of a woman? Is hatred of prejudice, intolerance, injustice, malevolence, incompatible with the calling of a woman? . . . That I have a stronger

love of my country than many women, and perhaps a more passionate way of showing it, is due to the fact that I have had to fight a man's fight in woman's apparel, and have known the sickness and the longing of the exile.'

'Many women must suffer exile,' said Frau Bankier Stein, ruminatively. 'There are many Germans in England.'

'Granted, Frau Bankier. But England is—England, and Germany—Germany. And between both rolls a sea of racial differences wider than the German Ocean. England is the land of freedom. Germany. . . quiet observation and study of the laws and institutions of other countries have taught me how to estimate the privilege of being born on English soil. And it is this English spirit, Frau Bankier, which enables me to support at all expatriation in this cold unkindly land.'

Frau Bankier Stein raised her head and regarded the Englishwoman.

Marion Carr continued quietly: 'I am the last woman in the world to obtrude my opinions upon others, Frau Bankier, but there are times when not to assert self would be an act of cowardice. And I must beg you to remember that I am not in your house this evening for the purpose of justifying myself, or vindicating my country, but for the purpose of giving an English lesson. . . . Were you at the opera last night, Frau Bankier? Marie Schneider sang divinely.'

'Oh, no,' said Frau Bankier Stein, smiling.

'But you are fond of music?'

'Oh, yes. All Germans love music. But I cannot leave my home and young children. I am a Hausfrau. There are no Hausfraus in England, I am told.'

Marion Carr made a gesture of impatience. 'Whoever told you so, Frau Bankier, told you what is most untrue. We have innumerable Hausfraus in England . . . wives and mothers, too, beginning with our own beloved Queen, who is a woman of brilliant domestic virtues first and a sovereign afterwards. And this is a main reason why she not only governs, but lives and reigns in the heart of the English nation.'

'But how can Englishwomen make good wives and mothers?' Frau Bankier Stein inquired. 'The Englishwomen in this town seem to do nothing but play lawn-tennis from morning till evening. Have English girls no household duties? no domestic work? Do they never cook, or do needlework? And you must own, Mrs. Carr, that the same faces are to be seen night after night at the opera.'

'Naturally, Frau Bankier, they come to Germany for music and a holiday, and they leave their kitchens and their storerooms behind them. It is not the custom for German girls to travel for pleasure. Here you are many years behind the English and the Americans.'

German wives and daughters may cook in the kitchen, but they may not travel, may do little but dance a domestic marionette dance all their lives.'

Marion Carr spoke with more warmth than discretion. Frau Bankier Stein looked considerably astonished, and not a little indignant. She let her hands fall in her lap.

'You are very—rash, Mrs. Carr. And you are a teacher. Do you think it expedient—prudent to be so indifferent to your own interests?'

Marion Carr smiled proudly. 'I am a woman first and a teacher afterwards, Frau Bankier. I do not undertake to gain my end at the sacrifice of all independence. I would prefer to starve. And I am a teacher only for the time being, and just so long as my patience holds out. It is a matter of pride with me that I have not yet begged or advertised in any one manner for pupils.'

'I do not think you will get on—in Germany, Mrs. Carr.'

'I have not the slightest intention of "getting on" in Germany, Frau Bankier. Success in this country would be failure in the land of my birth—failure in my most cherished plans.'

Frau Bankier Stein looked baffled.

'I do not think I quite understand you, Mrs. Carr.'

'I beg your pardon. Do I speak too quickly? I really must compliment you on your grasp of the English language. I have been speaking very quickly.'

'But not too quickly. I understand very well indeed. But—you do not seem to like Germany, Mrs. Carr. Why?'

Frau Bankier Stein spoke with a ruffled expression and knitted more slowly as she listened.

'My own experience in Germany Frau Bankier has furnished me with some instructive lessons which I admit are destructive of sympathy, and which can only be learned when one has settled down here and entered into your ways of daily life.'

Frau Bankier Stein smiled and knitted with renewed zeal. Presently she looked up:

'You have children, Mrs. Carr?'

'I had a child once. It died.'

'Very sad. I have five children, three boys and two girls; they give me much to do.'

'You are fond of children?'

'Oh, yes, but I do not spoil them; they must obey me.'

There was a noise in the corridor.

'It is my husband,' Frau Bankier Stein said.

And then the door opened, and a good-looking young man entered, rather awkwardly and blushing boyishly.

Frau Bankier Stein shot her husband a look, then bent her eyes over her knitting and said laconically, with a toss of the head:

'My husband . . . Mrs. Carr. . . Have you been in to see the children, Bernhardt?'

'Yes, yes.'

Herr Bankier Stein stepped lightly over the parquet as though he lived in chronic dread of wakening one of his babes, and stooped over his wife, kissing her on either cheek. The two whispered together. Marion Carr looked away. Then the boy-husband sank in a chair, and taking up his wife's ball of silk began unwinding it.

'You will entangle it, Bernhardt.'

'Have you been out to-day?'

Marion Carr, with a nervous feeling of expectancy, waited for the inevitable, 'Oh, no.'

It came. . .

'Oh, no. But I walked in the garden for an hour. The gardener has been digging.'

'Have the children been well?'

'Oh, yes. Victor has been naughty. I whipped his tiny fist till it was quite red. He is very intelligent. He was good at once. He must learn to obey. He is six months old.'

.. 'And Felicitas?'

'Is too funny. She has been talking English to the Fräulein.'

'And Karl?'

'He has a cold. He played too long in the garden, and he will not wear a hat. I was obliged to punish him. He had only bread and water for his dinner.'

'What time is supper?'

'At eight o'clock. It is that now. Are you hungry?'

'No, but' . . . Herr Bankier Stein turned his gaze upon Marion Carr, who quickly and somewhat nervously turned her eyes full upon Frau Bankier Stein.

'Perhaps Mrs. Carr is hungry.'

Mrs. Carr was not hungry.

And at that moment a servant announced supper.

Frau Bankier laid down her knitting, breathed quickly through her mouth, then rose, and with a cold invitation to the Englishwoman passed on into the dining-room, leaving Marion Carr and Herr Bankier to follow.

And the festive meal began. It was a nondescript feast of cold meat served in exquisite china, but put on the table in a haphazard way and with table-linen which had seen service before that day. Marion Carr laid her serviette on one side. Frau Bankier Stein looked calmly on, then turned her head and said irritably to the maid who waited:

'Bring another serviette.'

The meal proceeded, with a maid waiting in irresolute fashion, with constant spasmodic starts and nervous appeals to the 'gnädige

Frau.' There was little conversation in any language. There were intervals of dead silence, with connubial interludes between husband and wife, and longer looks between mistress and maid. Marion Carr drank her weak lukewarm tea and pursued the advantage of thought. As yet there had been no 'psychological' moments, and for this she was truly grateful. At that moment, as ill-luck would have it, Marion Carr glanced up at Frau Bankier Stein, who, with a show of fatigue, pushed her plate away, leaned both arms on the table, and made an unpardonable noise with her teeth, utterly unconscious of the fact that there was anything Gothic in her manners.

Marion coloured to the roots of her hair and the boy-husband said something to his wife in angry accents. The unmannerly noise was repeated this time with a cool stare at the stranger at the table. The situation was now so uncomfortable, that to ease the tension Marion Carr plunged into talk with her host. When she liked, which was not often, she could talk well. Moreover, she had a fatal habit of appearing intensely interested in her interlocutor. Herr Bankier Stein appeared grateful for the timely assistance, and began to speak of his experiences in America, ignoring his wife in the conversation. When Marion Carr turned her gaze, she intercepted a look from Frau Bankier Stein which startled her.

Her high cheek bones were crimson, and her expression provokingly and intentionally rude in the extreme. In another moment, with a furious look at her wondering husband, she pushed back her chair, flung her serviette on the table, and made a rush into the adjoining room, shutting the tail of her gown in the door. Without a moment's loss of time, Marion Carr followed the young fury.

She had flung herself petulantly down in the depths of a rocking chair and had crossed her arms, and was swinging one slippered foot with her eyes closed. Marion Carr approached her, and quietly said :

'I fear you are ill, Frau Bankier. Can I get you anything?'

There was no response. Herr Bankier Stein was timidly looking in at the door in boyish distress and embarrassment.

Timidly he approached his wife and whispered in her ear.

'Perhaps—a little water,' Marion Carr suggested.

He flew into the dining-room and presently returned with a glass and a caraffe—upsetting the water in his clumsy eagerness.

'Drink some water,' he whispered to his wife.

Frau Bankier Stein opened her eyes and smiled unpleasantly.

'Do drink a little water,' said Marion Carr. 'Shall I ring for your maid, Frau Bankier?'

'Drink more water,' said the husband, losing his patience, though anything more unlike a fainting woman than Frau Bankier Stein at that moment it would have been difficult to conceive. She looked up into her husband's face, then bent her head and sipped the water.

By this time she had apparently come to her senses, and to a sane decision of mind—if she had not arrived also at the conclusion that she had brought ridicule on her husband, and made herself egregiously absurd. She sat upright—and smiled.

‘You are better?’ said the Englishwoman, dryly.

‘Oh, yes, the room was too hot. Will you open one of the windows, Bernhardt?’

Bernhardt strolled into the dining-room and opened a casement.

Frau Bankier Stein turned with an amiable air of languor to Marion Carr, who was still standing.

– ‘You will be tired, Mrs. Carr.’

‘Yes, I am very tired, Frau Bankier. If you are quite recovered, and I can do nothing for you, I will beg leave to retire.’

Thankfully Marion Carr withdrew and left the boy-husband and the girl-fury together.

KATHARINE BLYTH.

GIBBON'S LIFE AND LETTERS

THE most famous of autobiographies is, in one sense of the word, a piece of patchwork. Mr. Gibbon wrote the history of the Roman Empire, or of its decline and fall, once. He wrote the history of himself, or of his rise and progress, seven times. One of these narratives is the merest fragment, so that they are usually called six. Gibbon died very suddenly and unexpectedly at the age of fifty-six. He had not made up his mind whether he would publish his own Memoirs in his own lifetime, though it seems, in spite of some natural hesitation on his part, most probable that he would have done so. After his death his intimate friend, the first Lord Sheffield, assisted by his daughter, Miss Holroyd,—‘the Maria,’ as Gibbon calls her—afterwards Lady Stanley of Alderley, arranged and edited the book which has fascinated three generations. It is due to Lord Sheffield’s memory to say that he practised no deception on the public. In his advertisement to the first edition of Gibbon’s Miscellaneous Works, dated the 6th of August, 1795, he says: ‘The most important part consists of Memoirs of Mr. Gibbon’s Life and Writings, a work which he seems to have projected with peculiar solicitude and attention, and of which he left six different sketches, all in his own handwriting. . . . From all of these the following Memoirs have been carefully selected and put together.’ It is impossible for any one familiar with these old volumes to read the sumptuously complete edition of *Gibbon’s Life and Letters* now published by Mr. Murray and not be struck by Lord Sheffield’s literary skill. Mr. Murray’s edition cannot be too highly praised. It contains hundreds of new letters, besides all the seven versions of the Life. Mr. John Murray has himself performed the useful service of printing and explaining some brief and often enigmatical jottings appended to the Autobiography by its author himself. Mr. Rowland Prothero has enriched the Letters with a most interesting series of notes, which are always full enough and never too full. The present Lord Sheffield, the grandson of Gibbon’s friend, acknowledges in a modest preface the assistance and encouragement he has received from Mr. Frederic Harrison, to whom, indeed, the appearance of these volumes is really due. The whole of the reading public, as well as Lord Sheffield, are

deeply in Mr. Harrison's debt. Whatever literary treasures the year 1897 may have in store, even if they should include 'some precious, tender-hearted scroll of pure' Bacchylides, they will contain nothing of profounder interest or more permanent value than this splendid picture of Gibbon painted by himself.

Nevertheless, I adhere to my opinion that the first Lord Sheffield and his daughter did their work exceedingly well. Lord Sheffield, though an active, zealous, bustling politician, must have been a man of scholarly taste and trained judgment. It is more than interesting to see how Gibbon began, and altered, and erased, and began again, the counterfeit presentment of the person he most admired. But the Autobiography as known to the public for nearly a hundred years is really his, and its artistic perfection is due to the conscientiousness as well as to the ability of the editors.

'The Maria's' own letters, so recently published, are not at all in the Gibbonesque vein. When Mr. Gibbon described them as 'incomparable,' he used the language not of criticism, but of affection. They are forcible enough. 'It is too hot to swear any more,' she ingenuously remarks at the end of one of them, which was not, however, addressed to the historian. They abound in vigour and in high spirits, which are the most enviable if the least interesting of human characteristics. But their chief value is in their sketches of 'Gib,' and they should be read, irreverent as they are, in connexion with these volumes. 'Mr. G.,' as in unconscious anticipation of another hero and another age she sometimes writes, was very much at home in Sheffield Place. He liked to be alone with the family. He hated country visitors and country dinner-parties, and the business or amusements of a country gentleman's life. 'I detest your races, I abhor your assizes,' he wrote to Lord Sheffield. He was a sworn enemy to exercise, and when his hat was removed he did not miss it for a week. If he was not reading, he liked to sit in an arm-chair and talk, while Lady Sheffield listened, and Maria yawned or informed Miss Firth in a confidential note that she was a 'D. of a cat.'

Mr. Gibbon was much interested in his antecedents, if I may for once use that word in its proper sense. He wanted to know all about everyone who had been directly or indirectly concerned in bringing him into the world. He would gladly have been richer, and few men valued money more. But it was a satisfaction to him to think that the fortune which might have been his had been swallowed up in no less conspicuous a misfortune than the South Sea Bubble. He rejoiced in an ancestor who had been Bluemantle Poursuivant, and even studied the principles of heraldry, which Mr. Lowe used to say was the only branch of knowledge not worth studying. The seventh and by far the briefest of the Autobiographical Sketches contains two famous genealogical passages, one of which appears in the History, and would have immortalised Fielding if Fielding had not

immortalised himself. Everybody knows the gorgeous sentence, 'The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain their humble brethren of England, but the romance of *Tom Jones*, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of the House of Austria.' It is a real triumph of rhetoric to have surrounded with so grandiose a setting so homely a name. Equally familiar is another passage in the same sketch and almost in the same paragraph: 'The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the *Fairy Queen* as the most precious jewel of their coronet.' It does not, however, appear that Gibbon mocked 'at the claims of long descent,' even when they failed to include a novelist or an epic poet. He was proud of his real or supposed connexion with Lord Saye and Sele, the victim of Jack Cade, 'a patron and a martyr of learning.' But if the Shakespearean holder of that most picturesque title had been neither a martyr nor a patron, I think he would still have found a place in the Autobiography. Mr. Gibbon was fond of playing at the philosopher with human weaknesses. He calls a coat of arms the most useless of all coats, and he emphatically asserts his right to use one. He might be suspected of trifling if he ever trifled with so solemn a subject as himself. Even his ancestry is not sacred to the shafts of his wit. 'Our alliances by marriage,' he says in a passage of the Autobiography suppressed by the sensitive delicacy of Miss Firth's correspondent, 'our alliances by marriage it is not disgraceful to mention. . . . The *Memoirs of the Count de Grammont*, a favourite book of every man and woman of taste, immortalise the Whetnalls or Whitnells of Peckham: "*la blanche Whitnell et le triste Peckham*." But the insipid charms of the lady and the dreary solitude of the mansion were sometimes enlivened by Hamilton and love, and had not *our* alliance preceded *her* marriage, I should be less confident of my descent from the Whetnalls of Peckham.' There can be no doubt that Mr. Gibbon liked to consider himself, in the technical or heraldic sense of the term, a gentleman. Macaulay held the sound and wholesome doctrine that any connexion with English history was better than none. His illustrious predecessor went further, and loved his pedigree for his own sake. Family pride cannot be justified by reason, and the habitual display of it is an intolerable nuisance. But it has one practical advantage. It is a safeguard, for want of a better, against that abject prostration of intellect before rank which is one of the most painful and degrading spectacles that society affords.

Gibbon must have been one of the oddest boys that ever were seen, if indeed he ever was a boy. The sole survivor of a large and sickly progeny, his childhood was one round of diseases, and of remedies compared with which the diseases must have been almost agreeable. His mother died when he was very young, he did not

get on with his father, he was miserable at Westminster, and his aunt, Mrs. Porten, who may be said to have saved his life, was the only friend of his infancy. His contempt for 'the trite and lavish praise of the happiness of our boyish years' is not therefore surprising. But Lord Sheffield or 'the Maria' need not have cut out the quaint and characteristic remark, 'The Dynasties of Assyria and Egypt were my top and cricket-ball.' Nor is it easy to understand why the Marian pencil should have been drawn through this noble panegyric: 'Freedom is the first wish of our heart; freedom is the first blessing of our nature; and, unless we bind ourselves with the voluntary chains of interest or passion, we advance in freedom as we advance in years.' The freedom which Mr. Gibbon extolled, or at least the freedom which he supported, was of a peculiar and limited type. It was the freedom of a few highly intelligent and cultivated persons to express themselves as they pleased about the prejudices or convictions of their neighbours. This is no doubt an essential part of freedom. But it is not the whole. Nor is it that which appeals most strongly to the masses of mankind. For the masses indeed, as we understand them, Mr. Gibbon cared little or nothing. Except so far as they supplied him with honest valets and cleanly housemaids, they were all included in the odious term 'mob.' He would not have persecuted them. He was all for telling them to go to the devil in their own way. He never came in contact with them, except when he served in the Militia, and then he messed with the officers. Both the constituencies he represented in the House of Commons, Liskeard and Lymington, were pocket boroughs.^a On the 7th of December, 1763, he wrote to his stepmother: 'I was very glad to hear of my friend [*sic*] Wilkes's deserved chastisement, and if the law could not punish him, Mr. Martin could.' Considering that Martin, whom Wilkes never injured, had deliberately provoked Wilkes to a duel after shooting at a mark for weeks, and that if Wilkes had been killed, instead of badly wounded, Martin would have been morally as well as legally guilty of murder, this is one of the strangest expressions of friendship on record. Gibbon's hatred and dread of the French Revolution, which menaced his repose at Lausanne, knew no bounds; and the most unpleasant passage in his Autobiography is the one in which he suggests that Dr. Priestley's 'trumpet of sedition' should be silenced by the civil magistrate. Mr. Bagehot dryly observes that Gibbon felt himself to be one of those persons whom the populace always murdered. He said, however, at the time of Lord George Gordon's riot, that he did not think he was obnoxious to the people. It was the people who were obnoxious to him. He voted steadily for the American war.

Lord Sheffield's or Miss Holroyd's omissions have an historic interest of their own. One of them curiously attests the fame of Adam Smith. Mr. Gibbon, in citing the testimony of that distinguished

man to the deplorable condition of Oxford, calls him a philosopher. This was not good enough for Lord Sheffield, who substituted 'a master of moral and political wisdom.' Gibbon prided himself upon not being disgusted by 'the pedantry of Grotius or the prolixity of Puffendorf.' Lord Sheffield would not suffer the name of Gibbon to be associated with such shocking opinions as that 'Puffendorf was prolix and Grotius pedantic. It was more reasonable in an editor and more pious in a friend to expurgate Gibbon's account of his second visit to Lausanne, which was paid in 1763. 'The habits of the militia,' says the historian, 'and the example of my countrymen betrayed me into some riotous acts of intemperance, and before my departure I had deservedly forfeited the public opinion which had been acquired by the virtues of my better days.' This sentence exhibits Gibbon in a new light. The future author of the *Decline and Fall* drunk and disorderly is a subject which only the brush of Hogarth, who survived till 1764, could have adequately portrayed. Perhaps no man throughout his life had more perfect self-control than Gibbon, and I cannot help suspecting him of a design to show the people of Lausanne that he could get drunk as well as the worst of them. It was probably the last time. Moral scruples had never much weight with him; but drink interfered with study, and drink had to give way. When he first went to Lausanne, dulness drove him to the gambling table. But he lost his money, and his aunt would not send him any more, and it was disagreeable to be without money, and so he left off gambling. The letter to Mrs. Porten, which did not melt her hard heart, is thus pleasantly endorsed by his step-mother, or 'mother-in-law,' as she calls herself. 'Please remember that this letter was not addressed to his mother-in-law, but his aunt, an old cat as she was to refuse his request.' But the old cat knew what she was about, and so did her nephew. The discipline was salutary and effectual. It is difficult to read of Gibbon in his teens, or even in his twenties, without being reminded of that masterly creation, the 'Wise Youth Adrian' in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. On the point of his health Gibbon showed an indifference which was positively sublime. In 1761, when he was twenty-four, he consulted Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, afterwards Sir Cæsar Hawkins, the eminent surgeon, about some rather bad symptoms. Hawkins took a serious view of the case, and told him to come again. The next time he consulted a surgeon was in November 1793, and in January 1794 he died. But in the meanwhile he had written his History and enjoyed his life. When, in 1783, he found that the distractions of London society, which he thoroughly enjoyed, were impeding the progress of his book, he turned his back on London, and buried himself with Deyverdun at Lausanne. He amused himself with fine ladies, and liked to be treated as a dangerous man. His comical indignation with M. Necker for treating him as harmless and leaving him alone

with Madame Necker was probably only half assumed. But for all the fine ladies of his acquaintance put together—and some of them were very fine—he did not care one rap of his snuff-box. He knew what they were worth, he knew what he was worth, and he governed himself accordingly. One of his favourites was Lady Elizabeth Foster, once so famous in the flesh, now so celebrated on canvas, who became at last the Duchess of Devonshire. It was of her Mr. Gibbon said that if she were to beckon the Lord Chancellor from the woolsack in full view of the public he would be compelled to follow her. To her face, so he tells us, he called her Bess. Behind her back he called her a ‘bewitching animal,’ and with this elegantly murderous label he consigned her to her appropriate niche in some odd corner of his mind.

But fine ladies were not the only persons to whom Mr. Gibbon was indifferent. For his mother he could not be expected to feel much fondness. Some reflections on the death of his father were kindly omitted by Lord Sheffield. ‘The tears of a son,’ says the filial chronicler, ‘are seldom lasting.’ ‘Few, perhaps,’ he adds, ‘are the children who, after the expiration of some months or years, would sincerely rejoice in the resurrection of their parents.’ This is cynicism in the literal meaning of the word. It resembles rather the natural shamelessness of the dog than the acquired indifference of the philosopher. Mr. Gibbon senior was certainly not a model father. He did not act wisely in sending his son to Oxford at fourteen, nor, in spite of consequences, he could not have foreseen, in sending him at fifteen to Switzerland. He seems to have been rather cantankerous, and he spent a good deal of money which Mr. Gibbon junior would much rather have handled himself. But a father’s grave is an odd receptacle for bad imitations of La Rochefoucauld. Most of the few letters in these volumes were addressed to this unlamented parent’s second wife, born Dorothea Patton. She was devotedly attached to her stepson, and he professed the most affectionate regard for her. But she had a jointure of three hundred a year charged upon his estate, and he occasionally betrays in his letters to Lord Sheffield some anxiety to know how long she was likely to need it. She survived this anxious inquirer, and their friendly relations were only interrupted by his death. But the one blessing which her stepson did not desire for her was longevity. The other obstacle to Mr. Gibbon’s possessing that opulence of which Madame Necker declared him to be an *adornateur zélé* was treated in a much more summary manner. ‘Aunt Hester,’ or the ‘Northamptonshire Saint,’ was the favourite butt of Mr. G.’s sarcastic raillery. He could not away with her, and he did not conceal his impatience for adding her income to his own. His inquiries after her health were frequent without being affectionate. He desired to be informed from a sure source without noise or scandal of her ‘decline and fall.’ He charged her with revers-

ing the proper relations between nephews and aunts by attempting to borrow money from him. He described her as having retired to the house, 'he durst not say to the arms,' of Mr. Law, author of the *Serious Call*. He accused her of an inconsistent reluctance to begin chanting hallelujahs in Heaven. But about his feelings for this lady there was no disguise. He did not make her continued existence the topic of felicitations to herself and of regrets to others. She had the decency to die before him.

Mr. Gibbon was never rich and never poor. He realised, though it is to be feared that he never uttered the prayer of Agar, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny Thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.' He never had any profession, though for three years, from 1779 to 1782, he drew a substantial salary as a Lord of Trade. A foreigner might pause to observe that Mr. Gibbon was not a lord, and knew nothing of trade. An Englishman will rather be astonished that an anomaly, so thoroughly English, should, through the economic zeal of Mr. Burke, have been abolished more than a century ago. Mr. Gibbon accepted, with fortitude, the loss of an office which no successor could enjoy, and in 1783 retired to Lausanne. He was an epicure as well as an Epicurean, and never affected to despise the pleasures of the table. His theory of the merits of the middle state, now published for the first time, is extremely interesting, and would have aroused the furious antagonism of Dr. Johnson. 'Few works of merit and importance have been executed either in a garret or in a palace. A gentleman possessed of leisure and independence, of books and talents, may be encouraged to write by the distant prospect of honour and reward; but wretched is the author, and wretched will be the work where daily diligence is stimulated by daily hunger.' Gibbon did not seriously think that the work of Johnson, of Goldsmith, or of Porson, to take three of his own contemporaries, was wretched. He knew that Marcus Aurelius was an emperor in name as Julius Cæsar had been in fact, and that Epictetus like Plautus was a slave. He could have cited scores of exceptions to his own rule. But perhaps there is no rule. Certainly no rule will account for Gibbon himself. Not even that colossal intellect, allied with that gigantic industry, can prevent the design and completion of the *Decline and Fall* within a quarter of a century from being the eighth wonder of the world. Gibbon had little education except what he gave himself. No Oxford man, and no Old Westminster, owed less to Westminster or to Oxford. The 'monks of Oxford,' steeped in 'port and prejudice,' took no notice of him until he was received into the Church of Rome, and then washed their hands of him. He was his own teacher and his own pupil, which seems to have doubled the power of his extraordinary mind. 'Such as I am,' he wrote, and Lord Sheffield sup-

pressed, 'such as I am, in genius or learning or manners, I owe my creation to Lausanne; it was in that school that the statue was discovered in the block of marble; and my own religious folly, my father's blind resolution, produced the effects of the most deliberate wisdom.' Sainte-Beuve, the prince of modern critics, pronounces the impartial judgment that Gibbon's too early and complete familiarity with the French language corrupted the idiomatic purity of his English. Mr. Gibbon's first book, an essay on the Study of Literature, was written in French, and he had actually begun a French History of Switzerland, when David Hume, who hated and despised England with the grotesque intensity of a Gallicised Scot, judiciously advised him to adopt in future the lingo of the barbarians. The Gallicisms gradually, though never perhaps completely, disappeared from Gibbon's writing, and they cannot be said to have permanently injured his style. But there is some truth in his own statement that at Lausanne he ceased to be an Englishman. Nor did the Hampshire Militia and the House of Commons ever quite restore or impart the national character. He remained a citizen of the world, bilingual, unprejudiced, or at least prejudiced only against professions of patriotism. There is no affectation in his statement that the militia as well as Parliament taught him valuable lessons. It was a real training that militiamen had in those days. Mr. Gibbon did not much like it, or, to use his own more accurate expression, he felt heartily glad when it was over. But throughout his life he was a thorough scholar. On the surface a man of pleasure and fashion, he never wasted his time. A voracious, omnivorous, incessant reader, he did not seek instruction only from books. There was something to be learnt by drilling in Hampshire, and he learned it. He acquired a knowledge of military terms and of local administration. There was much to be learnt in the House of Commons, and he learned it. He saw how the British Constitution, 'the thing' as Cobbett afterwards called it, actually worked, and Blackstone, whom he diligently studied, could not teach him that. He never spoke, probably because he was afraid of not speaking so well as some of his inferiors. But he listened, and he assured the world that Burke's speeches were reported as they had been delivered, by which he meant that they were delivered as they had been composed. His politics were indefinite, and in truth he cared very little about them. He called himself a Whig. He usually, though not always, voted with the Tories. He delighted in Lord North's good humour and ready wit.¹ He paid a noble tribute to the personal character of Charles Fox. For himself, he only asked of Parliament and people what Diogenes asked of Alexander, that they would stand out of his light.

It was at Lausanne, as all the world has heard, that Gibbon

¹ 'The noble Lord is even now slumbering on the ruins of the Constitution.' 'I wish to God I was.'

finished his History, and took that famous walk under the acacias which he himself has described with such rare and moving simplicity. It was also at Lausanne, many years earlier, that he met Mademoiselle Curchod, who became Madame Necker. Their brief engagement was not a time of unalloyed bliss, and the assistance of no less a personage than Rousseau was invoked to mediate between the parties. But the author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse* was unfavourable to the pretensions of *le nouveau Abélard*. He thought Mr. Gibbon too cold-blooded a young man for his taste, or for the lady's happiness. In affairs of the heart Jean Jacques was a good judge. Mr. Gibbon's subsequent praise of Mademoiselle Curchod's virtuous pride in poverty and Madame Necker's graceful dignity in high station is the language of a philosopher and a gentleman. But it is as cold as Cadenus and Vanessa, which is as cold as a stone. Madame Necker sometimes amused herself in later life by teasing her tepid suitor. But with truly feminine benevolence she advised him, as he could not marry her, on no account to marry anybody else. Within the small circle of the very few people for whom he really cared Mr. Gibbon was the warmest and truest of friends. There are few morsels of English literature more pleasant to read than his letters to Lady Sheffield, whom, as he says, he loved like a sister for twenty years. When he heard of her death in 1793, he did not hesitate for a moment. He had projected a visit to Sheffield Place, which he might or might not have paid. He was perfectly comfortable in his house at Lausanne, and he had satisfied himself that the French, with or without breeches, were not coming to annoy him. He was obese, and physically indolent, and shrank from exertion. But he felt that his proper place was by the side of Lord Sheffield. The only consolation in such circumstances, he said, was to be found in the sustaining presence of a real friend, and he set off for England at once. Ten years earlier he had left London for Lausanne at the invitation of his friend Deyverdun, with whom he lived in unbroken intimacy till Deyverdun's death. A passionless nature Mr. Gibbon may have had, but it must have been also a singularly amiable one.

'I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame.' Throughout his life Gibbon thoroughly understood his own position. As a man of letters he had no vulgar vanity. But his self-reliance and self-confidence were never disturbed. No such work as the *Decline and Fall*, if indeed there be such another, was ever more completely due to one imperial mind. 'Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes except those of the author and the printer.' Half the History was composed in London, and the other half in Switzerland. But alike in 'the winter hurry of society and Parliament' and in 'the comforts and beauties of Lausanne' the historian serenely kept the even tenour of his way. Most

of his critics he justly despised. Compliments, with a few exceptions, poured off him like water off a duck's back. He welcomed the praise of Porson, despite its 'reasonable admixture of acid,' because he appreciated the value of Porson's opinion. He prized the compliment of Sheridan to his 'luminous page,' because it was paid him 'in the presence of the British nation' at the trial of Warren Hastings.* But when the public discovered his merits, he congratulated the public, and he scarcely pretended to doubt the finality of his work. Very few of his letters allude to his historical researches. He was a solitary and an uncommunicative worker. Most of his acquaintances in London were indeed about as capable of understanding what he was at as His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, who greeted the second volume of the *History* as 'another damned thick square book,' and accosted the author with: 'Scribble, scribble, scribble, eh, Mr. Gibbon?' The Duke of Gloucester, however, was a Solon or a Solomon compared with Horace Walpole, who, like the arrant dunce and coxcomb that he was, expressed to the historian his regret that so clever a man should write on so dull a subject. Appreciation of the *Decline and Fall* was not to be expected from Walpole. One might as well look for grapes from thorns or figs from thistles. But if he had been able to play with decency even his own poor part as a parasite of letters, he would have felt that that was not the sort of thing to say. It is difficult to suppose that Gibbon was quite sincere when he repudiated the presumption of claiming a place, along with Hume and Robertson, in the triumvirate of British historians. Robertson is entitled to the most futile of all commendations. He ought to be read. But if Hume's fame rested upon his *History of England*, as, of course, it does not, he would never be mentioned in the same breath with Gibbon. M. Guizot, as is well known, read Gibbon three times with very different impressions. After the first perusal, which must have been a hurried one, he thought his author brilliant but superficial. After the second his verdict was 'Sound in principle, but weak in detail.' The third left him with little but admiration to express. Considering the extent of M. Guizot's own historical knowledge and the rigid orthodoxy of his religious opinions, this is a striking testimonial. Macaulay never, so far as my memory serves me, bestows a word of praise upon his illustrious predecessor. Among historians he put Thucydides first and all the others nowhere. 'The rest, one may hope to rival: him never.' Thucydides is, indeed, unsurpassed and unsurpassable. But between him and Gibbon there is no common ground of comparison. You cannot, as the old saying is, add four pounds of butter to four o'clock. Thucydides wrote the account

* Mr. Fraser Rae in his invaluable biography has disposed of the absurd story that Sheridan said, or said he said, 'voluminous.' A voluminous page! Gibbon, in obvious reference to this anecdote, explained by Mr. Rae, speaks of his 'voluminous pages' in the plural.

of a war between two Greek States, in which he was personally concerned. That he enriched his narrative with a masculine eloquence and a ripe knowledge of human affairs is not to the purpose. Such a work cannot be compared, cannot with any useful result be even contrasted, with the fall of an empire related a thousand years after it fell. Gibbon's History has never been rivalled. Nor, in spite of Lord Acton's grand project, is it ever likely to be.

Lord Sheffield survived Gibbon twenty-seven years, so that he had plenty of time for dealing with the historian's letters. He dealt with them freely. Out of five he made one, and there is a curious, though not very important, instance in which he deliberately omitted a negative. His choice of letters and passages for publication, or his daughter's, as it may have been, showed considerable felicity and tact. But still he patched as well as excised, and now, for the first time, we see Gibbon as he was in private life. The Autobiography, delightful as it is, is austere and formal when set beside the Letters. Gibbon himself, in a doubtful compliment, has described Goldoni's *Memoirs* as more dramatic than his *Plays*. Benvenuto Cellini and Lord Herbert of Cherbury are so dramatic that they can hardly be called veracious. Gibbon's most formidable rivals as autobiographers, at all events in his own century, would have been Lord Shelburne and the Rev. Lawrence Sterne. I dare to add the name of Robert Lowe, whom it would be affectation to call Lord Sherbrooke. But their remains, alas! are fragments which provoke our interest only to mock our curiosity. Gibbon's Autobiography, therefore, holds its place, and the Letters show that though elaborate it is honest. Mr. Gibbon did not shrink in correspondence from expressing his real opinions because they failed to coincide with those of ordinary men. His reflections upon Venice are perhaps the strangest ever suggested by the Queen of the Sea. 'Of all the towns in Italy,' he writes to Mrs. Gibbon on the 22nd of April, 1765, 'I am the least satisfied with Venice. Objects which are only singular without being pleasing produce a momentary surprise which soon gives way to satiety and disgust. Old and, in general, ill-built houses, ruined pictures, and stinking ditches, dignified with the pompous denomination of canals, a fine bridge spoilt by two rows of houses upon it, and a large square decorated with the worst architecture I ever yet saw,' &c. Such was Venice to Mr. Gibbon, and perhaps to no other man since the foundation of the Republic. But if he was blind to the art and architecture of Venice, he could appreciate the society of Paris, and what he says on that subject has not lost its interest to-day. 'Indeed, Madam,' he wrote to the same correspondent on the 12th of February, 1763, 'we may say what we please of the frivolity of the French, but I do assure you that in a fortnight passed at Paris I have heard more conversation worth remembering, and seen more men of letters among the people of fashion, than I had done in two or three winters in

London.' Madame de Staël said that a serious Frenchman was the best thing in the world, and most Frenchmen have always been serious. It might have been thought that of all Frenchmen Gibbon would have had most sympathy with Voltaire. But it was not so. On the contrary, he rather disliked him, thought him an overrated author, and laughed at his histrionic performances. 'He appeared to me now [the 6th of August, 1763] a very ranting, unnatural performer. Perhaps, indeed, as I was come from Paris, I rather judged him by an unfair comparison than by his independent value. Perhaps, too, I was too much struck with the ridiculous figure of Voltaire at seventy, acting a Tartar conqueror with a hollow, broken voice, and making love to a very ugly niece of about fifty.'

Mr. Gibbon was returned to the House of Commons as member for Liskeard at the General Election of 1774. He lost his seat at the dissolution of that Parliament in 1780. He had differed with his cousin Mr. Eliot on some points, and, as he put it, the electors of Liskeard were commonly of the same opinion as Mr. Eliot. Perhaps the nature of a pocket borough has never been more accurately defined. The new letters are seldom political. But there is a concise and not uninteresting reference to the debate on the Address in December 1774, when Lord John Cavendish's Amendment calling for further information on American affairs was rejected by an enormous majority. 'Burke was a water-mill of words and images; Barré, an actor equal to Garrick; Wedderburne [*sic*] artful and able.' Mr. Gibbon differed from the rest of the world in considering himself honoured by the friendship of Mr. Wedderburne, afterwards Lord Loughborough and Lord Chancellor, at whose house in Hampstead he attended his last dinner-party. George the Third and Junius did not often agree. But Junius said there was something about Mr. Wedderburne which even treachery could not trust, and the King called Lord Loughborough the biggest scoundrel in his dominions.

Gibbon's Letters may be said to derive more interest from him than he derives from them. They have not the audacious fun and commanding force of Byron's, the full-blooded eloquence of Burns's, the manly simplicity of Cowper's, the profound humour and pathos of Carlyle's. They are without the radiant geniality of Macaulay's. They do not touch the high literary water-mark of Gray's. They express the mundane sentiments of an earthly sage, in love, if the phrase may be pardoned, with peace and wealth. The secret of the charm which most of them undoubtedly have is that they reveal the inner homely side of the richest and most massive intellect which the eighteenth century produced. Gibbon was an indefatigable student, and so far as he could rise to enthusiasm, an enthusiastic admirer of Cicero. Perhaps the rather monotonous flow of the Ciceronian rhythm is too evident in his prose. It is curious that another great writer, who belonged as much to the nineteenth

century as Gibbon to the eighteenth, should have acknowledged his obligations to the same source. 'As to patterns for imitation,' said Cardinal Newman, 'the only master of style I have ever had (which is strange considering the differences of the languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, and, as far as I know, to no one else.' But whereas Newman, who cultivated the vernacular, and liked to be familiar, must have meant by Cicero the *Epistolæ ad Familiares*, Gibbon, who wrote in full dress, and liked to be fine, was thinking of the *De Senectute* and the *De Amicitia*. Some of Gibbon's letters, especially those for the years 1768 and 1769, deal with that worst kind of trifling called business, and may be skipped with much advantage. Of the others there is scarcely one which will not repay perusal. They come indeed only from the surface of his mind. They reveal little or nothing of that deeply dug treasure-house in which all the learning of the time was illuminated by the search-light of a penetrating intellect, flashing over the records of the ages. Gibbon, like an illustrious poet or thinker in verse of our own day, lived two lives. No one who heard Mr. Browning talk in ordinary society would have guessed that he was the author of *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, or, indeed, that he had ever written a line. Gibbon's real intellectual intercourse was with the dead, his equals and his masters. With the living he was on his guard, and he never committed the mistake of talking seriously to people for whom he had no respect. He did not disdain to be the oracle of a circle. He shrank from Dr. Johnson. He patronised Burke. If Lord Rosebery will forgive the profanity of the remark, he was bored by the younger Pitt. The one man of his own calibre with whom he seems to have been thoroughly at home was Fox, and of Fox he saw very little, though enough to make him say in memorable words that 'perhaps no human being who ever lived was more entirely free from the taint of vanity, malignity, or falsehood.' But of Gibbon it may be affirmed that, as the dust of his writings was gold, so the surface of his mind would have made the fortune of a letter-writer, an essayist, or a pamphleteer. He could not be dull. Lacking the highest form of humour, which is perhaps inseparable from reverence, he abounded in wit, in satire, in observation, and in insight. 'By this time,' he wrote to Lord Sheffield on the 14th of November, 1783, from Lausanne, 'those who would give me nothing else have nobly rewarded my merit with the Chiltern Hundreds. I retire without a sigh from the senate, and am only impatient to hear that you have received the sum which your modesty was content to take for my seat.' A malignant critic has observed that Macaulay, who would have sacrificed his 'little finger' to save the life of Mrs. Ellis, would have 'cut off his right arm' rather than be guilty of such a bad antithesis as Smollett's 'Ambassador without dignity, and Plenipotentiary without address.' Gibbon, on the other hand, withheld from the House of Commons the sigh which he had

generously bestowed upon Susanne Curchod. If, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says, his references to politics are somewhat cynical, so were the politics to which he referred.

Gibbon certainly obeyed the maxim which, if we may believe Juvenal, descended (in the Greek language) from Heaven. He knew himself. It was a fashionable branch of knowledge in the eighteenth century, and Carlyle has not failed to denounce it with his accustomed vigour. But it was even then an accomplishment more often claimed than possessed, and there must have been few men in any age who ordered their own lives with the calm sagacity of Gibbon. 'I have always'—so he wrote to Mrs. Gibbon on the 27th of December, 1783—'I have always valued far above the external gifts of rank and fortune, two qualities for which I stand indebted to the indulgence of Nature, a strong and constant passion for letters, and a propensity to view and to enjoy every object in the most favourable light.' Could the art of happiness be condensed into fewer words? Mr. Gibbon did really resemble the Epicurean philosophers whom he so much admired. There may have been some affectation in his manners. There was none in his opinions. He was, in every sense of the words, *totus teres atque rotundus*. He was never tired of intellectual work. When he had finished the *Decline and Fall*, the tenth part of which would have filled the life of almost any other man, he projected a series of historical biographies which death alone prevented him from accomplishing. Yet he died in his fifty-seventh year, and Macaulay, whose *History of England* is a small fraction of what he contemplated that it should be, lived to be fifty-nine. Macaulay, however, was a practical statesman. He was a Cabinet Minister, a Parliamentary orator, and the author of the Indian Penal Code. He sank the politician in the historian too late for the interests of posterity, though not for his own fame. In one respect he resembled Gibbon. He told Charles Greville that he neglected contemporary literature, and that his mind was in the past. There are few allusions in Gibbon's Correspondence to Johnson or to Goldsmith, to Richardson or to Sterne. Strange as it may seem to the learned men of this age, he was wholly ignorant of German. He preferred the French poets to the English, and among the English poets he reckoned Hayley. He sympathised with Voltaire's estimate of Shakespeare, whom he anticipated Leech's schoolboy and the admirers of Ibsen in considering an overrated individual. With the rhetorical school of poetry, the school of Dryden and Pope, he was familiar, and he did homage to the genius of Milton. The most illustrious man of science that the nineteenth century has produced confessed that absorption in his pursuits gradually diminished, and ultimately destroyed, his enjoyment of literary excellence. Gibbon, though not himself scientific, attended in pursuit of knowledge the lectures of John Hunter, being apparently interested in everyone's anatomy

except his own. But, perhaps, like Mr. Darwin he was restricted in the range of his appreciation by the enormous scope and magnitude of his own particular studies. His love of classical literature, however, was unbounded, and it is not the least striking proof of his marvellous powers that he should have acquired for himself a mastery of the dead languages which the 'grand old fortifying classical curriculum' seldom imparts. Compared with the aids to learning provided for the modern student his facilities were slight indeed. Such an edition as Professor Jebb's *Sophocles*, or Professor Munro's *Lucretius*, or Professor Robinson Ellis's *Catullus* was as much beyond the imagination of the eighteenth century as a telegraph or a railway. A modern first-class man could hardly decipher the Greek type which was read by Gibbon. For Latin he had Forcellini. But as for Greek, the sight of a Liddell and Scott would have almost induced him to believe that the age of miracles had returned. Even Porson, one of the greatest masters of English who ever lived, wrote his commentaries in Latin. Bentley has been called the first of philologists, and to the results of his researches Gibbon had access. But Bentley unfortunately persuaded himself that the best thing to do with the classics was to rewrite them, and wasted in speculative emendation the time which might have been employed in illustrative comment. If any one will try to read *Lucretius* as edited before Lachmann had revised the text, he will realise what it was to be a scholar in the days of Gibbon.

The history of the historian's library is curious, if rather mournful. There are a few letters from Lord Sheffield to Gibbon included in these volumes, and among them is one dated the 14th of May, 1792, when Gibbon was still at Lausanne. In it Lord Sheffield protests against what he calls in his queer jargon the 'damned parson-minded inglorious idea of leaving books to be sold,' and suggests that the 'Gibbonian library' should find a permanent home at Sheffield Place. Gibbon replied with as near an approach to asperity as he ever used to Lord Sheffield:—

I must animadvert on the whimsical peroration of your last Epistle concerning the future fate of my Library, about which you are so indignant. I am a friend to the circulation of property of every kind, and besides the pecuniary advantage of my poor heirs [the Portens] I consider a public sale as the most laudable method of disposing of it. From such sales my books were chiefly collected, and when I can no longer use them they will be again culled by various buyers according to the measure of their wants and means. If, indeed, a true liberal public library existed in London I might be tempted to enrich the catalogue and encourage the institution; but to bury my treasure in a country mansion under the key of a jealous master! I am not flattered by the Gibbonian collection, and shall own my presumptuous belief that six quarto volumes may be sufficient for the preservation of that name. If, however, your unknown successor should be a man of learning, if I should live to see the love of literature dawning in your grandson — In the meanwhile I admire the firm confidence of our friendship that you

can insist, and I can demur, on a legacy of fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, without the smallest fear of offence.

Mr. Gibbon's remarks upon his friendship with Lord Sheffield are perfectly just. One more honourable to both parties never existed. But it is a pity that he did not comply with Lord Sheffield's request, or feel sufficient confidence in the future to make provisions under which the London Library would have ultimately acquired the books. For Mr. Prothero's supplementary narrative is melancholy reading. Gibbon's books did not fetch anything like the sum which he expected from them. In 1796, two years after his death, Lord Sheffield sold them to Beckford for 950*l*. Beckford gave them to Dr. Scholl of Lausanne, in whose hands they excited the admiration of Miss Berry. Afterwards the collection was broken up, and twenty years ago half of it was in the possession of a Swiss gentleman, who resided near Geneva. It might have been expected that Mr. Gibbon, who thoroughly appreciated his own services to letters, would have perceived the interest of the collection, apart from the merits of the volumes themselves. It is said that there still exists the pen, the single pen, with which Mr. Wordy wrote forty volumes to prove that Providence was always on the side of the Tories. I should not myself greatly care to see it. That is a matter of taste. But the books which were read by Gibbon, the materials of the greatest History in the English tongue, would have been a national possession for ever, and Mr. Pitt might have had them for 1,000*l*. But the lost opportunities of Mr. Pitt would form matter for a separate treatise.

I have already alluded to the series of British biographies which Mr. Gibbon contemplated writing at the close of his life. The delicate diplomacy which he displayed on the occasion forms one of the most amusing episodes in the whole of the correspondence. Lord Sheffield was of course the chosen instrument of the historian's designs, and in the month of January 1793 he received his instructions from Lausanne.

It is most important [wrote the great man] that I be solicited, and do not solicit. In your walk through Pall Mall you may call on the bookseller [Nichols] who appeared to me an intelligent man, and after some general questions about his edition of Shakespeare, you may open the British portraits as an idea of your own to which I am perfectly a stranger. If he kindles at the thought, and eagerly claims my alliance, you will begin to hesitate. 'I am afraid, Mr. Nichols, that we shall hardly persuade my friend to engage in so great a work. Gibbon is old, and rich, and lazy. However, you may make the trial, and if you have a mind to write to Lausanne (as I do not know when he will be in England) I will send the application.'

If there is a finer bit of high comedy than this in the literary correspondence of mankind, I should be glad to know it. 'Gibbon is old, and rich, and lazy.' He was fifty-five, he earnestly desired the augmentation of his income, and his industry was without a parallel. Lord Sheffield performed his task, 'manœuvred your business,' he says, in writing to Gibbon the 15th of March, 1793. But Mr. Nichols had invested 40,000*l*. in Shakespeare, and was

disposed to be cautious. 'He thought such a work would be more than you could undertake,' and so forth. Mr. Nichols's cold reception of the proposal is not very easy to understand. Gibbon was at the height of his fame. The concluding volumes of the *Decline and Fall* had been nearly five years before the public. The success of the book was as immediate as it has been permanent. The reputation of the author was European. The violent reaction against heterodox opinions of all sorts which the French Revolution produced had hardly yet begun. It might have been supposed that Gibbon's name would have sold anything. Perhaps Mr. Nichols did not know his own business. Perhaps he knew it too well. Lady Sheffield's death brought Gibbon to England in the following summer. But his own death in January 1794 interrupted the negotiations so oddly begun. It would have been interesting to compare Gibbon's Biographies with those admirable Lives of Johnson, of Goldsmith, of Bunyan, of Atterbury, and of Pitt, which Macaulay contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The first notice of the *Decline and Fall* in these letters occurs on the 7th of June, 1775, within a few months from the publication of the first volume. It is mentioned by Mr. Gibbon as an excuse for not visiting his stepmother at Bath:

I am just at present [he says] engaged in a great historical work, no less than a *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, with the first volume of which I may very possibly oppress the public next winter. It would require some pages to give a more particular idea of it; but I shall only say in general that the subject is curious, and never yet treated as it deserves, and that during some years it has been in my thoughts and even under my pen. Should the attempt fail, it must be by the fault of the execution.

1776 was a wonderful year. In it the American Colonists declared their independence, Adam Smith published his *Wealth of Nations*, the first volume of Gibbon's History appeared, and David Hume, who had lived to read it, passed away. The Declaration of Independence was the greatest political event between the Revolution of 1688 and the Revolution of 1789. The creation of political economy as a definite science transformed the commercial intercourse of the world. *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, though in form a narrative of past events, embodies the spirit of the age in which it was composed. It is a very great book. It is great in conception, great in execution, great in accuracy, great in learning, great in worldly wisdom and philosophic statesmanship, great in the ordered progress of its rolling periods, the sustained splendour of its majestic style. But it is marred, if I may humbly venture to say so, by one grave defect. Gibbon was fortunate in his clerical critics, such as Chelsum, Davies, and Travis:

Who with less learning than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives the ape,

attacked upon his own ground a consummate master of controversial dexterity and historical erudition. He was justified in saying that a victory over such antagonists was a sufficient humiliation. They were not worth breaking on the wheel. Archdeacon Travis indeed did not live in vain. For he was the unwilling recipient of those letters from Porson which associate the learning of Bentley with the wit of Junius, and with an eloquence beyond the reach of both. But neither the learning of Gibbon nor the incompetence of his assailants touches the real point. Of course no historian, not even an historian of Christianity, is bound to be a Christian. But an historian of Christianity, or indeed of any part of the Christian era, is bound, whether he accepts or rejects it, to understand the teaching of Christ. Gibbon never understood it. He never tried. He knew no more about it, in the true sense of the term, than Tacitus or Plutarch. It was to him a subject of blank amazement, an opportunity for cheap jokes. He says himself in his Autobiography that with his return to Protestantism at the mature age of sixteen he suspended his religious inquiries. This is usually taken to be a sarcasm. I take it to be the literal truth. I agree with Mr. Bagehot in accepting as perfectly genuine the historian's surprise at the offence he gave to religious minds. He honestly thought that Christianity was an exploded superstition, which some persons were well enough paid to profess, and others were ill enough informed to believe, but which had practically ceased to have any influence upon human affairs. He therefore absolved himself from considering it on its merits, and among the 'secondary' or 'natural' causes which he assigns for the victory of Christ's religion he entirely ignores the platitude, or the paradox, as the reader may please to think it, that no other teacher since the world began combined the same unfailing sympathy with human weakness and the same unerring knowledge of the human heart.

HERBERT PAUL.

INDIVIDUALISTS AND SOCIALISTS

It is not necessary, I think, to point out as a characteristic of our times that the minds of men are set as they never were before on social progress. It is felt by politicians—it was emphasised by Lord Rosebery in his thoughtful leave-taking of the London County Council—that in this lie the chief problems which they have to solve. It is felt equally by the various bodies of Christian worshippers that religion must assert and verify itself in care for the wants of society as a whole. Even artists like Ruskin and William Morris have thrown themselves energetically into the current, and have increased its volume.

I come therefore at once to the question as to the methods by which this progress is to be conducted; and the assertion on which I propose to insist is that, whether we look at the goal of our progress or to the steps which lead to it, neither the individualist nor the socialist principle can suffice, but that both must be recognised at every stage. The remark that both the individual and society have their necessary influence in every part of human life seems trite and commonplace, but it is necessary to insist on it because it is persistently forgotten in the controversies of the present day. Men take sides as individualists or socialists in quite a surprising manner, as though the principle to which they attach themselves could safely be left to work alone or might be pushed to its most extreme results without harm. Yet when we ask the question, how far is it good for men that they should be let alone and how far is it good that they should be cared for by others? is it not evident at once that here are two principles which are not antagonistic, but which must blend together; that we must cease absolutely from dashing them against one another and making battle cries of the words 'Organise' or 'Laissez faire,' and must take up seriously the task of seeing how far in each case it is conducive to men's welfare, both as individuals and as members of society, to be helped or to be let alone? It will be attempted in this paper first to show the co-existence and combined action of these two principles in various spheres of nature and of human life; secondly, to show the same as to the social progress; thirdly, to test this by illustrations, and, lastly, to give a few general

rules by which we may be guided in ascertaining the true balance between forces.

Our investigation may begin with non-human nature, which, being removed from our sympathies and interests, leaves our judgment unbiassed. The doctrine of development shows us how the same principles operate in plants and animals as in man. . In plants and animals, then, is it the general life of the species which is most noticeable and most important, or that of the individual plant or animal? At first sight, no doubt, we should say that the general life of the species alone is worth considering; that, as Tennyson said, Nature is careful of the type only, and reckless of the single life. But when we look at nature with the light thrown upon it by the hypothesis of evolution it bears quite a new aspect.

Each bird or beast, each plant or tree, is different from every other—nay, no two leaves are exactly alike—and, above all, we have the great division of sex, so fruitful as the source of energy and of diversity alike. And this difference, this individualism, which runs through every part of nature, is now recognised as the source of all progress. But if any one, struck by this aspect of things, were to come forward with the assertion that this individualism ruled alone throughout nature, that there was no fixity of type, that changes of species might occur in a single generation, that the difference of type and of sex might disappear in a few years, we should think him little short of a madman. The lesson of non-human nature is that life proceeds mainly by the action of the uniform conditions which are the same for all the members of each species; yet that each individual member of the species still counts for something. Without the former of these there would be no life at all; without the latter, life would be dull and stagnant. And progress depends on the combination of these two principles, the persistency of the life of the species which gives the general law for all its members, and the energy of the life of the individual which gradually introduces variety.

Let us look at the suggestion thus given by the non-human parts of nature from another point of view. At first what Darwin called the struggle for life seems to make merely for individualism as the law of progress. Each creature appears to be grasping at its own satisfaction; the benevolence which leads to social virtues seems non-existent. As Tennyson says, 'Nature, red in tooth and claw, with ravin shrieks against' any creed of beneficence. And when Huxley, in his Romanes Lecture at Oxford three years ago, proclaimed his sense of the infinite importance for human progress of the altruistic or social principle, he seemed even to himself to be executing a

complete *volte-face*. The 'cosmic principle,' that of the general life of the universe, was spoken of as leading to nothing but the abyss in reference to the social life of humanity; and Huxley declared that for human progress we must begin a new development which was the denial and the antagonist of the old. It is the distinction of Mr. Henry Drummond, in his recent work *The Ascent of Man*, to have shown a nobler view of nature, one in which the rudiments of social beneficence are traced to the very beginning of sentient existence. Beside the struggle for life, he says, you find the struggle for the life of others. Even in the protoplasmic cell which the microscope reveals the first effort of the living thing is to form another cell like itself, a second existence towards which it sustains relations, and as life attains higher forms the individual not merely faces other individuals, but is dependent upon them, and acknowledges its dependence and shows a care for them—the parent for its offspring, the male or female for its mate, the member of a tribe or species for the other members—so that the mere individualism which might turn to ravin and rapacity is matched by an altruism which is equally natural and equally necessary. Non-human life witnesses, therefore, to the co-existence of both the principles we are considering, the individual and the social.

Now let us pass more distinctly into the sphere of human life, and we shall find at every stage the co-existence and interaction of these two principles. There is the permanent power, which is the same in us all, which acts upon us and within us unconsciously to ourselves, establishing the conditions and predispositions of our lives entirely apart from our free and conscious action; but there is also the power of our own conscious personality, by which, so far as its empire extends, we know exactly what we mean and do that which we intend, under which our personal characteristics come prominently to view, and influence our own lives and the lives of others, and tend to shape, in a greater or lesser degree, the life of the society in which we live.

You see this in the youngest child; he is as unconscious as one of the brutes, and even more dependent, when he is first born. Yet from the very first something of individuality appears. He has a will of his own, and needs to be treated, not by force and mechanism, but by gentle sympathy and persuasion. As he grows on, he may co-operate with those who lead him, partly passively, partly with conscious will; and his tastes, his ways, and, as he matures, his convictions and his resolutions, become a more or less important factor in the family or school or larger society in which he moves. But is this a growth which leaves dependence entirely behind and makes independence the sole law of being? Is the case with our assertion of individual freedom like that which Mr. Herbert Spencer seeks to trace in the passage of maturer men from status to contract,

where he imagines that status is abrogated and naked contract alone remains? As in childhood there is a certain freedom of the individual character, so in mature life there is still a subjection to the general conditions which are beyond our control. The nation, the climate, the family, the education, the congenital temperament, the religion in which we have been trained, are with most men more potent than any conscious action of the will. The faculty of independent thought and resolution is very rare; and where it exists it is fitful and limited in its range. Men act in masses, each of them with imperfect consciousness. They have, therefore, a kind of double personality; they are partly individuals, partly sharers in the general life; and to deal with them on a single principle, as if they were nothing but individuals or nothing but social beings, is sure to lead us wrong.

Let us look at some other spheres, and we shall see the same combination of the voluntary or conscious principle with the instinctive and the unconscious.

I take the sphere of thought and inward impulse.

Do we calculate and reason out each mental process? Do we think and resolve, before stretching out our hands for our food, or putting out our feet to walk, or laying down our bodies to rest? The greater part of our lives consists of instinctive actions; we hardly think before doing them, we hardly remember them when they are done. We have enough of consciousness to guard us against some obstacle which may rise before us; but, subject to this, our bodies and minds work by a kind of mechanism which does not need adjustment at every moment. We may walk while we read or think on some absorbing topic, or converse with a friend, and our whole mind is given to our book or our meditation, or our conversation; the impulse which bears us onward is the subject of no reflection. There are some who have gone so far as to say that we are no more than conscious automata; and, though this is going much too far, it suggests a view of our nature which is often lost sight of where men speak of human action. The philosophy of the unconscious which Schopenhauer and Hartmann have made so popular in Germany certainly represents a side of truth as regards human life, though its transference to the Deity, suggestive as it is, may be beyond our capacity; for not only does the automatic habit of the merely animal life play a great part in even the most highly cultivated of men,¹ but our most definitely conscious actions by repetition merge into habit, and habitual action comes to be instinctive. We make a great effort at first to learn certain words in a foreign language, or to grasp some new idea, or to perform some manual act which needs dexterity; each part of the process is an act of will and of attention. But the next time we try it it becomes easier, and in

¹ This is worked out in M. Victor Cherbuliez's curious and interesting novel *La Bête*.

course of time it becomes so easy, so habitual, that we no longer think about it. It becomes part of ourselves.

And this is the case with moral duties also. At first they need a great effort, but each repetition makes them easier, till at last we can hardly imagine ourselves acting otherwise than in the line which at first was so hard to us. Nor is this unconscious or instinctive mode of action by any means the lower part of our nature. On the contrary, the more we attain self-mastery, the more we learn to do things by natural impulse, without an elaborate process of thought. And in this we make a nearer approach to the perfect state; for the perfect state is not one in which we hesitate between right and wrong, and laboriously bring ourselves to do right, but that in which, without hesitation, we spring forward at the call of duty, or rather where we hardly recognise it as a duty at all, but choose the right by the instinctive action of the mind and the affections. St. Augustine said that God himself must be thought of as acting by a *beata necessitas boni*.

We might take an illustration from the opposite side, from sin. Is sin wholly a conscious thing? Clearly not. It is veiled to us by ignorance, or habit, or original tendency. We are, indeed, obliged to look in our teaching at the conscious, voluntary side, because it is to consciousness alone that we can appeal; but in our dealings with children, or with 'the ignorant and those that are out of the way,' the other side necessarily comes to view. The sacrifices of the Old Testament were all for sins of ignorance, and in the New Testament the prominent feeling which sin evokes is compassion. It might be truly said that, if sin is nothing but a direct, conscious, flying in the face of God and duty, there has never been a sin committed since the world began.

Let me take quite a different sphere, that of religious worship. Men would have avoided a great many of the disputes which have arisen about it if only they had been aware that the two tendencies we are dwelling upon must be blended, and had not, each of them, taken one element alone and pushed it to its extreme results.

The Catholic worship was almost entirely instinctive; it proceeded by sacraments, by signs, by forms, by the impression made on the mind, by the awe and reverence which it inspired. Men dwelt, as we may say, in the dim religious light, and did not reason, but adored. This system, when urged to its extreme point, treated men as children, led to gross superstition, and burdened men's lives by a mass of useless observances. But it certainly represented one element, one indispensable side, of religious worship. The Protestant revolt against it represented the other side. It said: We are reasoning men, we want something which appeals to the intellect, we must use our private judgment, our creed must be reasoned out, our prayers must be the result of our effort of thought.

But when you have a bare Puritan form of worship, in which every sensuous element is put away, and all ceremonial is despised, and every service, every prayer, is suited to beings of pure intellect, you reach a condition of things which does not take notice of many of the real needs of human nature. St. Paul said: 'I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also: I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.'

Why do we separate what are thus joined together? Why do some of our churches refuse any adjuncts to their plain presentations of divine truth, while others so insist upon these adjuncts that it would seem as if truth were hardly thought of? Why does half England limit its prayers to those expressed in time-honoured forms suited to the needs of the sixteenth century, while the other half rejects all liturgical aids and the associations which have clustered around them, and insists that all the expressions of our most constant wants must spring afresh on each occasion from the mind and heart of the minister?

All these illustrations may serve to bring before us the fact that we are not merely conscious reasoning beings, but have also in us the element of instinct and unconscious impulse, and that we must make progress by the blending of these two elements.

II

I pass now to the application of this truth to our social progress; neither the individual nor the social principle must be ignored.

The fault of the old political economy, which was the guide in all the social arrangements of the first half of this century, was that it dealt with only one of these elements, that of conscious reasoning. Its presupposition was that men were led entirely by their calculations of monetary or material expediency; that, in industrial questions, each man would set before himself the whole of the circumstances of his position, and would steer his course accordingly; that the poor and rich, the employer and employed, could freely bargain with one another, and that the result of this bargain was social justice.

It had, indeed, a scientific validity; for pure science isolates a single force, like that of gravitation, and shows how it will work out supposing there is no impediment. There are no perfect circles or perfect straight lines in nature, yet the propositions of Euclid about circles and straight lines are scientifically correct. There may be a very good reason for walking two sides of a triangle instead of the third, such as that the third straight line goes over a mountain—the longest way round is the shortest way home—but that says nothing against the validity of the proposition that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third. Pure science cannot cover all the needs of life. And so the false applications of political economy make nothing against its scientific truth.

But though, as a science, it was sound, as a measure of human nature it was most unsound. Its truth was simply this : supposing that men consciously and with full intelligence pursue pecuniary advantage, such and such results will follow. If certain kinds of land will not bring in an adequate return, men will cease to cultivate them ; if there are many labourers they will be badly paid, if few they will be highly paid ; if too high a tax is placed on a commodity, men will cease to buy it ; if a trade is lucrative, so many people will engage in it that its profits will be constantly reduced. All this is true, so long as people have a clear view of the circumstances and act prudently upon them with a single eye to gain. But what are the facts ? Very few persons act wholly on reasoned calculations of profit ; for, in the first place, many value other things more than pecuniary profit ; they act from charitable feeling, from a wish to benefit their country or their kindred, they care for pleasure more than gain, they are the slaves of habit or of prejudice ; they prefer 20*l.* amidst the lights of London to 50*l.* in the dulness of Essex, or a cabin and a bog in Ireland to a house and farm in America. And, in the second place, they fail to see their advantage, even where they would wish to pursue it, through an ignorance which they have no means of removing, or through fixed ideas which have belonged to them and to their class for many generations. Above all, the poorer workmen, through the fact that the land and the capital and the appliances of industry are in few hands, are quite unable to make a free bargain with their employers, and consequently are obliged to accept, not what would be just if men were dealing on an equal footing, but what a starving man will put up with to save himself from ruin.

It was confessed by Ricardo that, according to this system, the working class could never expect to receive more than what is just sufficient for the bare necessities of life, and that all that they produced in excess of this amount would be appropriated by capitalists and landowners. Such was the result when men were dealt with simply as individuals, each competing with the rest, and left to advance as best they might by the efforts of their own separate reason and energy.

From this state the working classes have been partly emancipated by their combinations, which represent, not their individual interests, but the interests of their class. And in consequence of this success men have come to ask whether much more may not be done by combination than by individualism, and whether the combinations which are weak while many in each trade stand outside cannot be made to embrace, first the whole of each trade, and then all trades in mutual alliance ; and, further, whether the nation itself ought not to be one great union, which will take care that every man gets his due, and prescribes all the conditions of labour. And this leads on to the idea of a complete system of State socialism, under which the nation would be the possessor of all the land and all the appliances of industry.

and would give to each man according to his needs and receive from each according to his capacity. This extreme conclusion has so commended itself to many of the working class leaders that it has become the avowed policy of the Independent Labour Party, and they were able to enforce their views on the representatives of the trades unions in the celebrated resolution, happily now left in abeyance, which was passed at Norwich in the congress of 1894.

There is, on the other hand, a class of individualists, of whom Mr. Herbert Spencer is the chief representative, who would meet the whole of this tendency by raising up again the doctrine of the old Whigs and of those who were called Philosophical Radicals, the disciples of Bentham, in the first half of this century. Mr. Spencer's book, *The Man v. the State*, contains the fullest exposition of this theory. One of the chapters of that work begins with these words: 'Be it or be it not true that man is shapen in iniquity and conceived in sin, it is unquestionably true that government is begotten of aggression and by aggression.' This statement—which might remind us of the words of Pope Hildebrand when he sought to establish the clerical power by declaring that the government of kings was nothing more than that of successful robbers—tends to throw contempt on the whole system under which the commonwealth seeks by common action to relieve the ills of its members or component classes.

All such action is to Mr. Spencer nothing but tyranny and slavery. It matters nothing, he says, whether a man's master is a single person or a society. If he is obliged to give his labour or his money compulsorily, so far he is a slave. The liberty of a citizen is to be measured by the paucity of the restraints placed upon him.

Mr. Spencer would condemn, not only the minute regulations which have been contemptuously called Grandmotherly Legislation, but measures like the inspection by the public analysts of food brought to market, or the amelioration of the homes of the poor through the Industrial Dwellings Acts, or the requirement of cheap trains for workmen, and in general the whole attempt by means of legislation to provide for such objects as education or temperance and the raising of the poorer classes. He even seems to approve of the Liberty and Property Defence League, though in the chief object of that League, the vindication of absolute property in land, he is not at one with them. Perhaps his view is best seen in the assertion that the order of nature (with which, we must all agree with him, we should interfere as little as possible) is totally different in the family and in the State; that whereas in the family the weakest should be most cared for, in the State the strongest should be left to have everything their own way. Is this a true view of the State? It appears to me much truer to think of the State, not as a hostile power imposed on us, but according to the idea expressed in the noble term 'commonwealth.' We are all sharers in it, and have power over its

action ; it partakes of the nature of a brotherhood, of an enlarged family. If my contention is true that in all men, and especially in those least mature and least vigorous, there is, side by side with their conscious individual independence, an element of unconsciousness and of dependence upon others, then the course of nature prescribes that this element also should receive constant recognition, that we should turn the whole force of government to the amelioration of the lot of the weaker classes of the community, and undertake in common those parts of our life which we cannot take care of by ourselves ; and that, instead of looking upon the regulations and the payments which this entails as subjecting us to a tyranny, we should cheerfully accept them as part of the natural order, as much as the obligations imposed by good manners, or the expenses of a family property which we have inherited.

A truer view of the functions of the State is that adopted in the 'Social Evolution' of Mr. Benjamin Kidd. It is unfortunate that he should maintain that the dictates of reason tend to mere selfishness, and that another power, that of religion, must come in to the help of the weak. I refer, as I have done just now in reference to a somewhat similar contention of Professor Huxley's, to the arguments of Mr. H. Drummond. The tendency which urges us to care for others is as much a part of nature, and therefore as reasonable, as that which makes us take care of ourselves ; and, if it be true, as Mr. Kidd contends, that our effort should be to give to all men an equality of opportunity, then, as soon as we perceive this, our reason, as well as the higher sanction of religion, will urge us to make this effort. In general, I think Mr. Kidd's contention sound, for it means that those who have fewest means of helping themselves should be the especial care of the community, and should be aided to rise. But if it is contended that, when the equal level of opportunity has been reached, we are to be abandoned again to the selfish struggle for life in the sense that each man may care for himself alone, we must correct such a view by that which Drummond has called 'the struggle for the life of others,' and by the consideration which I have urged above, that an integral part of our nature is that which is but half conscious and but half capable of acting for itself. We all must be always in part dependent on the community—I, as much as any poor man, need the Sanitation Acts and the Adulteration Acts.

Moreover, it is evident that, as education advances, human labour becomes more valuable, new wants are developed, and the standard of living becomes higher. Also, there is no finality in our present state. 'Wage-labour,' says a very sober observer, Bishop Westcott, 'though it appears to be an inevitable step in the evolution of society, is as little fitted to represent finally or adequately the connection of man with man in the production

of wealth as the slavery or serfdom of earlier times.' It is evident also that the working classes must gain greater power to enforce what is found necessary for their welfare; and, if State Socialism, even carried to the extreme extent, be really beneficial, there will be no barrier to prevent its adoption. Only I would warn those who are advocating such schemes as if they could be brought about in a moment by a few Acts of Parliament, and imposed by a snatch vote upon an unwilling or half-willing people, (1) that the attempt thus to impose them would be fraught with injustice, and is likely to meet with such resistance as to endanger all their projects, and that therefore they must be content to wait till full examination, experiment, and conviction have done their perfect work; and (2) that a long process is required, that we must take one thing in hand at a time, and that in this process many things are likely to be discovered, and many things to be viewed in fresh lights. Mr. Grant Allen has well said, in an article on 'Individualism and Socialism' in the *Contemporary Review* (May 1889): 'Reconstructive schemes, platforms, Utopias, are all of them more or less ideal and fanciful. When once we have got rid of certain grand fundamental injustices (which will take us a few hundred years more yet at a modest computation), individualists and socialists may begin to quarrel among themselves about the details of our commonwealth,' but, 'in proportion as we get rid of the real inequalities, so-called socialists, I firmly believe, will themselves begin to resist any aggression of the State in their own individuality. Seeing very well where the machine works wrong, they do not know exactly as yet how to right it. But, as fast as each joint gets eased and reset, they will learn quickly enough how to prevent in future all needless tampering with it.'

The mere competition of individuals is often found hurtful to the individuals themselves and to the system in which they work. Some years ago the New York pilots used to vie with one another in the distance to which they would go out to meet the incoming steamers and to obtain employment from them, till they would go out sometimes as much as 250 miles. But this was a great waste of time and money to all parties; and the regulation of this business by the authorities of the port, though I fear they have since been repealed, was hailed as a boon to all parties. Were each conveyance in a great town like London to make its own separate bargain with the hirer, it would be a burden and an injury to all concerned; and even the modified competition introduced twenty-six years ago was found unworkable. In the higher employments the system of salaries prevails: a man is secure of his income, and is trusted to render the best service in his power. Further, the State provides that no man shall starve, it makes a certain provision for every man; it gives gratuitous education also up to a certain point. And certain lines

of business it conducts entirely, as the posts and telegraphs, and others partially, as banking and insurance; in some countries it possesses and works the railways.

The experience in all these cases, as the critics of our Post Office continually remind us, is by no means that of unalloyed success; yet certainly it is not that of failure. It is impossible to draw any hard line which shall prescribe how far this process shall extend apart from the moral consideration, What is really good for the individual and society? For evidently, when everything is provided for men, the result is not good for them. The Romans under the Empire, who were fed by the State upon bread and bacon, lost all the higher qualities of citizens. The attempt of the national workshops in Paris in 1848, by which remunerative employment was found for all comers, failed disastrously. Wherever, as in some of our own towns, there are large endowed charities from which every man has a hope of gaining something, the energy of the people suffers. We must not, in a weak attempt to save some physical suffering, run the risk of robbing men of their manhood and pulling down the whole level of enterprise and industry.

III

Let us now take a few points which will test and illustrate what has been said.

(1) I begin with the training of children. Here we have almost absolute power over the coming generation, and it is right to undertake to manage a large part of their life for them. But the individual factor is never wholly absent, and we want to train this as well as to order the general life of the home and the school. The great separate schools of the London Unions, in which many hundreds of children are massed and provided for, though they were hailed with enthusiasm as a substitute for the old Workhouse Schools, have proved a failure, because—though for the most part health is ensured and good rules enforced, and gross moral evils kept out—the children are entirely unexercised in the realities of life. The freer life of the streets and the day school, full as it is of perils, is better for the development, not only of energy, but of unselfishness. Every parent, every school teacher, knows that, while much must be done for the child, much more must be done by the child. For healthy promise there must be a combination of the care of the society around with the initiative of the individual.

(2) Take the question of the care of the poor. Every one knows how great is the danger of pauperising those whom we seek to benefit. Yet surely we are right in saying that we will guarantee every English man and woman from starving. If, however, we go further and undertake to provide for men in sickness, in times when they are out of work, if we support every widow, and every wife or child deserted by husband

or parent, we offer a direct incentive to improvidence, to idleness, to falsehood, and to cruelty, and thus inflict upon society more wounds than we heal. Even in the schemes of old age pensions we must take care that what is done is not such as to injure prudential enterprise, such as that of the great Benefit and Building Societies, and (what seems to have been little considered) that it will not prevent the expansion of England by emigration. If it serves to avert despondency and thus quickens exertion, then, but then only, will it do good.

(3) So as regards the undertaking of any industrial enterprise by the community itself. We are naturally and properly jealous of the national authorities intervening in matters of trade. But there may be, as has been shown above, good reasons for it in special cases. The question in each case must be, not merely whether it will confer some good on society, but also whether it will quicken energy and invention. If men become more educated and more public-spirited, they may have their ambition fired as much by the hope of doing good as it is now by the hope of gain or glory. But it must not be assumed that this is already the case. It must be shown that the intelligence and the public spirit have grown to maturity before the spur of competition can be dispensed with.

(4) We cannot but apply the same principle to the tenure of property. The nation which guarantees and defends this tenure cannot be refused some power over it, and it asserts that power by taxation and in most countries by conscription. We have seen an interference with the tenure of land in Ireland which amounts in many cases to a change of proprietorship. There is a tendency to assert rights of property as absolutely sacred. But, as Mr. Grant Allen says, commenting on the claim of property defence to be the just issue of individualism, in the article quoted from above, 'to pretend to individualism while upholding all the worst encroachments on individuality, in the shape of robbing from the common stock, with its consequent restriction of individualism to the right of starving in the highway, is a sham and a delusion.'

The instances I have given show that this extreme assertion of the rights of property cannot be maintained, as does also the taking of land for public improvements without the consent of the owner, the compulsory establishment of allotments, and the withdrawal of public-house licenses when not needed. As the democracy gains power we may expect this interference to become more frequent; and all the more on this account is it necessary to be clear as to the legitimate conditions of such interference with private property. It is evident on the one hand that, where the landlord in the country acts as a captain of industry and of invention, or in a town as a public ædile, he may do much good. But he must accept this office more and more as the essential feature of his position, and not be content

with a mere otiose confession that property has its duties as well as its rights, nor with an occasional fulfilment, as a favour, of that which he owes as a duty to the community. Society has a right to defend itself against the caprice and the idleness of proprietors, and the independent power which the State protects should be balanced by a readiness to let the society in which they live share in the unearned increment of their estates, and to accept their full part of the burden, both of thought and of expense, for public works, for education, and for the care of the poor. The city, said Savonarola, is our mother, and we ought gladly to contribute to her support.

IV

To conclude, we may put four general statements as the result of all that has been said.

(1) Let the nation itself, or the municipality or parish, do whatever it can do better than the individual, and the individual whatever he can do better than the nation or the municipality.

(2) Let individual action take the initiative freely in such matters of education or philanthropy; but when, as is the case with primary instruction, with the establishment of libraries, or the raising of the submerged, nothing complete can be done except by the community, let the community step in and act freely by common consent. And similarly, when State action begins a work, let it go forward boldly so far as it can without trenching upon the springs of individual initiative; or, rather, let it welcome, and even summon, individual initiative to its aid.

(3) We need not be jealous of individualism in its own sphere. Culture and education and the experience of public life will teach even the most independent mind to subordinate its efforts to the general good. Nor need we be jealous of the action of the State; for the lessons of experience, we may well believe, will teach it to respect the welfare of its component members. Why should we doubt that a democratic government in which each individual takes part will secure to each individual his proper sphere of action?

(4) The further development of the enterprise of the community awaits the fuller possession of it by the great principle, whether we call it altruistic or Christian, which makes us care for our brother men even as we care for ourselves. We have said that we cannot assume that men will act with public spirit, but must wait to see that they are ready to do so. But suppose the lesson of unselfishness to be fully learned, and the spirit of devotion to duty and of self-sacrifice to reach its full height, must we not believe in the possibility of a state of things with which the interest of the community and the individual are so absolutely blended that instead of thwarting they would assist one another? If it were given to each of us to live out

his individual life to its highest power, and to fulfil himself most completely, how could we do this, being social beings, except by furthering the well-being of the society of our brothers in which our own lot has been cast? We without them cannot be made perfect. But while we merge ourselves in the society in which God has placed us, are we the less men for that? And will the society to which we give ourselves, even if its control be recognised over every part of the external life, wish to take anything from us which we can use beneficially? Is it not made up of individuals? Is not the loss of individuality its loss? It will, we must believe, foster each separate organism which it contains, and encourage them all in every new development of goodness, of enterprise, of adventure, of discovery (for who can pretend that these will ever be exhausted?), until we reach that state which cannot be stagnant, but must always be progressive, in which we see rising clearly before us the double goal of man, who is both an individual and a social being, and aim with full conviction, and without the fear of antagonism, at the ideal of a perfect man in a perfect society.

W. H. FREMANTLE.

NURSES À LA MODE

A REPLY TO LADY PRIESTLEY

THE article which appeared under this heading, in the January number of this Review, deserves, for many reasons, the close attention of the public, as well as of the nursing profession. It is by no means its least remarkable feature that it can be fairly described as both paradoxical and illogical. It is extremely unjust to the great body of trained nurses in this country; and yet its publication will perhaps be welcomed by many of the most thoughtful amongst them. Some of its statements and most of its conclusions are inaccurate; and yet its premisses are for the most part correct. As a matter of justice to the nursing profession, and having regard to the importance of the subject to the sick, a short reply to this article from an expert may not be without interest.

It will simplify criticism, perhaps, to briefly review, in the first place, Lady Priestley's statements showing wherein they are erroneous; then to note what trained nurses at the present time really are, and what they are expected to do. It will then be possible to prove how far Lady Priestley is in the right, and the reason why her article may be productive of great and general good.

In its first sentence, we have the keynote of the article forcibly struck; for 'our minds wander back for a moment to primitive times when . . . the tomahawk was the only true and unerring remedy for sickness.' Our minds are not permitted to wander thereafter from the evident belief of the writer—that the tomahawk would be the only true and unerring remedy for the modern nurse. We are next told that in all Roman Catholic countries a 'holy combination' of nursing and theology 'still goes on;' but we are not told how, in one such country after another, the holy combination is being made the subject of professional protest and public condemnation; how the ignorance and inefficiency of the nuns have been felt to outweigh their personal excellence and most admirable devotion; nor how greatly the comfort of the sick has been increased and the mortality diminished since their places in hospital wards were taken by secular but more skilled workers. We are told that the *Fille-Dieu*, 'darkly robed in saintly garb,' performs her duties in deep humility. And

well she may; for we are not told that, in innumerable instances, the thick and seldom sanitary material of the saintly garb must have conveyed the germs of disease and death broadcast through the streets, and even amongst the devoted sisterhood themselves. We are told that with us the nursing of the sick has 'been dissociated from religion' and adopted 'simply and frankly as a means of earning a livelihood;' but we are not given one iota of evidence as to the former statement, nor one fragmentary objection to the latter aspect. It is permissible to ask whether in the writer's opinion the Church of England has been dissociated from religion because a large number of gentlemen enter its offices 'simply and frankly as a means of earning a livelihood.' As a matter of fact, and speaking from a very wide knowledge of nurses, I believe that a large proportion adopt this calling from the highest motives and the heart-felt desire to fulfil the Divine command to tend the sick. It is possible, however, that the writer chose her words without due reflection upon their meaning, and that by 'religion' she meant 'religious sisterhoods.' Even then she would have been inaccurate, for several of the most valuable nursing organisations are associated with such communities, even in this country. Curiously enough, while writing this article a statement on Nursing in Irish Workhouse Infirmary made by a well-known doctor has been sent to me. It contains the following sentences:

NUNS AS NURSES.

This has been called a delicate and dangerous question to touch. It has, however, got to be faced. To ignore it or to misconstrue it won't help to settle it. In the supervision and discipline of the hospital, in the management of its domestic duties, in the spiritual comfort to the sick and dying, there will be found scope and sphere enough for the exercise of the highest usefulness of the nuns, while the manual work of scientific nursing can only be done by a trained nurse. The combination is infinitely superior to either, and neither has any real advantage of economy over the combination of both. The science and art of nursing are not learned in a nun's novitiate, and they are not acquired by inspiration. The vocation of a nun, though a priceless foundation, cannot of itself make a hospital nurse, neither can years of mere experience. There must be training—not sham or make-shift training, but honest hospital training, under efficient teaching. The best answer to the calumny that the advocates of trained nursing are irreligious, Freemasons, and hostile to nuns, is the fact that in the hospitals absolutely owned and controlled by nuns trained nurses are employed because they are absolutely necessary. I have had a long and intimate acquaintance with the work done by the Sisters of Mercy in the wards of the Naas Union Infirmary. I have had personal experience of the state of things that existed before their time. I have seen the change they have made, the moral and material order they have introduced. I can bear testimony to the great civilising influence they have been, acting like a moral antiseptic purifying the whole atmosphere. Therefore I consider the presence of the nuns such a blessing and boon that their loss to the hospital would be a great calamity. But it would be a calamity greater still if the nuns were led to believe that their continuance in the hospital was dependent on the employment of none but paupers to do the manual work of 'nursing,' and if the injustice and inhumanity of pauper 'nursing' were to be thereby prolonged.

And I recently received an account of the Charity Hospital in New Orleans, in which nuns are trained side by side with ordinary probationers and finally obtain the same certificates as nurses, a fact which proves that this problem has received in the United States full consideration and the best possible solution.

We are told that 'nursing as an art has emerged from the mere instinct of domestic love and duty into a science to meet the general advance of our times ;' an illustration of the course of studies which the pupil nurse has to pass through is quoted ; and yet it is gravely argued that such knowledge is unnecessary and that the woman who has acquired it is too highly paid. Further reference to this point will be made directly.

We are told that 'the very class from which sick nurses were formerly drafted has changed from the lower to the middle and even upper class ;' and yet the writer apparently sees ground for astonishment and even disapprobation in the fact that such a nurse is 'no longer content to fraternise with the servants of the house and take her meals with them where convenient.'

Putting aside for a minute the scarcely veiled insinuations of immorality, the extracts from the Law reports, and the little bits of scandal and gossip concerning Nurses à la mode, towards the conclusion of the article it is stated that 'in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, the full term for the training of nurses is two years. In America generally two years' training is the maximum.' This is inaccurate. It was announced, some months ago, that the training at the Johns Hopkins Hospital had been raised to the recognised English standard of three years, and that the nurses were to be kept on duty only eight hours a day—the latter being a novel experiment which is being watched with much interest throughout the whole nursing world. A number of the most important American hospitals have adopted the three years' standard, and indeed wherever it is intended to make the system of education thoroughly efficient that term is found to be necessary. In this country, all the chief hospitals, with very few and regrettable exceptions, give no certificate of training until the probationer has served the full term in the wards of the institution ; and the Select Committee of the House of Lords which inquired into the management of the Metropolitan Hospitals in 1890-91 reported that 'they are of opinion that the minimum period after which a nurse can be advertised as thoroughly trained is three years.'

A greater principle is involved in this point than Lady Priestley probably realised. Her views of the work which a nurse has to do are delightfully simple. She 'ought to understand the hygiene of the sick-room, know how to carry out the instruction of the doctor, how to make the bed, keep the room clean if necessary.' But one cannot refrain from quoting the last paragraph of the article and

asking one simple and obvious question. 'For complicated abdominal and brain operations, and for typhoid fever, the highly skilled nurse will always be necessary,' says Lady Priestley. Why? because they are dangerous to life. But will it be gravely averred that these are all the ills to which humanity is heir? that there are no other dangerous illnesses? And if there be, why should the attendance of a nurse, which is thought 'always necessary' in the above-named comparatively rare occurrences, neither be 'needed or desired' in infinitely more common and equally fatal sickness? It may not unfairly be said that the writer doth protest too much.

Let us now briefly contrast the 'flippant,' 'frivolous' female described in the article with the nurse as she actually exists. All the former, it seems, are 'young and pretty.' Truth compels me to regret that some of the latter are neither.

Probably, however, the sweeping character of the assertions made has already tended to make the general reader doubt whether nurses as a class can be so utterly bad as they are painted. But, in their defence, it is apparently needful to say that the very nature of their work must of necessity prevent them from being so degraded, so demoralised, as they are described. In order to become a nurse, a woman must be, first, at least twenty-two or twenty-three years of age before she can be admitted into a hospital for training. She must produce proofs of unimpeachable character and, in most cases, also of some social position. Very probably she will be required to pay fees of a smaller or larger amount; at any rate, during the term of her training she will be paid a salary which no self-respecting housemaid would accept. After being selected, perhaps out of some forty or fifty applicants, she will be admitted as a probationer. She will then be required to rise about 6 o'clock in the morning, to live on particularly simple fare, to stand or walk about the wards for ten or eleven hours a day, to do much laborious work which is commonly described as 'menial,' to lift heavy and helpless patients, to perform many offices which are often most repugnant, to witness scenes of suffering and sorrow which are most depressing, to be entrusted with the execution of medical instructions generally requiring technical knowledge and extreme carefulness, and with other responsibility often involving the life and death of a fellow creature; to do all this, and much more which it is unnecessary to particularise, under rigid discipline and oversight, day after day, week after week, and year after year, with at most three weeks' intermission in every twelve months. That is the character of a nurse's training, and those who can dimly realise what it means will be fain to admit that any woman who can complete three years of such arduous bodily and mental labour must possess not only a sense of devotion to duty in a degree uncommon even amongst women, but also moral qualities which will render her as unlike the Nurse à la mode depicted by Lady Priestley

as any two human beings could possibly be. Then, when the thoroughly trained nurse has completed her hospital education, her future life is by no means the bed of roses the article would lead the casual reader to believe.

If she remains in the hospital service, she receives a very small salary and has great responsibility and continuous hard work. If she joins an institution and is sent out to the public as a private nurse, she will receive as small a salary as the managers of the commercial undertaking can persuade her to work for. If she is fortunate enough to be admitted to the Registered Nurses' Society, or to one of the other co-operations of nurses, she will obtain her own fees, less a small discount to cover the working expenses; she may then make about 100*l.* per annum, and thus she may be able to save something from her earnings to provide for future necessities and old age. In the other cases, as a rule, it is quite impossible for private nurses to save anything, and if the niggardly 'guinea a week,' which Lady Priestley desires them to receive, were all their remuneration and bounded their financial outlook, the workhouse would be the only refuge for them when unable any longer to work. Because it must be obvious to the least thoughtful that private nurses are not kept constantly employed. When they leave one case, it may be some days, or even a week or two, before they are sent to another; and during that time the non-institution nurse—that is to say, the only one who would get even 'one guinea a week'—has to pay for her board and lodging; and very often such women expend, in their times of enforced idleness, on the bare necessities of life, nearly as much as they have earned in the previous weeks of working.

It is an elementary principle that a good article is rarely cheap; and in sickness, when not only the comfort of the patient but even his life or death may depend upon the carefulness, the obedience, and the experienced devotion of the nurse, it is surely poor economy to pay a few shillings less and obtain an inefficient assistant for the doctor. In the care of the sick, whether medical or nursing, the best is the most economical, as well as the most satisfactory.

It is by no means the least curious feature of the article under discussion that its conclusions should be so contradictory. To take one instance upon which an important argument depends. We find on its first page the statement that 'nursing has emerged into a science, to meet the general advance of our times.' Yet, on the last page, Lady Priestley condenses the application of the science into the sentence already quoted, opines that the scientific worker is not worth more than 'a guinea a week,' and quotes the dictum of 'one of our most eminent surgeons'—that any woman of good intelligence could soon be taught all that it was *necessary* for her to know in the sick-room. It is surely a matter for surprise that Lady Priestley should have imbibed so diminutive a view of 'science,' and of its

pecuniary value. But the opinion of the 'eminent surgeon' is by no means peculiar. Once upon a time, another surgeon expressed his satisfaction that his hospital sent to his private patients probationers from its wards, when the institution was applied to for thoroughly trained nurses; and the best commentary upon his satisfaction was that, in consequence of the results which followed his operations, he was known amongst the students as 'the Shadow of Death.'

It involves a fact of the greatest importance for the public that nursing has 'emerged into a science.' Because it implies that medicine, surgery, and obstetrics, whose handmaiden nursing is, are sciences, and that, instead of the 'tomahawk,' knowledge now affords other equally true and unerring remedies for sickness. It is the immense advances which have been made during the last forty years, in the discovery of the causes and conditions of disease, by the microscope and other modern instruments of precision; in the prevention of illness associated with the antiseptic system; and in the prevention of suffering associated with anæsthesia, which have so greatly enhanced the value and the success of medical efforts. But as medical skill and knowledge increased, it was seen clearly that there was an important link missing, that it was not sufficient for the most able directions to be given for the treatment of disease unless those directions were faithfully and precisely followed and carried out. It was manifestly impossible for the busy doctor with many patients to devote his whole time to one. Sairey Gamp could neither comprehend, nor could she be trusted to execute, instructions involving the use of the thermometer and other instruments, the administration to the patient—and not to herself—of stimulants, or even of medicines, in exact doses upon which life may often depend. Thus the laws of evolution called into existence a nurse trained to carry out with efficiency the many methods employed in the modern treatment of disease. And then, knowledge still advancing, the doctor realised more keenly the need of knowing the condition of his patient between his visits, of an accurate and scientific description of symptoms which would appear probably quite unimportant to those who only possessed 'the mere instinct of domestic love and duty,' and so would either not be reported to him at all, or else would be recounted in so garbled a manner as to be valueless for his guidance. The skilled practitioner now knows that his treatment must be adapted to meet the ever-varying phases of disease, and that symptoms occur in most patients which are veritable danger-signals, which require knowledge and experience to discriminate and observe correctly, and the early recognition of which may mean, especially in children and in surgical cases, all the difference between recovery and death. So it requires no prophetic instinct to foretell that, as medical men grow more and more acquainted with the mysteries of disease, and therefore with the measures necessary for the restoration to health of

those who are sick, they will require, and will demand more and more emphatically, that the assistant to whom they entrust the execution of their instructions, and to whom they look for information concerning the effects produced by their remedies, and as to the symptoms which arise during their absence from the bedside of their patients, shall be qualified by most careful training and experience to fulfil those duties and to afford that assistance with the utmost possible efficiency.

In brief, then, it may be said that the wide technical training now given in the leading nurse-training schools has gradually been developed to meet the increasing demands made upon nurses by medical men and the public, and that therefore the extent of their education must inevitably tend to grow as medical knowledge increases. There are a few medical men who are not aware of this fact and they express the views of Lady Priestley's friend. Several have said to me in similar strain that they 'got on very well without nurses formerly.' So did typhoid fever. In 1863 a case was admitted into a convent. Fifty-six nuns were struck down within three months. Even at the present day there are gentlemen who 'object to new-fangled notions,' and who are prepared to adopt the rôle of Dame Partington and attempt to stem the irresistible 'advance of our times' in nursing, as in all other directions, by ridiculous little brooms. They stand in ignoble contrast with the position assumed by scientists of such superlative worth as the late Sir William Savory, who at a Mansion House meeting, held some five years ago, voiced the opinions of men like himself as follows:

The subject comes home to every man, woman, and child, for all may suffer from disease and injury. Nursing is not only the oldest of all occupations, for it must have existed ever since the creation of women, but in none has there been more signal progress within recent times. The great change which has taken place in nursing might be aptly described as a revolution. Formerly the charge of nursing devolved upon any one; now it is everywhere recognised that not only are the qualities with which all good women are endowed necessary—such as tenderness, faithfulness, and devotion to duty—but skill and knowledge also, which can be gained only by a term of practical instruction and training. Nursing has attained to the grade of skilled labour. It is understood that no amount of goodwill or willingness can compensate for ignorance; and though it is sometimes objected that our nurses know too much, those who urge this objection are usually those who know too little.

There is good reason to believe that the public are becoming quite aware of this aspect of the case; that they realise that a doctor who is skilled in his profession, and who is desirous that his patients should recover speedily, will wish that his instructions should be carried out most correctly. In other words, he will in all dangerous cases obtain, if possible, the services of a well-trained nurse.

On the other hand, if there be any medical men who 'know too

little' of modern methods of treatment, and who therefore have no definite instructions for the patient's care to entrust to the nurse, it would be comprehensible, and not altogether unnatural, that they should denounce her education as 'unnecessary' and regard her presence in the sick-room as a perpetual reminder of their own shortcomings.

The first point, then, which it is desirable to make is that the thoroughly trained nurse, who has been carefully schooled in habits of obedience, discipline, and good order, as well as in the technical details of her work, is obviously not the sort of woman whom Lady Priestley describes as having 'no respect for privacy, silence, or obedience,' and with whom discipline 'is conspicuous only by its absence.' She is not a woman to whom the description of 'frivolous,' 'flippant,' and 'flighty' can be applied; and so I have no hesitation in saying that this is a most unjust accusation to have scattered broadcast against a whole class of working women, the great majority of whom are devoted to their calling and admirable servants of the sick.

But it has been said that the article in question will probably be very valuable to trained nurses as a class. The explanation of the apparent paradox is very simple. For some years the leading nurses have been striving to protect their profession against the very women whom Lady Priestley has described, and who, they know very well, *are not trained nurses at all*. These women may be seen in full uniform, wheeling the scions of the Beerage in perambulators though Kensington Gardens, or in attendance on *malades imaginaires*, who seek fresh air and sympathy in places of public resort. They pervade provincial towns as travelling agents for the sale of infants' foods, babies' bottles, and patent medicines. They infest every night the public thoroughfares of London and other cities, bringing the deepest disgrace upon the uniform they wear; while the titles they adopt in connection with the massage establishments alluded to by Lady Priestley reflect equally unmerited discredit on the name. But it is almost incredible that either Lady Priestley or anybody else can for one moment believe that those women are really nurses. Probably not one in a hundred of such women has ever had a single day's training. Things are bad enough as it is, but not so bad as that. How trained nurses are disgraced and how the sick are victimised was explained in guarded language in a letter which appeared in the London daily papers just five years ago, and which, if I remember right, was signed by Sir William Priestley, amongst others, as follows:

At present any woman, although she may be destitute of knowledge, or of moral character, or of both, can without let or hindrance term herself a trained nurse, can obtain employment in that capacity, and bring much danger to the sick and discredit upon the vocation of nursing.

The law requires no public record or register, as in the case of other skilled professions, of women who have been certified as qualified nurses by responsible

authorities; and consequently hospital certificates can be, and have been, forged or stolen and used to obtain positions of great trust, to the manifest disparagement of genuine certificates, to the discredit of hospitals, and to the danger of the public.

That indictment describes the Nurses à la mode, whom Lady Priestley, like others, has confounded with trained nurses; and it is valuable for the latter class to have the impostors exposed in so telling a fashion. They can afford to let a little more temporary discredit be cast upon their calling, in the earnest hope that such revelations may incite the public to demand adequate protection against a class of women who are dangerous to the sick. I, from a wider experience, could throw a more lurid light upon this matter than Lady Priestley has done. I could tell of women who stole or forged hospital certificates, who obtained admission into one institution after another on the strength of such testimonials, and who disappeared from each with money and jewelry; of others who gained admission into private houses, and not only neglected to carry out the orders of the doctor—in several cases to the danger of the patient—but who left each house with a certain amount of portable property; who were caught at last, sentenced to imprisonment, and on their release from gaol repeated their previous exploits. There are many more startling cases which could be told, were it necessary; but, for the present, Lady Priestley's stories are sufficient to prove that the inability to discriminate between trained and untrained nurses is a matter of grave public concern.

It is even more serious that the facts, which have appealed so strongly to Lady Priestley's mind are as nothing to the actual danger which untrained nurses are causing every day to the sick and the suffering. But it may very naturally be asked, what are those who are acquainted with the facts doing? If they know of the facts, how are they seeking to remedy them? And the answer is simple. Nine years ago public attention was called to this matter, and the Royal British Nurses' Association was formed to cope with the evil. We proposed that a Register of Trained Nurses should be forthwith published—an alphabetical list of names and addresses of women who had satisfied a Board of medical men and nurses that they had passed through a three years' training in hospitals, and that they were possessed of professional knowledge and unimpeachable personal character. We proposed that the name of any nurse who proved unworthy of trust should be removed from that register, and that the volume should be published annually, so that the public should be able to distinguish those who were, from those who were not, properly trained and trustworthy nurses.

The proposal was simple enough in all conscience, but it met with the keenest and most bitter opposition from institutions which sent out nurses to the public, and even from leading hospitals which were engaged in the same commercial occupation; but the Register

was started as a voluntary measure, and within three years the Privy Council, after an exhaustive inquiry, recognised the public value of the movement and recommended her Majesty to grant the association a Royal Charter. To a large extent the work has been successful, and there are many medical men at the present day who will only employ registered nurses. There are unhappily others who do not yet recognise the importance of having their subordinates under the professional control which a system of registration affords; and a considerable section of the public are still unaware of the grave abuses which exist, of the innumerable parasites which cling around the nursing profession and are a disgrace to the calling and a continual danger to the sick. The suggestion which is strongly advocated is that an Act of Parliament should be passed forming a Nursing Council composed of medical men and trained nurses, to which should be confided supervision over the education of nurses, over their registration, and therefore over their subsequent work—control similar to that which prevails in the medical profession. By such means, and by the publication of a general Register of Nurses, the public would be enabled to distinguish a trained from an untrained nurse; and by the disciplinary powers of the Nursing Council any nurse who proved herself to be unworthy of trust could be removed from the recognised ranks of the calling. Then, and then only, would the Nurse à la mode disappear from the scene which she at present disgraces; and it is to be hoped that public opinion will be sufficiently awakened to the actual dangers she produces, that the Government may be persuaded to undertake the necessary legislation in this direction. It is certain to come sooner or later, but the earlier it comes the better will it be for the safety and welfare of the sick and for the credit of well-trained nurses.

Incidentally, Lady Priestley has touched upon a matter which has occupied the earnest consideration of the Committee of the Registered Nurses' Society—the great problem of how to provide thoroughly trained nurses for middle-class families, at a reasonable rate. This matter is one of very great importance, and I am not without hope that the Society may shortly be enabled to suggest and carry out a scheme which would prove of almost national benefit.

ETHEL GORDON FENWICK.

NOTE ON THE DECLARATION OF PARIS

IN his interesting article on 'French Naval Policy in Peace and War' Major A'Court shows that the naval strength of Great Britain and her geographical position are such as to entitle us to feel confidence in the issue of a naval war, even were it waged (which God forbid!) with France, the only country besides Great Britain which possesses a navy properly so called.

But I would respectfully submit that Major A'Court has overlooked in some important respects the laws and conditions of naval warfare as settled by the law of nations, and as partially modified by the conventions of international law, and that this oversight has led him to suggest some false conclusions.

Thus he suggests that French cruisers would have the right 'to sink out of hand the defenceless merchant vessels which come in their way.' No such right exists, nor could; for this would imply the right of every captain of a cruiser to constitute himself an authority to decide whether such merchant vessels were good prize, whereas it is a duly constituted prize court which alone has power to decide that. Hence the necessity, never yet denied, for bringing prize into port for the judgment of the prize court. For a captor to act otherwise would be as though a constable were to hang out of hand a man whom he had arrested on suspicion of murder. Nor would a captor (who desires his share of the prize) be likely so to act; neither has any French Government ever authorised its commanders thus to act in wars gone by. Captain Semmes, of the *Alabama*, did indeed thus act; but his action was piratical, and Great Britain, being held responsible, paid damages for it.

Major A'Court truly says that, during the last war with France, British sea-borne trade nearly doubled, while that of France was nearly destroyed. But the conclusion he seems to suggest, that a similar result would follow on another war, is not warranted. For the last war was fought under the old laws of warfare, whereas, if a war broke out to-morrow, it would be fought under the new laws assumed to be laid down in the Declaration of Paris of 1856. Under the old laws duly commissioned 'privateers' or 'corsairs' were allowed; under the new they are declared to be 'abolished.' Under the old laws the neutral flag did not cover the cargo, and enemy merchandise was capturable even in neutral bottoms. Under the new laws (as between England and France) the neutral flag does cover the cargo, and enemy merchandise (except contraband of war) is only capturable in enemy bottoms.

Yet Major A'Court contemplates action against our trade by 'the steamer corsair,' and says: 'No neutral flag can compensate for the absence of a great protecting navy; and if this neutral is not strong enough to ensure respect for his flag by force of arms, his newly acquired trade now, as in the past, will be at the mercy of the belligerent, who will not fail to use his advantage.' But the point is that things will not be 'as in the past' at all; for the Declaration of Paris has changed all that as between the States which have agreed to it, in which are included Great Britain and France. The Declaration affirms that *la course est et demeure abolie*; and no corsair, steam or sailing, can, therefore, be commissioned or cruise. The Declaration declares that *le pavillon neutre couvre la marchandise ennemie*,

à l'exception de la contrebande de guerre, and no protecting navy or force of arms will, therefore, be required to protect the trade under the neutral flag from belligerents who have agreed to be bound by this new law.

If, indeed, Great Britain—as in time of peace she honourably might, and as she certainly should do—were to denounce and to retire from the Declaration of Paris, and its new and purely conventional laws, and were to resume her maritime rights under the general law of nations—rights which the United States have never renounced, and which they retain to this day—then, indeed, the case would be different. But as matters stand at present, upon the outbreak of war there must ensue these results: (1) French merchandise would generally cease to be carried in French ships, and would be carried in neutral ships, whose flag would protect it from capture. (2) British merchandise would largely, if not generally, cease to be carried in British ships, and would fly (driven by war premiums of insurance) to neutral ships, whose flag would protect it from capture. (3) Neutral merchandise would desert British ships, because, although a neutral cargo therein would not be good prize, the ship itself would be, which would be of serious inconvenience. (4) British carrying ships would therefore largely, if not generally, be unemployed and laid up. (5) The neutrals, having a large increase of carrying trade offered to them, and needing ships for it, would buy, at a cheap price, many of the unemployed British ships; nor is there any reason why they should not ship as many of the unemployed British seamen as they might require to man them. There is nothing in the law of nations to prevent either operation.

In short, the new doctrine, that the neutral flag covers the cargo, will, on the outbreak of such a war, at once deprive Great Britain (perhaps only for the time, but possibly for ever) of her carrying trade, and will also deprive her of all power of using her naval strength for attacking the sea-borne commerce of her enemy, besides having other and scarcely less serious indirect effects which I need not now particularise.

I gather from Major A'Court's language that he has left out of sight this new doctrine, and the Declaration of Paris, whereby Great Britain first accepted it, after an unswerving and unflagging resistance to it of a century, both by argument and by arms, sometimes against the whole of Europe. And it is because of the tremendous importance of the absent factor, and of its too common neglect or treatment as non-existent, in the consideration of the modern maritime resources of the country that I ask permission to call attention to the existence and the effect of that Declaration of Paris, which must most effectually cripple our sea power.

THOS. GIBSON BOWLES.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY

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FOR GREECE AND CRETE

STORM and shame and fraud and darkness fill the nations
full with night:

Hope and fear whose eyes yearn eastward have but fire and
sword in sight :

One alone, whose name is one with glory, sees and seeks
the light.

Hellas, mother of the spirit, sole supreme in war and peace,
Land of light, whose word remembered bids all fear and
sorrow cease,

Lives again, while freedom lightens eastward yet for sons of
Greece.

Greece, where only men whose manhood was as godhead
ever trod,

Bears the blind world witness yet of light wherewith her
feet are shod:

Freedom, armed of Greece, was always very man and very
God.

Now the winds of old that filled her sails with triumph,
when the fleet
Bound for death from Asia fled before them stricken, wake
to greet
Ships full-winged again for freedom toward the sacred
shores of Crete.

There was God born man, the song that spake of old time
said: and there
Man, made even as God by trust that shows him nought
too dire to dare,
Now may light again the beacon lit when those we worship
were.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE CRETAN QUESTION

WHO knows if this Cretan crisis, which has burst out at the most untoward season, just when the Powers were about at last to take in hand, after such procrastination, the work of reform at Constantinople, may not be, nevertheless, a blessing in disguise? Undoubtedly it is a just reward for the incredible supineness with which diplomacy has let time fly after the settlement of the 25th of August, 1896. There is, besides, a broader Nemesis taking vengeance on that pusillanimous policy which dares only to deal piecemeal with the Eastern problem, and which, anxious to make the task more easy by balancing and shuffling and trimming, has not taken to heart the lesson of the Hydra of Lerna and of her innumerable heads only to be cut down at a blow.

However, if the Powers understand this last teaching of events, if they are firmly resolved at once to maintain the beneficent, necessary agreement between themselves which is just now the only bulwark of peace, and to take time by the forelock in order to give Crete the measure of self-government to which it is entitled, and which would more than satisfy the immediate aspirations of its citizens, I, for one, shall see in this emergency, at one moment so threatening for the tranquillity of the world, a providential interference in a most complicated business.

Let us keep or resume our cool-headedness. The problem is certainly not insoluble. The Powers have, by instinct and unpremeditatedly, put their finger on the true means of solution. To act unanimously; to forbid to the Porte the sending of troops; to occupy the coast towns; to call upon Greece to let Europe take the island in charge—such were the successive or simultaneous steps taken by the Western Cabinets. Perhaps they ought to have been a little quicker, and to have peacefully, but resolutely, cut off the way from Greek intermeddling by blockading the ports of the kingdom. Their policy is perfectly consonant with the best traditions of our century. They have a right to ask the public not to deliver itself up wholly to hysterics, but to try to judge a great complex situation, not with its nerves only, but with its reason and conscience, and in relation to the whole duty of civilised nations.

Nobody is more convinced than I am of the greatness and of the legitimacy of the future of Hellenism. I see in it the heir-apparent to a great part of the succession of the Sick Man. I am happy to think a time will come when these fair lands of Eastern Europe and Western Asia, now blighted by the despotism or anarchy of the Ottoman system, will once more prosper under the enlightened and liberal government of the offspring of Solon and Perikles. What is more, I am perfectly disposed to admit, not only the justice of the hopes and dreams of Hellenes, of that *Great Idea* which their statesmen and simple citizens so passionately entertain, but the perfect right of an enfranchised nation to go to the assistance of enslaved and suffering brethren and to strike a blow for their salvation. The memories of the War of Independence, of the heroic achievements of Canaris, Botzari, and their fellows, of Missolonghi and Chios, of the Philhellenism of our fathers, of Byron and Chateaubriand, of the romanticism and of the *Orientales*, are not so very far from us that we can wholly shake them off. Only let us try to look facts in the face and not to be taken in by catchwords and phrases and mere humbug.

Is it or is it not certain that, Crète once occupied by the marines of the European navies, the Powers will *never* give it back to the tender mercies of immediate Turkish administration? Is it or is it not true that, though the Crétans have a perfect right to what has been justly called the irreducible minimum of necessary liberties, it would be a monstrous madness to put the peace of the world in peril in order to gratify, I do not even say their own aspirations, but the pretensions of a neighbouring people, to that luxury, incorporation with the kingdom of Greece? Is it or is it not true that Greece at the present time does not furnish any perfect guarantee of being able to govern as it ought to be governed this Ireland of the Ægean Sea, with fierce racial and religious conflicts, and with a Mahometan minority exposed to the hate and vengeance of a Christian majority? Is the bankruptcy of Greece a favourable indication of its ability to administer the embarrassed finances of Crete? And, finally, is it not a fact that the recent massacres in Crete have been not *of* but *by* Christians, not *by*, but *of* Mahometans? Let us purge our minds of cant. The Powers have a perfect right to forbid Greece the annexation *manu militari* of Crete. They have a perfect right to insist on the recall of Prince George and the flotilla. They have a perfect right, in case of obstinate contumacy, to have recourse to coercion and to blockade the Piræus. Nothing, in fact, would be worse, not only for Europe itself, but for the happy and peaceful solution of the Eastern crisis, than for the Powers to be defied and fooled by a small State, their ward and their spoiled child.

Therefore we cannot feel or express any anger against the Courts who have initiated a policy of stern and severe reprehension against the Hellenic Government. Of course we understand perfectly well the

secret motives which have taken off their feet, not only a statesman like M. Delyannis, whom his experience of 1886, when he burnt his fingers in trying to light a great conflagration, ought, perhaps, to have made more prudent, but even a man so wise, so loyally devoted to the highest duties of his station as King George. Dynastic considerations, the fear of revolution, are all very well; but it is, after all, a little too much to ask the whole of Europe to endanger its most sacred interests in order to preserve either Greece or the Greek royal family from such perils.

There is something highly significant in seeing the family Courts—I mean the sovereigns most nearly related or allied to the Greek dynasty—display the sternest, or rather the harshest, severity in their proposals against King George and his policy. Russia and Germany have proposed, if Greece proves obdurate, to blockade the Piræus. Such a proposal comes best, if it is to come at all, from the high and mighty personages who have it rightly at heart to repudiate any solidarity with the freaks of a near relation. However, the Powers are not at all obliged to go immediately to such extremities. Their policy has two faces, two correlative parts. If it forbids Greece to annex Crete, it promises Crete freedom and Home Rule. It is difficult to see why they should not use the liberal and generous part of their policy in order to expedite the prohibitive and austere part. Everybody must grant it is much better to convince than to constrain, and to get the free assent of Greece to the European liberation of Crete than to impose by threats and measures of coercion a sulky abstention on the kingdom.

Lord Salisbury, in asking the Cabinets to declare their intentions relatively to the formation in Crete of a new Samos or a new Cretan Roumelia, before proceeding to threaten or coerce Greece, has only put into words what was in the mind of three at least of the allied Powers. Europe does not at all wish to humiliate or to exasperate Greece. On the contrary, she wants to do all that is possible to spare the susceptibilities of Hellenism, without compromising the preservation of peace. Let us hope the Powers will soon agree on their basis of action, and that Greece will not by a mad obstinacy frustrate the well-meaning efforts of her well-wishers.

At the present moment it is impossible not to understand that it is the fate, not only of Crete, not only of Greece, not even only of the whole East, but of Europe and of the peace of the world, which trembles in the balance. A mistake, a false step, a wrong-headed leap in the dark would be perfectly sufficient to precipitate on the head of our devoted generation the dreadful war mankind fears, tries to prevent, and has prepared against for twenty-five years. Everybody waits for the coming spring as for the time of the inevitable crisis.

Once more, according to a celebrated saying, everybody is on tiptoe expecting something unexpected. Macedonia is by universal consent

the most probable arena of the great fray. The immense danger of a Greco-Turkish conflict is not so much on sea, where the fleets of Europe are probably able to hinder or to stop hostile meetings, but on the Thessalo-Macedonian frontier, where the vanguards of the two armies have been long since facing each other, and waiting only for the word of command. The Powers would be strangely below the right use of their opportunities if they did not try, in making the freedom of Crete a trump in their hand, to get Greece tied not only to inaction in the Ægean Sea, but to peace on the Northern frontier.

Yet I should be very sorry, for my part, to entertain too simple and too robust an optimism. The Eastern question is always with us, and I do not see—though I devoutly pray for it—how it is to be peacefully solved. It seems to me that we are in a most strange and parlous state. There was a time when the Eastern problem was simply the perpetual threat of a barbarous and conquering race against Christendom. A second phasis opened when the Turk, no longer too strong, became suddenly too weak, and offered a too tempting prey to the rival covetousnesses of his neighbours. Europe then exhausted itself in trying, at first to put the Sick Man on his feet again, then to prepare for his dissolution and to arrange for his succession.

Perhaps we may recognise a third period when the physicians themselves are nearly as badly off as their patient, and dare not have recourse to surgical operations because they fear for themselves the rebound of those heroic remedies. To-day it seems verily as if the morbid fancy of Edgar Poe had anticipated the present state of things in the East. In one of the most gruesome of his stories, *The Case of Mr. Valdemar*, the American poet paints a dreadful experience. A dying man has been put to sleep by magnetism. He remains for whole weeks in this kind of trance between death and life. Suddenly the experimenter is minded to recall him to his normal waking condition. 'For what occurred, it is impossible that any human being could have been prepared. As I rapidly made the passes among ejaculations of "Dead! Dead!" absolutely bursting from the tongue and not from the lips of the sufferer, his whole frame at once, within the space of a single minute, or even less, shrunk, crumbled, absolutely rotted away beneath my hands. Upon the bed, before the whole company, there lay a nearly liquid mass of loathsome—of detestable putrescence.'

Di meliora piis! Let us hope we may be good Europeans without experiencing such dreadful consequences of our own diplomacy!

FRANCIS DE PRESSENSÉ.

*GREATER BRITAIN .
AND THE QUEEN'S LONG REIGN*

IF the annals of Her Gracious Majesty's long reign were to be tested by the mitigation of human misery and the saving of human life that have distinguished it, the most notable events of the period would probably be considered the adoption of the use of anæsthetics and the practice of antiseptic surgery. When, as a step further, we inquire what has most conduced to the happiness of the Queen's subjects, we shall find several rival claims. Much may be urged on behalf of the extension of liberty of self-government and of education. Again, the railways, the steamers, the telegraph, and the improvement in the modes and methods of manufacture may reasonably find ardent advocates. But there is still another offspring of the extended reign that may undeniably claim to have been the means of bestowing a vast amount of human happiness, and that is the extraordinary development of the colonies and other possessions of the Empire. There are thousands of human beings who have found in the colonies happy careers of honourable industry open to them, accompanied in many instances by great distinction, instead of the colourless joyless lives they otherwise seemed destined to lead. Without carrying the inquiry further, it is certain that Her Majesty's prolonged reign would be inadequately celebrated if Greater Britain did not take a part in the celebration.

A happier thought could not have occurred to any mind than the invitation which Mr. Chamberlain has extended on Her Majesty's behalf to the Prime Ministers of the self-governing colonies and to representatives of other parts of the Empire to become the guests of the nation in June next. It will gratify the colonies, India, and the other possessions; it will bring home to the people of the United Kingdom a sense of the immense territories throughout the world with which they are associated. Without going narrowly into details, the following tabular statement will convey a comprehensive impression of the enormous progress the Queen's dominions have made within the period of her beneficent sway.

THE YEAR 1840 CONTRASTED WITH 1895

	1840			1895		
	Population	Commerce	Revenue	Population	Commerce	Revenue
Canada, including Newfoundland	1,690,000	6,200,000	500,000	5,225,000	48,660,000	7,807,000
Australasia	300,000	3,200,000	600,000	4,238,000	114,837,900	23,571,000
South Africa	140,000	1,000,000	200,000	2,349,000	39,771,235	6,452,000
West Indies	900,000*	9,000,000	700,000	1,500,000	11,896,550	1,844,000
Other colonies, exclusive of Malta, Gibraltar, and Hong Kong .	2,170,000	7,700,000	400,000	6,000,000	63,870,233	4,192,000
India (the mean between 1830 and 1850) .	5,100,000	27,100,000	2,400,000	19,312,000	279,035,848	43,366,000
	107,000,000	21,950,000	22,300,000	287,000,000	204,909,865	95,187,000
Total	112,100,000	49,050,000	24,700,000	300,312,000	483,945,713	143,553,000

* The returns for the West Indies are for 1850.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the table is that it shows that, although the population has largely increased, the yearly contribution to the revenue has risen from 3s. 10d. per head in 1840 to 9s. 4d. at the end of 1895.

If one considers what has been effected within a past comparatively so short in the life of a nation, he must find it difficult to form an adequate conception of what the future may have in store for the great countries which, together with the United Kingdom, constitute the British Empire. During the last few years a growing feeling has shown itself in favour of strengthening the union between the mother-country and her possessions and between the possessions themselves. Important and influential combinations have been organised to disseminate this policy, and the opinion has gained ground that it is most desirable something should be done. What that something is cannot be readily determined, though its object is clearly enough an intimate federation with regard to defence, to commerce, and to other national purposes. At least it must be allowed that the unparalleled celebration about to take place would be incomplete as a national movement if all parts of the Empire were not associated in it.

The leagues and associations, whilst discussing various means to the end, felt themselves without authority to do more than generalise. The broad conclusion they arrived at was that it would be desirable to bring the representatives of Greater Britain and of the United Kingdom into conclave, and some time ago they made recommendations to that effect. But Her Majesty's Government pointed out that in the absence of a competent request from the colonies they had no right to convene a congress unless they were prepared to make definite proposals. They convened a congress ten years ago, but they submitted the subjects with which it should deal, and federation was not one of them. The colonial governments could

not ask for a congress, for they also were not prepared to formulate definite proposals. In fact, no one was in a position to officially summon a congress, because what was wanted was not the consideration of a specific plan, but a discussion which would clear the way to moulding a plan and its subsequent consideration.

With great astuteness Mr. Chamberlain sees in the presence of the Prime Ministers in England the opportunity of exchanging opinions not without some formality, but divested of the responsibility of officially promulgating a cut-and-dried scheme. In response to a question put by Mr. Hogan in the House of Commons as to whether 'advantage will be taken of the presence of the Prime Ministers in England to hold an Imperial Conference with a view to the discussion and determination of contemporary questions of colonial concern,' Mr. Chamberlain replied 'the matter will be taken into consideration.' It is clear, however, from what the right honourable gentleman said in a speech he made at Birmingham on the 30th of January that he is well inclined in this direction. We cannot do better than give his own words:

I hope we shall have this opportunity—not merely in London, but in our great provincial centres—of welcoming these rulers of States beyond the sea, these men who under the Queen are the constitutional heads of the communities which by their free choice have selected them to preside over the destinies of these provinces of a great Empire. We shall have them; we shall have at the same time a representation of the great Crown colonies with their infinite variety of climate and of production; and in this way we will secure a demonstration that no other country can make—a demonstration of power, of influence, and of beneficent work which will be a fitting tribute to the best and most revered of English sovereigns. It is my belief that great good will result from this gathering, that a meeting between those who represent in so marked a degree the interests of the great colonies and the members of Her Majesty's Government will lead to an interchange of ideas about matters of common and material interest, about closer commercial union, about the representation of the colonies, about common defence, about legislation, about other questions of equal importance, which cannot but be productive of the most fruitful results.

The three subjects mentioned by Mr. Chamberlain—namely, closer commercial union, common defence, and colonial representation—have already been much considered and discussed. The last may be regarded as a necessary pendant to the other two, and especially to common defence.

It is often found that the best way to deal with a great movement is to tentatively approach it. The colonies and dependencies have shown themselves not disinclined to contribute to the defence of the Empire, but no plan has yet been suggested of comprehensively dealing with the question on a fixed principle. Possibly it may be found that it is better to continue for a time to treat it by piecemeal. The difficulty lies in the many different conditions prevailing in the various parts of the Empire. For example, it would not be possible

to ignore the large cost to which India and Canada are put for their land forces. Great advantage must in any case arise from discussing the question, and possibly some one may be clever enough to devise a plan based on a well-defined principle, but elastic enough to do justice to the inequalities that have to be taken into account.

Commercial union has also been greatly discussed and a strong feeling prevails in its favour, although a considerable amount of antagonism has to be overcome. The Free-traders in Great Britain and the Protectionists in the colonies are respectively highly sensitive about any proposal which makes towards infringing their favourite doctrine. The manufacturers in Great Britain are very sore about the high duties imposed in parts of the Empire, and the agriculturists bitterly bewail the impoverishment of their industry because they cannot command remunerative rates in the home markets.

If it were possible to so overcome existing prejudices as to consider on their merits the plans best calculated to serve the Empire (putting on one side the doctrinal objections of the Free-trade and Protectionist schools), there seems every reason to believe that a Zollverein would be the most beneficial expedient. The governing feature of it would be the free interchange of commodities (with some half a dozen excepted articles) throughout all parts of the Empire. Such a Zollverein would not be quite on the footing of the German one, which deals with a self-contained conterminous country. Instead of the duties collected being distributed from a common centre, it would be necessary to allow the United Kingdom and the possessions to dispose of the duties each collected within its limits.

— Nor would it be desirable that, apart from the free interchange of goods within the Empire, the duties imposed on foreign goods should be identical. Each party to the Zollverein should have the same liberty of imposing duties upon commodities coming from outside of the Empire that it now possesses.

The articles proposed to be excepted from free exchange within the British Empire were spirits, beer, tobacco, tea, and opium, whilst India was still to be at liberty to impose a duty on salt. Although this list does not include several items of the present British tariff, the duty collected on those items from other parts of the Empire is so small that the loss to the United Kingdom on the basis of this plan would be very trifling. But it would be otherwise with the possessions. Their loss arising from the cessation of duties on goods arising within the Empire (with the exceptions named) would be very heavy.

It is the fashion to speak of the duties levied in the possessions on a wide range of items as duties of a Protectionist character. More or less they are so, but they serve the object of raising a large amount of revenue. An estimate has been made that the colonies and

possessions would lose by the plan briefly described above not less than eight millions sterling a year. It would take them a long while to even partly make up this sum by increasing the duties on foreign goods and on the excepted items, and it would be necessary they should have recourse to taxation different in character from the Customs duties. They would unquestionably derive great benefit in several ways from the free exchange of goods arising within the Empire; but it would take time to develop the advantages, and meanwhile the diminished revenue would press on them severely. The United Kingdom would of course derive immediate benefit. The markets of the Empire would be offered to it duty free in a manner that would vastly profit the manufactures of Great Britain and Ireland.

Still it is to be doubted if the United Kingdom would offer to the colonies and possessions an annual payment for a short term of years in order to enable them to take the gradual steps necessary for restoring the revenue. If England were inclined to render such temporary assistance, the money could be readily raised by a moderate duty on foreign imports.

As far as a judgment can be formed, the Customs Union or agreement that would be most acceptable to the colonies and possessions is one of a system of differential duties. It is urged that this plan would bring revenue to the United Kingdom, and at the same time largely benefit its manufacturers and producers. On the other hand, it is contended that it would raise the price of commodities and conflict with the Free-trade policy of the country.

It is also objected that foreign countries might resent it. There does not seem to be much force in the last objection, seeing what heavy duties are imposed by other countries on British goods, and that in some large countries differential duties or bonuses in favour of their colonies are already established.

But as regards the first objection it must be allowed that the tendency of the plan would be to increase prices, though it is doubtful whether the increase would be sufficient to injure the labouring or manufacturing classes compared with the advantages they would enjoy.

It is doubtful, moreover, how long the present condition of affairs in England can continue. From a return for fifteen years ending 31st of March, 1896, it appears the Customs revenue each year has oscillated between under twenty millions to a little over that amount. It has not fallen below nineteen millions nor risen to twenty-one millions. Since 1891 a small amount not included in the above sums has been annually collected for direct distribution to local bodies, but it has averaged only about 200,000*l.* irrespective of the contributions from Excise duties. To all intents and purposes the Customs revenue may be considered stationary, and it startlingly

contrasts with other items of revenue. For instance, the receipts during the fifteen years from Property and Income tax have risen from ten millions sterling to sixteen millions, and Stamps and Estate duties from eleven to nineteen millions. The expenditure out of revenue has risen from eighty-four millions in 1882 to ninety-eight millions in 1896. * Meanwhile the expenditure is still increasing, and it is surely a question, how long the propertied classes will be reconciled to a virtually stationary Customs revenue.

Heed, too, must soon be given to the statements alleging that the fiscal system of the country cripples the pursuit of agriculture by making consumers much too largely dependent on outside sources for their food supply. The food bill of the country for these outside supplies amounted during 1896 to no less than one hundred and eighty millions sterling.

Lately—not before it was wanted—great attention has been given to placing the country in a position to properly defend itself in case of war. We are fortunate in the present rulers of Europe; but this should not make us forget that one ambitious headstrong sovereign might plunge the whole world into war. The placing the Empire in a state of defence is an admirable conception; but is the execution complete that overlooks the effects on the United Kingdom of a prolonged war? Food would rise at least fifty per cent. and simultaneously work would be crippled, because manufacturers depend largely on foreign countries for raw material. How bitterly then might the cry go up against the policy that has rendered the country so helpless with respect to self-supply! It is possible that a consideration of all the circumstances may lead to the belief that a moderate duty on foreign commodities might stimulate agricultural production within the three kingdoms and assist the possessions to a position in which they would be able to render to the mother-country much more effectual aid than they can at present.

Mr. Chamberlain referred to colonial representation. 'It is certain that this question will sooner or later assume large dimensions, but it is to be doubted if the colonies are anxious for it at present. The policy of the mother-country towards her colonies has wisely been one of not hampering them with restrictions; it has even been held out that, if they wished to separate, no coercion would be exercised to retain them. Whether this would prove to be the case may be doubted, but at any rate the colonies have been made to feel that to all intents and purposes they may work out their own destinies, and that reliance is placed on their loyalty to the mother-country and to their fellow-subjects throughout the Empire. At present they probably do not desire direct representation in a Federal Legislature, but as progress is made towards any Federation of a substantial character, it will be in accordance with their cardinal creed that responsibility necessitates representation.

There are probably many subjects concerning which Mr. Chamberlain may confer with the colonial representatives with great advantage. We venture to indicate two questions for separate treatment if the opportunity is afforded. They are both of the same nature, and essentially in the direction of consolidating the Empire.

For the last few years the Federation of the Australian Colonies has been very much discussed. Ten years since an Act was passed enabling the several Australasian colonies to be represented in a federal council endowed with the powers of passing acts applicable to all the colonies represented. It was not a federation of the colonies concerned, although possibly it may be considered an approach to that end. The Act was entirely permissive, and both New South Wales and New Zealand declined to make use of it. However, about four years ago the late Sir Henry Parkes, the veteran statesman of New South Wales, submitted in the most emphatic manner proposals for a complete federation of the Australian or Australasian colonies. New Zealand after a time declined to be included, but the rest of the colonies energetically approved and took up the question. It is not to be wondered at that great difficulties presented themselves. There are thousands of people still living who can recollect the wild rejoicings in Victoria when that colony was carved out of New South Wales, and there was no less manifestation of delight when Queensland was separated from the same mother colony. All of these colonies have done good work since and there is no reason because the dismemberment was wise at the time that it would not now be desirable to unite them as separate autonomous provinces, endowed with large powers of self-government, but under one federal control with regard to purposes common to them all. After many varying fortunes the movement has come to the stage of the approaching election of a council to prepare a scheme for submission to the several colonies for their approval. This council is to meet shortly, but Queensland will not be represented in it, and Western Australia does not appear to be very cordial concerning the project. At a recent meeting of the Premiers in Hobart Town the representatives of Queensland and Western Australia expressed themselves with considerable acrimony against the colonies of Victoria and New South Wales.

It is sincerely to be hoped the elected council may be able to draw out a practicable scheme satisfactory to the colonies, but it is much to be feared they will not attain this result. The federation of the colonies of Australia would be of vast ultimate benefit to all concerned. It would comprise a whole continent with no frontier but the sea. To the Imperial Government the federation would be of great value for reasons too obvious to need recountal. The position of the British Government in the matter is peculiar. Technically it

is most concerned, for it will have to submit to Parliament the measures necessary to give the federation effect.

But in fact the decision of the question rests with the colonies themselves. It is scarcely conceivable that they will propose anything that the Imperial Government cannot accept, and it would be signally impolitic for English Ministers to assert a right of interference. But it would be widely different to making such a claim if the colonies concerned asked Mr. Chamberlain to assist and preside over a conference to smooth away any obstacles that presented themselves. Local differences, though they may appear to possess little importance, are exceedingly difficult of adjustment. More especially is this the case when a conference is presided over by a representative interested in one of the phases of the difficulty. The Secretary of State for the Colonies would be free of any local bias, and would be in a position to offer valuable suggestions.

If we recollect rightly, Lord Carnarvon when he occupied the position now held by Mr. Chamberlain materially aided the Federation of Canada, by presiding over a conference of delegates from the several provinces. When the Dominion was finally established, the assistance Lord Carnarvon had rendered was acknowledged with hearty gratitude. Another instance may be mentioned: Admiral Tryon succeeded in bringing the Australasian colonies separately to a favourable feeling towards a united contribution to the cost of defence. But a wide difference of opinion existed as to how the scheme could be worked. With admirable patience and tact Lord Knutsford, then Secretary of State, at several conference meetings with the colonial representatives, succeeded in smoothing over all difficulties, and a scheme was decided on for submission to the colonies separately, which they subsequently approved.

There is little doubt but that, if Mr. Chamberlain's aid is enlisted, he will be able to materially help in surmounting any obstacles that stand in the way of Australian Federation. The uncertainty that hangs round this question impedes the definite consideration of more intimate relations between the different parts of the Empire both as regards federation and common defence.

The second work of the same character to which we have alluded is on a smaller scale, though of great importance. The Federation of the British American Colonies is incomplete whilst Newfoundland remains outside the combination. Negotiations have for some time past proceeded between Canada and Newfoundland, and both parties seem to be favourable to a union. But it is understood that some difficulty remains to be overcome. This is a task which no one could better perform than Mr. Chamberlain. The completed Federation of the British North American Colonies would be a splendid conclusion to the great work that has already been done.

Some of the Premiers, it is said, find it difficult to come to

England owing to the stress of public business. We hope these instances are few, but any Prime Minister who finds the obstacles insuperable might be invited to nominate one of his colleagues to represent him.

Although neither the Home Government nor the Governments of Greater Britain may have any specific proposals to make respecting the Federation of the Empire, their meeting in London will possess extraordinary interest. At present their position is that of waiting with a benevolent hope that something can be done, but with the fear that premature action may be mischievous. There is no objection to, but on the contrary a leaning towards, a discussion of the question with open minds, but without willingness at present to undertake the responsibility of making, accepting, or rejecting specific proposals. The opportunity will be presented of paving the way to future action of a more definite nature. If the road to such action is opened, we take leave to think that, of all the incidents of this memorable year, none will be more vividly enduring than the recollection that it was the means of leading to the consolidation of the Empire. We venture to believe that no object can be dearer to the Queen's heart or more acceptable to her subjects.

JULIUS VOGEL.

FIGHTING THE FAMINE IN INDIA

THEY say of a cold weather traveller in India that his mother in England, seeing in the papers how famine prevailed in the land, sent him a telegram to this effect, 'Whenever you find a difficulty in obtaining food, don't hesitate, make at once for the coast.' The picture of a tourist sitting anywhere along some thousands of miles of coast, and waving a white umbrella over the breakers to a passing ship, will amuse the large and increasing numbers of those who know something of the conditions of modern India, and the story indicates, no doubt, the maximum of misunderstanding. Yet the phases and degrees of misconception are so multitudinous that a brief description may not be superfluous of the manner in which the Imperial Government of India puts forth its strength to meet its most frequent and most deadly foe. The horrors of famine need no heightening, and a little light thrown on its dark places may serve to dispel the illusion of universal desolation and despair.

Let us begin at the capital. A resident in Calcutta will learn from his servants, if not otherwise, that prices are high. They will ask him for an extra rupee. But thus far in Bengal it is only in the north-west corner, hundreds of miles away, that distress exists, which is officially recognised as famine. And here be it at once understood that the State takes cognisance of famine, and that its servants lie under the most stringent orders to deal with it, before its actual advent. The now, alas! familiar heading, 'The Government and the Famine,' should properly run, 'The Government and the Fight with Famine.' 'The Famine Code' is 'the code for the prevention of starvation;' the colossal totals of units in receipt of relief are those of our fellow-subjects, saved from the pangs of hunger, preserved, it may be, from the most lingering and painful of deaths, the most dolorous exit from a life of patient industry. In times of plenty the Government prepares for evil days. After every famine of the last quarter of a century, the ablest officers in India of their day have concerted measures of defence. In ordinary years the changeful seasons are watched, the crops recorded, the ruling prices noted, and from these statistics an analysis of each district is prepared with special reference to its security from famine. Irrigated tracts are wholly exempt, others enjoy vary-

ing degrees of immunity, many, nay most, are only too liable to suffer. Thanks to the generally provident character of the Indian poor, they can bear a bad season, and can, as a rule, face even two successive lean years, but a third proves too great a strain, and the labouring classes and smaller cultivators would succumb, but for the unparalleled exertions of the Government, whose avowed policy it is, to quote Lord Elgin's last pronouncement, 'that the full resources of the Empire shall be made available for the saving of life.'

Leaving Calcutta, and travelling by rail as far as the junction for Benares, a traveller passes through a country where the crops are poor, but still exist. Across the yellow flowering indigo, patches of delicate white poppy, and fields of wheat and pulse, he sees the villages half hidden in bamboo brakes. Along the line here and there are little gardens of oleander and hibiscus, and standard sun-flowers. The shadow of famine has not fallen on this tract. Beyond Benares Junction the country becomes more parched, and even indifferent crops are the exception. Yet the people do not look distressed. And so on to Allahabad, the capital of the two provinces, which fortunately at this crisis are in the equally capable and zealous hands of Lord Elgin's lieutenant, Sir Anthony MacDonnell, Governor of the North-western Provinces and of Oudh.

In the middle of last October Sir John Woodburn, the Home member of the Government, publicly stated that if no rain fell in time for the sowing of the spring crops, severe distress would probably be felt in large tracts in Oudh and the North-western Provinces, that prices were already very high, and that if they continued to rise measures for the assistance and relief of the poorer classes would become necessary, not only in those territories, but in parts of the Punjab, Central Provinces, Burma, and Bombay. He also observed that in the twenty years which have elapsed since the last great visitation the forces of Government available for the struggle with famine in the affected localities had increased by upwards of 10,000 miles of irrigation canals and distributories, and by upwards of 3,700 miles of railway, that there were good reasons for believing that the grain supply, indigenous and imported, would prove sufficient, and that the Government was prepared with schemes of railways, of canal projects, and of lesser works upon which vast numbers of labourers could be employed. Lord Elgin on the same occasion referred to the greater capacity of the Government of to-day for dealing with famine on a large scale, and in the light of what has since occurred it is worthy of note that he stated 'how cordially he welcomed non-official co-operation,' such as even then was forthcoming in India.

In October and November the situation looked more and more serious, when fortunately at the end of the latter month, and in December, timely rain mitigated what promised to be the greatest calamity of the century. Still the North-western Provinces had lost

half their autumn crops, in a year following one in which 300,000 of the population had been on relief, there was distress in parts of the Panjab, Rajputana, Central India, Bombay, Bengal, Madras, and Burma, while in the Central Provinces the sudden cessation of the monsoon in a season following two years of partial but widespread failure had made the situation even more serious than elsewhere. The famine affects the largest numbers in the North-western Provinces, the population of which is nearly equal to that of Austria, Hungary, and Belgium combined, and the distress probably is most acute in the Central Provinces, comprising an area of upwards of 86,000 square miles, or just under that of England, Wales, and Scotland, with a sparse and scattered population of 125 per square mile, or ten and three-quarter millions, a tract without irrigation, and owing to its natural and economic conditions less forward in regard to communications, and other attributes of civilisation, than richer provinces of the Empire. Upwards of 70,000 miles in the Central Provinces are affected, and of this area a great deal is hill and forest, whose inhabitants mix little with the population of the plains, and the scattered nature of whose villages makes it specially difficult to ascertain their necessities or to organise relief.

It will not be possible within the narrow limits of a paper of this description to do more than briefly sketch the manner in which the Government of India meets famine when its approach is evident, with brief descriptions drawn upon the spot of the actual operation of its code and rules in that behalf provided.

First, then, test works are opened on which employment is offered to the needy, to which it is found as a fact only the needy resort.

Programmes of works of varying size and character, maintained ready for use in regard to all areas considered insecure, are either accepted or modified as occasion requires, staffs are strengthened, loans are given to agriculturists, the payment of revenue is suspended, circle officers make known to the people the places at which work is offered, and feed distressed wanderers or forward them to poorhouse or relief work as occasion requires. Lists are prepared by the village officials of persons from age, sex, sickness or occupation entitled to gratuitous relief, and they are thenceforward rationed at their homes. This provision meets the extremely, almost despairingly, difficult case of people who will not stir themselves to save their own lives, whose apathy is greater than their need. Its wide application, after almost house-to-house visitations, has been a special feature of Sir Anthony MacDonnell's administration of famine, and Mr. Lyall, in the Central Provinces, has for some time past been working, under greater difficulties owing to geographical and economic conditions, upon similar lines. Thus, again to quote Lord Elgin, 'rules have been framed to reach the really necessitous, both the able-bodied poor and those unable to share in the ordinary forms of active

employment by reason of infirmities of body, sex, or even social custom.'

Upon relief works, wages are given at special rates worked out by the most experienced civil and medical officers in the country. Besides the ordinary large works, small works for the agricultural population are provided in the immediate vicinity of their own villages. This form of relief has been developed by Sir Anthony MacDonnell into a joint-stock affair between the landowners and Government, with divided financial responsibility and with wholly happy results. In the Central Provinces also it is found necessary to resort to small works. A task is the maximum amount of work allotted to a member of any given class, and no such person is permitted to perform more than that task, which is apportioned with due reference to his bodily strength, and professional or other qualifications.

Workers are paid regularly, and wages are given for non-working days, such as Sundays, and the days of arrival. They are huddled when their homes are distant, and receive medical attendance, and any shortcoming in their work due to weakness is by rule excused. Their children and infirm dependants are fed in kitchens or given allowances at the works. Persons unfit for employment, or who cannot conveniently be sent to their homes, or whose enlargement is undesirable, are fed and treated in poorhouses. State kitchens supply for children the place of parents too afflicted or weakened to fulfil their proper functions towards their offspring, reserved forests are thrown open for free pasturage, and the duties of the police, medical and accounts officers are exactly prescribed. That such a code should exist is little, that it is the outcome in each particular detail of hard-earned experience is much; that it should work, as it does, with the regularity and precision of clockwork, and prove equal to the strain of sudden leaps of tens of thousands, is more than all. Each individual famine officer requires more of himself during the campaign than Government could expect of mere flesh and blood. Some already have dropped at their posts.

Sometimes, as happens with human affairs, a partial failure must be acknowledged, but reviewing the whole circumstances, the measure of success achieved in a struggle with relentless cosmic forces is nothing less than triumphant. It may be said that the worst is yet to come. For the Government, yes; for the people, emphatically no. It is delay in the early stages that leads to excessive and prolonged mortality. People do not die, they live and gather strength when on the works, or when in receipt of gratuitous relief, provided it is given at a sufficiently early date. The problem is to decide when extensive operations become necessary, the necessity is to set them in motion without the slightest delay when once it has been possible to arrive at that decision.

Let us see in a few concrete cases how simply an apparently elaborate code is worked.

Allahabad is a famous place of pilgrimage, and beggars abound at the junction of the sacred streams of Jumna and Ganges. The inmates of the poorhouse here look more like mendicants, whose usual protectors have forsaken them, than famine subjects. A few cook for themselves and for their fellow inmates, several want to leave to obtain a money dole in some village to which they do not, but would have it thought, they belong. The newcomers of the day on which I was present, thirty in number, seemed to be in the ordinary condition of destitute paupers, but out of 1,200 inmates about 300 had an anæmic appearance, due no doubt chiefly to insufficient nourishment, and such, in or out of the poorhouse hospital, receive extra doles. Those who are strong enough are sent out to the relief works. Any villager unable to work, and having a house, was sent there to receive as village relief the equivalent of what he would have got on the works had he been able to labour, that is just now about $2\frac{1}{2}$ rupees a month, wheat now selling at above twice its usual price. Most of the inhabitants were the wandering and mendicant "halt, lame, and blind, such as twenty-five centuries ago excited the compassion of Buddha, who not far hence commenced his pilgrimage, little dreaming of the stupendous organisation which would arise in future days to perform his self-imposed function of mitigating misery, and further for delivering the people, so far as may be, from pestilence and famine.

The poorhouse was a great centre of interest. Four or five stalwart troopers marched up clad in clean white linen, with whiskers brushed up to their ears. A Pathan strolled in carrying in one hand a cage containing a partridge, whose companion captive followed at heel like a fox-terrier. Then a boy grinning from ear to ear romped up as far as the gate on a buffalo calf, riding far aft, as a Cairene *gamin* does his donkey.

The folks walking about the long straight white streets of Allahabad showed no signs of famine, though it is the centre of one of the most affected tracts, and within easy distance of the rural area in which the pinch was first felt.

At Bara twenty miles away is another poorhouse. Along the road you meet as usual palanquins, horsemen and pedestrians, and the coolies who take your traps at the station seem in good condition. At six A.M. it is cold, and the people, who are brown not black, are warming their hands over fires of straw and sticks. They salaam pleasantly—none beg. Bullocks laden with grain for the camp, camels stalking under piles of Civil officers' baggage, men, and women carrying children pass along between avenues of mango trees, some of which, alas! have prematurely flowered, sure sign of an

abnormal season, and the Indian analogue of the flourishing almond of Holy Writ.

On the way to the poorhouse I visited a village. Most of the men had gone to the relief works, the women were grinding corn and milking cows, the children eating wheat cakes, playing and crying. The houses contained the usual pots, pans, and bedsteads, the scanty furniture of an Indian peasant's home. When questioned, the villagers complained of bad times. A small boy patted his stomach and said he had nothing to eat, a statement which his particular stomach belied. In this year the phrase has a sad significance. In ordinary times, it is, of course, a mere *façon de parler*. A man who can hardly squeeze through the doorway will say he has no rice, if he wants more pay or an appointment for a relation. The one man I found at home was old, and looked after the children. A very narrow door would have accommodated his gaunt but not emaciated figure. He talked freely, and showed me how a dog's skull hung around a cow's neck cured a wound occasioned by the loss of a horn. It was not witchcraft, but the diversion afforded for the flies from the wound to the skull.

Outside the village two women were digging up grass by the roots. The type of traveller which sees an impaled Bulgarian in a scarecrow might take this for proof that they were endeavouring to stay the wolf with unaccustomed herbs,

• Unguibus et raras vellentes dentibus herbas,

as the poet said of famine-stricken females long ago. But the grass was for a local officer's pony, and the thing is done in this wise every day. There is enough misery without imagination's aid.

From this point the people could be seen streaming in crowds across the thirsty cracked black cotton soil to the relief works.

But first let us see the poorhouse. The inmates numbered about 1,000. They comprised among their numbers some of the poorest villagers, who, Hindu-like, home-keeping to the core, will hide in the recesses of their homes, running down in condition, till at last they cannot properly assimilate the nourishment they receive. A special agency is now employed in what is practically a house-to-house visitation. The Lieutenant-Governor has insisted that official agency shall be responsible that no such cases escape notice. It is a prodigious undertaking when distress is widespread, but relief may be proffered in vain, almost within sight of a village, in so far as some of its inhabitants are concerned, unless actual steps are taken to almost enforce its acceptance. There are vast numbers, it really would appear, in India who would almost prefer to stay at home to die, rather than travel a few miles and live.

There is little reason to doubt that poorhouses, relief works, and village doles now account, generally speaking, for practically the

bulk of the distressed population. Those inmates of a poorhouse who have been for a short time in receipt of relief, and were not too far gone on arrival, soon recover condition.

At Bara there was a medical officer, who prescribed milk diet for the delicate, and attended to the sick. A similar system prevails at each poorhouse, which is also furnished with a kitchen and a separate hospital for contagious diseases. Yet in spite of these provisions they are necessarily sad spectacles.

At the relief works the scene was of a very different character. The beds of irrigation tanks are divided like chess boards, some into little squares for an individual, others into larger squares for a family or a gang, and inside the squares vigorous digging and chattering were going forward, while wives carried off the earth, and children filled their smaller baskets. Nothing could be more orderly or more satisfactory than the management of these works. If the task proves too severe, it is reduced; if a man is too weak, he goes to the poorhouse; if he is sick, to its hospital. One woman had a string of coins around her neck. On inspection they proved to be nickel. 'Yes,' she said, 'we are poor people, but the Sirkar feeds us.' The day before they had come in crowds up to Mr. Fuller, the chief district officer, and cried, 'We owe our lives to the Sirkar.' Now the Sirkar is the Government, which some pretend has no bowels of mercy.

They understand things better, these simple village folk, than many accounted in this world their superiors in intelligence and feeling. *A propos*, why have we never seen in the illustrated papers photographs of some of the 18,000 men, women, and children, who are thus employed at and around Bara, to their own salvation, and to the advantage of future generations? Why are particular cases of sickness or maceration disingenuously put forward as typical of the results of famine administration? Are a few failures, if they be such, preferred to thousands of successes? I know myself of a case in which a missionary, during the prevalence of distress in one part of India, wrote to a paper to say famine existed in his own district, and forwarded with his letter photographs of starving victims of the great famine of 1877! Three years after his action had misled the British public, and embarrassed and distressed the authorities, he owned that there had been no real famine in his district, and pleaded that he did not expressly say that the photographs sent with his letter illustrated its contents! So different are the positions and responsibilities of officials and of their critics.

All the large numbers working on the tanks near the Bara poorhouse were in good condition, and are improving every day, though many had been weak when they first came on relief. The condition of the live stock too in this locality was good. Rain does for the pasture at all times what only at appointed seasons it can accomplish for the crops. The country around was saved from an aspect of

desolation by the frequent orchards of mango trees, thickets of acacia, and groves of banyans.

This is the most afflicted portion of the province, in which upwards of a million are now upon relief. Probably 50 per cent. of the population of this subdivision, of Allahabad are being for the most part supported by Government, and had not matters two months ago been taken in hand in time, thousands would probably have been reduced to the condition of famine subjects out of the numbers who are now cheerfully working in the tanks.

The south of Allahabad district marches with the Central Provinces, the general character of which has already been briefly sketched. Apart from other conditions tending to make distress more serious and more difficult to treat, these provinces are surrounded by native states of the character of Rewa, for instance, whose 12,000 odd square miles barely support in good years a population of a million and a half. In bad times like these the poor flock over the border for relief. Eventually the able-bodied may be sent back to their own states, but the weak and emaciated remain to fill the British poor-houses and camps, and to further swell a death rate which owing to the severe cholera epidemic, a usual feature of a bad year, has already risen to locally unprecedented proportions. Thus a Government which gives freely of its resources in men and money presents the most vulnerable appearance and becomes the focus of criticism.

The same may be said of every poorhouse. No large town in affected tracts now lacks this compassionate provision, in which all the greatest misery and destitution is collected, necessarily not very far from the railway station, whence every passer-by can inspect it, and arguing on false premises readily condemn an administration on the evidence its humanity affords. If the misery and destitution of London itself were collected within a ring fence, it is doubtful if a visitor from the East would think it other than a sad spectacle; but here we have the poor, who are always with us, supplemented by the local sufferers from the most widespread failure of crops the country has ever known, and by a crowd of wandering beggars, pilgrims, and fugitives from native states.

As a fact it was at Jubbulpore poorhouse that the photographs were taken which have been published in the English papers, and have been accepted, no doubt, as average specimens of the recipients of relief. Roughly speaking, in a district which has 200,000 on the relief list there will be about 5,000 in the poorhouses, of whom 75 per cent. will show no sign of emaciation, while certainly not 10 per cent. will present an appearance so heart-rending as that of the originals of the photographs sent home. For example, on the 1st of February there were 1,700 paupers in the poorhouse at Jubbulpore. Of these 49 were discharged for labour on the works, 60 per cent. were of good physique, 175 were sick, 600 were

immigrants from neighbouring native states, and among these were the most emaciated cases. All were fed twice, and the infirm subjects three times, a day. Some of the children, born of paupers, though on milk diet, seemed unable to clothe their poor bones with flesh. There have been three years of partial failure in the Central Provinces, and the infant and ante-natal days of these little ones were passed within the shadow of famine, one of whose most terrible attributes is that it poisons the springs of life at their very sources and impairs the fertility of an unborn generation. The doctor, however, thought many, nay most, of these patient uncomplaining little sufferers would live. The photographs which have been reproduced in the London papers were passed around the hotel table here, and a mixed company, including journalists and soldiers among others, was unanimously of opinion that they represented a phase, but not a normal phase, even of poorhouses, and included all the worst subjects collected for the occasion from among the inmates.

Immediately without the walls which shut in so much pain and privation, the streets were filled with bright and busy crowds, in and out of which children darted flying kites, through which moved slowly laden carts drawn by unicorn teams of bullocks, past camel camps, partridge parties, rare mosques, and frequent fanes.

The members of a partridge party sit around the cages, within which, underneath smart blue quilts, their pets are calling. Thus they enjoy the sweets of possession, and ponder over the welcome fact that a fighting partridge, all glory apart, will fetch a rupee at any time.

It is now time to proceed down the road leading from Jubbulpore past the Marble Rocks of the Nerbudda towards the south. For five miles more or less some five thousand persons are digging earth from the road sides under the avenues, and laying it on the roadway. It is a cold morning, and they are all wrapped up, some in well-quilted coats, some in too scanty, some in much torn clothes, but on the whole they are not by any means in bad condition. Children swathed like mummies screamed below, as lustily as the green parrakeets above, the avenue trees. Under a small tent a dealer is busy selling grain; cattle are drinking at the tank behind. They are fairly well furnished. Mercifully the live stock does not suffer here, and in the North-west Provinces, as that of the Deccan does in a famine. The wage is sufficient. A man, his wife, two working children, and one infant, can make 8 rupees a month between them. In ordinary years, with grain at half its present prices, such a household could, I calculate, though without any margin, just live on 4 rupees, so 8 rupees at present prices is a livelihood. It has been calculated that as much as 16 rupees a month can be made by a large family on some works. A good many families here were making more than 8 rupees. Among them were jungle men who brought in timber for

building the kitchens and hospitals attached to the work. It was satisfactory to see these aboriginal tribesmen looking so well, but it will take a large staff's unremitting attention to ensure that the inhabitants of all the small and remote villages are and remain in the same condition. Those I visited contained a population pinched by hard times, but not emaciated, provided with work by the Government, and given gratuitous assistance in cases where people for good and sufficient reason could not labour. On the works about 15 per cent. were poor tenants of local landlords, men whose rent amounts to anything between 2 rupees and 5 rupees. The rest were labourers, coolies, and their families. They need to be treated tenderly, and to be humoured a good deal. It does not do to dogmatise about supply and demand and the principles of political economy. The spread of communications, however, has rendered possible even in remote tracts a rigid abstention from interference with private trade in supplying grain, upon which the Government insists.

In a neighbouring village inhabited by persons of the labourer and poor tenant class, most of the young, middle-aged, and old inhabitants showed little signs of privation, but few males or adult females were at home of course at noon, the potter was 'thumping his wet clay,' and others, who had work to do at their houses, were following their usual avocations.

Riding back we met the holy Māhant or Abbot of the shrine of the Marble Rocks, a fair boy of fourteen, the disciple nominated his successor by the lately deceased priest. He wore a purple velvet coat, and a white silk cap, both profusely embroidered with gold, and took little interest in the people on the relief works. The many pilgrims took none, as they strolled along, their pots and pans and earthly goods packed in two baskets depending from a yoke around their necks. They were bound for distant Rameshivaram, by Adam's Bridge, and there they would empty the little brass pots containing Ganges water, mindful of the doggerel distich I translate for the occasion :

Who pours upon Rameshur's shrine
 • Of Gunga's sacred stream,
 Right soon shall have his heart's desire,
 And realise his dream.

Far more attentive were the monkey folk, who sat on the roadside watching all the operations, particularly those of the grain sellers. They would willingly, given the chance, relieve a child of his ration. The roofs of the houses in this locality are carefully covered with thorns to prevent the abstraction of the tiles, which these mischievous apes take, and throw about. So Tavernier says, of his day, that in the far south on the way to Cape Comorin, the monkeys used to fight across the road, on which during a battle it

was unsafe to travel. But now the Governments of Madras and Travancore preserve the peace, alike amongst men and monkeys.

Another work also employing 5,000 people was the collection, breaking and storing of metal for a different section of the same highway. If in my narrative I appear to move rapidly and spasmodically from grave to gay, judge if I do not faithfully reflect my subject, all sad and serious though it be. Here in the relief work kitchen were children *à faire pleurer*, the offspring of anæmic, underfed mothers, and half the population of the relief work left it yesterday *en masse* to go to Nerbudda Fair! The trains, too, a few days back were pretty full of country folk going to a famous festival at Allahabad, the attendance at which nevertheless was but a fraction of the usual figure. Nerbudda Fair was close at hand. On this work again nearly 1,000 out of 5,000 came from neighbouring native states, and almost all those present were of the labourer class. Sickness prevailed, and more and more will prevail till the days of trial are over. Cholera and fever will one day sweep through these camps and across the country, and the advanced guard of the legions of the locusts already threaten the standing crops, as if to prove the futility of any human effort to oppose the crushing forces of nature.

Such are the main phenomena of famine relief in two most affected districts of the most stricken provinces of India. Other works and villages visited much resemble those I have attempted to describe.

Elsewhere, mercifully, distress has not waxed so sore in the land. In Madras, for example, the area affected is comparatively small. There is nothing in that Presidency to strain the resources of His Excellency the Governor, whose officers have had only too much experience of famine administration. Severe or total failure of crops is confined to parts of the Deccan country, and is well in hand. The southern portion of Madras was deluged with rain in November and December. Rivers brimmed, roads breached, winds blew, and traveling by land was difficult, and dangerous by sea. In Bombay, however, the situation is more serious, the failure more widely spread, and the extent of the disaster cannot be wholly gauged until the crops now on the ground are harvested. An area of upwards of 50,000 square miles with a population of over 9,000,000 is affected. Distress none the less has not yet reached even the poorest of the petty landholders, though the numbers on relief amount to nearly 300,000 souls, and it is asserted without contradiction that the measures taken have averted acute distress, and that even in Bijapore, the centre of the famous 'skull famine,' not a life has been sacrificed. The authorities enforce the famine code, allowing for local conditions in a matter not dissimilar from that above described, but special measures have been taken for the preservation of agricultural stock which finds little sustenance on

the wide stony wolds of the Deccan.

Action in this behalf has also been taken for similar reasons in the Madras Deccan.

The case of Burma presents special features. Any one who just passed through the affected districts, as I did, early in December, would have thought it hardly possible that anything like severe agricultural distress was hanging over the pleasure-loving, well-dressed, and good-humoured people of Upper Burma. But the Burman, who lives, does not put away much for a rainy day, and a second bad season, hits him as hard as a third does the Indian. Another point of difference is that the former is as migratory as the latter is home-keeping. As Lower Burma, alike to its own profit and to that of rice-importing India, had a bumper crop, the Upper Burmans went down in crowds to share the spoils, but 30,000 who stayed at home are for the most part employed on the construction of a much-needed branch, which will connect the railway with the Irrawaddy at an important military station. The men collect stone ballast, and the women do the lighter earth work, and if Hindus can leave a relief work for a fair, it may safely be conjectured that the Burmans will make a fair of a relief work. I think no Burman ever lost heart, except perhaps the King, who lost the crown of Burma.

In Bengal upwards of 300,000 are on relief, and the early cessation of the September rains gave Sir Alexander Mackenzie and his officers cause for grave anxiety. 'Behar occupies a bad eminence in famine history.' Its poor and dense population knows, however, by experience how the administration mitigates the evils resulting from extensive failure of crops, and it came very rapidly on relief. It has been proved to demonstration in past famines that the early application of the Government code is the best policy, as well as the most humane procedure. People fed or helped, before they run down, can continue to work till next harvest, and do not come on the gratuitous relief list. Their strength is preserved, and their services saved to their country. Neither do they abuse an early application of the code. It has been proved over and over again that as long as they can live without help, they prefer to do so. There is no fear of pauperising a self-respecting peasantry.

In the Punjab upwards of 80,000 are on relief chiefly on large central works, which Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick favours. The area of his province is greater, and its population is less than half that of the North-western Provinces, in which on that account and also because of the far more wide distress the provision of smaller works near affected villages has been found necessary.

The Punjab, like the Central Provinces, suffers from an influx of the poor from neighbouring native states. These of course are responsible for the care of their own distressed people, and in Madras, Bombay, and the Deccan, this duty appears to be more effectually

performed than in the states of Rajputana and Central India. Recent rain has greatly improved the position in the Punjab.

What are technically known as famine prices, but not famine, and agricultural distress of varying degrees of intensity, but not starvation, prevail, then, to a greater or lesser extent in seven great provinces of the Empire, of which the total area is 805,000 square miles, supporting a population of 207 millions. The total area in British India, in which the failure of crops has been so extensive that but for the intervention of Government there would be great mortality, is about 164,000 square miles, inhabited by nearly 37 millions; the area of partial failure in which great distress and some mortality would occur but for the measures of relief afforded, is 121,700 square miles, peopled by 44½ millions of souls. The whole of India meanwhile is affected by high prices, and the numbers on relief actually reached 2,086,000 in the first week in February. In spite of temporary diversions at harvest times, the numbers and the cost to Government must, until next rains fall, necessarily increase, but not happily the sufferings of the people, now that they have once accepted the situation, and, as they require it, come upon relief.

In the face of these figures, in view of the necessity for supporting two or perhaps three millions of people for several months, it can hardly matter, so much as has been suggested, at what particular moment a subsidiary famine relief subscription is opened in London. In India of course such funds had been constituted before the Viceroy referred to them with approval in his speech of last October. There can be little doubt that the money raised outside the country can be more satisfactorily applied to those objects to which the Government thinks private subscriptions may be legitimately devoted, than would have been possible if it had been remitted to India before those objects, as distinct from the obligations devolving upon the Government, had been defined. At any rate there is no difference of opinion as to the ample scope which exists for private charity in providing clothing for the destitute, those little luxuries which to the sick and suffering are necessities, for the maintenance of orphans, and for the relief of those whose pride of caste, birth, or status, is greater than their need, and is only relinquished with their lives.

With reference, for instance, to the third of these objects, an unofficial committee of Indian gentlemen is, in the city whence I write, assisting from funds privately subscribed hundreds of families which, on account of their social position, are unwilling that their distress should be made public. There are also many poor people on the works, who need a new coat of cloth, while the Church Mission, and other Anglican and Catholic societies, who are already bestirring themselves to provide for the fatherless and the orphans, can testify

to the need that exists for the further development of their humane endeavours.

Twenty years ago I rode across Mysore in the great famine, great as Alexander and Napoleon were great, destroyers of mankind. Clouds of locusts obliterated the fields, the roads, the high upstanding rocks, the tanks and hillocks, all the features of that pleasant land. They fell like a blight upon the living, and covered the dead like a pall. In Madras and Mysore, then under British administration, between three and four millions of lives were lost.

Of all the changes that have occurred in the intervening period, none is more remarkable than the greater capacity of Government to-day to deal with a similar crisis. Then there was equal zeal and devotion, but little system, incomplete communications, and no organised defence. A far more widely spread famine has been met with the calmness and resolution which come of years of preparation, and are born of a conviction that what man with his finite capacity can do to combat the infinite forces of nature is being done.

Life in India in years of famine, like life anywhere at any time, is fulfilled with sharp contrasts, abounds in sudden surprises, is littered with lost illusions, and, as long as we preserve the peace, and the people marry and have children at the earliest possible opportunity, without any thought for the morrow, so long these visitations must recur.

Two facts loom large before all others at the present moment. The people's lives are endangered. The Government makes available the whole of its sufficient resources to save life. They suffer. Private benevolence can and will assist the Government to mitigate their sufferings.

J. D. REES.

MADRAS:

Feb. 5, 1897.

*ENGLAND'S ADVANCE
NORTH OF ORANGE RIVER*

I

I PROPOSE to give a short account of the successive steps by which England has within the last thirty years acquired territory in South Africa to the north of Orange River, and incidentally also of her relations with the two South African republics during that period. In doing so it will be necessary to follow the thread of the history of these two countries respectively from the point at which their independence was recognised by the British Government in formal treaties entered into with that Government.

In the year 1854, Great Britain withdrew from the territory north of Orange River, now known as the Orange Free State. This step had been in contemplation for several years; but one occurrence in particular was the immediate cause of this withdrawal. General Cathcart had, in 1852, visited the Orange River Sovereignty (as the country now constituting the Free State was then called), in order to restore British prestige amongst the native tribes. It was considered absolutely necessary to bring to terms the troublesome Basuto tribe, then under the chieftainship of Moshesh. With a well-equipped force the British general proceeded towards Basutoland, in order to enforce certain demands, including the delivery of a number of cattle, as compensation for certain other cattle that had been stolen by the Basutos, and to compel the chief and his people to maintain peace with his neighbours, and to cease from being 'a nation of thieves.' The terms demanded by the general not having been complied with to his satisfaction, an advance was made into Basutoland; but the Basutos offered armed resistance, which at the battle of Berea proved sufficiently vigorous to induce the general to retire and to return to the Sovereignty without having effected his purpose. When the news of the engagement of Berea reached England the British Government at once notified their intention of withdrawing from the Sovereignty at the earliest possible moment. The expenses connected with the maintenance of imperial authority appeared to be so immense in comparison with the advantages likely to accrue therefrom

that there certainly did not seem to be much inducement for Great Britain to retain her hold upon the country.

Through this withdrawal the community inhabiting this territory was thrown upon its own resources under the most unpromising circumstances. At the side of the infant State was the Basuto nation, under the ablest chief in South Africa, with a well-armed military force, the number of men at his disposal in case of war being estimated at more than twelve times the number of Free State burghers capable of bearing arms and liable to military service. With other surrounding native tribes there were various unsettled questions still standing open. Far removed from any seaport, the young State was debarred from levying customs duties upon seaborne goods, and thus deprived of a source of income that in the neighbouring colonies has always been the mainstay of revenue. No wonder, then, that under these circumstances a considerable number of the inhabitants strenuously objected to the withdrawal of British authority. A deputation was sent to England to plead their cause; it met with the reception usually accorded to such deputations, and returned without having effected its purpose.

On the 23rd of February 1854, a convention was agreed upon between Her Majesty's Special Commissioner, Sir George Russell Clerk, and the representatives of the inhabitants of the territory. By this instrument the latter were acknowledged as being to all intents and purposes a free and independent people, and their government was to be considered and treated thenceforth as a free and independent government. Subsequently a Royal Proclamation was issued by which the Queen of England abandoned and renounced for herself, her heirs and successors, all dominion over the Orange River territory and the inhabitants thereof.

The following clauses of the Convention are of importance to the proper understanding of subsequent events :

2. The British Government has no alliance whatever with any chiefs or tribes to the north of the Orange River, with the exception of the Griqua chief Adam Kok, and the British Government has no wish or intention to enter hereafter into any treaties which may be prejudicial to the interests of the Orange River Government.

8. The Orange River Government shall have freedom to purchase their supplies of ammunition in any British colony or possession in South Africa, subject to the laws provided for the regulation of the sale and transit of ammunition in such colonies or possessions; and Her Majesty's Special Commissioner will recommend to the Colonial Government that privileges of a liberal character, in connection with import duties generally, be granted to the Orange River Government, as measures in regard to which it is entitled to be treated with every indulgence, in consideration of its peculiar position and distance from seaports.

Thus, then, was the infant State ushered into the world with fine promise and pretty phrase, to the contentment, no doubt, of those who were satisfied with the withdrawal of British authority, and the

pacification of those who were not. Trustful souls, if they really believed in the efficacy of conventions! It was not many years after the independence of the country had been recognised that its struggle for existence began. War with the Basutos became inevitable after every attempt at conciliation had failed. The incessant inroads of the Basutos into the territory of the Free State, which at no time previous had ever been theirs, accompanied with rapine and brutal murders all along the border, forced the youthful State to rise in self-defence and to determine to settle the question of its own existence once for all. With no light heart did it enter upon the struggle. Almost hopeless it seemed to many; so little chance did there appear to be of the State coming out of it victorious. It is needless to go into the details of the war that ensued. Suffice it to say that not even the most bitter detractor of the republics would at the present day venture to deny that this was a war into which the people of this State were forced, which they did their best to avoid, and (notwithstanding what the atrocity-mongers of that day may have said and written) which they carried on with as much humanity as is consistent with an actual state of war.

In the year 1862, during a cessation of hostilities, Sir Philip Wodehouse arrived at the Cape as Her British Majesty's High Commissioner. Mr. (now Sir) Richard Southey was Colonial Secretary under Sir Philip, as he continued to be under Lieutenant-Governor Hay and Sir Henry Barkly, to whom reference will again be made hereafter. He was a man at that time of whom Mr. Froude thus wrote:—

His desire was and is to see South Africa British up to the Zambesi; the natives everywhere taken under the British flag, and the whole country governed by the Crown. When the Diamond-fields were annexed as a Crown colony he accepted the governorship with the hope that north of the Orange River he might carry out his policy, check the encroachments of the Transvaal [*sic*], and extend the Empire internally. It has been the one mistake of his life. Being without a force of any kind, he could only control the republics by the help of the native chiefs.

In fact, he was 'the Imperial Englishman' of that day.

Within a few weeks, after his arrival at the Cape as High Commissioner, Sir Philip Wodehouse gave a very decided indication of the policy it was intended to pursue. He wrote to Moshesh that a commission was about to proceed to Basutoland in order to ascertain that chief's views and wishes with regard to his own and his people's relationship to the Cape Colony, it having been understood that Moshesh had expressed a desire that he and his people might become British subjects. The commission, consisting of two gentlemen not noted for their favourable sentiments towards the Free State, proceeded to interview Moshesh in due course; but from their subsequent report it appeared that Moshesh had no desire to come under the British

flag. The idea of making British subjects of the Basutos was, however, never long absent from the High Commissioner's mind. True enough, there was a Convention of which such annexation would be a violation; but that fact would, of course, offer no practical difficulty to the man with the legions at his back; as Sir Philip expressed it in a communication to one of his agents: 'Of course, if the Home Government would but move on, we need not treat the past arrangements with the Free State with much ceremony.' There was, however, a certain fertility of resource in the case of Sir Philip Wodehouse in discovering reasons for ignoring the Convention of 1854. About the same time that he communicated with Moshesh he wrote 'a very unfriendly letter' to the President of the Free State, in which he remarked that 'if war should be the result of the inroads of your people on the inhabitants of the neighbouring territories, you can have no just ground of complaint if the British authorities in this colony feel bound, however reluctantly, to set aside existing treaties.' When in 1867 the Free State was fast overcoming its difficulties, and had every prospect of bringing the Basutos to terms, while some of the Basuto tribes had actually been accepted as Free State subjects, and ground had been allotted to them for occupation, he expressed his opinion in another letter that 'these large acquisitions of territory and population tended to produce such important changes in the political position of the several Powers in this part of Africa as would fully warrant a claim on the part of the British Government, should necessity arise, of a right to reconsider the bearings of the Convention with the Orange Free State of the 23rd of February 1854.' This was a few months before he wrote to his agent already mentioned, 'I dare say there is a good deal of truth in the report that the Basutos are falling to pieces. At the same time I very much wish them to hold together sufficiently and long enough to give me a tolerable pretext for negotiating with them, if the Secretary of State gives me leave.' Again, later, after the British Government had notified their willingness to accept the Basutos as British subjects, whilst the Free State had determined not to cease operations until the murderers of certain two residents in the State, named Bush and Krynaauw, had been given up, and the republican territory was entirely evacuated, he wrote: 'I cannot regard this policy as anything less than an indication of an unfriendly spirit towards the British Government, quite sufficient to absolve me from the observance of the terms of the Convention of 1854.' This was about the same time that he also penned these words: 'It is desirable that they' (the Basutos) 'should make every exertion to embarrass the movements of the Boers; and above all, let them take care to reoccupy the ground, as soon as the commanders move off.' Without any guarantee that the Basutos would cease their depredations, in fact with an absolute certainty

that they would not, it was required of the Free State that it should cease operations of war. 'The arms of the Republic were, under God's blessing, everywhere victorious,' wrote in reply President Brand, the noble and the good, and he relied upon the Convention. The High Commissioner's answer was to stop the supply of ammunition to the Free State, notwithstanding the Convention. This step had already before been threatened. Affecting to treat (as probably he had a right to do if so minded) the Basutos as a civilised belligerent nation, the High Commissioner had in 1865 issued a proclamation of neutrality, forbidding British subjects to take part in the struggle, although many of them had their nearest relations engaged therein. When thereafter the President issued a commission for raising volunteers within the Free State (a course similar to that which was subsequently more than once adopted by the British Government), the High Commissioner thought fit to profess to regard this as an attempt to incite British subjects to act in defiance of this proclamation, and (because 'captured booty had been promised to the volunteers) as an encouragement to them to enter upon a career of 'unprincipled marauding and plunder,' and he observed that 'the Free State Government must not be surprised if we should find ourselves compelled to consider very anxiously how far it may be consistent with strict neutrality, that this colony should continue under the terms of the treaty with the Free State to permit an unlimited supply of arms and ammunition.' Neutrality did not prevent Sir Philip Wodehouse from sending Moshesh a present of gunpowder, but the highest principles of morality inspired him with the desire to break the clauses in the Convention which had been purposely insisted upon by the representatives of the people to meet a contingency which had now actually arisen.

However, the inevitable act in the drama had to come. The Basutos being eventually vanquished, after enormous sacrifices on the part of the people of the Free State, and when peace for South Africa in this quarter seemed about to be secured for ever, in the hour of victory on the part of the white man, the Basutos were declared British subjects, except a small portion of the tribe who came under the Free State, of whom it may be remarked in passing that they have ever since been living in perfect peace and contentment as subjects of this State.

A deputation proceeded to England to represent the views of the Free State on the subject of these proceedings to the British Government, and if possible to get some impartial person sent out from England to investigate and report upon the matter. The deputation was referred to the High Commissioner. 'The Free State,' remarks the historian of South Africa (Dr. Theal), 'then realised how utterly it was at Sir Philip's mercy. Its supply of ammunition

was cut off; while traders were supplying ammunition and shot to the Basutos with hardly any attempt at concealment. Raids were frequently made into the Free State from beyond the Thaba Bosigo line, and the burgher commandos could not cross the line without defying the British authorities. Many months passed before matters actually settled down. The Free State, for the sake of peace, submitted.

The action of Sir Philip was, superficially viewed at least, a masterstroke of policy; not one that any honest man would have a right to be proud of, but still a masterstroke, such as the stronger can always inflict upon the weaker. Some of the results which accrued may be summarised thus:

1. The Free State being without a seaboard, it had become a favourite dream of President Brand's, when the conquest of the Basutos was no longer doubtful, that after his State had obtained the necessary status in Basutoland, it should acquire by amicable arrangement a passage to St. John's River, and thus secure its own harbour. In spite of Sir George Russel Clerk's fair promises, the Cape Colony had steadily refused to part with any of its customs revenue; a refusal which, it may be here remarked, was persisted in until the exigencies of trade in 1889 brought about the Customs Union. The realisation of the President's dream would have released the Free State from the clutches of the Cape Colony. But no one in South Africa of course has a right to dream any but Imperial dreams. The annexation of Basutoland was a rude awakening.

2. The superficial area of the Free State being of comparatively small extent, and comprising mostly pastoral country, probably incapable on that account of ever bearing a large population, whilst Basutoland is mostly agricultural country, the increase of the population, and thus of the power of the State, was apparently effectually checked.

3. That which it would probably have cost the British Government millions of money to accomplish, the Free State with its slender resources had succeeded in doing when it vanquished the Basutos, and the British Government reaped almost the whole reward.

4. The Free State through this annexation was now hemmed in on two sides, the south and the east, by British territory, with the Transvaal to the North. How the policy of hemming in was subsequently continued will hereafter be seen.

5. An effectual thorn in the side of the Free State would be kept in existence. The policy subsequently favoured by Sir Richard Southey of allowing the native tribes to acquire arms at the Diamond-fields, thus establishing a standing menace to the peace of the republics, was taken full advantage of by the Basutos, as it was by the native tribes living in and on the borders of the Transvaal. The

people of the republics, it may here be remarked, have, in spite of such a policy being directed against themselves, and of natives having been employed (as at the battle of Boomplaats) against themselves in actual warfare, firmly and loyally adhered to their policy of not employing their native allies, nor putting any natives in possession of arms as against men of white races; and nothing perhaps has created more bitter resentment than the pursuance of a different policy against themselves.

6. A precedent was established, causing native tribes to believe that England in the pursuance of a policy of repression of the republics would only be too glad in all cases to espouse their cause, and lend them its support in any unfounded and extravagant claims to the detriment of the republics, which they might choose to institute. There were never wanting thereafter unscrupulous, self-seeking or Imperial-minded men to instigate them to make such claims.

7. The efficacy of deliberate and malignant falsehood, of the invention of stories of republican aggressions and atrocities, as instruments for moving the British public to accord its sympathy and support to acts of repression, oppression, and if need be suppression, against the republics, was successfully established. The artificial excitement that was brought about by the Aborigines' Protection Society and others, to whom the existence of the republics was an offence, the torrent of calumny and abuse that was poured upon the Free State and its people, when it was feared that England might hesitate to confirm the work of Sir Philip Wodehouse after it had become fully cognisant of all the features of his course of action, are matters of history; it is impossible, and perhaps needless, to refer to these matters here at greater length.

8. Perhaps the most important point gained by those who were aiming at the extension of the British Empire at the cost of the republics was the precedent which was established of disregarding formal treaties entered into with the republics. The annexation of Basutoland was the first step taken by England in acquiring territory to the North of Orange River. And every inch of ground subsequently acquired by her in that region was acquired in violation of solemn engagements, and was a seizure of territory to which she had no right.

Looking at the matter from a broad South African point of view, the question may well arise, What on the whole has been gained by South Africa through the annexation of Basutoland? One of Sir Philip Wodehouse's correspondents, who in his correspondence with the High Commissioner could not refrain from disclaiming all sympathy with the Free State in its struggle against the Basutos, wrote on one occasion to him concerning that native tribe: 'With the possession of good guns will come, of course, expertness of practice; and some day a fearful reckoning of it.' In 1891, after Basutoland

had been annexed to the Cape Colony, the Disarmament Act was passed; the Basutos rose in rebellion when the attempt was made to enforce the Act (which, after those people had once been allowed to acquire arms, they naturally considered a harsh and unjust measure); millions of money were spent in the vain attempt, with the only result that Basutoland was again placed under direct Imperial control. The white man's prestige, which had suffered so severely at the Berea, was re-established by the Free State; the Cape Colony did not succeed in confirming it. Whether law and order are at the present day maintained in Basutoland in a fashion that is calculated to enhance the respect of the natives for the white man is a matter that is perhaps not beyond debate. At the time when the war with the Free State began, Moshesh was in constant communication with chiefs in Zululand and other native territories, and a coalition movement seemed not improbable; the Free State war put a stop to that. How Basutoland is still going to affect the future peace of South Africa, who can say? A considerable number of English as well as of Dutch-speaking farmers are now settled in the agricultural district bordering on Basutoland: it is to be hoped they may be allowed always to live there in peace. The armed Basuto nation is, at any rate, a standing menace to peace; and who shall restrain a barbarian race when bent upon war?

II

The next of the steps taken by England in the acquisition of territory to the north of Orange River must now be related.

Within the territory of the Orange Free State diamond-mines were discovered some time before 1870; territory that had been handed over to the representatives of the people by Her British Majesty's Special Commissioner, under the terms of the Convention, as a free and independent country. Thereupon a claim to the portion of the territory on which diamonds had been found,¹ and to the 'Campbell Grounds,' which the Free State had acquired by purchase, was trumped up by certain intriguers on behalf of a chief named Waterboer. The miserable history of that bad business need not be narrated in all its particulars. It may be read in detail, written by Englishmen, who pleaded in vain for justice and good faith. Falsehood, fraud, and force, the barefaced shifting on paper of well-known natural landmarks when necessary, all were ingredients in the occurrences of those days. Basing her rights on a cession from Waterboer, England seized the Free State Diamond-fields. Doubly were treaty engagements with the Free State violated, for territory was seized in the free and independent possession of which the people of the

¹ It comprised some 150 farms, a large number of which were held under British titles, issued during the time of the Sovereignty. The extent of a farm in those parts was as a rule from 6,000 acres or more.

country had been guaranteed ; and a cession was obtained by treaty from a native chief to the north of Orange River—of ground, too, to which he never had the remotest claim, and as to which it is not possible to believe that there could ever have been the smallest doubt, on the part of any, that it belonged to the Free State. When it became necessary later for the English Courts established in Griqualand West (as the territory seized by the British Government was now called) formally to decide the point, they held that Waterboer never had any semblance of right whatsoever to the ground. Not only was the Free State despoiled of its territory, but the insulting and unwarrantable language persistently used by Her British Majesty's High Commissioner, Sir Henry Barkly, and the subsequent bullying of that unfortunate country, lent every appearance to the view that there existed an intention, with some ulterior object, to drive the government and people of the Free State to desperation. When, for instance, the authorities of the State had occasion to seize certain ammunition which was being conveyed by private parties across its territory in contravention of the ammunition laws of the country, Sir Henry Barkly chose to consider this very right and proper action as an insult to the British flag ; reparation was demanded to the amount of 600*l.* ; an ultimatum was sent ; and, of course, the Free State, for the sake of peace, had to submit. 'An exhibition,' this was called at the time by an English South African newspaper, 'of the mighty power of England.'

Mr. Froude, in writing of this annexation, calls it 'perhaps the most discreditable incident in British colonial history.' Further he remarks :—

We have heaped charges of foul dealing on the unhappy Free State [*qu. Republican*] Governments. We have sent menacing intimations to both of them, as if we were deliberately making or finding excuses to suppress them. It has become painfully clear to me that the English Government has been misled by a set of border land-jobbers into doing an unjust thing, and it is now equally difficult to persist and to draw back. The English Government, in taking up Waterboer's cause, have distinctly broken a treaty which they had renewed but one year before in a very solemn manner ; and the Colonial Office, it is painfully evident to me, have been duped by a most ingenious conspiracy.

The Colonial Office, however, was fully aware of the continued protests of the Free State, and of the grounds upon which those protests were made. It resisted the submission of the matter in dispute to the arbitration of an impartial person. It had every opportunity for withdrawing from a position which was really quite untenable. Sir Henry Barkly had been authorised to 'proclaim and annex' the Diamond-fields to the Cape Colony, by and with the consent of the Cape Parliament, after the passing of a formal Act for that purpose, and he was, in the first instance, only commissioned to annex such territory as 'really belonged' to Waterboer. The Cape Parliament

refused its assent to any such scheme; and there existed, therefore, every opportunity after investigation of the matter for a disavowal of the 'filibustering and unwarrantable seizure of this territory.'

In 1876 President Brand went personally to England in order to attempt to obtain redress. Needless to say that, as regards such proper redress as the Free State was entitled to, his mission was fruitless. The British Government, without having the candour to admit the invalidity of the British title, or the validity of the Free State title, offered to pay the sum of 90,000*l.*, and, under certain contingencies, another 10,000*l.*, 'not as recompense, for any admitted wrong, but in consideration of the injury which the president and the people of the State represented that they had sustained.' The sum of 600*l.*, which the Free State had been forced to pay, and of which it claimed restitution, formed part of this amount. The president felt himself obliged to accept this ridiculous offer. The legislature of the State, knowing full well that they would never succeed in getting justice done by the restoration of the territory, instead of retiring therefrom under protest, weakly ratified this arrangement, taking for granted its constitutional power of consenting to the dismemberment of a portion of Free State territory and the consequent disfranchisement of the burghers who inhabited the dismembered portion. The violation of a solemn treaty was condoned for a pecuniary consideration and for the sake of peace. The policy of 'extending the Empire internally' had triumphed over right and justice. It will be seen that it was destined later still further to triumph. No obstacle any longer remaining to the incorporation of the Diamond-fields with the Cape Colony, the legislature of that colony at a subsequent date passed an Act to effect such incorporation. The Free State was now hemmed in on the west also by British territory. And, above all, a great object had been attained; a convenient starting-point had been gained from which the sway of England, always of course from considerations of the highest morality and virtue, could be extended northwards.

A curious Nemesis seems to follow every act of forcible annexation undertaken by the British Government in South Africa. In Basutoland there was the rebellion consequent upon the Disarmament Act. In Griqualand West the people, some time after the annexation, broke into open revolt against the mismanagement of the administration. Sir Richard Southey's government pleased them less than that which he had evidently so ardently longed to see suppressed. In addresses delivered to Sir Henry Barkly, when the administration was taken over, the memorialists had expressed their wish that the Free State officials should be retained, and they had desired respectfully to draw his Excellency's attention to 'the satisfactory and efficient manner in which the Free State Government had maintained law and order among the large number of people now present at the Diamond-fields.' As to Waterboer, he lived to see what it meant to be 'protected.'

Various have been the excuses made by different writers for this seizure of Free State territory. 'The Free State had violated every principle of justice in its dealings with its neighbours (the Basutos), and its conduct had forced on Lord Kimberley the duty of protecting the feeble tribes which have suffered from their cruel aggressions,' said Mr. Fowler, the leader of the atrocity-mongers during and after the Basuto war, knowing probably full well what sort of ludicrous nonsense will go down best with the British public. The danger of an Uitlander question arising justified the annexation, says a recent writer named Worsfold, unmindful of the fact that in those days every white man who had lived a comparatively short time in the country and who possessed a small amount of fixed or other property enjoyed the same privileges in every respect as the old-established burghers.

In 1875, thus before the Diamond-fields incident had been finally closed, Mr. Froude was sent out to South Africa by Lord Carnarvon, to further a scheme for the confederation of the South African States and Colonies. The scheme was foredoomed to failure. In the Transvaal indeed (which was then being sorely tried in different ways) the condition of affairs seemed not unpropitious for the success of the scheme, if judiciously handled.* Confining ourselves, however, for the present to the Free State—with the feeling of resentment against the British Government still running so high, the scheme was simply out of the question. It is difficult to say what might have happened had the policy of Great Britain been different from what it actually had been. When the Basuto war began, only some eight years had elapsed since the abandonment, and the Free State was in great distress. A policy of sympathy on the side of right and of helpfulness in the cause of the white man against the aggression of the black, might have exerted an irresistible influence upon the people of the country in their hour of need. But the opportunity of exercising a wise policy not merely of abstention from repression and coercion, but of active assistance, was missed. The Imperial Englishman of the day had set himself to the task of bringing about the unification of South Africa by the undoing of the republics, and he failed as he deserved to fail, and as he always will fail, we may venture to hope.

III

By the Sand River Convention between Great Britain and the emigrants from Cape Colony and others who had settled to the North of Vaal River, the independence of the South African Republic was formally acknowledged about two years before the date of the Convention by which the independence of the Orange Free State was recognised. A few only of its provisions need be cited:

1. . . . No encroachments shall be made by the said [British] Government on the territory to the North of Vaal River.

3. Her Majesty's Assistant Commissioners hereby disclaim all alliances whatsoever and with whomsoever of the coloured natives to the North of Vaal River.

6. . . . All trade in ammunition with the native tribes is prohibited both by the British Government and the emigrant farmers on both sides of Vaal River.

The boundaries of the South African Republic other than Vaal River were not defined in the Convention. Moselikatzi, who had attacked the emigrant farmers, had been subdued by them, and the territory formerly subject to him had been acquired by conquest, and was claimed at a later date in a proclamation issued by President Pretorius. No such definition at the time of the Convention appeared to be necessary. It was, indeed, informally intimated to the representatives of the South African Republic, in accordance with the British policy of the time, that should they choose to take it, they could have all the country North of Vaal and Orange Rivers, not included in the then existing Sovereignty, right down to the sea. 'Our Commissioners left the Transvaal lord of the interior, without any boundary, except to the South,' says one of the most virulent detractors of the South African Republic;² and from the very moment of the recognition of its independence the Government of that country exercised the right of refusing transit to missionaries and other persons who were suspected of supplying the natives with ammunition and arms. So much, at any rate, is incontrovertible, that a large portion of the present British Bechuanaland and of Rhodesia was within the borders of Transvaal territory, and for many years the title of the Transvaal remained undisputed.

In the year 1868, however, encouraged by the action of the British Government with reference to the annexation of Basutoland, and instigated thereto by various white men claiming to be British subjects, certain native chiefs (some of whom were undoubtedly living under the Government of the Transvaal, and the position of others of whom may, for the sake of avoiding controversial matter, be left undefined) approached the representative in South Africa of the British Government, with a view to securing the recognition of themselves as independent chiefs, with a good slice of territory each to rule over, under British protection. On the 29th of March from far-away Shoshong (where Mr. John Mackenzie was at that time stationed as missionary) a letter was written by or on behalf of the Chief Matcheng to Sir Philip Wodehouse, in which certain proposals were made to the latter, and the discovery of gold in Mashonaland a few years previously was temptingly dangled before his eyes. The High Commissioner, who had expressed the opinion that past engagements with the Free State 'need not be treated with much ceremony,' was not likely to be restrained from taking action by any feeling of

² Mr. John Mackenzie, *Austral Africa*, p. 436.

respect for the solemn engagements into which the Government he represented had entered. Sir Philip Wodehouse in reply, on the 2nd of June following, expressed his readiness to allay Matcheng's anxiety as to his position and prospects; a readiness dependent upon the extent of his gold fields and 'the proportion of gold found in the ore;' a subject concerning which Sir Philip possibly had an idea that ignorant native chiefs were particularly well informed. Possibly also, however, he knew that he was dealing with 'a power behind the throne.' So also in August 1868, Montsioa, a chief subject to the Transvaal and allowed on sufferance to reside within the boundaries and, of course, under the protection of that country,³ made pretensions to being an independent and paramount chief of one of the Bechuana tribes, and through his missionary applied for British protection. The representations then and subsequently made on behalf of this chief were sadly lacking in the one ingredient of truth. Those who are acquainted with the coloured races of South Africa know how absolutely disregarding they are of accuracy of statement when they believe that by falsehood they can attain any object they may have in view; and it does seem as if the political missionary, such as Montsioa's, instead of attempting to correct this vicious habit of the natives, very readily falls into it himself, and becomes an adept in the art of intrigue. Tales of aggression and spoliation at the hands of the Government of the South African Republic were invented and carried to ears only too eager to give credence to them; for the contemplated seizure and annexation of the Diamond-fields would give a grand opening for a further advance northwards. In September 1870 we find the High Commissioner writing to the President of the South African Republic in very strong terms concerning 'the necessity of abstaining from encroachment without lawful and sufficient cause upon the possessions of friendly tribes in friendly alliance with Her Majesty's Government.' This friendly alliance between the British Government and tribes who had always been under the jurisdiction of the Government of the South African Republic, and in fact owed their continued existence to the protection which had been afforded them by that Government, was obviously a pure myth; if any such alliance with them or any other native chiefs North of Vaal River had ever been secretly entered into, it would clearly have been a breach not only of the Convention, but, so far as it related to chiefs living under the Government of the South African Republic, a breach of international right.

With the various and conflicting claims which, under these circumstances and consequent upon the action of the British Government in regard to the annexation of the Diamond-fields, were now

³ This fact is beyond the range of controversy in spite of Mr. John Mackenzie's attempts to bolster up Montsioa's pretensions in his work entitled *Austral Africa*. See the preface to Dr. Theale's *History of the Boers*.

raised on behalf of the native chiefs and their tribes under the Government of the Transvaal, the question of boundaries became a very complicated matter. The South African Republic, for the sake of peace, and having the comparatively powerful Government of Great Britain to deal with, assented to arbitration as a means to having its own as well as other claims settled. The arbitrator appointed was a British official, Governor Keate then administering the Government of Natal. Relying upon the apparently indefeasible nature of its claims, the Government of the Transvaal seems to have taken no special trouble to present its case in the proper light.⁴ The Keate award which followed was disastrous to the Transvaal.

Without impugning Governor Keate's impartiality, it is now generally admitted that his award was utterly wrong, and its injustice has impliedly been admitted by the British Government. A large extent of territory even, forming portions of districts of the State which for a long time past had been in the occupation of a white population, was declared to be outside the boundaries of the Republic. British interference North of Vaal River, as had been foreseen by the framers of the Convention would be the case, had again ended in trouble, vexation, and loss for the South African Republic.

It happened not long after this occurrence that a disturbed state of affairs arose in the Transvaal. In spite of the Sand River Convention and the protests of the republics the natives had been gradually allowed and in fact encouraged to acquire a plentiful supply of arms and ammunition. The encroachments of some chiefs in the Northern parts of the State forced the Republic to take up arms. Its revenue meanwhile was at a low ebb. The British colonies were robbing that country, as they were robbing the Free State, of the large amount of customs revenue which legitimately it ought to have received. The population was but a scanty one, and the country had had to struggle against difficulties innumerable. The President at the time was a man who did not enjoy the full confidence of all the inhabitants. In their midst they had enemies more dastardly than the natives who had forced them to war. The atrocity-mongers were as busy as usual when it is sought to bring either of the republics into trouble; and intriguers amongst the foreign community, as at the Pilgrim's Rest Goldfields (who, it may be remarked in passing, were at that time represented by two members in the Volksraad), were doing all that lay in their power to thwart and harass the Government in its struggles against the natives. The preposterous remark has frequently appeared in print that at that time the Transvaal was in danger of extinction at the hands of its native enemies. This remark hardly requires serious refutation. The

⁴ See on this point the *History of the Boers*, by Dr. Theale, a writer who, whilst naturally entertaining strong British sympathies, has always striven to be impartial in his accounts of South African affairs.

Republic had, at any rate, not appealed to England for assistance, nor did it require such assistance. The people of the Transvaal had previously encountered far greater difficulties than those which now threatened, and had successfully surmounted them. Secucuni, the recalcitrant chief against whom in 1876 the forces of the Republic were directed, although not actually dislodged from his strongholds, had been reduced to such straits that he had to sue for peace, which, under the pressure of the circumstances in which the Government of the country found themselves owing to the action of the British authorities (notably a letter from Sir Henry Barkly, dated the 6th of October 1876, to President Burgers, protesting against the continuance of the war) in supporting the cause of the rebel chief, was agreed to, upon payment of a fine by that chief. The people of the Transvaal have been charged with cowardice in the conduct of the war. That a people who never before or after have been beaten in fair fight, who have in fact often been victorious against the most tremendous odds, whose deeds of war in several cases have been such as to be comparable only with those of the Greeks at Marathon and Thermopylæ, should have merited the appellation of cowards may be a tradition with a certain class of writers in the English press, but it certainly is one which was not in any way justified by the actual and undistorted facts of the case. The charge was brought against the Transvaal that it hankered after the territory of native chiefs, and particularly of Secucuni and Cetewayo. But what were the facts of the case? Sir Henry Barkly had contended that the commando against Secucuni was an unjust proceeding and that the Republic had no right to the territory claimed by that chief, but no sooner was the Transvaal subsequently declared British territory than it was intimated to Secucuni that he could remain '*in Transvaal territory*' only on condition of being a British subject, and payment of the war-fine imposed by the Transvaal Government was demanded from him.⁵ As regards Cetewayo, his claims had, with a very apparent object, been supported by the Government of Natal; but after Sir Theophilus Shepstone's Annexation Proclamation that gentleman in a despatch to the British Home Office dated the 2nd of January 1878 reported, with professed surprise, that the claim of the Republic to the land in dispute was 'proved by evidence the most incontrovertible, overwhelming, and clear'!

On the 12th of April 1877, Sir Theophilus Shepstone issued the notorious proclamation purporting to annex the Transvaal to the British Empire. This act was but a repetition of previous experiences.

⁵ On Secucuni's refusal to pay this fine an expedition was sent against him under Lord (then Sir Garnet) Wolseley. With the aid of mercenaries and of the Swazis the chief was subjugated and his strongholds were blown up, numbers of women and children being killed. The Swazi allies committed the most barbarous outrages on women and children, it is said, in the very presence of the British soldiers.

Sir Theophilus went beyond his ostensible instructions, just as Sir Henry Barkly had gone beyond his. He was to bring about the annexation of the country only in case the majority of the inhabitants were in favour of that step; and when he did so in spite of the majority not favouring it, the British Government did not think fit to repudiate his action. Eventually when it appeared possible that, as Lord Randolph Churchill expressed it, England might be in danger of losing her South African Empire, was the work of Sir Theophilus Shepstone partially undone. But although the unconstitutional interregnum of British usurpation has been brought to an end, the Transvaal has to this moment not yet received that complete *restitutio in integrum* to which it is justly entitled, and which it has an absolute right to claim.

Subsequent to the restoration of the government of the country to its rightful authorities, in 1882-83, some disturbances arose on the South-western and Western borders of the Republic, between certain native chiefs, who, being now freed from the restraining influence of the Government of that country, began quarrelling amongst themselves. One of the chiefs, Massouw, who remained loyal to the Republic, and who had been recognised by the Government as highest in rank or 'paramount' chief of his tribe, was attacked by a chief named Mankoroane, who laid claim to the same distinction. Mankoroane was incited and abetted by certain white men, whose names and position are well known, but need not here be recorded, and was moreover assisted by a number of white volunteers drawn from British territory, who had quietly joined his forces. After having been attacked once and again, Massouw, acting on the advice of friends of his in the Transvaal, whom he had consulted, decided also to invoke the aid of white men.⁶ By both chiefs a promise of grants of land was made for aid thus rendered. Induced partly by such a promise and partly by natural sympathy with Massouw, several hundred volunteers from the Free State, the Transvaal, and also from the Cape Colony went to that chief's assistance. The Government of the South African Republic (where, however, there existed no law analogous to the English Foreign Enlistment Act) issued a

* Massouw has been represented by at least one writer favouring the other side as having been the first to avail himself of the assistance of white men. I would have no objection to putting it that way, were it not that all the testimony I have succeeded in getting is to the contrary; in fact, it was the very circumstance that his opponent was assisted in that manner that induced him to apply for advice after a second attack.

The assertion has several times appeared in the Transvaal press, and has also been communicated to the present writer by several persons whose evidence on the subject he has obtained, that two of the leaders on the side of Mankoroane were agents of the British Government. Though it is probably correct that these men were in the employ and pay of that Government, yet it is but fair to say that I know of no facts which would bear out an assertion that would imply that in this matter these men were acting under superior instructions.

proclamation forbidding its burghers under a threat of severe punishment from joining in the conflict. It was, however, impossible to stop the persons who had made up their minds to assist Massouw, and they simply crossed the border at various points, after individually giving notice to the field-cornets of their respective wards of their desire to cease being Transvaal burghers. When peace was established the volunteers acquired their grants of ground, and the result was the establishment of the Republic of Stellaland. A settled Government, with all its departmental offices, was established with a rapidity and efficacy which showed in a remarkable degree the capacity of these people for orderly self-government; so much so, that when Great Britain subsequently intervened and took over the country, it had simply to continue an established Government. Without approving in any way of a practice of white men engaging in conflicts between native chiefs, one may, however, say to their credit that these men by no means deserved all the opprobrious epithets so freely at the time bestowed upon them. Having personally come into contact with some of them subsequently, they struck me as a fine, if adventurous, set of men. There was certainly a remarkable absence of crime amongst them; the summary execution, by shooting, of a certain notorious cattle-thief by some of them, after the Transvaal authorities had refused to prosecute the man, was (as even Mr. John Mackenzie acknowledges) the act of only a few, for which the rest could not be held responsible. But, of course, a Republic of Stellaland had no right to exist; moreover, an annexation of that country to the Transvaal, which at the time was under consideration, had to be frustrated; hence it was necessary to work up public feeling against these men, at that time, to the utmost extent.

North of Stellaland a quarrel similar to that between Massouw and Mankoroane had arisen between two chiefs named Montsioa and Moshette. The latter had always professed loyalty to the South African Republic, the Government of which country, being fully acquainted with the relationships of the chiefs at the head of tribes in subjection to itself, had recognised Moshette as paramount chief of his tribe. Montsioa (the same chief who in 1868 had been instigated to apply for British protection), who aspired to the same position, now, egged on by certain intriguers and assisted by white men, attacked Moshette, and a state of circumstances very similar to that prevailing to the southward here arose. It is impossible in the space still left at the writer's disposal to give a full account of these occurrences, especially as in doing so a good deal of controversial matter would have to come under discussion—a discussion also which most readers would probably consider extremely tedious. It will be necessary, however, to refer to just a few more points in connection with this matter. On the 30th of August, Montsioa, tired of a war in which he had by no means been very successful, wrote a letter

expressing his desire, as the only means for bringing peace to his country, 'to reject Mackenzie and his evil works,' and to become, together with his tribe, subjects of the South African Republic. The Transvaal Government, somewhat unadvisedly perhaps under the then existing circumstances, thereupon issued a proclamation by which a protectorate was assumed over Montsioa's country; but, regardful of the obligations into which it had entered with the British Government, it inserted a clause declaring that the proclamation was issued provisionally, and subject to the conditions of, and with due regard to, Article 4 of the Convention of London. However, it takes very little at all times to set an anti-Transvaal agitation going; and this proclamation was sufficient cause for a violent agitation of this nature. The Warren expedition and all that followed are matters of history. President Kruger personally used all his influence with the men against whom the expedition was directed, for the sake of the peace of South Africa, not to oppose, and war was averted. The net result was a fresh acquisition of territory by England North of Vaal and Orange Rivers, in spite of her own solemn engagements.

England's further advance Northward is matter of recent history, and need not be here recounted in detail. One would rather not anticipate what the faithful historian of the future may have to say concerning the acquisition of 'the new province which has been added to the British Empire;' possibly, however, for one thing, he may have reason to regard it as having been as little a permanent and unmixed blessing as Spain found 'the new province' to be which in the days of her ancient grandeur the adventurous and unscrupulous but glorified Cortes acquired for her at the expense of the unfortunate Montezuma and his people. Amatongaland also has been annexed, obviously to thwart the South African Republic in its legitimate aspirations. For the sake of peace, the Transvaal had to submit; and thus the never-ending tale goes on.

IV

So far, reference has been made to England's advances Northwards in South Africa in the past. And what as to the future? The question is not asked without reason, when one not infrequently sees in print the expression on the part of those who have not forgiven the Government of their own country for its act of partial justice in restoring the government of the Transvaal to its people of the unchivalrous desire to see subjected to foreign domination a people who love and rightly value their independence, and who have as much right to be free from such domination as the people of England themselves, or otherwise the shameless vaunt that within a certain period of time one or other, or both, of the republics will be British territory. Arrayed against the republics are hostile forces of various kinds.

Foremost there stands in South Africa itself a section of the press, unfair, unscrupulous, maligning, misrepresenting, inventive, stirring up against them ill-will and hatred ; with a section of the public unable or unwilling to think for itself, and led away by every plausible and superficial statement, or otherwise too prejudiced to be able to recognise the truth. Accusations of all sorts are freely brought against the republics, and especially against the one of them which is the greater in point of wealth and prosperity (the downfall of which would necessarily bring about the downfall of the other); not the greatest of these accusations is that they have broken treaties, that they have robbed the natives of their lands. Such charges may be truthfully denied ; besides which a very apt retort lies at hand.⁷ Intrigues and machinations against their independence have ever and always been going on ; these are undoubtedly not at an end yet ; when resulting in overt action and detected, their authors become popular heroes instead of being covered with that ignominy which one might have expected would be their lot amongst honourable men. The basest of conduct is considered excusable as long as it is directed against the republics. The Government of the Cape Colony obtains a concession to construct railways across the State territory ; a company with which the premier of that colony is intimately connected abuses this privilege by smuggling arms and ammunition across the State territory, against the laws of that country ; this is of course, morally, perfectly justifiable. The offence of the republics is that they exist ; an offence which they will naturally seek to perpetuate

⁷ I know of no case where either of the republics can be honestly charged with a breach of its engagements, even when a convention to which it is a party bears the taint of an original duress. The 'drifts question' has been made much of, as if it were such a breach. The facts of the case were these. The Government of the Cape Colony, dissatisfied with the rates for goods traffic on the Transvaal railways, took measures for starting a bullock-waggon traffic from Free State territory over the territory of the South African Republic in competition with the railway. The Transvaal very naturally closed the 'drifts' (or fords) on Vaal River, which forms the boundary between the Free State and that country, to the conveyance of sea-borne goods. The Government of the Cape Colony thereupon appealed to the British Government, on the ground that this action of the Transvaal Government was a breach of the Convention, inasmuch as British and other foreign goods were placed at a disadvantage as compared with colonial goods—in fact, it complained that the colony was unduly favoured ! This was really not so, inasmuch as imports from the Cape Colony consist almost exclusively of agricultural produce, whilst sea-borne goods consist almost exclusively of textile and other manufactures. The British Government thereupon raised an objection to this action of the Transvaal. It is obvious that the Government of the South African Republic had at hand an easy method of removing all ground of complaint by extending the restriction also to Cape goods. Rather, however, than continue a cause of friction, the Government of the Transvaal removed the restriction altogether. It must, however, be confessed that possibly the Government last referred to is wanting in the faculty of giving ingenious interpretations to conventions, a fact which, perhaps, need not be altogether regretted.

by adopting such measures of self-defence—never of aggression—as to them may seem necessary. Not always, perhaps, the wisest and the best may such measures be; but the republics lay no claim to infallibility. Their greatest desire is to be left undisturbed, to work out their own destiny, free from all interference, whether from the side of Great Britain or of Germany or of any other nation.

Ever and anon one reads of some 'difficult South African problem.' Utterly wearied one may well be of difficult South African problems. But to whom is the creation of such problems due? Can it be honestly and truthfully said that in a single instance it has been due to any initiative action on the part of either of the republics? Even the political institutions themselves of the republics have suffered from the effects of foreign interference, in a degree proportionate to such interference. Few free countries have had constitutions more liberal in most respects than the republics. The Transvaal has had, as a measure of self-defence, to restrict its franchise. Had England followed a policy different from that which she did follow; had she not given in to the intriguers who, at the start, misled her; had she made it apparent that, come what might, she would respect the rights, the liberty, and the independence of the republics, no such measure of self-defence would have been necessary. At this moment there exists a Convention to which the Transvaal has assented, which only to a very slight extent limits the freedom of action of that country, but which at all events may give a pretext for British subjects of the less honourable sort, should they be placed in a position to become burghers of the South African Republic, for qualifying their republican allegiance by a profession of belief in the continued existence of a British allegiance.* The republics can tolerate no dual allegiance; even in the Free State it has become necessary to take measures to make this clear.

It is with reluctance that I have written the foregoing account of England's advance North of Orange River. But since no one more able and more capable of doing justice to the subject has come forward to do so, that which is to me no pleasure has appeared to me in the light of a duty. Too long have we allowed judgment to go against us by default. The matters on which I have written too are matters affecting our national existence and not merely questions of party or faction politics. If the recital of the facts of our republican history sounds like an indictment of British policy, I regret it, but the blame lies with those who have been responsible for those facts. The republics and republicans have always desired to be on a friendly

* This statement is not unfounded. Several writers in the newspapers of this sort, and others, have tried to make out that a British suzerainty over the Transvaal still exists!

footing with England if possible. And it may be the act of a friend for one who entertains the belief—it may be, the superstition—that for every act of violence or wrong there follows a Nemesis, to write what I have written. And I trust that I have not written anything that will not bear the test of strict examination ; consciously at least I have not.

MELIUS DE VILLIERS.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER, AND LORD SALISBURY ON EVOLUTION

PART I

MR. HERBERT SPENCER contributed to this Review in November 1895 an article entitled 'Lord Salisbury on Evolution.' The occasion of it arose out of the brief and passing, but pungent, comments on the Darwinian theory, which formed part of Lord Salisbury's Presidential Address to the British Association at Oxford in 1894. In so far as that article is merely a reply to Lord Salisbury, it is not my intention here to come between the distinguished disputants. But, like everything from Mr. Spencer's pen, it is full of highly significant matter on the whole subject to which it relates. It takes a much larger view of the problems of Biology than is generally taken, and it deals with them by a method which is excellent, so far as he goes, and which we can all take up and follow farther than the point at which he stops. Nor is his paper less instructive, because he does stop in the application of his method just where it ought to be most continuously and rigorously applied. The method of Mr. Spencer is to insist on a clear definition of the words and phrases used in our biological data and speculations. No method could be more admirable than this. It is one for which I have myself a great predilection, and have continually used in all difficult subjects of inquiry. Such, pre-eminently, are the problems presented by the nature and history of organic life. I propose, therefore, in this Paper to accept Mr. Spencer's method, and to examine what light can come from it on this most intricate of all subjects.

The leading idea of Mr. Spencer's article is to assert and insist upon a wide distinction between the 'natural selection' theory of Darwin and the general theory of what Mr. Spencer calls 'organic evolution.' He insists and reiterates that even if Darwin's special theory of natural selection were disproved and abandoned, the more general doctrine of organic evolution would remain unshaken. I entirely agree in this discrimination between two quite separate conceptions. But I must demand a farther advance on the same lines—an advance which Mr. Spencer has not made, and which does not appear

to have occurred to him as required. Not only is Darwin's special theory of natural selection quite separable from the more general theory of organic evolution, but also Mr. Spencer's special version and understanding of organic evolution is quite separable from the general doctrine of development, with which, nevertheless, it is habitually confounded. It is quite as true that even if Mr. Spencer's theory of organic evolution were disproved and abandoned, the general doctrine of development would remain unshaken, as it is true that organic evolution would survive the demolition of the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection.

The great importance of these discriminations lies in this—that both the narrow theory of Darwin, and also the wider idea of organic evolution, have derived an adventitious strength and popularity from elements of conception which are not their own—elements of conception, that is to say, which are not peculiar to them, but common to them and to a much larger conception—a much wider doctrine—which has a much more indisputable place and rank in the facts of nature, and in the universal recognition of the human mind.

Let us, therefore, unravel this entanglement of separable ideas much more completely than Mr. Spencer has done in the article before us. And for this purpose let us begin at the bottom—with the one fundamental conception which underlies all the theories and speculations that litter the ground before us. That conception is simply represented by the old familiar word, and the old familiar idea—development. It is the conception of the whole world, in us and around us, being a world full of changes, which to-day leave nothing exactly as it was yesterday, and which will not allow to-morrow to be exactly as to-day. It is the conception of some things always coming to be, and of other things always ceasing to be—in endless sequences of cause and of effect. It has this great advantage—that it is not a mere doctrine nor a theory, nor an hypothesis, but a visible and undoubted fact. Nobody can deny or dispute it. Nowhere has it been more profoundly expressed and described, in its deepest meanings and significance, than in the words of that great metaphysician—whoever he may be—who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews, when he describes the Universe as a system in which 'the things which we see were not made of things that do appear.' That is to say, that all its phenomena are due to causes which lie behind them, and which belong to the Invisible. Nor can we even conceive of its being otherwise. The causes of things—whatever these may be—are the sources out of which all things come, or are developed. What these causes are has been the Great Quest, and the great incentive to inquiry, since human thought began. But there never has been any doubt, or any failure, on the part of man to grasp the universal fact that there is a natural sequence among all things, leading from what has been to what is, and to what is to be. Whether he could apprehend

or not the processes out of which these changes arise, he has always recognised the existence of such processes as a fact.

One might almost suppose from much of the talk we have had during the last thirty years about development, that nobody had ever known or dwelt upon this universal fact until Lamarck and Darwin had discovered it. But all their theories, and, indeed, all possible theories which may supplant or supplement them, are nothing but guesses at the details of the processes through which causation works its way from innumerable small beginnings to innumerable great and complicated results. Every one of these guesses may be wrong in whole, or in essential parts, but the universal facts of development in Nature remain as certain and as obvious as before.

It is a bad thing, at least for a time, when the undoubtedness of a great general conception such as this—of the continuity of causation and of the gradual accumulation of its effects—gets hooked on (as it were) in the minds of theorists to their own little fragmentary fancies as to particular modes of operation. But it is a worse thing still when this spurious and accidental affiliation becomes so established in the popular mind that men are afraid not to accept the fancies lest they should be thought to impugn admitted and authoritative truths. Yet this is exactly what has happened with the Darwinian theory. The very word development was captured by the Darwinian school as if it belonged to them alone, and the old familiar idea was identified with theories with which it had no necessary connection whatever. Development is nowhere more conspicuous than in the history of human inventions; the gun, the watch, the steam-engine, have all passed through many stages of development, every step in which is historically known. So it is with human social and political institutions, when they are at all advanced. But this kind and conception of development has nothing whatever to do with the purely physical conceptions involved in the Darwinian theory. The idea, for example, of one suggestion arising out of another in the constructive mind of man, is a kind of development absolutely different from the idea of one specific kind of organic structure being born of quite another form of structure without the directing agency of any mind at all. Our full persuasion of the perfect continuity of causation does not compel us to accept, even for a moment, the idea of any particular cause which may be obviously incompetent, far less such as may be conspicuously fantastic. Nor—and this is often forgotten—does the most perfect continuity of causes involve, as a necessary consequence, any similar continuity in their visible effects. These effects may be sudden and violent, although the previous working has been slow and even infinitesimally gradual. In short, the general idea of development is a conception which remains untouched whether we believe, or do not believe, in hypotheses which profess to explain its steps.

Mr. Spencer, then, adopts an excellent method when he insists upon discriminations such as these between very different things jumbled together and concealed under loose popular phrases. But, unfortunately, he fails to pursue this method far enough. There is great need of the farther application of it to his own language. He tells us that Darwinism is to be carefully distinguished from what he calls 'Organic evolution.' Darwinism he defines in the phrases of its author. But organic evolution he does not define so as to bring out the special sense in which he himself always uses it. On the contrary, he employs words to define organic evolution which systematically confound it with the general idea of development, whilst concealing this confusion under a change of name. The substitution of the word evolution for the simpler word development has, in this point of view, an unmistakable significance. I do not know of any real difference between the two words, except that the word development is older and more familiar, whilst evolution is more modern, and has been more completely captured and appropriated by a particular school. But Darwin's theory is quite as distinctly and as definitely a theory of organic evolution as the theory of which Mr. Spencer boasts that it will remain secure even if Darwinism should be abandoned. Both these theories are equally hypotheses as to the particular processes through which development has held its way in that department of Nature which we know as organic life. But it is quite possible to hold, and even to be certain, that development has taken place in organic forms, without accepting either Darwin's or Mr. Spencer's explanation of the process. They both rest—as we shall see—upon one and the same fundamental assumption; and they are both open to one and the same fundamental objection—viz., the incompetence of them both to account for, or to explain, all the phenomena, or more even than a fraction of the facts, with which they profess to deal.

In order to make this plain we have only to look closely to the peculiarities of the Darwinian theory, and ascertain exactly how much of it, or how little of it, is common to the theory which Mr. Spencer distinguishes by the more general title of organic evolution. Darwin's theory can be put into a few very simple propositions—such as these: All organisms have offspring. These offspring have an innate and universal tendency to variation from the parent form. These variations are indeterminate—taking place in all directions. Among the offspring thus varying, and between them and other contemporary organisms, there is a perpetual competition and struggle for existence. The variations which happen to be advantageous in this struggle—from some accidental better fitting into surrounding conditions—will have the benefit of that advantage in the struggle. They will conquer and prevail; whilst other variations, less advantageous, will be shouldered out—will die and disappear. Thus step by step, Darwin

imagined, more and more advantageous varieties would be continually produced, and would be perpetuated by hereditary transmission. By this process, prolonged through ages of unknown duration, he thought it was possible to account for the origin of the millions of specific forms which now constitute the organic world. For this theory, as we all know, Darwin adopted the phrase Natural Selection. It was an admirable phrase for giving a certain plausibility and vogue to a theory full of weaknesses not readily detected. It spread over the confused and disjointed bones of a loose conception the ample folds of a metaphor taken from wholly different and even alien spheres of experience and of thought. It resorted to the old, old, Lucretian expedient of personifying Nature, and lending the glamour of that personification to the agency of bare mechanical necessity, and to the coincidences of mere fortuity.

Selection means the choice of a living agent. The skilful breeders of doves, and dogs, and horses, were, in this phrase, taken as the type of Nature in her production and in her guidance of varieties in organic structure. Darwin did not consciously choose this phrase because of these tacit implications. He was in all ways simple and sincere, and he no more meant to impose upon others than on himself when he likened the operations of Nature in producing new species to the foreseeing skill of the breeder in producing new and more excellent varieties in domestic animals. Nevertheless, as a fact, this implication is indelible in the phrase, and has always lent to it more than half its strength, and all its plausibility. Darwin was led to it by an intellectual instinct which is insuperable—viz., the instinct which sees the highest explanations of Nature in the analogies of mental purpose and direction. The choice by Darwin of the phrase Natural Selection was in itself an excellent example of its only legitimate meaning. He did not invent either the idea or the phrase of Selection. He found it existing and familiar. He took it from the literature of the farmyard and of the stable. He told Lyell that it was constantly used in all books of breeding. It was his own intellectual nature that made the choice, selecting it out of old materials. These materials were gathered out of the experience of human life, and out of the nearest analogies of that natural system of which Man is the highest visible exponent. But Darwin neither saw nor admitted its implications. The great bulk of his admirers were not only in the same condition of mind, but rejoiced in his theory for the very reason that it rested mainly on the idea of fortuity, or of mechanical necessity, and excluded altogether the competing idea of mental direction and design. In this they were more Darwinian than Darwin himself. He assumed, indeed, that variations were promiscuous and accidental; but he did so avowedly only because he did not know any law directing and governing their occurrence. His fanatical followers went farther. They have assumed that on this question there is nothing

to be known, and that the rule of accident and of mechanical necessity had for ever excluded the agency of Mind.

Let us now ask of ourselves the question, Which of those two elements in Darwin's theory—the element of accident and of mechanical necessity, or the element of a directing agency in the path of variation—has best stood the test of thirty years' discussion, and thirty years of closer observation? Can there be any doubt on this? Year after year, and decade after decade, have passed away, and as the reign of terror which is always established for a time to protect opinions which have become a fashion, has gradually abated, it has become more and more clear that mere accidental variations, and the mere accidental fitting of these into external conditions, can never account for the definite progress of adjustment and adaptation along certain lines which is the most prominent of all the characteristics of organic development. It would be as rational to account for the poem of the *Iliad*, or for the play of *Hamlet*, by supposing that the words and letters were adjusted to the conceptions by some process of 'natural selection' as to account, by the same formula, for the intricate and glorious harmonies of structure with functions in organic life.

It has been seen, moreover, more and more clearly, that whilst that branch of his theory which rested on fortuity was obviously incompetent, that other branch of it which claimed affiliation with the directing agency of mind and choice was as incompetent as its strangely. Selection, as we know it, cannot make things; it can only choose among materials already made and open to the exercise of choice. Therefore selection, whether by man or by what men are pleased to call Nature, can never account for the origin of anything. Then, other flaws, equally damaging to the theory, have been, one after another, detected and exposed. There are a multitude of structures in which no utility can be detected, but in which, nevertheless, development has certainly held its way, steadily, and often with marvellous results. Nor is it less certain that there are some characteristics of many organisms which can be of no use whatever to themselves, but are of immense use to other organisms which find them nutritive and delicious to devour or valuable to domesticate and enslave. In short, men have been more and more coming to perceive that, as Agassiz once wrote to me in a private letter, 'the phenomena of organic life have all the wealth and intricacy of the highest mental manifestations, and none of the simplicity of purely mechanical laws.'

What, then, is Mr. Spencer's own verdict on the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection? He confesses at once that it gives no explanation of some of the phenomena of organic life. But he specifies one example which makes us doubt whether in his mouth the admission is of any value. The effects of use and disuse on organs are, he says, not accounted for.¹ The example is surely a bad one as any measure;

or even as any indication, of the quality and variety of biological facts which altogether outrun the ken of Darwinism. In my opinion, it is no example at all—because Natural Selection is so vague and metaphorical in its implications that it may be made to cover and include quite as good an explanation of the effects of disuse as of a thousand other familiar facts. Organs, when fit and ready for use, are strengthened by healthy exercise. Organs, on the other hand, of the same kind, are weakened and atrophied by long-continued disuse. This is a familiar fact. What can be more easy than to translate this general fact into Darwinese phraseology? Nature has a special favour for organs put to use. She strengthens them more and more by a process falling well under the idea of Natural Selection. In like manner, Nature deals unfavourably with organs which are allowed to be idle and inactive. She places them at a disadvantage, and they tend to perish.

The truth is that the phrase Natural Selection and the group of ideas which hide under it, is so elastic that there is nothing in heaven or on earth that by a little ingenuity may not be brought under its pretended explanation. Darwin in 1859–60 wondered ‘how variously’ his phrase had been ‘misunderstood.’ The explanation is simple: it was because of those vague and loose analogies which are so often captivating. It is the same now, after thirty-six years of copious argument and exposition. Darwin ridiculed the idea which some entertained that Natural Selection ‘was set up as an active power or deity;’ yet this is the very conception of it which is at this moment set up by the most faithful high priest in the Darwinian Cult. Professor Poulton of Oxford gives to Natural Selection the title of ‘a motive power’ first discovered by Darwin. This development is perfectly intelligible. Nature is the old traditional refuge for all who will not see the work of creative mind. Everything that is—everything that happens—is, and happens naturally. Nature personified does, and is, our all in all. She is the universal agent, and at the same time the universal product. What she does she may easily be conceived as choosing to do, or selecting to be done, out of countless alternatives before her. Then we have only to shut our eyes, blindly or conveniently, to the absolute difference between the idea of merely selecting out of existing things, and of selecting by prevision out of conceivable things yet to be—we have only to cherish or even to tolerate this confusion of thought—and then we can cram into our theories of Natural Selection the very highest exercises of Mind and Will. Let us carry but consistently the analogy of thought involved in the agency of a human breeder; let us emancipate this conception from the narrow limits of operation within which we know it to be confined; let us conceive a strictly homologous agency in Nature which has power not merely to select among organs already so developed as to be fit for use, but to select and direct beforehand the development of organs through many embryotic stages of existence when no use is possible; let us conceive, in short,

an agency in Nature which keeps, as it were, a book in which 'all our members are written, which in continuance are fashioned when as yet there are none of them,'² then the phrase and the theory of Natural Selection may be accepted as at least something of an approach to an explanation of the wonderful facts of biological development.

But this is precisely the aspect of the Darwinian theory which Mr. Spencer dislikes the most. It is the aspect most adverse to his own philosophy. And as 'natural rejection' is a necessary correlative of all conceptions of Natural Selection, so Mr. Spencer's intellectual instincts perceive this necessary antagonism, and lead him to dissent from Darwin's theory on account of that very element on which much of its popular success has undoubtedly depended. Mr. Spencer dismisses with something like contempt the ideas connected with the agency of a human breeder. He has, therefore, always condemned the phrase under which this idea is implied. He will have nothing to do with the conception of mind guiding and directing the course of development. Therefore, he has always suggested the adoption of an alternative phrase for the Darwin theory, which phrase is the 'survival of the fittest.' It has always seemed to me that the insuperable objection to this phrase is that it means nothing but a mere truism. If we eliminate from Darwin's theory the mental element of selection, and if we eliminate also, as we must do, the element of pure chance, which, of course, is nothing but a confession of ignorance, what is there remaining? Mr. Spencer's answer to this question is that the 'survival of the fittest' remains. Yes—but this is a mere restatement of certain facts under an altered form of words which pretends to explain them, whilst in reality it contains no explanatory element whatever. The survival of the fittest? Fittest for what? For surviving. So that the phrase means no more than this, that the survivor does survive. It surely did not need the united exertions of the greatest natural observer of modern times, and the reasonings of one of the most popular of modern philosophers, to assure us of the truth of this identical proposition. Yet, in the article now under review, it is at least a comfort to find that Mr. Spencer confesses to the empty certitude which his phrase contains. He says it is a self-evident proposition like an axiom in mathematics.³ The negation of it, he says, is inconceivable. But if so, it tells us nothing. If we do enter at all on the field of speculation on the origin and development of organic things, we do not care to be assured that the fittest for surviving do, accordingly, and necessarily, survive. What we want to know—or at least to have some glimpse of—is the processes of development, through which fitness has been attained for innumerable divergent paths of energy and of enjoyment. A theory which, in answer to our inquiries on this high theme, tells us confessedly nothing

² Ps. cxxxix, v. 16.

³ P. 748-9.

but the self-evident proposition that the creatures fittest to survive do actually survive, is manifestly nothing but a mockery and a snare.

But Mr. Spencer has a substitute for the Darwinian theory thus reduced to emptiness—something which, he says, lies behind and above it, and which only emerges with all the greater certainty when the ruins of that theory have been cleared away. This substitute is the generalised term 'organic evolution.' But what is this? Is it anything more than the general idea of development in its special application to organic life? No, it is nothing more. It is again the mere assertion of a self-evident proposition—that organic forms have been developed—somehow. We know it in the case of our own bodies and in the case of all contemporary living things. Mr. Spencer gives us no short and clear definition of what he means by organic evolution either in itself or as distinguished from the form of it taken in the Darwinian theory of natural selection. He refers to some of the characteristic features of all development, which are really sufficiently well known to all of us. Nothing that we see, or know, nothing that we can even conceive, is produced at once as a finished article, ready made without any previous processes of growth. All this is no theory. It is a fact. Mr. Spencer laboriously counts up four or five great heads of evidence upon this subject, as if anyone does or could dispute it. First comes Geology, with its long record of organic forms, showing, despite many gaps and breaks, on the whole an orderly procession from the more simple to the most complex structures. Secondly comes the science of Classification, the whole principle of which is founded on the possibility of arranging animal forms according to definite likenesses and affinities in structure. Thirdly comes the distribution of species—showing special likenesses between the living fauna and the extinct fauna of the great continents and islands of the globe, which are most widely separate from others, and suggesting that, as the likeness has been continuous, so it must be due to local continuities of growth. Fourthly there are the wonderful facts of Embryology, which are full of suggestions to a like effect. Then there is another head of evidence, making a fifth, which Mr. Spencer is disposed to add to the other four—a head of evidence which I venture to regard as even more interesting and significant than any other—that, namely, which rests on the occurrence of what are called Rudimentary Organs in many animal frames—that is to say, organs, or bits of structure, which, in those particular creatures, are almost or entirely devoid of any functional use, but which correspond, more or less, with similar organs in other animals where they are in full, and all-important, functional activity.

I accept all these five lines of evidence as each and all confirmatory of the leading idea of development—an idea which I hold to be indisputably applicable to everything, and especially to organic life. But Mr. Spencer is dreaming if he assumes that any, or all, of these

evidences prove either that particular theory of evolution which was Darwin's, or that modification of it which is his own. He seems to think, and indeed expressly assumes, that the only alternative to that theory is what he calls the theory of 'Special Creation.' But I do not know of any human being who holds that theory in the sense in which Mr. Spencer understands it. He deals with what he calls Special Creation very much as the late Professor Huxley used to deal with the idea of a Deluge. That is to say, he puts that idea into an absurd form, and then ascribes that absurdity to his opponents. Huxley used to picture a deluge as involving the idea of a mass of water, thousands of feet deep, holding its place at one time and over the whole globe, in defiance of the laws of gravitation and especially of hydrostatics. It is a pity that Huxley did not live to see the venerable Sir Joseph Prestwich—the greatest authority on quaternary geology—avow his conviction that during that period of the earth's history, there is clear geological evidence that there must have been some great submergence which was very wide, sudden, transitory, and extensively destructive to terrestrial life.

In like manner Mr. Spencer insists that those who have believed in Special Creation must believe in the bodies of all animals appearing suddenly, ready made, complete in all their parts, out of the dust of the ground and the elements of the atmosphere. This, indeed, may have been the crude idea of many men in former times, in so far (which was very little) as they gave themselves any time to think or to form any definite conceptions on the meaning of the words they used. But the late Mr. Aubrey Moore, in an interesting essay,⁴ has reminded us that it was the extravagant literalism of Puritan theology which first embodied in popular form this coarser view of Creation, in a famous passage of 'Paradise Lost.'⁵ Yet this is a passage which probably no man can now read, notwithstanding the splendid diction of the poet, without feeling the picture it presents to be childish and grotesque. Mr. Moore has reminded us, too, that both among the Fathers and the Schoolmen of the Christian Church, there was no antipathy to the idea that animals were, somehow, genetically related to each other. I doubt whether there is now any man of common education who believes, for example, that each of the many kinds of wild pigeons which are spread over the globe, and which are all so closely related to each other by conspicuous similarities of form, were all separately and individually created out of the raw materials of nature.

Lord Salisbury in his Address says that one thing Darwin has done has been to destroy the doctrine of the immutability of species. This may be true of absolute immutability, which can be asserted of nothing that exists in this world. Yet it does not follow that the

⁴ *Science and Faith*, 1889, 'Darwinism and the Christian Faith.'

⁵ Book vii.

converse is true, namely, what may be called the fluidity, or perpetual instability of species. There is at least one possible, and even probable, alternative between these two extreme alternatives. It is surely a curious fact that the two greatest naturalists of the modern world, Cuvier and Linnaeus, whose minds were brought by their special pursuits into the closest possible contact with the only facts in Nature that have a direct bearing on this question, were both of them not only convinced of the stability of species, but recognised it as the essential foundation of all their work. Stability, however, was the word they used, not immutability. Classification was their special work, and the whole principle of classification, as Mr. Spencer truly says, rests on the idea, and on the fact, that all living creatures can be arranged in groups by endless cycles of definite affinity and of definite divergence. Linnaeus applied this principle to the living world as it exists now, and his famous Binomial system, which survives to the present day, assumes, as a fact, that in that world genera and species are practically stable. Cuvier, on the other hand, was largely concerned with the extinct forms of life, and his classification of them and his identification of their relations with living forms, would have been impossible if the peculiarities of the structure in all living things had not maintained through unknown ages the same persistent character. He therefore declared, with truth, that the very possibility of establishing a science of natural history absolutely depends on the stability of species.

If, then, we give up the idea that species have been permanently immutable, we must beware of rushing off to antithetical conclusions which are at variance with at least all contemporary facts in the living world, and which, as regards the past, rest mainly on our impossibilities of conception in a matter on which we are profoundly ignorant. Species, if not absolutely immutable, have now undoubtedly, and always have had, a very high degree of stability and endurance. If mutations have occurred, it must have been under some conditions, and under some law, of which we have no example and can form no conception. It is at this point that the theory of organic evolution, when understood in what may be called the party sense, breaks down as an easy explanation of the facts. It may be true that the idea of separate creations continually repeated, is an idea which represents an escape from thought, rather than an exercise of reasonable speculation on the processes through which development has been conducted. But unfortunately, exactly the same may be said of the idea of species being so unstable that they were constantly passing into each other by nothing but fortuitous and infinitesimal variations.

This, indeed, may be an easier conception than any other. But it is easier only because it takes no notice of insuperable difficulties and disagreements with the facts. Species have been quite as stable

throughout all the geological ages as they are at present. Linnæus's Binomial system of classification is as applicable to, and fits as well into the Trilobites of the Palæozoic rocks—the Brachyopods and the Cephalopods of the Secondary ages—the Mammalia of the Tertiary epoch, as it fits into all the species now alive or only recently extinct. Each species has its own distinctive characters, down to the minutest ornamentation on a scale or on an osseous scute, or to the peculiar varieties of pattern on the convolutions of an Ammonite. These species continue till they die, and then they are often suddenly replaced by new forms and new patterns, all as definite and as persistent as before. How this takes place no man as yet can tell.

I recollect one striking illustration. Some thirty-five years ago I visited the distinguished French geologist Barrande, who devoted himself for years to the life-history of the Trilobites in the Silurian rocks of Bohemia. He had a magnificent collection of those curious crustaceans in his house in Prague. Nothing was more remarkable than the stability of the forms which he identified. This stability extended to the immature or larval forms of each species. He had specimens in every stage of growth. He was good enough to drive with me to the beds of rock which contained them. They were the rocks forming in low but steep hills—the containing walls of the Valley of the Moldau. They consisted of a highly fissile slaty rock, the planes of which were often charged with the fossils. They seemed to me to be singularly regular and unbroken by clefts or chasms; yet in the middle of these regular and consecutive beds there were members of the series which suddenly displayed new species. Barrande was puzzled by the phenomenon. Where could these new species come from? It never occurred to him that possibly they might be born suddenly on the spot. So, to meet the difficulty, he invented the theory of 'colonies'—emigrants from some other centre which had migrated and settled there. Of course, this is no solution, but only a banishment of the difficulty to some other place. The more common bolt-hole for escaping from this difficulty is to plead the 'imperfection of the record.' But this does not really avail us much. As regards terrestrial forms of life, indeed, it is true that the record is very imperfect, because the conditions are rare and partial under which land animals can be preserved in aqueous deposits. Consequently, as regards them, we never get a complete series. But there are many great rock-formations of marine origin, which were continuous deposits for ages, at least long enough to embrace the first appearance of many new species. Yet these new species never seem to be mere haphazard variations from pre-existing forms. They never have the least appearance of the lawless mixtures of hybridism. On the contrary, the new forms are always as sharply defined as the old, differing from them by characters which are as well marked and as constant as all their predecessors in the wonderful processions of organic life. It

helps us very little to remember that in the existing world some varieties do occur in certain species, varieties which are sometimes sufficiently well marked to raise the question among classifiers whether they are, or are not, sufficiently constant to deserve the name of separate species. This helps us little, because such varieties are very limited in extent, and are almost always confined to such superficial features as the colour of hair or of feathers. They never, so far as I know, affect organic structure, and no accumulation of them would account for the very different kinds of variation which are conspicuous in the successions of organic life.

But these are not the only difficulties which beset any intelligent acceptance of the theory of purely mechanical and mindless evolution through changes infinitesimal and fortuitous. There is another difficulty much more fundamental. That theory, in all its forms, involves always one assumption, which, so far as I have observed, is never expressly stated. It is the assumption that organic life never could have been introduced, or multiplied, except by the processes of reproduction or of ordinary generation, such as we see them now. Yet—if we only think of it—this is an assumption which not only may be wrong, but which cannot possibly be true. We know as certainly as we know anything in the physical sciences, that organic life must have had a definite beginning, in time, upon this globe of ours. If so, then of course that beginning cannot possibly have been by way of ordinary generation. Some other process must have been employed, however little we are able to conceive what that process was. All our desperate attempts, therefore, to get rid of the idea of creation, as distinguished from mere procreation, are self-condemned as futile. The facts of Nature, and the necessities of thought, compel us to entertain the conception of an absolute beginning of organic life, when as yet there were no parent forms to breed and multiply.

Darwin, as is well known, recognised this ultimate necessity. He clothed the conception of it in words derived from the old and time-honoured language of Genesis. He spoke of the Creator first breathing the breath of life into a few, perhaps only into one single organic form. His followers generally seem to regard this as a weak concession on the part of their great master. They never dwell on it. They never realise that without it, or without some substitute for it, the whole structure of what they call organic evolution is without a basis—that it represents a chain hanging in mid'air, having no point of attachment in the heavens or on earth. It is as certain as anything in human thought that, when organic life was first introduced into the world, something was done—some process was employed—differing from that by which those forms do now simply reproduce and repeat themselves.

But the moment this concession has been fully, frankly, and intelligently made—another concession necessarily follows—namely this,

that we cannot safely conclude that the first, and more strictly creative, process has never been repeated. Yet this is the assumption tacitly involved in all the current materialistic theories of evolution. It is an assumption nevertheless in favour of which there is assuredly no antecedent probability. On the contrary, the presumption is that as solitary exceptions are really unknown in Nature, the same processes may very well have been often repeated from time to time. Or perhaps even it may be true that such processes are involved in, and form an essential part of, the infinite mysteries of what we call, and think of so carelessly, as ordinary generation. This is an idea which opens very wide indeed our intellectual eyes, and gives them much to do in watching and interpreting the fathomless wonder of familiar things.

Let us however, provisionally at least, accept the belief that organic life was first called into existence in the form of some three, or four, or five germs—each being the progenitor of one of the great leading types of the animal creation in respect to peculiarities of structure—one for the Vertebrata; one for the Mollusca; one for the Crustacea; one for the Radiata; and one for the Insecta. Let us assume, farther, on the same footing, that from each of these germs all the modifications belonging to each class have been developed by what we call the processes of ordinary generation. Then it follows that as all these modifications have undoubtedly taken definite directions from invisible beginnings to the latest results and complexities of structure, the original germs must have been so constituted as to contain these complexities, potentially, within themselves. This conclusion is not in the least affected by any influence we may attribute to external surrounding. The Darwinian school in all its branches invariably dwell on external conditions as physical causes. But it is obvious that these can never act upon an organic mechanism except through, and by means of, a responsive power in that mechanism itself to follow the direction given to it, whether from what we call inside or outside things.

This is no transcendental imagination, as some might think it. It is a conclusion securely founded on the most certain facts of embryology. It is the great peculiarity of organic development or growth that it always follows a determinate course to an equally determinate end. Each separate organ begins to appear before it can be actually used. It is always built up gradually for the discharge of functions which are yet lying in the future. In all organic growths this future dominates the present. All that goes on at any given time, in such growths has exclusive reference to something else that has yet to be done, in some other time which is yet to come. On this cardinal fact, or law, in biology there ought to be no dispute with Mr. Spencer. Numberless writers before him have indeed implied it in their descriptions of embryological phenomena, and of the later growth of adapted organs. But, so far as I know,

no writer before Mr. Spencer has perceived so clearly its universal truth, or has raised it to the rank of a fundamental principle of philosophy. This he has done in his *Principles of Biology*, pointing out that it constitutes the main difference between the organic and the inorganic world. Crystals grow, but when they have been formed there is an end of the operation; they have no future. But the growth of a living organ is always premonitory of, and preparative for, the future discharge of some functional activity. As Mr. Spencer expresses it, 'changes in inorganic things have no apparent relations to future external events which are sure, or likely, to take place. In vital changes, however, such relations are manifest.'⁶ This is an excellent generalisation. It only needs that the word 'relations' be translated from the abstract into the concrete. The kind of relation which is 'manifest' is the relation of a previous preparation for an intended use. Unfortunately Mr. Spencer is perpetually escaping or departing from the consequences of his own 'manifest relations.' In a subsequent passage of the same work⁷ he says, 'everywhere structures in great measure determine functions.' This is exactly the reverse of the manifest truth—that the future functions determine the antecedent growth of structure. This escape from his own doctrine, on the fundamental distinction between the organic and the inorganic world is an escape entirely governed by his avowed aim to avoid language having teleological implications. But surely it is bad philosophy to avoid any fitting words because of implications which are manifestly true, and are an essential part of their descriptive power.

If, therefore, we are to accept the hypothesis that all vertebrate animals, whether living or extinct, have been the offspring, by ordinary generation, of one single germ, originally created, then that original germ must have contained within itself certain innate properties of development along definite lines of growth, the issues of which have been forearranged and predetermined from the first. I have elsewhere⁸ shown how this conception permeates, involuntarily, all the language of descriptive science when specialists take it in hand to express and explain the facts of Biology to others. Huxley habitually uses the word 'plan' as applicable to the mechanism of all organic frames.

This is a theory of creation—by whatever other name men may choose to deceive themselves by calling it. It is a theory of development too, of course, but of a development of purpose. It is a theory of evolution also—but of evolution in its relation to an involution first. Nothing can come out that has not first been put in. It is not less a theory of creation which, whether true or not, gets rid absolutely of the elements of chance, so valued by Darwin's more

⁶ Spencer's *Principles of Biology*, vol. i. ch. v. p. 73.

⁷ *Ibid.* vol. ii. ch. i. p. 4.

⁸ *Philosophy of Belief*, ch. iii.

fanatical followers, and of the mere mechanical necessity which seems to be favoured by Mr. Spencer.

It must be obvious, however, that the burden of this conception would be greatly lightened if we give up the unjustifiable, and indeed irrational, assumption that what all admit must have happened once, can never have been repeated, namely, the introduction of new germs with their own special potentialities of development. There are natural divisions in the animal kingdom which seem to suggest the idea of a fresh start on new lines of evolution. The Mammalia may well have been thus begun as a great advance on the hideous Reptiles, which once dominated the world both by land and sea. Fishes may well have had another separate ancestral germ—and so with all the lower orders of creation, some of which are very deeply divided from each other. I know of no natural or rational limitation on the possibilities of this suggestion. On the contrary, the general law of the continuity of Nature is favourable to repetition of any and every precedent which has once been set in the processes of creation. And the conceivableness of this process would be indefinitely increased if we invoke the help of another principle, and of another analogy in the actual phenomena of organic life—and that is the great rapidity with which organic germs can sometimes evolve their involutions—and develop their predesigned and pre-arranged adaptitudes.

The Darwinian idea has persistently been, that the steps of development have been always infinitesimally small, and that only by the accumulation of these, during immeasurable ages, could new forms have been established. It has long occurred to me that this assumption is against the analogies of Nature, seeing that in all cases of ordinary generation, and conspicuously in a thousand cases of metamorphoses among the lower creatures, the full development of germs takes a very short time indeed. In the case of some birds, a fortnight or three weeks at the outside is enough of time wherein to develop, from an egg, a complete fowl with legs, and wings, and instincts, all ready made to lead an adult and independent life. In some insects a few hours is enough to produce a creature very highly organised, with many special adaptations. In other numberless cases, a living creature, already leading a separate life, is put to sleep within an external case or shell, and, in that state of sleep, is radically transformed in all its organs, and comes out in a few days an entirely new animal form, with new powers, fitted for new spheres of activity and of enjoyment. All these incomprehensible facts—in which nothing but the blinding effects of familiarity conceals from us the really creative processes involved—demonstrate the absurdity of supposing that new species could not be evolved from germs except by steps infinitesimally slow, and accumulated through unnumbered ages.

This powerful argument, securely founded on the most notorious facts of the living world, has for many years entirely relieved my

mind from the supposed difficulty of reconciling all that is essential in the idea of creation with the pretended competing idea of evolution or development. I have not, however, hitherto used it publicly, not having had a fitting opportunity of so doing. But I do not recollect having seen it used by others. It is, therefore, with no small surprise that, in the article now under review, I find it taken up by Mr. Spencer, and used for a wholly different contention. His adoption of it is a good example of the uses of controversy. Thirty-two years ago he would not have used it. We have good evidence of this in a vigorous letter published in the appendix to Vol. I. of his *Principles of Biology*, 1864. In that letter he makes 'enormous time' an essential condition of even the very lowest steps in organic evolution. And for a good reason, which, with his usual candour, he frankly explains. The sudden or very rapid evolution of even the lowest organic forms, from some primordial germs, he sees plainly, would be a very dangerous admission. 'If there can suddenly be imposed on simple protoplasm the organisation which constitutes it a *Paramœcium*, I see no reason why animals of greater complexity, or indeed of any complexity, may not be constituted after the same manner.' Therefore, to escape from an idea so perilous to his philosophy, he asserts his conviction that 'to reach by this process (organic evolution) the comparatively well-specialised forms of ordinary *Infusoria*, must have taken an enormous period of time.'⁹ To find, therefore, Mr. Herbert Spencer now insisting on the actual rapidity, and the still greater conceivable rapidity, of evolution in organisms, is a very instructive change of front. The inducement which has led him to take up this new attitude on an all-important point is easily explained. Lord Salisbury in his Address had dealt on the immensities of time, which, on the Darwinian theory, must have been needed to develop 'a jelly fish into a man;' and he had confronted this demand on time with the calculations of physicists, which limit the number of years since the globe must have been too hot for organic life. I have never myself dwelt on this objection to Darwinism, because I have no confidence in the calculations of decreasing heat which vary from tens of millions to hundreds of millions of years. When we get into such high numbers, and such enormous margins for possible error, I always feel that we are handling weapons which have no certain edge. But Mr. Spencer now adopts the safer alternative when he escapes from the difficulty by throwing overboard altogether the doctrine that changes in animal structure can only have been very minute and very slow. He, therefore, takes up the same idea that has often occurred to me—that all the phenomena, even of ordinary generation, point to the possibility of great transmutations having been accomplished in a very short space of time. It seems he had foreshadowed this line of argument in 1852, before Darwin's book was

⁹ P. 481.

published. But he now works it out in more detail, and revels in the calculations which prove what great things are now very summarily done by ordinary generation in developing the most complex organic forms from a simple cell. The nine months which are enough to develop the human ovum into the very complex structure of a new-born infant, are divisible, he calculates, into 403,200 minutes. If even one hundred millions of years were allowed since the globe was cool enough to allow of life, then, he argues, no less than 250 years would be available for each minute of man's development—for those analogous changes which have raised some Protozoon into man. Mr. Spencer makes no mention of the conspicuous wonders effected in insect and crustacean metamorphoses during periods relatively much shorter. He makes no allusion to the fact that specialists often speak of embryonic stages, common in some genera, being 'hurried over' in the case of others, so that the final stages are more quickly reached. An idea so suggestive of a directing and creative energy thus visibly subordinating the machinery of generation to special ends, is an idea which goes beyond Mr. Spencer's new argument deprecating the over-importance hitherto attached by thoughtless evolutionists to countless ages of infinitesimal change. He may well say that if this be true no reason can be seen why animals of any degree of complexity may not be developed after the same manner. Neither, of course, does Mr. Spencer push his argument to the conclusion which is adverse to his philosophy—the conclusion, namely, that if the first creation of germs has ever been repeated, still more if it has been frequently repeated, then the whole processes of a creative development may have been indefinitely hastened, and the element of time becomes of quite subordinate importance.

ARGYLL.

(To be concluded.)

HOW POOR LADIES LIVE

THE congested condition of the labour market for educated middle-class women, the competition that prevails therein, and the increasing difficulty for middle-aged ladies to obtain any occupation by which they can maintain themselves, are serious problems which will have ere long to be faced, if the present distress is to be prevented from becoming chronic and incurable and of greater intensity.

That there has ever been a certain proportion of gentlewomen who, from incompetency and sickness and improvidence, have found it difficult to provide themselves with the necessaries of life, no one will of course question, and when the evil exists within reasonable limits it can be met and to a great extent relieved. But when we have a condition of 'progress' which, instead of keeping the proportion within tolerable limits, actually tends to increase it, then it begins to be time to consider whether the experiment is in the right direction, and whether the change may not be retrogressive rather than progressive.

The causes of this increasing difficulty in obtaining work are easily recognisable and unmistakable. They are (1) The increasing swarm of women who have entered the labour market during the last twenty years, causing the supply of trained labour to be out of all proportion to the demand; and this, notwithstanding that certain new channels of work have been opened up to women, such as dentistry, certain branches of the Civil Service, medicine, and the like. Fifty years ago a professional man in a good position, making, say, a thousand a year, would have deemed it incumbent upon him to live within his income, and make some provision for his daughters after his death. Daughters of the middle class in those days exacted less of their parents, and were able to see that a professional man cannot provide his daughter with the same expensive amusements as the wealthy leisured aristocrat. To-day the father in precisely the same position sends his daughter to Girton, in order that she may become a High School teacher. If she do not turn her talents to this immediate commercial equivalent, she is regarded as a dull and useless blank upon the map of time. Self-culture in a comfortable home, leisure for intercourse with one's family and society, service

for others, which can only be rendered by those removed from immediate and pressing necessity, are, however, such antiquated privileges that one needs to apologise for reminding enlightened progressive women that they once existed and were cherished.

It is clear that, as the increase in the number of Public Schools for Girls is not in the same proportion as the number of teachers turned out every year willing and eager to teach—the Girls' Public Day School Company, I believe I am correct in saying, has only now, after fifteen years' existence, opened twenty-five schools—there will be an increasing difficulty to get posts; and we have women with University degrees or a training college education willing to take 80*l.* a year for salary. As a fact, this salary of 80*l.* or 90*l.*, or even 110*l.*, which is about the maximum that a non-resident assistant mistress reaches, compares very disadvantageously with the salaries that accomplished resident governesses commanded in the past, which ranged from 30*l.* to 80*l.*, the average, so far as I can ascertain, being 40*l.* to 50*l.*

Precisely the same process is going on in the lower ranks of 'skilled' labour, and the typewriting market is now so overcrowded that, unless a girl be very expert, and in addition be an accomplished shorthand writer and French and German scholar, she can make but the most wretched income.

A second cause is that we have a class of smart, sharp, semi-educated women who, beginning at Board schools, pass by means of one of the numerous scholarships that are now so recklessly and mistakenly offered into the higher grade schools, and ultimately become inferior teachers, authors, journalists, typewriters, clerks, and so forth. Joubert said the object of true education was to make the person as useful and contented as possible in the sphere in which he was born, whereas the whole system of modern lower-middle-class female education is to drag girls out of their sphere into the one that is just above them, and one that is entirely unsuited to their real capacities. The writer of this article not so very long ago went into a large middle-class (not Board) school for girls, many of whom were daughters of professional men, and found the teacher, an extremely able person, delivering her lesson with a cockney pronunciation and a twang that would hardly appear to compensate for the acquisition of valuable mathematical facts. Consequently we have a large and entirely different class of women to-day competing with those of birth and culture for educational functions which were formerly in the hands of the latter only; who, one ventures to think, if less highly trained, were characterised by qualities of deeper importance in an education worthy of the name than those boasted by their successors.

Thirdly, there is to be reckoned as one of the principal causes of the distress and starvation amongst elderly cultured women to-day,

the increasing passion for employing very young women. The young girl fresh from the training college is preferred; she is cheaper and more manageable, and against her crudeness, immaturity, and cocksureness we have of course to set the valuable qualities of youth and energy. Why very young teachers should be desirable for any but quite young children is not very obvious, unless it be an incontrovertible fact proved by mothers and head-teachers that women cannot sustain their freshness and interest in their work after thirty-five.

It seems rather an early limit to put to female activity, and unless we are of the opinion of the young ladies of Taunton, who put to death their maiden aunt because they considered age should be taught its disgracefulness, the theory will increase our difficulties.

Furthermore, so far as private governesses are concerned, the present mode of educating girls in Public Schools in herds seems to have permeated all classes; and only recently the papers gave publicity to the democratic action of a wealthy Countess, who (clearly not of Joubert's opinion) sends her little daughter to the High School to sit side by side and share lessons with her local butcher's daughter. So that where numbers of cultured competent women, who were formerly governesses in high-class families, find their places and functions filled to-day by the assistant mistresses of the schools.

These, then, though they are bound up with other issues that have to be regarded and accounted for, appear to be the primary causes of the intensity of the struggle and the sufferings which so many estimable, hard-working, frugal-living ladies are enduring to-day. The suffering is of the kind that does not lend itself to sensation and rhetorical description; it is of the kind that is so sedulously and strenuously concealed from the public eye that you must probe with the tenderest and most skilful of touches before you will get any idea of its existence. You may see, day after day, a neat, pale-faced, aged lady, without suspecting for an instant that she is starving; and yet that is so widespread a misery that any one who begins to make careful investigation will speedily find that the excellent Beneficent Societies, which give away thousands of pounds in small annuities of 20*l.*, hardly touch the worst cases, which have neither friends nor money to enable them to get the necessary votes for election. A few months ago, in pursuit of my object, I approached an elderly lady whom for some years I had occasionally met and talked to in one of the public libraries. She was a fragile, withered-looking old lady, with a delicate face full of refinement and sensibility. Exquisitely neat and clean, cheerful and almost optimistic in the occasional interchange of talk we had, I fancied her to be fairly comfortable, and that she was engaging herself with the copying of some MSS. (which she deciphered with considerable difficulty, her honourable grey head bent almost over to the level of the book itself) by

way of amusement and occupation. I asked her one day if she could give me the address of a former habitué of the library whom I knew to be earning some 10s. a week by 'research.' I explained that I wanted some precise details of the way our friend contrived to live upon this sum, adding, casually, that I was quite willing to give 5s. for the time and trouble that would be involved in giving these particulars. I shall not easily forget the look that passed into the sunken and anxious eyes of my friend as she timidly asked whether her own experience would be of any use, as 'the 5s. in question would be so great a help' to her at that moment; and that much as she *felt* saying anything, she thought it would be foolish to throw away money she was somewhat in need of. Somewhat astonished I immediately accepted her offer, and whether it was owing to the sympathy visible in my face, or to my half-embarrassed, half-apologetic words I know not, but her lips suddenly quivered, and she said :

I cannot help telling you I am in great distress. When I came here this morning I did not know what on earth to do. Things have been bad for some years with me, ever since the lady to whom I was secretary died suddenly. I am a good French and German scholar, and for a time I managed to get translations; but of late there seem to be too many young and active people for an old woman like me to get any, although I am still able and willing to work hard, and have always earned my living. A gentleman who knew me in the old days met me accidentally a few months ago and gave me some transcription to do, but he happens not to have paid me for the last week or two the few shillings he owes me. Of course he does not realise how badly off I am. I have now disposed of most of my things of any value, and to-day, being without a penny, before coming here I went to a second-hand bookshop to try to dispose of a few books, mostly old volumes, that I expected to get at least 4s. for. This would have paid my rent of 2s. 6d. and the little bit of food I want. When I got to the shop, very tired, because the books were heavy, the man said he did not want them; they were no use to him. I tried three more shops close by, and do you know at the last I begged the man to take them for sixpence, as I made a pretence I didn't want the trouble of carrying them back. He, however, refused, and I carried them home again. All the morning as I sat at that desk I said over and over again, 'My God, what shall I do?'

I looked at the old lady, aged, friendless, and in whose dim eyes I now thought I saw despair; I pictured her, weary and heartsick, carrying the parcel of books for which she could not get '6d.;' I thought of her toilsome life, her silent heroism, and her incessant battling with hunger, and I asked myself, as I suppose in these moments a human being must, the eternal riddle of the sphinx, as to why pain and suffering should have no reference to moral desert. 'It is given us to die or to suffer,' said one who has left a trail of heavenly light across her path; and verily there must be many of her sisters to-day playing their part in the tragic drama with as much divineness as St. Theresa, who can think not otherwise. Yet, and it is a fact that has its impressive aspect to a person accustomed to the restlessness and discontent that are prevalent amongst the younger generation of

women, by far the larger number of these poor old ladies, dependent in many cases upon an annuity of 20*l.* a year or 8*s.* 4*d.* a week from an association, and troubled with increasing blindness and disease, are not only not despondent and pessimistic, but astonishingly cheerful, buoyant, and courageous.

The cares and ministrations which old and ailing people, women especially, have a right to expect are philosophically dispensed with; the little scrap of fire, scarce enough to permeate with warmth their old bones, is cherished with the most careful economy; and hard work, such as the washing of personal linen, is undertaken by delicate, trembling old fingers without any murmur or complaint. Except in one or two instances, where moral degradation was perceptible, in everything that these old gentlewomen do, and in everything that surrounds them, there remains that exquisite delicacy, that fine feeling, which the gentlewoman, no matter how acute her poverty, seems rarely to lose.

I asked one lady, whose father had been a man of high position and wealth, and who is now living in one room upon a scanty pension, what she found the most intolerable part of her present life. She said instantly,

I dare say you will laugh, and I know it sounds very ridiculous. But there is living in this house a policeman, and when he tramps up to bed at night, I do not know how it is, somehow I always feel most my present position. He is perfectly respectable, and it is very silly; but you asked me to tell you the truth, and I have done so.

Another elderly lady, a most benevolent, benign old maid, who might have walked straight out of one of Miss Wilkin's novels, and an unmistakable gentlewoman, in spite of her darned and shabby black gown, once satin, now nothing in particular, cut in the fashion and charm of the year 1850 or thereabouts, lived wholly and solely upon her weekly income of 8*s.* 4*d.*, given her by one of the societies. She said:

I do not mind anything so much as the way one is treated when one is aged and friendless and dependent on charity. Every one seems to think they may talk to you like a dog, and yet I am not undeserving and I have not been improvident. I have taught for over thirty years, and always helped my poor mother. But I have had all along very poor health, and this threw me out of my situations, and then the 10*l.* I had set aside had to be used. How do I manage? Well, you see, my dear, we old people don't want the food you young ones do, and if it were not for coals and my little bit of washing I should do nicely. The furniture here is my own [it consisted mainly of a chair bedstead, a gas stove, a table, a lamp, a strip of carpet, and a very handsome antique candlestick, which was the old lady's principal solace, and which she seems to think constituted irrefragable testimony to her not infrequent remark that her papa had held a very distinguished official position]. I pay 3*s.* for my room, 2*s.* for coal, 6*d.* for my washing, and the rest for my little bit of food.

Pressed to say exactly what she had to eat, she said she nearly

always had, *once a week*, a nice little chop, which she cooked for herself. I asked her could none of her former pupils assist her, and she said they had at various times assisted her a little; one in particular, who had since died, had helped her very much in an illness; and every now and again one gentleman, whom as a boy she had prepared for one of the Public Schools, did what he could in the reduced circumstances to which fate had driven him. I asked her, had she tried to get into one of the homes which are available when there are vacancies to ladies with annuities of 20*l.* a year; but she seemed to shrink from the idea, and said once or twice, what is the heartrending fact, 'You see, my dear, I am so much better off than so many ladies of my age. Although I have always suffered very much with my spine, I can do my own little cooking and needlework and keep everything tidy, as my eyesight is very good; and then this little pension, which came to me when I was in great want, just suffices for my needs.' 'But what,' I asked, and Heaven forgive me for the brutality, 'will you do if you get worse and unable to do anything for yourself?' I could scarcely have believed that serene, expressionless old face would have been capable of revealing with so much intensity the terror that instantly passed over it. Her voice was quite trembling with emotion as she said, 'Ah! you should not remind me of that. I think I may not want much attendance even at the last. I have always done for myself, and *I could not bear to be taken to the hospital.*'

It need scarcely be said that this serenity of spirit was not invariably to be met with amongst these elderly ladies. Miss S——, an exceedingly shrewd, cultured, and, it must be confessed, caustic personage, who is now safe and moderately content in a home after five years of intense privations, said, as it seems to me, very pertinently,

I suppose now, as I am fifty-seven, I am perhaps too old to be much good at teaching, but I have found much the same difficulty for the last fifteen years, and yet I am sure that in culture [she used the word 'accomplishments,' but as this is a misleading term of reproach to-day, I am venturing to give the more correct word of 'culture'] my nieces, who are both High School teachers, are very deficient. I taught my pupils history much more thoroughly than they do, and the idea of beginning to teach history with the Saxon kings would have seemed to me quite wrong. Yet I find school-girls to-day are not taught universal history at all, and Greek mythology and Roman history are left out of their studies altogether. I think if they knew anything about the lives and characters of Roman women they would not talk such presumptuous nonsense about the women of the past. Then I think the study of French authors and Italian authors was much more thorough; my nieces hardly know anything of Racine or Petrarch, and indeed only the authors that they 'get up' for examinations. Then, again, how ignorant they are of most of our great poets of a century ago. We knew Milton by heart and Cowper, and as for Pope, we adored him.

How came it that the older generation of cultured gentlewomen knew and loved Pope, whilst we of to-day can scarcely tolerate him, much less conceive an affection for him?

I asked her what she would have done if she had not managed to get a pension and thereby admission to the home. Miss S—— said she didn't know; she had lived, or rather starved, for three or four years on the charity of friends and former employers; and if she hadn't accidentally come across the lady who bestirred herself to get her votes, she believed she must have ere long succumbed to want and anxiety, the effect of which had brought on, curiously enough since she had been comfortably harboured, a peculiar nervous affection which at times was very bad. The father of this lady had been a medical man, who died leaving her and several delicate sisters very badly off, greatly to their astonishment, as they had lived in much extravagance and believed themselves provided for. She told me that the worst part of her experiences, far worse than tramping miles after situations, day after day, in all weathers, only to hear she was too ill or to have the door shut in her face, far worse than hunger or cold, or the fear of death from starvation, were her expeditions to 'places where I could get a few shillings for my little trinkets, books, clothes, &c.' It was this same half foolish, half praiseworthy, wholly human feeling that made her refrain from putting her case before any institution or society, so long as she just could manage to pay for some sort of roof over her head.

I had such a horror of having my case discussed by a lot of strange people. Ah! I am living, and I suppose I should now be content; but it is a bitter, bitter thing. I worked cheerfully, helped others when I might have saved a little, denied myself, and now in my old age I have been overtaken by want. To the end of my life what I went through, how near I was to the degradation of the workhouse, will be a nightmare to me; and there must be many, too friendless to get any help, as I happened to be, and too hopeless to set about trying to get any, who do sink. What I should now do, with this trouble, if it were not for this shelter, I know not.

I asked her if she had ever been tempted to drink—the question was put, it need hardly be said, in a less crude form—and she said 'No;,' and she believed the same was true of most of the gentlewomen who had gone through similar circumstances, unless they had a special kind of female disease—a statement which my own investigations confirm. Years of self-restraint and life-long traditions and ideas make this form of ruin almost impossible. It is not drink to which these ladies yield, but a kind of leaden apathy, which seems to render them incapable of searching out sources where some sort of help might be forthcoming. Then, again, although the Beneficent Association and the Governesses' Association do all they can in the way of annuities, their funds are limited and election often means years of waiting. The most urgent cases are, as far as possible, temporarily relieved by immediate loans, and for others

energetic efforts are made to get some sort of employment; but what sort of work can be got for an aged lady who has rheumatism in her hands and perhaps cataract or some other eye trouble? Miss Smallwood, the honorary secretary of the Gentlemen's Work Society at Malvern, draws up and sends out a printed register of the names of elderly gentlemen who undertake all kinds of needlework; but for the most part, she says, their productions are scarcely worth buying; yet even the six or seven pounds a year that some of their number earn by knitting and crocheting are an anxiously looked-for source of income.

Two ladies on her list (and it may be mentioned here that almost every instance cited by me is that of a candidate for a pension from the Beneficent or Governesses' Institution, or of an annuitant, or of an inmate of one or other of the homes for aged ladies, whose statements have been carefully examined by a committee before being eligible for any of these situations), the daughters of a naval officer, who spoke gratefully of Miss Smallwood's efforts to help them, told me that the only certain income they had was 34*l.* a year, derived from the Compassionate fund of the United Kingdom Beneficent Association. For their tiny cottage in the heart of the country they pay 10*l.* a year. Both of them are extremely delicate and physically unable to do scrubbing and washing, and anything more active than cooking. They therefore have a little maid, to whom they pay 2*s.* a week, who undertakes the scrubbing and so forth, leaving them, when their rent and servant are paid, but 19*l.* a year upon which they can definitely reckon. Now and again a brother, in equally bad circumstances, sends them 10*s.* I subjoin a portion of this lady's letter:

I do not know what we should have done without this annuity from the U. K. B., nor how we should get along if it were not for the kindness of Miss Smallwood's friends, who sometimes send us a few shillings, and sometimes clothing, and if our doctor were not very good, as we both constantly require his attendance. [It may be *à propos* here to say that the kindness of doctors to women—many of them not too affluent country doctors—is one of the touches of light and hope that prevent the picture from becoming too insupportably heartrending and tragic.] We do a little work for Miss Smallwood, but it is very uncertain. Our expenses last week were as follows, and sometimes they are rather more, sometimes less. We never have anything, not even coals, unless we can pay for them at the time:

	s.	d.
Food for two of us and the little maid	7	4½
Coal, oil, and candles	2	5
Groceries, which include tea, soap, soda, &c.	2	6
	12	3½

This 'grocery' is not bought every week, as this supply of soap &c. would last two or three weeks, but I give you our last week's expenses. You will see that the rest of our annuity of 34*l.*, after taking out 15*l.* for rent and service, would not permit of our spending as much as this every week, and sometimes there are extra things which delicate old persons must have. But, as I have said,

Miss Smallwood and her friends are very good to us, and there are so many who want help even more, and we do all we can to help ourselves, and some weeks we just go without. The 5s. was a very *great* help to us. I have told you all this in the hope that when the facts get known something may be done for destitute old gentlewomen, who from their age and infirmities can do very little for themselves and are utterly unable to provide for all the bare necessities they require.

Another elderly gentlewoman, a candidate for the U. K. B. pension (the eldest daughter of a clergyman whose curacies never exceeded 130*l.*, out of which he had to support a large family of children), and who made almost superhuman efforts in every direction to keep her little school together, and afterwards a boarding-house, says :

I did very well when younger, my salaries being often 40*l.* and even more, out of which I saved enough to go to Germany, and, whilst giving English lessons, perfect myself in German and music. On my return I got as much as 70*l.*, and saved enough money to provide a piano for my sisters, help them in various ways, and purchase an insurance annuity, which, however, at my father's urgent request, I withdrew. The Girls' High Schools, with their Kindergartens, long ago threw me out of teaching, for which I was well qualified (having been taught Latin by my father); and now I struggle on somehow, taking boarders, as best I can. I had a severe illness last year, and am now subject to attacks of faintness. Last year the Corporation of the Sons of Clergy granted me a pension of 10*l.* have a 15*l.* share in a water company left me by an aunt, and 1*l.* 10*s.* a year interest of my own saving, so that my actual income is 27*l.* 10*s.* I never drink wine; I am slowly paying off the debts which my new venture in taking this boarding-house entailed; I never have been in debt for a single personal article or indeed for anything, except as regards the preliminary expenses incurred in taking this house. I can't afford a newspaper, and I never spend a penny on a book or pleasure of any kind. Every dress I have had for the last few years has been given me by a friend and altered by me. I make my own caps from kerchiefs sent me by a relative who has a lace factory abroad, and so on. I often get gifts of all sorts of things, and, anxious as I am about the present and future, I have not as yet had any real deprivation. If I can only obtain the pension I shall be all right. That is my ambition—not much to look forward to after having worked hard for forty years, for I began to teach when I was sixteen; but I am so much better off than so many necessitous ladies that I hardly think my experience will be much good to you. But I may say I have passed through very critical times. After my illness last year I hardly know in which direction I should have turned if a sister of my first pupil had not paid my rent. Another friend paid the nurse, and the brandy and whiskey, ice, &c. I had to have for a lengthy period were often supplied to me. It makes one very sad and depressed to think how much one has to depend on the charity and compassion of friends and strangers at these terrible times, but one ought to be very grateful to have them. The 5*s.* you send is *most* acceptable.

When we find gentlewomen who have passed virtuous, laborious, well-spent lives, compelled in their old age not only to face the mere physical misery that destitution entails, and sickness, and pain, and disease, but constant mental anguish, shame, and terror of starvation, should one or other individual friend fail, it is impossible to refrain from asking of what avail are honesty, and all the moral faculties that go to making of the best womanhood, if any personal provision for a certain degree of comfort and security be unattainable to the individual? For either the woman breadwinner must pinch and

scrape, and deny herself the gratification of everything that makes life something more than a drudgery for bread and butter (or to get a miserable pittance of 20*l.* when she is sixty she must take out of her salary at least 7*l.* a year, leaving herself penniless should she be overtaken by illness, which most women may reckon upon in a course of ten or fifteen years' constant and arduous work); or she must reconcile herself to living in old age upon the compassion and charity of others. I submitted this point to a young, able, and by no means pessimistic High School teacher, and her answer, though it is not put forward here as in any sense representing the profession to which she belongs, is of significance, as coming from one of the younger school of women workers. Her age is somewhere between twenty-eight and thirty :

Am I saving? Yes, but not to get a pension when I am sixty: that is to say, I began saving a few pounds last year; up to then, as my salary was 70*l.*, I found it was as much as I could do to live—that is, decently, and not like an animal. I consider it as necessary to see a picture now and again, and get into the country to see the sky, and buy a book, as to have breakfast. But my salary is now 85*l.*, and it may in the course of the next few years get to 100*l.* I found that by putting aside 7*l.* 10*s.* a year, in twenty-five years I could get an annuity of 20*l.*, upon which I can live or starve. Now either I shall be in the position of a head mistress and shall not need 20*l.* a year, or I shall be so destitute that this 20*l.* will only keep me from starvation; and on the whole I am not sure starvation would not be preferable. Anyway, to do this I should have to cut down my expenses, reduce existence to a mill of work and nothing else, and deprive myself of the only things that render it endurable after my grind is done—a little music or the purchase of an occasional book or flower. I don't find I can live—as I say, like a lady—under 1*l.* 7*s.* a week; of course, if I lived in a bedroom like some of my colleagues, and 'did' for myself, no doubt it might be 15*s.* a week. This is my average, and with my midsummer holidays, when I spend an extra 5*l.* or so, comes to about 75*l.* a year. Then I have some clothes to buy—not many, as you will perceive—and travelling expenses, as any friends I have are in London; so that at the end of the year there isn't much of my 85*l.* visible. However, last year I lived on a guinea a week and saved 5*l.*, and I mean to do this every alternate year; and when I have saved 20*l.*—that will be after about six years of this grind—I am going to take six months' holiday. Extravagant! Not a bit! The merest prudence. I don't want in eight years to be worn out in body and nerves and temper, like most of my colleagues. If they got their six months' rest and change they wouldn't be in that state. But very few have the courage to do it, and it is risky. I shall of course lose my work here, and have to look out for something else. We are all in deadly fear of losing our posts if we are away for six days. That is why the average health is so shockingly bad, and that is why, unless women can do work under most secure and comfortable conditions, like the girls in the Post Office with the certainty of a pension, they suffer so. They are always liable to be ill—men are not handicapped in the same way—and then everything may be lost. The worst of my life—and, I fancy, the lives of most women teachers—is its intense isolation. Here I am in this great city, and I don't know a soul but the other teachers living in lodgings like myself, and of whom I am heartily sick after nine months of the year's daily and close intercourse. I don't know a man up here, and I long—it is most unenlightened and retrograde, isn't it?—for the society of a sensible man. For my part I'd have the girls taught some things by men—such as history, for instance; and the opportunity for mas-

culine intercourse and companionship would do all us teachers all the good in the world. The kind of lives we lead are utterly unnatural and unhealthy.

Another young teacher, employed at one of the most successful of the London girls' schools, says :

For many years I lived on 60*l.* a year—my magnificent remuneration for teaching a class of fifty-six girls from 9.0 in the morning until 4.30 in the afternoon, with a couple of hours' preparation in the evening. My people could not help at all—as a matter of fact, as you know, I have from time to time been obliged to help B—— [her younger sister, also a High School teacher] in her constant rheumatic attacks, which she cannot provide for, and that entail six weeks' medical attendance and nursing. I paid 5*s.* and sometimes 6*s.* for my room; my food came to about 8*s.*, this high amount being due to the fact that five days out of the week I had to pay 9*d.* for each dinner, the mistresses being compelled to have this meal at school; washing, 1*s.* 6*d.*; firing and light a good part of the year, 2*s.* a week; stamps, paper, &c., 6*d.*; which left me about 4*s.* a week for dress, 'bus fares to and from home, medicine which I had always had to have, and doctoring. I broke down altogether, and had to give up for half a term. I think it was brought on by bad living, and of course I was mulcted of my salary for the time. My salary has now been raised by 5*l.* at a time to 65*l.*, with which I suppose I shall have to be content. For this, in addition to my responsibility for a class of fifty-six girls, I have to teach drawing right through the school, harmony, and botany. Of course many of the teachers are much better off; they live at home, their fathers being well able to support them; they can spend their money and get a holiday abroad. On the whole, after several years' work I do not think most women workers are happy. It is not so much the work, although at a school like ours it entails great strain and a constant alertness of nerve and eye and temper, which I fancy tells, as we are all very neuralgic.

I do not know whether married women of the middle-class or single women in comfortable positions, leading active lives, suffer similarly from this neuralgic curse, but wherever one turns in the world of women workers it appears to exist in a more or less intense form; and much of the despondence and depression amongst women, who like their work and get fairly good salaries, I believe to be attributable to this cause.

The dread of illness and the fear of being without a roof over their heads, far more even than any actual physical necessities, are what constitute the grimness, the horror of the struggle for existence to so many women. It must be borne in mind that nearly all the ladies whose circumstances I have given here are in possession of some small settled income upon which they can depend, and that at least stands between them and the yawning abyss beneath. But before me at this moment are histories of want and distress and destitution, almost too painful for the mind to contemplate, befalling those who have neither pensions nor relatives, and are wholly dependent upon their own precarious earnings and the intermittent aid of strangers. Here is an elderly woman reared in luxury living in a garret, and thankful if by sub-letting a couple of rooms to working people she can make enough for her own shelter: here is another who, after keeping a school and fighting dauntlessly for years, finds

herself in ailing middle-age compelled to cook and carve at a coffee-house kept by another woman not much better off than herself: here another, at the lowest pitch of human distress, saved from immediate starvation by sitting in an art school at 1s. an hour for the 'head of an old woman.' But I do not conceive any useful purpose can be gained by detailing these harrowing life-histories, my object being to compel a consideration of the entire problem rather than to excite sympathy for individual cases of suffering.

It may be said that only one side of the picture, and that the most gloomy and unhelpful, has been given, and no doubt as regards the conditions under which many of the younger women are working, the immediate present at least presents a brighter outlook; nor does the problem of the future come to them without the concurrent hope that marriage may relieve them from the desolation and suffering of the old and poverty-stricken lady. But there is sufficient misery existing, and increasing, to make a serious study of the wider aspects and ultimate issues of it urgently necessary, and it is in the hope that my suggestions, which do not involve turning the world topsy-turvy, may recommend themselves to those able and willing to bring about an amelioration, that I have endeavoured to present some facts here.

These suggestions are: (1) The establishment of a Bureau for middle-class women's work, whose first and immediate object would be to thoroughly investigate the present conditions under which it is carried on, and to collect statistics upon the earnings of women, the number of women wholly dependent upon their earnings, and the number of women enjoying incomes, seems to me the first stage in the reduction of chaos to order. Along with this should be an inquiry into the fields of labour where skilled work is wanted, and where a real and not artificial need for women's services exists; and it is for this real demand that girls should be rigidly trained.

(2) The next step should be to limit the number of workers, as far as possible, to those compelled to be bread-winners, and to educate women of means and leisure to see how urgently their abilities and services can be utilised for their own development and the advantage of the community. I could name half a dozen channels in which the unpaid labour of intelligent educated women is badly, nay urgently, needed.

(3) To offer to teachers in Public Schools opportunity of getting pensions on a scale similar to those provided for nurses, the payment of which should be partly borne by the directors of the companies; and to provide a means by which overworked teachers, every five years or so, can obtain three months' leave of absence without loss of salary.

These reforms would mainly affect the younger women workers, and would not ameliorate the lot of older women, in whose behalf I should firstly propose a greater sense of responsibility on the part of em-

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ployers. Their duty should be to personally combine and contribute to the support of ladies whom they know to have worked as long as they could; and such support would not be felt by the recipient in the same way as she must necessarily feel it when tendered by strangers and societies. A few families in which a governess had taught, or whose children have been at a school where such a governess had been employed, could compass this without any difficulty, by each subscribing, say, five shillings a week, and steps should be taken to insure maintenance so long as the recipient lived, with as much personal attention and kindness as could be given.

Secondly, a more generous support of the Homes already established, and now suffering sadly for lack of funds, so that it would be possible for the committees, in times of sickness, to supplement the narrow means possessed by the inmates.

And thirdly, the establishment of these *small* asylums all over the country, to which admission could be obtained without the lengthy and heart-breaking period of waiting that the vote system involves. They do not entail any vast expenditure. An ordinary house with eight or ten rooms in a cheap neighbourhood, and sufficient funds for gas, coal, and the wages of a housekeeper and servant, are all that is necessary, with the constant superintendence of the ladies of the committee. Very often the annuitant has enough furniture to furnish her rooms, so that very little beyond stair carpets and kitchen apparatus is required. The wants of most of these poor old gentlewomen are very modest, and the social intercourse that they can maintain, whilst conducting their little affairs and economies in complete privacy, is appreciated with a feeling that has its pathetic as well as diverting aspect. Shelter, warmth, peace, ungrudging offices, and a little human tenderness, are not much to ask for, to sustain and cheer them in the valley of shadow in which their tottering feet are already set.

FRANCES H. LOW.

THE MASS PRIMITIVE AND PROTESTANT

(IN CORRECTION OF MR. J. HORACE ROUND)

To the February number of this Review Mr. J. H. Round contributed a paper which was called 'The Elizabethan Religion,' and which was stated [in brackets] to be 'in correction of Mr. George Russell.' It was at least as much 'in refutation of Mr. Gladstone' and 'in defence of Mr. Birrell.' Now, Mr. Gladstone can take very good care of himself, and, as he has 'astounded' Mr. Round by some previous publications on this subject, perhaps he will astound him a little more in the treatise on Anglican Orders which he has just foreshadowed. With my friend Mr. Birrell I need not at present concern myself: he and I had our little controversy last summer. Mr. Round has now taken up the cudgels for him, and therefore it is with Mr. Round that I must deal.

If Mr. Round's paper had for its sub-title 'In display of Erudition,' it would not be ill described. To that erudition I offer the homage of sincere respect. My critic evidently is an historian,

Fortis, et in se ipso totus, teres, atque Rotundus.

But it is only fair to remark that he has had six months wherein to acquire the information with which he belabours me; whereas present exigencies leave me scarcely as many days for my reply.

Nor is this the only consideration which makes me a little nervous in attempting to cope with Mr. Round. I am apprehensive lest I should offend him by a misplaced levity. Sydney Smith remarks that 'there is nothing pompous gentlemen are so much afraid of as a little humour. It is like the objection of certain cephalic animalculæ to the use of small-tooth combs. "Finger and thumb, precipitate powder, or anything else you please, but for heaven's sake no small-tooth combs."' Mr. Birrell is not a pompous gentleman, and has not the slightest objection to a joke in season; but Mr. Round is made of sterner stuff. It appears that in my former paper I committed the offence of 'making merry,' and of 'feeling amused;' nay, even, in one gross instance, of putting a point 'playfully.' Now this is really very bad, and I must be careful not to repeat

in March the offensive pleasantry of July. As Serjeant Buzfuz said, 'It is ill jesting where our deepest sympathies are awakened.'

Mr. Round solemnly proclaims that there are three ways in which his article may be met—ridicule, silence, and evasion. I shall presently try to show him a fourth. In the meantime I shall equally forbear the three which he has enumerated, if only he will allow me to pause (just for a moment before we come to business) on the damning sentence in which he dismisses my theory of the Reformation:—

'The tide is bound to ebb. All that edifice of webs that sophists have spun is doomed to be shattered and rent asunder, even as Mr. Russell's amazing assertions vanish, in the light of facts, like mists before the rising sun.'

Here's richness! as Mr. Squeers said of his pupils' milk and water. Here is a noble confusion of poetic imagery! An ebbing tide and a rising sun—an edifice made of webs, and those webs spun by sophists! Surely since the days of 'Satan' Montgomery we have had nothing quite as good as this! Now, as then,

One great enchanter helmed the harmonious whole.

In this case the enchanter is Mr. Round, and to his divinations I must now give my grave attention.

Mr. Round's paper consists in great measure of interesting extracts from historical records; but these extracts are not 'in correction of Mr. George Russell,' for they neither affirm what I have denied nor deny what I have affirmed. They amount to this:

(1) That at the Reformation there was a considerable change of religion in England. On this point I agree so completely with Mr. Round that, in speaking in the House of Commons on the Second Reading of the Welsh Church Bill, I said:

Surely no candid critic can deny that the theological change made by the Reformation was a significant and a profound one. Surely the Thirty-nine Articles embodied a widely different system of theology from that which prevailed in the pre-Reformation Church; and I cannot convince myself that the persons who made gifts to the Church in mediæval times would have bequeathed their lands to the Church had they known that, as a body, the Church was about to rebel against the See of Peter.

(2) That the form of religion which was discarded at the Reformation was 'Poperie' or, more graphically, 'that sink of error and false doctrine of the Pope.' Exactly so. It was the repudiation of the Pope and Popery which, as I said last July, was by far the most important part of the English Reformation.

(3) That the English order of celebrating the Holy Eucharist has, at and since the Reformation, been largely and repeatedly modified. In this sentence I purposely avoid the disputable word 'Mass;' but the fact is too palpable to need stating.

(4) That the service of the Holy Eucharist, which had, before the Reformation, been commonly called the Mass, was after the Reformation generally called the Communion or the Lord's Supper, and that the word 'Mass' was not revived in the Church of England till the present reign. No one, I imagine, disputes this.

(5) That the stone altars which had been used before the Reformation were generally destroyed; that wooden tables were generally substituted; and that the destruction of sacred furniture was often attended with shocking profanity and violence, both of act and speech. This, again, is elementary knowledge.

So far, I think, we all are agreed, and Mr. Round's citations only illustrate, with force and freshness, some historical facts about which there is no dispute. But scattered up and down among the citations are some questions, statements, and inferences of a more controversial sort. Let me take them one by one.

(a) Mr. Round adopts as his own two questions put (in substance) by Mr. Birrell. First: 'Was the Reformation a break of the visible unity of the Church?' Second: 'Has the English Church, as a Church, after the Reformation continued to celebrate the Mass after the same fashion and with the same intention as before?' My answer to the first question is, Yes. The repudiation of the Pope's authority was a 'break of visible unity,' because it severed the Church of England from the rest of the Catholic Church in Western Europe. My answer to the second question is, No. The English Church has since the Reformation celebrated the Mass or Eucharist 'after a fashion,' differing in some important respects from the 'fashion' which obtained before. Questions of intention are more difficult to answer; but, if the Church before the Reformation celebrated Mass with the intention of a sacrifice separate from, or additional to, or repetitory of, the one Sacrifice on the Cross, then presumably the Church since the Reformation has celebrated with a different intention.

But, granting that both these answers of mine to Mr. Round's queries are true, they involve no breach with the past. The organic or structural continuity of the Church of England is secured by the Episcopal succession which neither Mr. Round, nor Mr. Birrell, nor even Leo the Thirteenth denies. A 'break of unity' with the contemporary and surrounding Church does not make the Church of England a new, though it may make her an isolated, body. And as to the 'fashion' and 'intention' of her Eucharist, they do not for a moment affect its reality. This may be illustrated from the case of the other great Sacrament of the Gospel. There is a vast difference of 'fashion' between the immersion of an adult in a Church and the sprinkling of an infant in a sick-room; but either rite is baptism. The intention of a Catholic priest is to plant the seed of the New Life in the child whom he baptises: the intention of a dissenting minister is merely to admit the child into the congregation

of the faithful. But either officiant, if he uses the proper form and matter, administers a valid baptism.

(b) Mr. Round more than once takes me to task because, in replying to Mr. Birrell, I said: 'The Mass is the service of the Holy Communion—nothing more and nothing less;' and again: 'The Reformers regarded the words as synonymous.' Mr. Round, quivering with a just indignation, 'hesitates to define' these statements. He does well to keep silence even from good words, until he has read what I have to say in defence of my position. Among the 'Reformers' may, I presume, be reckoned the compilers of the Prayer Book of 1549, and they set forth 'The Supper of the Lord, and the Holy Communion, commonly called the Mass.' Surely the men who framed this title treated the three names as synonymous. They did not purport to set forth (with reverence be it spoken) a new Thing: but the former Thing under two new names. To that which was commonly called the Mass they gave the alternative names of the Supper of the Lord and the Holy Communion, and those three names were, in the strictest sense, synonymous.

Another Reformer not unknown to fame was Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and he, when arguing for the Protestant view of the Holy Eucharist against Bishop Gardiner,¹ says: 'When the old fathers called the *Mass or Supper of the Lord* a sacrifice, they meant that it was a sacrifice of lauds and thanksgiving (and so as well the people as the priest do sacrifice), or else that it was a remembrance of the very true sacrifice propitiatory of Christ.' Here, most certainly and strictly, 'the Mass' and the 'Supper of the Lord' are used synonymously.

Again, Cranmer says:

The adversaries of Christ gather together a great heap of authors which, as they say, call the *Mass or Holy Communion* a sacrifice. But all those authors be answered unto in this one sentence, that they call it not a sacrifice for sin because that it taketh away our sin (which is taken away only by the death of Christ), but because the Holy Communion was ordained of Christ to put us in remembrance of the sacrifice made by Him upon the Cross. For that cause it beareth the name of that sacrifice.²

Now for another excellent piece of divinity from the same Reformer:—

They, therefore, which gather of the Doctors that the Mass is a sacrifice for remission of sin, and that it is applied by the priest to them for whom he saith and singeth, they which so gather of the Doctors do to them most grievous injury and wrong, most falsely belying them. For these monstrous things were never seen nor known of the old and primitive Church, nor there was not then in one church many masses every day; but upon certain days there was a common table of the Lord's Supper, where a number of people did together receive the Body and Blood of the Lord; but there were then no daily private masses where every priest received alone; like as until this day there is none in the Greek Churches, but one

¹ Reply to Gardiner, fifth book, c. 379.

² *Id.* c. 377.

common mass in a day. Nor the holy fathers of the old Church would not have suffered such ungodly and wicked abuses of the Lord's Supper.*

Here it will be noticed that 'a common table of the Lord's Supper' is used as synonymous with 'one common Mass in a day.'

Another divine, whom Mr. Round will surely admit to have been a Reformer, is Bishop Ridley, and, when formally charged with heresy—September 30, 1555—it is instructive to note that, in his reply, he applies the word 'Communion' to that which in the charge is called 'the Mass,' and this with no hint of a distinction between the meanings of the two words.

Charge. That . . . thou hast openly affirmed, and obstinately maintained, that in the Mass is no propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and the dead.

Reply. Christ, as St. Paul writeth, made one perfect sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, neither can any man reiterate that sacrifice of His; and yet is the Communion an acceptable sacrifice to God of praise and thanksgiving.

Even more significant is the same Reformer's reply to the theological proposition propounded to him at Oxford, April 15, 1557:—

'In the Mass the Passion of Christ is not in verity, but in a mystery representing the same; yea, even there where the Lord's Supper is duly administered.' So in Ridley's view, the Lord's Supper is celebrated in the Mass, and the Passion represented therein. So much, then, for my outrageous assertion that the Mass is the Holy Communion, and that the Reformers used the terms synonymously.

In further illustration of the same points, it is not irrelevant to cite the following answers to 'certain queries touching the abuses of the Mass,' returned in 1548 by Cranmer and Ridley respectively:—

The Mass, by Christ's institution, consisteth in those things which be set forth in the Evangelists, Mat. xxvi., Mark xiv., Luke xxii., 1 Cor. x. and xi.—CRANMER.

I am not able to say that the Mass consisteth, by Christ's institution; in other things than in those which be set forth by the Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, in the Acts, and in 1 Cor. x. xi.—RIDLEY.

I think it not only convenient that such speech be used in the Mass as the people might understand, but also to speak it with such an audible voice that the people might hear it, that they be not defrauded of their own.—RIDLEY.

Here, as clearly as words can put it, the Mass is, in the view of our martyred Reformers, the Sacrament ordained by Christ; and the same point is further illustrated by the fact that Gardiner, arguing on the Roman side against Cranmer, uses the terms 'the Mass' and 'the Holy Supper' as indiscriminately as his opponent.

(c) I learn from Mr. Round that I have authority with 'newspaper correspondents.' I did not know it before, but I take it as one of the results at which Mr. Round has arrived in his six months' research. And it further appears from his paper that my statements 'represent the attitude of a considerable school which, having

* Reply to Gardiner, fifth book, c. 378.

brought into use the critical word "altar," so decisively expunged at the Reformation, is now openly endeavouring to do the same for "Mass."

Surely Mr. Round here blinds himself, as Mr. Matthew Arnold would have said, with the passions of an extinct age. Does he really think that the 'school' which brought the word 'altar' into common use in England is still living and working? If so, indeed, there must be some unrecorded instances of astounding longevity in this country, some mute inglorious Methuselahs carrying down to the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria the language and traditions of the Caroline divines! For at least two centuries and a half the word 'altar' has been widely used and generally accepted, in the every-day parlance of the Church of England, without the least distinction of 'high' and 'low' theology. Have not our grandparents and great-grandparents communicated with their *Companion to the Altar* in their hands? Have not bride and bridegroom plighted their troth to one another at 'the marriage-altar'?⁵ Have not our kings been crowned at the 'altar of Westminster Abbey'?⁶ Have not pious people of the strictest sect of the Evangelicals 'at the altar renewed their dedication'?⁷

For my own part, it seems to me a matter of great indifference whether, following the writer to the Hebrews and the general custom of the Western Church, we speak of the Altar; or whether, following St. Paul, we speak of the Lord's Table; or, with the Eastern Churches, we speak of the Holy Table; or, with the Roman Gardiner, we 'believe the very presence of Christ's Body and Blood on God's Board.'⁸

The Prayer Book, we know, speaks both of the Holy Table and of the Lord's Table; and whether we habitually say 'Altar' or 'Table,' each word represents one aspect of the truth. *To men*, it is a sacred *Table*, where God's minister is ordered to represent from God his Master the Passion of His dear Son, as still fresh and still powerful for their eternal salvation. *And to God* it is an *Altar*, whereon men mystically present to Him the same Sacrifice as still bleeding and suing for mercy.⁹

And so of the titles of That which is offered on the Altar and dispensed from the Table. It is a Sacrament in its binding force; the Sacrament in its pre-eminent honour; the Lord's Supper in its sacred memories; the Communion in which many participate; the Eucharist in which all give thanks; the Liturgy which is our 'bounden duty and service.' Or if, discarding all these names of various and valuable significance, we prefer to use one which is perfectly colour-

⁵ Dean Comber. ⁶ Tennyson. ⁷ Dean Stanley. ⁸ Daniel Wilson.

⁹ Quoted in Cranmer's Reply, fifth book, c. 381.

¹⁰ Dr. Brevint in preface to Wesley's *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*.

less and indescriptive, it is the Mass which our unreformed ancestors elaborately celebrated, and which the Reformation stripped of its mediæval accretions.

(d) I come now to the four points in which Mr. Round has summed up the results of his research, and which had better be given in his own words:

(1) That the 'Mass' and its correlative, the 'Altar,' were deliberately abolished and suppressed; and that Catholics, from prelates to laymen, were in no doubt whatever on the point.

(2) That 'Communion' was substituted for 'Mass,' and 'Table' for 'Altar' (in practice, as in the Liturgy), the latter change being made avowedly on the ground that 'the sacrifice of the Mass' had ceased.

(3) That the Ordinal (as is now familiar) was again altered by deliberately excising the words conferring the power to 'offer sacrifice.'

(4) That the Articles were made to harmonise precisely with these changes, not only repudiating the doctrines asserted so late as 1559 by the pre-Reformation Church of England (as, indeed, by the whole Catholic Church), but even adding (as the priest Raichoffsky cruelly observed to Mr. Palmer, from the standpoint of the Eastern Church) 'abusive language.'

Now, with the substance of these contentions I do not in the main disagree, though I do not commit myself to all Mr. Round's adverbs, nor to his charge against 'The whole Catholic Church.' I agree that the word 'Mass' soon passed out of the use in which the great Reformers had employed it, as a synonym for Holy Communion, and that it came to mean specially the Roman Mass. I agree that the Roman Mass was made unlawful, and, as far as might be, 'suppressed.' I agree that the material things called 'Altars' were displaced or destroyed. I agree that the Holy Eucharist was commonly called the Communion, instead of, as aforetime, the Mass. I agree that the Ordinal was altered by the excision of the words expressly conferring the power to offer sacrifice. I agree that the Articles were made to harmonise with these changes, and that they contain strong language about the errors of Romanism.

So far I can accompany Mr. Round, but no further; and from the conclusions which he draws from the facts, I respectfully dissent. We are not the slaves of words. The fact—if it be a fact—that the word 'Mass' was dropped, and the word 'Communion' generally substituted for it as the title of the Holy Eucharist when celebrated in the Church of England, did not, and could not, affect the question whether the Thing done under the two names remained after the Reformation the same as before. In our judgment it did, for the sacramental conditions laid down by the Divine Founder were scrupulously continued, and where there are a priest, the elements, and the Words of Consecration, there, according to our belief, are the conditions of a valid Eucharist, or Communion, or Liturgy, or Mass.

But if we are not the slaves of words, still less are we the slaves of inanimate objects. Mr. Round lays prodigious stress on the fact

that the material altars were destroyed. But if every altar in Christendom were burnt to ashes, the Mass would remain untouched. It is not the altar that makes the sacrifice, but the sacrifice the altar; and whether the Lord's Supper is celebrated under the dome of St. Peter's, or on the Holy Table of Moscow, or on a stone slab in the catacombs, or on a boulder of the Alps, or by a sick bed in a work-house infirmary, the sacred Reality is the same. .

With respect to the changes in the Ordinal, it is enough to say that words which were not necessary for the institution of the Christian priesthood cannot be necessary for its continuance. According to our belief, the Commemorative Sacrifice inheres in the celebration of the Eucharist; and he who receives the apostolic commission to administer the Sacraments, receives *ipso facto* the power to offer the Sacrifice.

As respects the anti-Roman language of the Articles, it partakes, no doubt, of the controversial vehemence of the time, but with regard to the theological judgment which it expresses, I believe it to be absolutely sound, and strictly appropriate to the errors with which it deals.

(e) My last remark leads me, by a natural transition, to inquire what were the errors, of faith and practice, connected with the Holy Eucharist, which the Reformers were trying to combat when they made their changes in the Liturgy, formularies, and structural arrangements of the Church of England?

The answer is, to my mind, perfectly clear. According to Scriptural and primitive theology, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper consisted of Communion and Commemoration. As Communion, it was the necessary and constant food of the spiritual life. As Commemoration, it represented before the Eternal Father the one Sacrifice which was once for all offered on the Cross, which could never be anticipated and never repeated, and which alone is 'meritorious.'

The mediæval church, on the other hand, if not by authoritative judgment, at any rate in working practice, had come almost to disregard the primary idea of Communion; had substituted for it a vicarious and solitary Sacrifice; had commonly regarded that Sacrifice as a reiteration, new at each celebration, of the Atoning Death; and had surrounded it with a cloud of superstitious ideas and mercenary practices.

Hence the honest indignation of the Reformers against the Mass as actually taught and used by Roman authority. In denouncing it, some of them employed language of even brutal violence, and seemed to confound the use with the abuse, and the Mystery itself with the errors which had encrusted it. But the more orthodox, learned, and authoritative men—for example, Cranmer and Ridley—hold language as remarkable for its theological temperateness as for its Evangelical

fervour towards the one Sacrifice of the Cross. Let two citations from Cranmer and two from Ridley suffice :

These private masses sprang up of late years, partly through the ignorance and superstition of unlearned monks and friars, which knew not what a sacrifice was, but made of the Mass a sacrifice propitiatory to remit both sin and the pain due for the same ; but chiefly they sprang of lucre and gain, when priests found the means to sell masses to the people, which caused masses so to increase that every day was said an infinite number.⁸

The oblation and sacrifice of Christ in the Mass is not so called because Christ indeed is there offered and sacrificed by the priest and the people (for that was done but once by Himself upon the Cross), but it is so called because it is a memory and representation of that very true sacrifice and immolation which before was made upon the Cross.⁹

The whole substance of our sacrifice, which is frequented of the Church in the Lord's Supper, consisteth in prayer, praise, and giving of thanks, and in remembering and in showing forth of that sacrifice once offered upon the altar of the Cross: that the same might continually be had in reverence by mystery, which once only and no more was offered for the price of our redemption.¹⁰

The representation and commemoration of Christ's death and passion, said and done in the Mass, is called the sacrifice, oblation, or immolation of Christ, *Non rei veritate* (as learned men do write) *sed significandi mysterio*.¹¹

(f) What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? It is that the Church of England has maintained, through the succession of her bishops, an unbroken continuity from the landing of Augustine till the present day. At the Reformation some changes, admittedly of great importance, whether for good or evil, were made in her doctrines and practices. But these no more affect her continuous life and claims than the fact that the House of Howard was formerly Whig and now is Tory affects the continuity of the dukedom of Norfolk and the ownership of Arundel Castle. And, as respects the changes themselves, I submit that the Reformers who made them were scrupulously careful to guide themselves (in Cranmer's words) by 'the collation of Holy Scripture and the sayings of the old holy Catholic authors ;' and the result of this case is that the Anglican formularies, while purged of mediævalism, are strictly consonant with the words of Scripture and the practice of the early Church. The Anglican tradition of the Eucharistic Sacrifice is unbroken and unchallenged. But I have ventured to call this paper 'The Mass: Primitive and Protestant,' and I have done so because I wished to bring out the fact that the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice (as corrected, but not abolished, at the Reformation) is not only Anglican, but has its recognised place in Protestant as well as in Primitive theology. On the Primitive side I forbear, merely for brevity's sake, to quote the obvious passages from St. Clement,

⁸ Cranmer, Reply to Gardiner, fifth book, c. 379.

⁹ Cranmer, Answers to 'Queries' (1548). ¹⁰ Ridley, Disputation at Oxford, p. 211.

¹¹ Ridley, Answers to 'Queries' (1548).

St. Ignatius, St. Cyprian, St. Cyril, and St. Augustine. But, clearing the chasm of fifteen centuries, and coming down to theologians peculiarly and essentially Protestant, I take the testimony of John Wesley, William Law, Daniel Wilson, Samuel Wilberforce, and Henry Drummond.

John Wesley says, in his letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Hall :

We believe there is, and always was, in every Christian church (whether dependent on the Bishop of Rome or not) an outward priesthood, ordained by Jesus Christ, and an outward sacrifice offered therein by men, authorised to act as ambassadors for Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God.

William Law says, in his *Christian Perfection* :

We are most of all to desire those prayers which are offered up at the altar where the Body and Blood of Christ are joined with them. •

Daniel Wilson, that shining light of Evangelicalism, preaching on Religious Education, says :

I will present my child at the font of baptism. . . . I will lead him to the altar of our Eucharistic Sacrifice.

Samuel Wilberforce, steeped as he was in the traditions of Clapham, held, according to Bishop Woodford,

the doctrine of there being in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper a commemorative sacrifice, wherein the Church on earth pleads before the Father the atoning death of the Son, imitating in a divinely appointed way our Lord's own intercession above.

Henry Drummond, the founder of Irvingism, whose hatred of Rome amounted to a fanaticism, said in the House of Commons in 1856 :

'The Sacrifice of the Mass' is stigmatised as idolatry, but the reality which those words express is of the very essence of religion ; and I will tell the Honourable Gentleman, moreover, that if he looks for religion anywhere but in a priesthood and in sacraments, he will look in vain for God upon this earth.

I cannot end this paper without expressing the hope—which is also a belief—that Mr. Round and I are not so very far apart after all. We both repudiate the Pope, with all his works and ways. We both recognise the importance of the English Reformation. We neither of us wish to undo it. We both find our natural home, with Bishop Ken, in 'the Communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan Innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross.'

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

THE LIMITS OF BIOGRAPHY

For many years in England the follies of great men have been held the property of the fool. No sooner is genius laid upon its bier than the vultures are ready to swoop, and to drag from the dead bones two (or more) volumes of what were once most worthily described as 'remains.' Neither cancelled cheques nor washing-bills are discarded, and if research may uncover a forgotten scandal the bird of prey is happy indeed. With an energy amazing only for its misdirection the 'collector' wanders abroad that he may purchase the secrets of poets he never knew, and may snatch a brief notoriety from the common ridicule, wherein he involves an unapproachable talent. Thus, by a curious ingenuity, Shelley has become a hero of intrigues. The amateur of letters overlooks the poet, the intrepid champion of lost causes, the fearless fighter of other men's battles. Nor does he interest himself in the gay, irresponsible, pleasure-seeking adventurer, quick to succour others and to imagine fantastic plots against himself. No, he merely puts him in the dock upon a charge of marital infidelity, and constituting himself at once judge and jury, condemns him (in a lecture) to perpetual obloquy. Thus, too, the gimlet glance of a thousand Paul Prys pierces the letters which John Keats destined only for the eye of Fanny Brawne. Thus, too, through the indiscretion of pretended friends, Ressetti has been pictured now as a shivering apostle of sentiment, now as an astute, even an unscrupulous, driver of hard bargains.

To multiply examples were easy, if unprofitable. Nor is it difficult to discover the motive of this restless curiosity. An interest in letters is necessary to a world compelled to read by Act of Parliament. But compulsion does not imply understanding, and gossip is far easier of digestion than poetry. The revelation of a poet's intrigue lacks no element of attraction; it appeals directly to that spirit which confounds printed matter with literature; it flatters the ambition of those who without toil would feign an intimacy with the great; and before all things it seems to impart in the guise of culture a knowledge of life, as it is lived in a sphere of large ideals and liberal courage. What wonder is it, then, that the tragedy of Harriet and the misery of Fanny Brawne are familiar to many who

never read the *Ode to the Skylark*, and who could not repeat the first line of Keats's *Endymion*? Such a study of literature is a pleasant relief from the hungry consumption of illustrated magazines and of dextrously assorted snippets. It pampers the same appetite with a furtive show of refinement, and in England at least the greed of irrelevant information has no serious rival save the football field. But it is with a sincere surprise that you note an increasing taste for literary revelation on the other side of the Channel. Hitherto France has preserved a suitable disdain; she has declined to confuse poetry with adultery; she has refused most honourably to tear open the letter-bags of the great; and her appreciation of literature has been in consequence all the more dignified and single-minded. But the austerity of French criticism has yielded at last, and its very persistence in well-doing intensifies the disgrace of its ultimate surrender.

Reticence being at an end, you may note everywhere the same fury of detection. The reviews fatten upon the dead with a ghoulish ferocity; it is almost impossible to discover a journal free from the prevailing frankness; no man's letters are thought too insignificant for print; and the Bibliothèque Nationale will soon be too small to contain the vast array of books and pamphlets which disclose hitherto inviolate secrets. The prime heroes of revelation are, naturally, Alfred de Musset and George Sand. And they were already the common talk of the market-place; they were France's solitary indiscretion before the present epidemic of curiosity. Musset, in fact, is the Shelley of France. His poems may be forgotten; it may need the genius of Sarah Bernhardt to revivify his plays; but his journey to Venice is still discussed in railway train and omnibus. Nor can it be said that either he or his accomplice is blameless in the matter. Even before they had left Italy behind they both displayed a desperate zeal in the open washing of their dirty linen. No sooner had the disconsolate Musset been dismissed by his Lélia than all the world was in his confidence, and Lélia was composing masterpieces of sentiment that Sainte-Beuve and the rest might be furnished with the last bulletin. But gossip, however industrious, was insufficient to proclaim the intimate sentiments of these twin souls. First Musset was inspired to make a public confession of his love, whereupon George Sand was compelled, in self-defence, to a counter demonstration. The scandal once awoken could not easily be put to rest, and M. Paul de Musset, with finer zeal than wisdom, rushed in to champion his brother. So that no detail in this picnic of love and hate, this orgie of fever and hysteria, is withheld from the curious. Indeed, it is not the fault of the actors if we do not know every scene of the tedious drama. Alfred, on the one hand, roamed Venice up and down, while George was dying of fever; George, on the other, began her flirtation with the ineffable

Pagello when the poet lay on the verge of madness, and even threatened the lover who had broken her heart with the terrors of a lunatic asylum. So much was already whispered in the ear of a confiding public when Madame Colet came, with the added result of her investigation; then there followed a mob of curious physicians, who held each his hand at his victim's pulse, and registered every change of temperature which afflicted the sensitive ardour of those unhappy lovers, until at last Musset, the refined and elegant, became the hero of half a dozen cheap novels, and was forced through the mask of an actor, to recite bad verses in a provincial theatre.

Yet indignity lives in cycles, and for a while the scandal of Venice was forgotten, only to be revived with fiercer energy and a flood of *documents inédits*. And to-day the war rages more briskly than ever. The Sandistes, led by M. le Vicomte de Spoëlberch de Lovenjoul, are prompt in the attack, while M. Maurice Clouard, with an eager band of Mussetistes at his back, is inexorable in defence. Blame and praise are awarded with a liberal hand, and it does not occur to any single one of these critics that no one may be an arbiter of another's love or hate. A man and a woman engage in an equal duel; now he, now she receives the deeper wound; but each is free to retire from the combat at pleasure, and it is an idle justice which should find a condemnation of either after sixty years. However, French literature is occupied for the moment with the *Amoureux de Venise*, and in M. Paul Mariéton these unfortunates have found their historian. In his recently published *Histoire d'Amour* (Paris: Havard), this writer has investigated the mystery with the diligence of an ancient scholiast. Moreover his impartiality is above suspicion; he has put George Sand in one scale, Alfred de Musset in the other, and he has held the balance with an equal hand. The work is well done; but that is not so wonderful as that it should be done at all. Another flood of rhetoric overwhelms us; once more we are invited to contemplate the love letters which passed between two persons who, apart from their printed works, are complete strangers to us. Once more we are present at a triangular duel which concerns no living man except the amiable and amazing Dr. Pagello.

Now of Dr. Pagello there was many a dark hint in the ancient controversy. But, since he had not yet rushed into the fray with his own little bundle of 'copy,' he alone of the actors in the drama was enveloped in a mysterious atmosphere of reticence. However he too has broken silence at last; in fact, he first broke silence in 1881, and M. Mariéton finds his restraint remarkable. Yet a sin grows no lighter for keeping, and the reflection of half a century might, with the wisdom of old age, have counselled prudence. Call no man happy, said the Persian king, until his life is finished; call no man discreet until death takes away the opportunity of betrayal. And yet how

shall we be angry with Dr. Pagello? For, though he is beyond the hope of pardon, though he has revealed another's secret, he has added a new character to fiction and experience. We have no right to contemplate him, but he himself cries for attention, and assuredly his own Italy, rich in farce, provides no more amusing figure. The one surprising event of his life occurred more than sixty years ago. George Sand, his lover, Alfred de Musset, his defeated rival, have long since won death and immortality; but Dr. Pagello remains unknown to the world and constant to his profession. Had he only been able to hold his tongue, he might have smiled at the past with infinite satisfaction. He might have become the Man in the Iron Mask to the amateurs of tittle-tattle. Unhappily temptation proved irresistible. He too, as well as his betters, had kept a record of his love, some fragments of which found their way into print fifteen years since, and, not content with a single revelation, he has now surrendered himself a willing subject to the interviewer. And here he shows himself a true character of comedy. Anxious to create an impression of sublime indifference, he is yet found mumbling over the cup from which 'the Sand' (as he styles her) was wont to drink the tea of her inspiration. He is eager to display to the interviewer's admiring eye the declaration of love written by the love-sick lady and addressed 'au stupide Pagello.' Meanwhile his son is present to extol the broad shoulders of his father,—there at least he was Musset's superior—and to applaud prudence which would risk nothing even for Lélia's love. Also he seizes the occasion to throw ridicule upon 'the Sand's' beauty, whereof, says he, his uncle Robert had but a poor opinion. It is all very comic, despite its provincialism, and while you are willing to believe that the Italian knight errant had no comprehension of 'the Sand's' temperament, and that he was never so happy as when he shook the dust of Paris from his shoes, and hastily returned to the practice of medicine at Venice, you are not surprised that he remembers with the suspicion of a smirk the guilty intrigue of sixty years ago.

But the interest in the Venetian fugitives is in no wise exhausted; the aged doctor promises fresh revelations, and half a dozen other monuments of research will presently be erected. Meanwhile Alfred de Musset does not wholly engross the interest of those who prefer gossip to literature. It is but a few months since the *Correspondance Intime de Marceline Desbordes-Valmore* (Paris: Lemerre) was thrust upon the world. Now Madame Desbordes-Valmore is a poet who is admired far more widely than she is read. Verlaine has given her a place among his 'poètes maudits;' Sainte-Beuve, with his inevitable surety of judgment, has told us precisely what we have a right to know of her unhappiness. Her poems remain to produce the true impression of her sorrow and of her patience, and to present such a revelation of self as she chose to make. But the

world is not content ; it cares not that her verses ring with melody and are quick with passion ; it must know the tragedy of her life ; it must look over her shoulder as she takes her intimates into her confidence ; it must discover the lover who ignobly deserted her, and whose name, she said, should never be betrayed. (The critics have decreed otherwise.) And the publication of her correspondence has won for her the title of 'poor Madame Valmore,' in which the pity is very near to contempt. Now, any one who will may know that her career was one long fight with poverty, and that her spirit, born for freedom, was chained until her death by the lack of money. There is not one of the miseries besetting the provincial actor where-with she was not familiar—jealousy, uncertainty, and the lack of bread. Reserve is no longer possible, since it is now set down in print that she cherished the memory of her betrayer in old age, and yet was none the less loyal to her fond, incompetent husband. Had her worshippers been sincere in their desire to do her honour they might have published her poems at a modest price ; they might even have reprinted the selection of Sainte-Beuve. But no, it is more interesting to tear away the curtain of respect and to reveal to those who know not the pathos of her poems the deeper pathos of her life. And she, of all poets, should have escaped the penalty of her talent. 'What biography can I have,' she once wrote, 'I, who have spent my whole life in a cupboard ?' At last the cupboard is open, and all are free to inspect the empty shelves.

The editors of Victor Hugo's *Correspondance* (Paris: Calmann Lévy) had a far better excuse for publication, and they at least are free from the charge of wanton revelation. For Victor Hugo was something besides a poet ; he belonged for half a century to the life of France. He fought the battles of his country and of her literature. The public history of modern Europe cannot be written without his aid, and without a due recognition of his influence. But his letters have no other quality than dulness. They tell us that in his youth he was a prig ; they hint at a quarrel with Sainte-Beuve, who had a finger in every pie, and they enhance the seriousness of the quarrel, for the very reason that they leave it vague and unexplained. Beyond this they are silent : they reveal neither his political opinions nor his literary predilections : they neither illustrate his character nor comment upon his poetry. In brief, they might have been written by a nameless advocate or a forgotten journalist. And, since they are all untouched by the Olympian quality of their author, they should have been left to slumber in manuscript.

Hard upon the heels of Victor Hugo comes Sainte-Beuve, whose correspondence, if complete, would implicate the whole world, and Sainte-Beuve is followed hot-foot by Mérimée and De Vigny, each with his sheaf of letters. And so profound is the general curiosity that in the interest of life literature is forgotten. Nor is

literature likely to recover its readers until the present fashion of gossip is overpast. Meanwhile a thousand excuses are contrived to palliate the recklessness of editors. 'I resurrect the secrets of the dead,' says one, 'that I may throw light upon their work.' Never was a flimsier argument advanced. A writer makes a certain presentation of himself; he sets his talent in such a light as befits his temperament. His poem, his novel, his essay is, in a sense, himself, but himself as he deliberately chooses to appear before the world. It is, in brief, an expression less of his life than of his art; and though his art may be insensibly modified by his life, an elaborate analysis is no part of the biographer's business. The chemical resolution of a diamond into its component parts does not enhance the diamond's brilliance, and no poem becomes more easily intelligible because you are told that its author was wont to fortify his absinthe with white wine. In truth, the greater the artist the more resolutely is he separate from his work; his own virtue may find expression in the presentment of vice; or, being vicious, he may sing a reverential poem to the Virgin. In either case it is a sure means of confusion to illustrate his achievement by a chance intrigue, and some other excuse must be found for the zeal of discovery.

Is it, then, out of respect that secrets are divulged? Hardly: respect does not show itself in the wanton advertisement of unimportant frailty, in the reckless publication of letters which the writer would have given his hand to suppress. If the thousands who assume a fervent interest in the love affairs of Shelley or Musset were sincere in their respect, they would avoid eavesdropping and devote themselves to the study of the poet's works. Nor is the lust of truth a sufficient excuse for these chafferers in private scandal. The result of their research is, and must ever be, falsification. Their zeal and energy are of no account, since the more they collect the more helpless becomes their confusion. They set their idol in a hideous light, and perforce destroy the proportion of his career. Having crowded a brief year with inglorious strife, they leave a decade blank, and so provide a perfect opportunity to mislead the envious. Musset's life is focussed (so to say) in his sojourn at Venice. He goes down to posterity as the lover of George Sand, and the facts that he parted from his *Lélia*, and that he wrote plays and novels and poems, do not touch the common imagination. 'I tell you he was in love with George Sand,' says the student of literature, and there's an end of it. Above all the authority of letters is suspect. Printed long after the occasion which prompted their composition, read with the cold eye which takes no account of the preceding tumult and excitement, they lose the meaning which once was theirs and become the easiest instrument of falsehood and distortion. It is idle, therefore, to attribute the modern madness for biography to know-

ledge, or loyalty, or truth. It is not by the heedless accumulations of biography's raw material that truth is established or art is prospered. It is only the general curiosity which prompts the opening of drawers and the glance over the shoulder that demands satisfaction, and satisfaction it finds in half-digested memoirs and unselected correspondence.

Biography, none the less, is the most delicate of the arts, and its very delicacy renders interesting some definition of its limits. But the definition is difficult, because it must be framed with an equal regard to art and to behaviour. If the subject exacts a frank and free discussion of his foibles, his biographer is guarded against reproach, and succeeds or fails merely by his workmanship. Carlyle, for instance, desired an open exposition of his life, and it is hypocrisy to condemn Froude on any other than an æsthetic ground. So, also, memoirs are exempt from the censorship of manners. Every writer is justified in taking his own life as the material of his art, and Pepys no less than Saint-Simon may be credited with a perfect masterpiece.

Byron, on the other hand, shows the reverse of the medal. His strength and weakness alike demand description. He represented not only the poetry but the character of his age, and so openly was his life given to the public that his smallest action was criticised by thousands who knew him not. He was, in fact, a social problem made concrete, even in his lifetime, and thus he anticipated the vogue of Shelley. For him a frank biography is not an indiscretion; it is the necessary response to past libels. That he felt this necessity is evident from the studied Memoir composed by himself and most treacherously destroyed by Moore, whose sin upon the side of caution is less easily pardoned than the clumsiest revelation. Moreover Byron lived a life of energy and action outside his poetry, and his adventures are admirably characteristic of his romantic epoch. So that not only is his career memorable for its fancy and excitement, but every effort should be made to atone for the heedless crime of Moore. This truth has been realised by Mr. Henley, Byron's latest editor, who has undertaken in his commentary no less a task than the portraiture of Byron's 'dissolute yet bigoted' contemporaries.

The irresponsible biographer, then, must pass before this double tribunal, nor can he be acquitted until he satisfy it that his performance is excellent on both counts. He must prove first that he is guiltless of indiscretion, that he has betrayed no secret which his hero (or his victim) would have chosen to keep. He must exercise to the deal the same courtesy and reticence which he owes to the living, and from this prime duty no ingenuity shall absolve him. It is irrelevant to plead love of truth in excuse for betrayal, since truth (were it possible) is not of supreme value, and since truth which is half told (and it is seldom wholly told outside heaven) is indistinguishable

from malice or falsehood. And then he must prove that he has fulfilled the æsthetic aim of biography, which is portraiture with a retrospect. He must prove that he is capable of suppressing his documents, and catching from a thousand letters a vivid, separate impression. For literature transmutes experience, and takes no account of unimportant facts, and, alas! it is the workman's habit to sweep his raw material into a heap and call it biography.

The man of genius is above and beyond criticism; he is exempt from punishment, and enjoys the free and undisputed privilege of law-breaking. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is magnificent, because for once in the world's history genius seized its opportunity with single-hearted devotion. The result is obtained by the most laborious method. The general impression is contrived by an infinitude of details, which in less skilful hands would inevitably have destroyed the portrait. But Boswell escaped triumphantly from the failure which had awaited a man of lesser talent, and his book remains a masterpiece not only of biography but of literature. So also Lockhart defies censure; yet his example is not for the herd, since to few men is given the tact or the occasion which carried his *Life of Scott* to perfection. These two transcend the rules of art, but for the rest the biographer's first necessity is invention rather than knowledge. If he would make a finished portrait of a great man, he must treat him as he would treat the hero of a romance; he must imagine the style and habit wherein he lived. He must fill in a thousand blanks from an intuitive sympathy; should he use documents in his study he must suppress them in his work, or pass them by with a hint; thus only will he arrive at a consistent picture, and if he start from an intelligent point of view he is at least likely to approach the truth.

A quick understanding may divine what a thousand unpublished letters would only obscure. When Mr. Pater drew his imaginary portrait of Watteau he excluded from the perfected work all the sketches and experiments which had aided its composition. There was no parade of knowledge or research, and such research as discovered the quality of the artist was held severely in reserve. This, then, is the ideal of biography: an imagined portrait stripped of all that is unessential, into which no detail is introduced without a deliberate choice and a definite intention. Thus it were possible to write a veritable biography of Shakespeare or of Homer. There is no need to illustrate their work from the casually gathered episodes of their career; it is in their work that you will find the best and truest commentary upon their life, various as the moods of poetry and intimate as the most familiar lines. Here are no facts to prejudice the judgment, no shameful revelations to cast ridicule upon the great. If Homer were unhappy in love we know it not, and the uncertainty of his birthplace will hardly be deemed disgraceful even by those for whom literature is a means of interviewing the dead. Shakespeare is

less fortunate, since perversity has fixed more than one scandal upon him. Yet ignorance prevails, and it is no paradox to say that we know more of Homer and Shakespeare because they are less besmirched with falsehood than of those whose misdeeds were notorious fifty years ago. But the industrious persist in the collection of documents, and would make biography perform the duty of the archives. And if you are in doubt as to their motive here is M. Jules Lemaitre to enlighten you—M. Jules Lemaitre, a member of the Academy and a promising victim to the biographical zeal of the next generation. ‘Without the publication of intimate correspondence,’ says he, ‘the immortality of the dead would be somewhat lethargic, for we have not the leisure to read their works every morning.’ And so, with the encouragement of ‘intimate correspondence,’ Alfred de Musset and George Sand are involved in two posthumous lawsuits, and are compelled to masquerade every night at a music-hall in a brand-new ballet pantomime entitled *Les Amoureux de Venise*. Such is immortality!

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

ABOUT ALEXANDRIA

It is in a certain sense a misfortune for a city to be situated on the highway to somewhere else. People come to it in a hurry, they leave it as soon as they can, and so it gradually loses its proper rank in the interest of men. The new facilities of travel have played a trick with many such cities. Instead of only becoming easy of access and being crowded with visitors, it is now so usual to go beyond them that they become a mere obstacle to the hurrying tourist. Take the case, for instance, of Paris, one of the greatest and most interesting cities in the world. How many of us, that travel frequently, have become strangers to Paris during the last twenty years, and when we are obliged to go there *en route* for Italy or Switzerland, merely compute the relative inconvenience of going round it by the dilatory *Ceinture*, or taking a fiacre with a miserable horse from one station to another? And if Paris meets with such treatment, what is likely to be the fate of lesser cities?

I do not know that any such has received harder treatment than Alexandria. It is on the way to Cairo and the delights of Luxor, or perhaps even to India; it is a place of transit from steamer to rail; it is equally despised by the fashionable tourist, the pre-occupied archæologist. It is too old for the one, too new for the other. More especially have our classical scholars habitually turned up their noses at Alexandria. Was it not a foundation of Alexander's time? the home of the Ptolemies, when taste and culture had declined, and the Hellenic world had entered upon its acknowledged decadence? There is a vast deal of prejudice, nay, of downright ignorance, in this attitude—I can hardly call it a definite position, for it is not maintained among these people by argument, but assumed with certain quiet hauteur. The prejudice is based upon the school and college education of our scholars. They have been taught to despise all post-Attic prose and poetry, and to regard the golden age of Greek literature as the only period of that culture worth studying. Well, even so, they are obliged to admit Theocritus to the table of the immortals, and he is no Sicilian child of nature, as some of them foolishly suppose, but the very bloom of Alexandrian erudition.

And again, even admitting that in literature the Greeks descended from the pinnacle of their fame with the rise of their influence throughout the East, is the decadence of poetry necessarily coincident with that of other arts? Does the odious music found in the Delphic hymn prove that in sculpture or in painting Greek taste was equally detestable to our modern judgments?

This is an assumption based upon a prejudice, and I cannot but think that this assumption has much to say to the neglect of Alexandria by the Societies which promote excavation. They might have known that the age of Lysippus was not likely to be replaced by an age of sculpture wholly contemptible. They might have known that the age of Theocritus was not an age devoid even of other literary excellence. They might have known that the age which kept alive the great traditions re-uttered by the Venus of Melos and the Apollo Belvedere can hardly have been unworthy of a scholar's attention. And yet the old prejudice is so strong, that we find the British school spending years of labour and learning upon Megalopolis, a late and artificial foundation of Epaminondas, whereas they have hardly spent a shilling upon Alexandria, a far greater foundation by a far greater man, not forty years later. But the one was Hellenic, the other only Hellenistic!

It requires a long time to eradicate these prejudices—far longer than if they were rational conclusions—and so only can we account for the small effect produced upon scholars by the investigations and discoveries of recent years. I shall not speak of such a case as the Venus of Melos, for whom its discoverers tried to invent a classical origin by destroying the inscription, which proved it to be a late work of the Hellenistic age. But consider the Nike of Samothrace, a statue set up by the most bombastic of Hellenistic princes, Demetrius the Besieger. It is probably now a heresy, but may yet become an orthodox dogma, to declare that this goddess with her trumpet is a far nobler work of art than Pæonius' much-lauded Nike at Olympia, which comes from the very flower of the classical period. And what shall we say of the famous sarcophagus, miscalled that of Alexander, now in the museum of Constantinople, of which the real appreciation is but slowly creeping into Europe? It is not denied by anyone who has seen it that very few works of the so-called Golden Period equal this magnificent work; nor would its attribution to post-Alexandrian days have been easily admitted did not the subjects treated in the reliefs—the wars and the sports of Macedonians and Persians—make it quite certain that the artists lived after the days of Alexander.

This instance of the splendour of art in Hellenistic days is peculiarly important in connection with the present argument. The fact that we have the tomb of a king or grandee from Sidon; the fact that Sidon was intimately related to Alexandria under the first two Ptolemies; the fact that these two Ptolemies were notoriously patrons

of the fine arts, and spent vast sums in the decoration of their capital ;—these facts taken together make the circumstantial evidence complete that the artists of the tomb either came from Alexandria to make it, or went to Alexandria to display their acknowledged skill. It matters not where they learned their art ; it was most probably in some school of Greece. For the wealth and liberality of the Ptolemies were not likely to fail in their effect upon these artists. To me it seems likely that the tomb in question was adorned as a mark of favour and respect to Philocles, king of the Sidonians and admiral of the Egyptian fleet, of whose activity we are now obtaining evidence in recently discovered inscriptions.

At all events, it is certain that if we could unearth the palaces, tombs, or temples of the early Ptolemies, we should find work done by these very artists or their rivals. Could any prospect be more exciting ? And yet still we see the same lukewarm tone in the estimates of Alexandrian excavation and its prospects which possessed the critics long before this new and startling evidence was sprung upon the world.

But Alexandria should, we may suppose, have attracted interest from another side than that of Greek classical scholarship. To the students and promoters of Egyptian studies as such, the brilliant epoch of the Ptolemies, and its records, ought to be as interesting as any of the other great epochs in Egyptian history. As a matter of fact, the great majority of the finest Egyptian temples now extant were built by these kings. For a long time the learned would not believe it, and all the genius of Letronne was required, sixty years ago, to convince them that these huge structures, covered with hieroglyphics, were raised by the orders of the Macedonian kings of Egypt. And yet now, when you go to the museum of Gizeh, and inquire after Greek things, you see at once that the director has no interest whatever in them. He refers you to the museum of Alexandria, and tells you that the place for them is there. But when you go to Alexandria, you find, indeed, a museum, and a director (Dr. Botti) who is a real enthusiast for Greek antiquities, but you see at once that all the Government interest is spent on the great museum at Gizeh—the museum of Alexandria receives but stepmotherly support.

The whole question is not to be discussed without mentioning the absurd concession of all Egyptian antiquities to the control of the French, a concession fraught with far more mischief than the personages who made it can be taught to understand. The French school of archæology at Cairo has been, since the departure of the truly eminent M. Gaston Maspero, singularly unsuccessful. The European public is, indeed, kept amused or dazzled by the occasional discovery of some ancient king or queen, whose body is forthwith exposed in a glass case, and whose jewels are the wonder and envy of the fashionable ladies at Cairo. But any plundering Arab can do this body-

snatching, which has been the shameful fashion since Mariette made his ravages in Egypt in search of treasure. The present director, a practical, sensible and courteous gentleman with a Welsh name, does not profess to be an archæologist, and lies under the terrible suspicion of not being hostile to the English. M. Bourriant, the chief of the school of Cairo, has shown what he is worth by venturing to publish a Coptic text. With all the *appareil* of a protected State school, and the programme of promoting Egyptology, the French cannot furnish one of themselves, or train an intelligent native in Egypt, to give lessons in the elements of hieroglyphic reading. You ask for such a person at Cairo, the very home and centre for such study—you are answered that he cannot be found! All this melancholy neglect and mismanagement arises from putting matters of scholarship into the hands of people who are so devoured with political jealousies that they can think of nothing else.

If such be the condition of Cairo, what can we expect them to do at Alexandria? Happily the present director, who has been very courteous in permitting private English enterprise (though he has cut down the palm trees at Philæ!), would not prevent the research which is urgently demanded by those who know what treasures are there to be found.

And now let us approach the question more closely, and show reason for expecting results from Alexandrian excavation. We have, fortunately, on this subject an official Report by a well-known scholar, Mr. D. C. Hogarth, partly, I believe, in consequence of my urgent representations at Athens three years ago that this famous site should be examined. But though Mr. Hogarth was brought over to bless Alexandria, he cursed it altogether, and by his Report he cooled down any fervour which had been stimulated regarding this site by those who dwelt upon the spot and by those who shared their sympathies. There are very few questions upon which I disagree with Mr. Hogarth, with whom personal intercourse is very delightful, as even those who do not know him may guess from his charming *Wanderings of a Scholar*. But I think his Report on Alexandria, earnest and persuasive as it appears at first reading, shows that a scholar may sometimes wander in more senses than one. And I cannot but feel that in his estimate of the value of Alexandrian excavation, there lie concealed, probably from himself, the old prejudices of the fastidious Magdalen don at any Greek art below that of the Golden Age. Even old Egyptian splendours seem to have for him but mediocre attractions. It is for this reason that I am disposed to question his arguments more closely than would seem respectful to so high an authority. But he knows the dictum about Plato and the truth.

No one can doubt that Mr. Hogarth did what he could under somewhat untoward circumstances. A splendid chance of searching underground Alexandria occurred after the bombardment of 1884, when

numbers of houses were ruined, and when pits and trenches could have been dug without any protest or difficulty. But, as usual, this admirable opportunity was neglected. Now, in spite of the great politeness of various proprietors whom Mr. Hogarth names, he could only get access to small empty corners or gardens, where his space was much circumscribed, and where the disposing of the excavated rubbish caused great difficulties. As a general result, he reached water at the average depth of 30 feet, and before he reached it he hit upon nothing of any value—Byzantine or late Roman building of a shabby sort, which he justly regards as not worth the expense and trouble of costly research. But when he concludes from this very partial and unsystematic probing of the vast site of Alexandria that the Ptolemaic city is all either vanished or lies at a deeper level than the water, we cannot but hesitate to follow him. That the whole of the great buildings of such a capital should have clean vanished into rubbish seems to me impossible and absurd; we need only examine the possibility of its being all covered by late rubbish to a level of 30 or 40 feet, and now below the fresh-water level or under the sea. In the first place, notable facts are against it. Mr. Hogarth does not mention, and therefore cannot have known, that at the time of his inquiry there had been found by M. Lumbroso, in superintending the foundations of a new bank (I forget the name, though I could point out the house), the dedication plates of a temple of the fourth Ptolemy. Four plates, of gold, silver, bronze and stone respectively, containing upon them a votive inscription, were found in the cup formed by hollowing the upper and lower surfaces of two carefully adjusted stones which must have been at the foundation of the temple. These precious relics were found *at the depth of 9 feet below the present surface*.

From Khadrā (I cannot specify the spot) a man brought me (in 1894) an alabaster urn with a child's ashes, which he had dug up in his garden, two or three feet deep, with the occupant's name, ΔΗΜΩ ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΤΟΥ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ, in fine early Ptolemaic characters; and, for that matter, there are in the museum of Alexandria and also at New York a whole series of these urns belonging to mercenary soldiers of the early Ptolemaic epoch. There are, moreover, several inscriptions to be seen in the museum, dating from various reigns of Ptolemies, beginning with the third. I will speak of the high ground about Pompey's pillar in the sequel.

What is the plain inference from these facts combined with Mr. Hogarth's abortive probings? Simply that he was peculiarly unlucky, and that while we accept with perfect confidence his evidence regarding the spots he did examine, we will not accept it regarding the far larger areas which he did not. For evidently the site of the city was more hilly than he imagined. There were ups and downs in it. There were also large gardens and even parks in it, not built upon in its golden days. He seems to have chanced upon the deep spots

and the empty spots, and so to have missed finding any trace whatever of Ptolemaic building. But on the ground of facts; I do not think his negative results are conclusive, or his inferences probable.

We now come, however, to the most striking part of his evidence. He tells us that there is such plain evidence of the advance of the sea (or depression of the land) all round the harbours, that we may fairly conclude most of the splendid buildings of the Ptolemies to be now under the sea level. He points to the disappearance of the lighthouse on Pharos, and of the island of Antirrhodos near it (in the harbour), and to the many manifest remains visible under the clear water round the harbour. The invading sea, he thinks, has covered up all the seaside splendours of the great city. In particular the palaces of the Ptolemies are now under the sea.

It seems to me that this question of the advance of the sea has not yet been scientifically handled, and that we want some further information to guide us before we come to any such sweeping conclusion. In the first place, are we to postulate a gradual advance of the sea, or subsidence of the coast, operating through many centuries, or may the present condition have been created suddenly by an earthquake, which may have been partial and irregular in its results? As the great lighthouse seems to have stood up to the tenth or eleventh century, and then to disappear from notice, it was probably thrown down by an earthquake, and at the same time the little island of Antirrhodos probably disappeared.

But, so far as I can judge, there was no serious depression along the Heptastadium or causeway leading to Pharos; for this, instead of disappearing beneath the waves, kept growing and spreading into a large quarter of the mediæval town.

When you look inwards into the great harbour from the east point of Pharos, there is but one spot round its curve still unoccupied by buildings. There the coast rises some twenty-five feet in an escarpment of earth, as if the sea had eaten it away into its present outline. This escarpment must be on or behind the site of the Ptolemaic palaces. But, according to Mr. Hogarth, the composition of this high bank shows only late Roman and Byzantine materials, which must have accumulated upon ground which he supposes to have been parks or gardens attached to the palaces. If this be indeed so, we may be sure that such gardens contained many isolated monuments and works of art, which will only be found by some lucky chance of probing, or by a systematic uncovering of the lower levels. But it seems to be most improbable that such an accumulation took place long after classical days, and yet before a gradual invasion of the sea, for the sea evidently found the high mound there to resist its waves, and so has created the present escarpment.

There is, moreover, another branch of evidence which has not been mentioned in this Report upon Alexandria, perhaps because

practical excavators, who examine things for themselves, despise the reports of their predecessors. And yet the large number of intelligent travellers who visited Alexandria in the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance are worth examining, not perhaps for their theories, but for their actual descriptions of what they saw. Those of the sixteenth century (in Hakluyt) agree in describing the then existing city as built upon arches of marble, in order, they say, to have huge tanks for the supply of fresh water, which came only at a certain season from the Nile. This observation, whatever its accuracy, surely points to great substructures of fine ancient buildings being then known and even partly accessible. Moreover, Cleopatra's Needle, which they mention, had not sunk with the city, so that its base was deep in the ground, but was all visible, just as was Pompey's pillar, which is upon a natural eminence outside the city proper. Pictures of Alexandria even of later date show the remains of colonnades upon the surface, which can hardly have been later than Roman work, and these cannot have been separated by any great difference of level from the Ptolemaic Alexandria.

These considerations, to which others of some importance might be added, were not prolixity a crime, have persuaded me that the Report in question should not be accepted as final, and that the present unoccupied portion of the shore of the Great Harbour, with the unusual facilities it offers for turning the excavated rubbish into the sea, should be further explored, and explored without delay. Nevertheless, I am not able to dissent from Mr. Hogarth's conclusion that, in the face of his experiments, no external exploring Society can be expected to undertake the work. A partial trial has been made, and for some reason has been very disappointing. But there are still ample grounds for supporting the local Society of Alexandria, with their indefatigable curator, Dr. Botti, in their efforts to use every available chance which offers itself to obtain more experimental evidence. To this Mr. Hogarth himself points at the close of his Report; nor is there anyone who should feel himself more bound to bring this recommendation into practical effect.

I conclude with a few words on the results attained by Dr. Botti in the western suburb, and about the hillock which is crowned by the so-called pillar of Pompey. Here there is no question of any submergement, nor is there any deep accumulation of rubbish; and here, too, mediæval observers had seen ample remains of granite columns, which are now lying, at least in part, round about the high ground. Excavating round the central pillar, Dr. Botti found terraces of stone and enclosing walls, which make it probable that he has recovered the place of the old Serapeum, so widely celebrated in later antiquity. It was so well known an Egyptian habit to combine the shrines of several deities in the same enclosure, that I suppose the Serapeum to have been joined with the Arsinoëion, which the

second Ptolemy consecrated to his favourite wife, and I also believe that, as in Memphis, this combination of sacred places contained an asylum to which culprits or intending recluses fled for refuge from the world. It is, I suppose, in view of this practice, owing to which a motley herd of people dwelt within each such great place of refuge, that we are to explain the great underground passages cut in the live rock which Dr. Botti has recently discovered. The descent is by a wide staircase with niches in the side walls, either for beams or perhaps for lights. Within these long underground galleries there has been nothing found suggesting any sepulchral use or any religious service. There are niches in the side walls mostly of gnomon shape, and generally in opposite pairs, but whether they were mere convenient receptacles for household stuff, or were meant to support some cross-beam, does not yet appear. The floor of these passages requires much more complete clearing out. At present there are two or three feet of dust throughout, under which we shall probably find some evidence of the uses to which these great subterranean galleries were applied. Perhaps we shall find nothing, in which case my hypothesis of their being mere sleeping dens for the motley refugees within the Serapeum will be confirmed. Everyone knows how utterly regardless of air and light Orientals are in their sleeping places. The day and, in summer, even the night are spent outside. In the case of cold or rain, some such refuge would be provided; and possibly such furniture as could not decently appear within the visible precincts of the splendid temple was stowed away underground.

This curious and recent discovery shows that the soil of Alexandria contains plenty of riddles for us to solve, and they can only be solved by further excavation. To the west of the entry to these underground passages there still remains part of the Serapeum underground, but this site is occupied by native cabins, which must be bought before the ground can be cleared. For this and for the subsequent work there is required a considerable outlay. And here it is that subsidies from the Societies engaged both in Egyptian and in Greek research might with good reason, and good hope of success, be vouchsafed.

When I speak of Egyptian research, it might perhaps be objected that Alexandria can contain nothing Pharaonic as distinguished from Ptolemaic, so that the chance of finding older antiquities than the Greco-Egyptian need not be considered. Any one who examines the catalogue of the Alexandrian Museum prepared by Dr. Botti (1893) will find in it remains of old Egyptian work found about the Serapeum, which can hardly have been carried there in Greek times. The stones now set in the foundation under the great pillar bear on them cartouches of Seti the First and of Psamtik the Second; and though most of these may have been built into the foundation at some recent time, they must have been lying in the vicinity, and must have

belonged to Pharaonic buildings. It seems, therefore, that the old Rhakotis, which Alexander the Great transformed into Alexandria, was more than a mere fishing village. We may yet find there Egyptian monuments of historic importance. And here, at all events, high over the sea level, all fear of coming upon water is at an end. But the ground has been covered with modern houses, happily of the poorer sort, so that the acquisition of further exploration sites is not out of the question. In the centre of this new site of exploration, and almost over the underground passages, stands the great pillar known since the Middle Ages as Pompey's pillar. To determine the true date and origin of this famous monument is not a matter for the spade but for the pen. On this point I have a perfectly new theory to broach, but one which requires too long and perhaps too technical a discussion for this paper. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that I hold this pillar to have been originally the great obelisk dedicated by the second Ptolemy to his wife Arsinoe. Its varied fortunes I shall examine on another occasion.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

HINTS ON CHURCH REFORM

A REITERATION

It is well nigh forty—nay! it is more than forty years ago since, in the insolence of youth, I ventured to express a decided opinion that I should live to see great reforms in the constitution of the Church of England. It was in the presence of a small assembly of clergymen, every one of whom was my senior, and many of whom were old enough to be my father, that I committed myself to this audacious prophecy. I see the dear old gentlemen now, and I hear the tone of their voices all expressing displeasure at the young curate presuming to express before his elders an opinion which, to say the least, was peculiar. I had a bad half hour of it, and if I did not feel ‘small,’ I did feel very young. I was silenced, but not convinced; put down, but not quite crushed; indeed, not quite put to shame. Those were the days when ‘Henry of Exeter’ was still alive. It was but a year or two after that dauntless prelate had, for the second time, pronounced his censure upon Archbishop Sumner for his Grace’s attitude in the famous Gorham case. It was just a little time before the appearance of the *Essays and Reviews*. It was when Convocation seemed to most men to be a shrivelled sham; when the immense majority of clergymen shrank from the thought of anything like disturbance of the *status quo*; when no one had yet heard of such a creature as a Liberal Conservative, or dreamt of such a nondescript as a Liberal Churchman. In those days either of these designations would have been regarded as expressing a contradiction in terms.

Nevertheless, since those days we have been moving on, slowly it may be, but still moving; the question is, in what direction have we been moving? Is this Church of England of ours a living organism, growing upwards, broadening outwards, sending its roots deeper downwards, with a grand promise of a splendid future that shall be more than worthy of her magnificent past? Or can we bring ourselves to believe—shame on us if we can!—that all we have to look to is the grotesque and very questionable ‘loveliness of calm decay’?

Let us clear the ground at starting by endeavouring to get some clear notion of what we mean by that word Church.

In the nineteenth of those Thirty-nine Articles which are to be

found at the end of our Prayer Books, there is a definition of the term Church which is by no means clear of ambiguity. As it stands in the English version of the Articles, it is said: 'The visible Church of Christ is a *Congregation* of faithful men in which the pure Word of God is preached; and the Sacraments be duly ministered according to Christ's Ordinance, &c.'

Whether the English form of the Articles were drawn up before, after, or simultaneously with the Latin Articles, I cannot say, but it is certain that, if we may assume that the Latin represents the original draught, the English word *Congregation* does not express adequately all that the Latin word *cœtus* conveys. If I had never seen the English Articles, and were called upon to translate the Latin, I should translate that Latin otherwise than it is expressed in the Prayer Book, and should render it thus:

'The Church of Christ [so far as it is] visible is an *association* in which the pure Word of God is preached and the Sacraments—in respect of those things which of necessity are requisite—be rightly administered.'

The Church of Christ in the deeper sense may be defined as an ideal body, whose members are in living union with Christ the Lord. But the Church of Christ *so far as it is visible* is an organic body whose members are living men incorporated into that body by the initial rite of Baptism; and such a body may exist under more than a single form and may admit of changes in its constitution, such as in fact history has shown us to have been carried out in the lapse of ages.

But there is a narrower sense in which the word *Church* is used in common parlance when we speak of a National Church—as the 'Church of England,' or the 'Church of Scotland,' or the 'Gallican Church,' when we mean an organised community more or less recognised by the state; a community in whose activities every member of the state has a certain interest, and on whose ministrations every member of the state has a claim—a community protected by the state in the discharge of certain functions which are left in the hands of its executive, and which, like all important functions, are partly of the nature of privilege, partly of the nature of specific duties. By virtue of this recognition, such a church among ourselves is called the Church of England as by law established. I do not think that the word *Church*, as used in the nineteenth article, is meant to apply to this narrower sense of the word. I cannot doubt that it *is* so used in the twentieth article, in which the extent and limits of its authority or power are laid down.

In that article we are told that 'the Church has the *right*—and with the *right* it is bound to exercise the *duty*—of regulating the order in which divine worship shall be carried on in the sanctuary.' That is beyond a doubt the meaning of the Latin words 'Habet Ecclesia

jus statuendi Ritus sive Cœrimonias,' and I have long thought that the English version of those words is a most unhappy and a most mischievous mistranslation. For whereas in the Latin Articles no more, and no less, is claimed for the Church as a Christian community than that she has the *right* (*jus*) of determining what ceremonies she may sanction from time to time, the English Articles declare that she has the *power* without saying a word about the *right*, as if those two words connoted the same thing instead of being terms which are radically antagonistic.

Anything which tends to confuse men's minds as to the fundamental conceptions of *Right* and *Might* and to foster the fatal error that the two are identical can only be regarded as a very dangerous attack upon the reason and the moral sense of Christian men. There may be *power* which may be used to the suppression of all *rights*. There may be *rights*, though the power to exercise them may be unrighteously withheld. The very essence of tyranny is that under its malign pressure the rights of men are treated as if they were non-existent.

But taking the twentieth article in what I suppose was its real meaning as expressed by the Latin *jus*, it lays down for us as a principle that, in matters of ceremonial and ritual, the Church—that is, the National Church—has the *right* to regulate, *i.e.* to settle, to alter, to improve, to reform its ritual and ceremonial observances according as circumstances may require. But when we talk of the National Church having this right, the existence is implied of some representative and legislative assembly having authority to pronounce upon the necessity of the reforms indicated, and some administrative power of giving effect to its ordinances. To speak of an organised society which has no legislative assembly, no executive, and no machinery for enforcing discipline, is about as logical as to speak of a body which has no form or substance. It is the old verbal jugglery which in scientific theology reached its climax when polemicists insisted that we must conceive of a 'substance' distinct from its 'accidents.'

II

For some centuries past—not so very many centuries—the Realm of England as a body politic has had its legislative assembly which has concerned itself with civil matters. It has always been summoned by the king's writ; in theory the sovereign has presided at its meetings; it is known as the Parliament of the Realm.

While this civil assembly has held its sittings and carried on its debates, the National Church has gone on holding her consultative assemblies and confining her discussions in the main to matters ecclesiastical and religious. These assemblies of the National Church were, from the very first, summoned *not* by the sovereign, but by *the*

Archbishops of the two Provinces, and they continue so to be summoned down to the present day. They are called, as they have been called for ages, the Convocations or Provincial Synods of the two Provinces of Canterbury and York. The union of the two Convocations constitutes the *Concilium Regionale* or National Synod.

The National *Parliament* during the last five centuries—to go no further back—has undergone changes which one may almost call organic; and reforms have been carried out in its constitution from time to time, and at no very wide intervals, which have made it what it is. Its sphere of activity has been largely extended, and it has grown from being at first no more than the Parliament of *England* to become the *Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland*, absorbing the legislative functions which may have formerly been discharged by the provincial governments of Scotland and Ireland, and overlapping with its all-embracing jurisdiction and prerogatives almost all the political and civil functions which may have belonged to those provincial assemblies but have been abolished.

The *National Synod*, or assembly of the National Church, continues till this very hour, not only in substance but almost in form, what it was when Archbishop Theodore first established the Provincial Councils in the seventh century. Pretending to exercise no jurisdiction over any other Church but the Church of England, and avoiding all interference with the politics and civil business of the realm, the National Synod has during all this long period of our history kept up a great deal even of the old procedure, and retained in great measure its original form, though as a legislative assembly it has been gradually reduced to the mere shadow of its former self.

But even a shadow implies a substance behind it, and a form may be as empty as you may please to call it. But emptiness, too, implies capacity of holding and preserving something. The vessel that is empty to-day may have been filled with wine or oil yesterday, and may be filled with better wine or better oil to-morrow. Beware how you swell the parrot cry of those who are so ready to shout aloud that all empty forms must be swept away.

The assembly of two Houses of Convocation may seem, and does seem, to some what they denounce as an empty form. But so far from its being an insignificant matter, it is, on the contrary, a highly significant form for those who will have the patience to investigate its meaning and history.

When the division of the Christian polity in England into two Provinces was decided upon, there was no united England, and hardly anything like it. England did not acquire political unity till at least two centuries later than Theodore's time. The petty Saxon kingdoms were always at war, and the geographical borders of those kingdoms were always changing. But, through all these generations of political rivalry and strife, the limits of the two ecclesiastical

Provinces remained substantially unchanged, while between the two primates of those Provinces there was often so much acute jealousy that the two Provinces may be said never to have been drawn together into strictly corporate unity. We are even told, on the highest authority, that, in the eighth century, 'the notices of intercourse between the Churches of York and Canterbury are far more rare than those of the communication of either with foreign Churches.'

Nevertheless, the time seems to be near when we may expect that the National Synods of the future will cease to be two, and become one in form and substance, and such a unification, there are good men and wise ones among us, who, as they have long desired, so now they are beginning confidently to hope that they themselves may live to see realised.

But if such a consummation, so devoutly to be wished, were to be brought about, or rather, let me say, when it is brought about, is it conceivable that the constitution of such an assembly as some of us venture to look forward to in the near future—an assembly which shall be the representative assembly of the Church of England—is it, I say, conceivable that its constitution should be built up on the model of the present Convocation, or that this latter should be continued unaltered and unreformed?

As matters now stand the constitution of both provincial synods, if not quite identical, yet presents us with the same glaring anomalies, and for convenience we may deal with them as if they were already one.

III

The Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, such as we know it now, consists of an Upper and a Lower House. In the upper house the bishops, with the Primate at their head, take their seats as the depositaries of the spiritual power of ordination. As such they are the representatives of the episcopal order, and they stand pretty much in the same relation to the lower house as the House of Peers stands to the House of Commons, in the National Parliament.

In such a house all the suffragan and assistant bishops have a *right* to a seat; they have the *right* because they are members of the same order. They have not all the *power* of sitting with their episcopal brethren as assessors; though if all had their *rights* the upper house at this moment, including the two Primates, would number fifty-six bishops all told.

Double this number, and would the needs of the Church of England be at all over-supplied? Would an upper house of Convocation so increased in number lose anything in dignity or general estimation? Rather would it not gain enormously?

The lower house of Convocation is a much more composite body.

Regarded as an assembly of representatives it is one of the very oddest representative assemblies in the whole world.

It may be said to be divided into three classes of members. The first class consists of the *Prælati minores* or lesser prelates, who are the successors of the priors of *certain* monasteries suppressed by Henry the Eighth, and a portion of whose endowments were reserved from the general pillage for the support of the cathedral establishments. These *Prælati minores* are the Cathedral Deans. Besides these there are the Archdeacons, who are a little less obviously the representatives of an extinct species, inasmuch as they are summoned as *Inferior Ordinaries*, having jurisdiction in the archidiaconal courts over which they severally preside.

The second class of representatives in the lower house are the proctors of the cathedral chapters—already represented, be it remembered, by their deans—so that every cathedral body sends up two members to Convocation. In the election of the cathedral proctors only the four or five *residentiary canons* have any voice; ¹ as a matter of course these elect one of themselves. As for that shadowy body, or body of shadows, which some idealists delight in calling ‘the greater chapter,’ and which is supposed to include the honorary canons in its embrace—that is nothing accounted of in these elections; neither do I for my part think that they ought to be accounted of in cases where the titular distinction conferred upon them is simply honorary. It remains, however, difficult to understand why these cathedral proctors—these representatives of the Church’s pocket boroughs—should be in Convocation at all; unless, indeed, they are sent there to keep the deans humble, or that the final cause of their presence is to strengthen the deans’ hands should any proposition menacing to the well-being of the cathedral bodies call for firm and united resistance. Be it as it may, the cathedral proctors constitute a class by themselves.

But there is one other member of the lower house of Convocation who in his own imposing person constitutes another class by himself.

• • •
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels.

This august personage is a unique figure in the lower house of Convocation. He represents one of the greatest of our national institutions; there is nothing to prevent his being a layman, as many of his illustrious predecessors have been before now. That he must be a scholar of eminence and a man of distinction, capable of holding his own against the world, goes without saying; but that

¹ I believe this is not quite correct. I am told that in some cases the ‘prebendaries’—who in point of fact are honorary members of the chapters—have a voice in the election of the cathedral proctors.

he should be in any sense an ecclesiastically minded divine is by no means necessary, nor is this expected of him. That lofty personage is the Provost of Eton College!

I am told that, with the retiring modesty which so often characterises the greatest men, the Provost of Eton rarely, very rarely, puts in an appearance at the debates in the lower house. Perhaps his almost sublime isolation may be oppressive. There is a sense of loneliness which must haunt solitary and unapproachable grandeur.

The third—or must I say the fourth?—class of representatives are the Proctors of the Parochial Clergy. They are the representatives of the whole body of beneficed clergy in England and Wales.

*The total number of members in the lower house—if I mistake not—is 168. Of these the deans and cathedral proctors number 52; the archdeacons, 67; the proctors of the parochial clergy, 48; the Provost of Eton, 1. These figures need no comment.

Now I am quite willing to admit that they who may be called the dignitaries in the lower house are in more senses than one all picked men. Among them are to be found some of the most gifted, the most zealous, the most influential, and the most learned clergy in the Church. Of the *Praelati minores*, as a body, I could only bring myself to speak with sincere and cordial respect, admiration, and esteem. But I cannot believe that therefore the present constitution of the lower house of Convocation is as it should be, or that, if ever we are to get Church reform, we can help beginning at reforming the representation in that House.

The Augurs themselves must every now and then look at one another and smile.

The unreformed House of Commons, such as it was before 1832, with its pocket boroughs, and its glaring inequalities in the distribution of seats, and its outrageous anomalies and abuse of one kind and another, was a very model of a representative assembly compared with this antique and picturesque curiosity, the lower house of Convocation, whether of Canterbury or York.

Surely! surely! reform in the Church of England must begin with the reform of Convocation. But as surely it cannot end there.

If you press me with a retort which in effect shall mean that you consider me a mischievous revolutionist, and that I am bound to abstain from finding fault with the constitution of a time-honoured assembly until such time as I am prepared with a cut and dried scheme for altering that constitution, and so formulating a revolutionary programme; I fall back upon my position as a mere critic, but an earnestly friendly critic. A man may have a disgracefully defective acquaintance with the multiplication table, and yet may have conscientious objections to accepting the dictum that nine times seven are fifty-six. Or to put it better—a man may have no

pretension to be called an architect, and yet be more than justified in pointing out to his friend that the house that friend is living in is in a very unsafe condition and is in great danger of falling about his ears. I am not called upon to come forward with a scheme of reconstruction in this instance. But I can have no doubt that with a second chamber such as that we have now—such a chamber unreformed—we cannot hope to get out of the deadlock which I humbly suggest we are face to face with now.

Reform of Convocation must come, and when we have got that reform the next question—and a most serious and important question—or rather it comprehends a whole series of questions—is,

What may we expect, what have we a right to expect that it will do for us—for us, I mean, whose joy and pride and boast it is that we are loyal sons of the Church of England?

IV

Let us return to our twentieth Article. The twentieth Article sets forth three pregnant postulates, declarative of the main functions which the representative council of the Church is qualified to discharge: .

(1) The Church is a witness and keeper of Holy Writ.

(2) The Church has the *right* of dealing with questions of rites and ceremonies.

(3) The Church has *authority* to come to a decision on controversies of faith. On this third head I have nothing to say.

We will confine ourselves to the other two.

As a keeper and witness of Holy Writ, the Church of England during the period between 1530 and 1611 was conspicuous above all Churches in Christendom for its activity in translating the Holy Scriptures into the vernacular, and setting forth or correcting and absorbing the successive versions of Holy Writ which were each improvements upon its predecessors; until at last the 'Authorised Version' was issued in the form in which it is now read in our public worship. That version underwent no change or improvement of any kind for 270 years. . . .

It was not till May 1870 that a resolution was passed by the Convocation of Canterbury to the effect 'that it is desirable that a revision of the authorised version of the Holy Scriptures be undertaken.' It was not till 1881 that the first instalment of that improved version was issued by the publication of the revised New Testament with which we are all acquainted. To no living men does the Church of England owe so much as to the two illustrious Bishops of Gloucester and Durham, for the labours which they bestowed, and the influence they exercised upon the remarkable band of scholars associated in the production of that memorable volume. Its appearance marked an era in the history of the Church of England, and it was the best possible

evidence of the fact that, after a long sleep, Convocation had at last risen to a sense of its duties, and of its responsibilities as the Council of the Church—roused, that is, to assert itself as the witness and keeper of Holy Writ.

But now that we have that revised version both of the New and of the Old Testament, are we to regard this as the last attempt to deal with the Canon of Holy Scripture? Is the Church of England to accept even that translation as final?—the *terminus ad quem*, and not a *terminus a quo*? Certainly the translators of 1611 can have had no suspicion of the prodigious advance which the science of textual criticism has made during the present century. Let us be cautious how we assume too hastily that in this branch of knowledge we have nothing to learn. So far from it, I cannot but believe that the Church will always need to keep watch and ward over her great charter of Holy Writ, and will never cease to have work to do in the carrying out of this her paramount duty. And if I understand the matter aright, I cannot think that the ‘keeping of Holy Writ’ means no more than the mere translating the sacred Scriptures from the original languages into the vernacular.

V

But, secondly, the Church (of course speaking and acting through her representative assembly) has the *right* and ought to have the *power* of dealing with questions of rites and ceremonies. She has the *right*, the power has for centuries been withheld. The last occasion when permission was granted to Convocation to exercise the right was in 1661, when the Book of Common Prayer was subjected to a certain amount of revision, and certain additions were made to our liturgy, the most notable and precious being the introduction of the General Thanksgiving into our daily services. The authorship of that noble expression of adoring thankfulness is attributed to Bishop Reynolds of Norwich.

But here again it may be asked, are we satisfied to stop at the point we have reached? Is there no need of revision or addition? No need of supplementing that glorious Liturgy which does not pretend to be anything but *The Book of Common Prayer*, i.e. of such prayer as is to be offered to the Most High in His sanctuary by all worshippers *in common*? Is it not hard that families living miles away from any church, and to whom it is practically impossible to attend the *daily* service in the house of God, should be left without anything in the shape of a manual of devotion such as may be used in every household, and that the laity should be left to their own devices, left to take their choice of any family prayers they may have the good luck or the bad luck to stumble upon? Is it not hard that there is no collection of private prayers, helpful for devout men and

women, when they enter into their chambers, and shut the door, and pray to their Father in secret ?² And is it not almost harder that the *Pastor in Parochia* should be furnished with no manual to help him in his visitations of the sick, the sad, the troubled in conscience, the bedridden, the lonely, the bereaved ; but that young men and old men, the men of large experience and the men of none, should be expected to find their own way out of any difficulties that may confront them in dealing with the people committed to their charge ?

We learn by our mistakes ? Yes ! but how about those who suffer from our mistakes ? Who can doubt but that the chance of making serious and irrevocable mistakes ought to be minimised as far as may be, and that a wrong is done to—ay ! and a wrong suffered by—priests and people if the shepherd of the flock is allowed to take his chance, as we say, and in the most difficult and delicate of his daily duties looks for authoritative direction, some authorised handbook and guide, and looks in vain ? But to proceed :

VI

I had the happiness to serve my apprenticeship after my ordination under one of the most saintly and consistently devout clergymen of the old 'Evangelical' school I have ever known. I never can be thankful enough that my ministry began under the influence of such an apostolic character. During those six happy years I and my dear rector always preached in the black gown. It is hardly too much to say that in those days the question of the eastward position had hardly been heard of. As to a stole or a chasuble, or a biretta, or a great many other things that have come into vogue since those days, I really don't think that in the early fifties I could have told anyone what they meant. Think of the change that has come upon us since then ! I hope and believe that the black gowns now seen in our churches may be counted by very few hundreds, if indeed they count by hundreds at all ; and though the eastward position is not yet universal, it is certainly tending that way. But if—mind, I say *if*—it is strictly a violation of the law of the Church for the preacher to use a black gown in his ministrations, and if the eastward position is decided to be the only lawful position to be assumed at the sacrament of the altar, I hold it to be a serious breach of discipline for anyone to wear his gown in the pulpit or to adopt any position but one at the celebration of the Eucharist. Yet during the last thirty years or so enormous sums have been spent in the law courts to *prevent* clergymen from adopting the eastward position, and how many other clergymen have been more or less cruelly

² Of the attempt made to supply this want, some few years ago, perhaps the least said the better ; but the fact that it was made shows that Convocation as a body had become conscious of the want.

persecuted for wearing the surplice while preaching I cannot tell. On the other hand, I do not know of a single instance of any one being interfered with for wearing the black gown, or for setting at defiance the Archbishop's judgment on the subject of the eastward position.

The fact is, the instinct of compliance with the law has become enfeebled. The law of the land and the law of the Church are enactments which the spirit of revolt—so loud and rampant among us in this generation—seems to be setting itself fiercely to oppose or cunningly to evade. We protest against being coerced to do anything. Men say they have a right to their own opinions upon morals, religion—everything. No! They have no *right*, though they have the *power*, to take up with every falsehood. A man has the *power* to adopt the opinion that vaccination does his child more harm than good; the power of asserting that the dropping a little arsenic into his wife's tea will improve her complexion; the power of insisting that his own health will be bettered by daily doses of *absinthe*. He has no *right* to surrender himself to these wild delusions. The law of the land steps in and imposes its restraints upon him, and in spite of himself protects him from his vagaries by coercing him into obedience to that law. And what reasonable man can doubt that we, who profess to be true sons of the Church of England, are suffering grievously from the want of some power in the Church to enforce discipline among her members, so long as they continue in Church membership? or that clergy and laity do need to be protected from one another and from themselves? Yes! We do need to be protected from the defiant and offensive self-assertion of some of our clergy at one end of the scale, and from the outrageous and ignorant aggressiveness and the narrowly intolerant dogmatism of too many of our laity at the other. Church reform, when it comes, must bring with it a revival of discipline. Without some power to keep clergy and laity in their places relatively to one another, and to enforce obedience to the Church as set forth for the advantage of all the members of the body, the Church can hardly be said to be an organised society at all.

VII

It is, however, when we come to look into the financial position of the Church of England as a body possessed—or supposed to be in possession—of property in buildings, houses, and lands, that we begin to see in all its force the paramount necessity of reform. For twenty years I have been asking people in public and in private—in print and by word of mouth—Whom do the churches of England belong to? and I have never yet been able to find an answer to my question. Is it not time that we should press for an answer to the question 'Whom do the churches belong to?' To the parish?

Take care, my friend! If they are parish property, how long can it be before, as part of the parish property, they are handed over to the Parish Council? And what will the next step be?

But if another should answer 'They belong to the Church'? Then we are confronted by the fact that the Church of this land is not a corporation at all. No! Not a corporation holding property, or, as at present constituted, capable of holding it. I infer that the London churches do belong to somebody, for they are being pulled down and sold from year to year, and the proceeds are, I presume, handed over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. In our country villages we have not yet come to that; in the meantime our village churches, as far as I can see, belong simply to nobody.

But that is not all. I am not less puzzled to answer the next question that occurs to me—viz. Whom do the tithes of a parish, the glebe lands, and the parsonage houses belong to? I do not get nearly far enough when I am assured that I am myself the tenant for life of my benefice. For in the case of an entailed estate there are always the trustees of the estate behind the tenant for life, and the next tenant in tail can, under certain circumstances, interfere to prevent wanton waste, and restrain the tenant for life from dealing with the estate so as to prejudice his successors. But behind the tenant for life of an ecclesiastical benefice there are no trustees, and almost the only limit to his power of dealing with the property lies in this—that he has no power of sale. He may let the house fall into a ruinous condition; he may let the land fall out of cultivation; he may cut down all the timber and use it to fence round the glebe lands with a park paling; he may sink a shaft in the meadow in search of an imaginary coal mine; he may take to growing hemp on the arable land, and construct a rope-walk on lawn and garden; and then he may die 'universally respected by his parishioners,' leaving nothing to recover from his assets by his melancholy successor, the next tenant in tail.

I can see only one way of dealing with this anomalous state of things, only one way of preserving our churches from falling into absolute ruin on the one hand or from becoming the prey of ignorant, stupid, and reckless meddlers on the other. And I see only one way of protecting our parsonage houses from being utterly untenable if the days should come (as there is some reason to fear they will come) when the clergy of this Church of England cease to bring more into their benefices than they are getting out of them, and cease to be spenders of their own substance in the cures which they are now supporting, and which ought to be supporting them. What is that remedy? It is a remedy which I proposed some twelve or fourteen years ago in this Review, and which, in principle, I advocate with fuller conviction than I did then; for it strikes at the root of those evils which are becoming every year more crying and more apparent to all.

I would vest the property of all the benefices in England—the houses, the tithes, and the glebe lands—in bodies of trustees who should be managers of that property, they to keep up the repairs, collect the income, and pay the rates and other burdens, not forgetting an *ad valorem* deduction for providing a pension fund or retiring allowance, the net balance to be handed over to the officiating clergyman as his annual stipend.

Every benefice should be treated as a separate estate; there should, by no manner of means, be anything like a robbing of one benefice to supplement the necessities of another. The inequalities in the value of benefices should remain as they are. I believe in Inequality! There is no such thing as equality of endowments in all the Universe of God. One star differeth from another star in glory.

So with the churches. The property in them should be vested in the same, or perhaps in another, body of trustees, and to this body alone should be given the right of moving a single slate in the roof, a single stone in the walls, a single brass on the floor, a single window in the nave, a single ornament in the chancel.

In point of fact, the churches and parsonages would by this reform be put almost exactly on the same footing as the endowed schools were put by the legislation of thirty-five years ago, except in so far as the mistakes which were made in the drafting the acts of parliament which transferred the property of some 1,500 endowed schools to the endowed schools commissioners, and the blunders committed in framing too many of these schemes, may serve to warn us against dangers to which every measure of reform at its inception is necessarily obnoxious.

Into details I forbear to go. I am, of course, prepared to be met by objections, from the initial one which starts with a *non possumus* to those minute and captious ones which amount to a *non volumus*. It will be time to deal with such as they arise.

VIII

But would not such a reform as this *ipso facto* abolish the Parson's Freehold? Yes, and therein lies its chief merit. Does it not turn the parish priest into a stipendiary? Yes, it does. A stipendiary of the Church of which he is a minister, a stipendiary whose stipend is paid to him out of an estate which has become the property of the Church, and of which the parson will no longer be able to claim to be the tenant for life.

The parson's freehold is a survival of ages during which the endowments of every office were looked upon as the property of the holder, however perfunctorily the duties of that office were discharged—a survival from a time when fixity of tenure was assured to every functionary once admitted to the post he held, whether he were a wise man or a fool, a worn-out dotard or an infant in arms. It is an

abuse and a scandal which has been kept up in ecclesiastical appointments, and in them only. The parish clerk is irremovable when once admitted to his office by the archdeacon at his visitation. The lay clerk or singing man in our cathedrals is irremovable, though his voice may have passed into a froggy croak or a raucous squall, and he himself be only not as deaf as a post. The chancellor of a diocese is irremovable, though he may take a pride in scornfully flouting his bishop in the newspapers, and persist in issuing marriage licenses which he knows his diocesan would refuse to grant if he were consulted and which he strongly and conscientiously disapproves of. All these picturesque survivals must be swept away, and with them too the parson's freehold. And this brings us back to the subject of the much-needed reform of our Church discipline.

As matters now stand, the only ground on which a clergyman can be dismissed from his cure is that he has been found guilty of some grave moral offence. I am by no means sure that a man could be deprived of his preferment for habitual evil speaking, lying, or slandering, or for very gross neglect of his parishoners, or for many another breach of decorum—to give such matters as I refer to the mildest possible name.

For conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman an officer in the army is called upon to leave his regiment, and without appeal. For exhibiting incompetence in his profession, a want of presence of mind, or even for an indiscretion or error of judgment, an officer in the navy is brought to a court martial and is dismissed the service. For breaches of professional etiquette a solicitor is struck off the rolls and a barrister is in some cases disbarred. In all these instances there need have been no violation of what we now call the moral law. But in the case of a clergyman he may enjoy all the revenues of his benefice to his dying day—so only that he does not commit theft, murder, or adultery, and this though he may be notoriously and flagrantly unsuited to the place and the people under his charge, and much more nearly a curse than a blessing to the parish in which he lives.³

And who is the better for all this? Only the bad man who skulks behind the law, and who stands upon his *rights*, forsooth! As if the parson were the only man in the community who had any rights to boast of, and the only man who had no duties which honour and conscience demanded at his hands.

In a paper which I contributed to this Review some ten years

³ The *Benefices Bill*, introduced into the House of Commons during this Session by Mr. Willox, and set down for a second reading on the 22nd of May, is a measure directed against these evils. But what can be more humiliating to churchmen than that a layman should feel himself called upon to propose such a measure, either because he despairs of the legislative assembly of the Church, or because he despairs of its desire to deal with these evils—whether Convocation be reformed or not?

ago I roughly sketched out a scheme for regulating the *modus operandi* in cases where it might be judged advisable that a clergyman should be called on to resign his cure. I am as fully convinced as ever that the main principles laid down in that essay are sound and irrefragable ; but I have seen reason for being dissatisfied with the methods there tentatively proposed. Meanwhile the principle that the removal of a clergyman from his benefice on grounds of mere unsuitability for the post he holds should be made more easy than it is, and in cases where such unsuitability has been proved should be enforced. This principle has been making its way to general acceptance ; the appeal to the conscience and the common sense of churchmen has not been made in vain. I doubt not that we could without much difficulty come to an agreement as to the constitution of such tribunals as should be empowered to take action and to adjudicate on the delicate questions that would arise, if only we set ourselves earnestly to look the problem in the face, and gave one another credit for single-mindedness and sincerity, even though we might differ very widely from one another in the discussions that should be carried on.

Let me however, at this point, enter my strong protest against those fiery young Rehoboamites who are for carrying out that bad precedent lately set in the Civil Service, of calling upon every man to resign his benefice simply on the ground of his having reached a certain age—whether it be 65, 70, or even 80. Such hard and fast lines I for one abhor. We want—we always shall want—old men as well as young men in the ministry of Christ's Church. God found splendid work for the great apostle when he had passed his prime—'being such an one as Paul the aged'; and I suspect that 'Diotrephes who loved to have the pre-eminence' was a restless and ambitious young curate, who considered that it was time the Apostle of Love should be called on to retire from active work for no other reason than because he was so very old. The men of my generation in their nonage were 'kept in their places,' as the phrase is ; they were told that it was for them to speak when they were spoken to, or not at all. We were snubbed into a galling consciousness of our insignificance. We did not like it, but we are not much the worse for it. If in those bygone days we suffered under the reproach of the odious crime of youth, we did not, when we had proved ourselves guiltless of the charge—No! we did not—retaliate by reproaching our seniors with the odious crime of old. Let us all beware how we advocate the shelving of all clergymen who have passed the threescore years and ten, only on the ground that they have lived long enough, and *not* on the ground that they have overlived their usefulness. When it has come to that, let a man be called upon to retire whether he be 70 or 40.

IX

'But if my nominee is to be subject to dismissal from his cure by some newfangled board of control, or whatever else you call it, what becomes of my patronage?'

The reply is very simple: 'Friend! your patronage is subjected to limitation and control; which is exactly what is needed.'

It matters very little to the public at large, or indeed to anybody but yourself, whether your coachman is deaf or blind or can drive his horses no better than a baby, always provided that you are the only passenger on the buggy. But it is a matter of life and death to other people if they have to sit behind such a charioteer through the long journey. Let it be understood that the patron of a benefice no longer presents to a freehold for life in that benefice, but that he simply nominates a clergyman to take the spiritual oversight of a parish only for so long a time as he shall prove himself fit to discharge the duties of his high calling, and we shall hear no more of buying and selling advowsons and next presentations. The mere suspicion that an *incumbent*⁴ had wriggled himself into a benefice by paying cash down would make the bed on which he lies somewhat lumpy; and the fact of his being no longer able to regard himself as irremovable would go some way to make him walk very warily. If he proved himself morally, physically, or even it might be socially or intellectually, quite the wrong man in the wrong place, the money invested—for that is the way people talk now—would be lost, and it would require only a very few instances of this kind of thing to convince dealers in church property and clerical agents that an advowson or a next presentation had become an unsaleable article.

I have called this paper a Reiteration. If it were only that and nothing more, I should feel myself, as matters now stand, quite justified in repeating the conclusions at which I have arrived, and 'reiterating' them before those who may do me the honour of reading them, and giving them due consideration. If we hope to drive home views that are not generally received views, we *must* force them upon the attention of the indifferent, we *must* repeat our challenge to those who are too timid or too indolent to take up the glove thrown down.

The subject of Church Reform is in the air. We cannot put it out of our thoughts by any or all of those methods of *persiflage* which the languid and half-hearted ones resort to when they want to be left alone. The advocates of *laissez faire* in this matter are at their last gasp. No man can any longer venture to say of the Church of England—meaning by that the ecclesiastical polity of this country as it presents itself to us to-day—'It will last my time!' The real

⁴ What an oppressively suggestive title!

question is 'Ought it to last your time?' If it ought, are you prepared to defend it? If it ought not, are you afraid to reform it? Will you continue to denounce as disloyal innovators those who at all costs, and at all risks, and with never a dream of advancing their own interests, have been and are devoting their best energies to bring about the beginnings of reform? Will you hold out to them the right hand of fellowship? At least will you not point out to them where and how they are wrong, and show them a more excellent way?

For me I feel no more fears for the future of this Church of England than I do for the future of our Fatherland. I foresee—and not so very far off—the dawn of a brighter day, of broadening sympathies, of ever-widening activity, of more practical enthusiasm, of greater triumphs than the past can show us. But it will be a day when this Church of ours shall have shaken herself free from the swathing bands of a childhood protracted too long, from the trammels that have overweighted her till she has been checked in her expansion, from the fetters that have imposed all sorts of checks upon her liberty of action. 'Disestablishment and Disendowment.' Do you flout those red rags in my eyes? Nay! Mere hack phrases and catchwords have no terrors for those who do not fight with shadows or windmills. It is progress that we cry for, not vulgar spoliation; and the beginning of progress in the present, and the assurance of its continuance in the future, are to be found in the processes of fearless and wise and far-sighted Reform.

• AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

DELIBERATE DECEPTION IN ANCIENT BUILDINGS

EVER since Mr. Penrose made public his measurements establishing the existence of deliberately constructed curves in the lines of the Parthenon attention has been consistently directed to the subject, and his theory has been generally accepted that they were refinements introduced in order to discount certain optical illusions. Deflections from the vertical, vertical curves, and curves in horizontal lines were discovered; these last lying in vertical planes, so that no plan deflections were found. Extremely delicate, these refinements have been considered to have existed only in Greece, and to have had no analogy, even of a crude description, in other than Grecian buildings.

Though Mr. Penrose established the existence of these curves, they had already been discovered some few years earlier by Mr. Pennethorne in 1837, also by Messrs. Hoffer and Schaubert, who published the discovery in 1838 in the *Weiner Bauzeitung*; nor, in the case of Mr. Pennethorne at least, had this discovery been accidental. In 1833 he had visited Egypt, and there he had found, at the Temple of Medinet Habou, that the cornices of the inner court formed curves on plan, concave to a spectator standing within the enclosure. Subsequently he had been struck by the passage in Vitruvius referring to the construction of curves, and had consequently revisited Athens and discovered the curves of the Parthenon. He appears to have taken little trouble to make his discoveries known, and so far as the curves at Medinet Habou were concerned made no announcement till 1878, and even at the present time their existence is scarcely recognised.

It was in this position that the matter rested until quite recently, with the solitary exception of the announcement by Jacob Burckhardt of the discovery of convex plan curves in the flanks of the great Temple of Neptune at Pæstum, and this has been regarded as something quite exceptional.

In June 1895, however, a notable article appeared in the *Architectural Record* of New York, by Professor W. H. Goodyear, containing

announcements of discoveries of a character and completeness of sequence which even he seems scarcely to comprehend, and which look much like revolutionising the whole theory as to the intention of curved lines in ancient buildings; and that article has been followed by others yet more recently, drawing attention to the existence of plan variations of an analogous character in mediæval Italian buildings, and sufficiently startling in the conclusions to which they inevitably tend to cause them to be received almost with incredulity.

His first discovery was that the courts at Karnac, Luxor, and Edfou all exhibited plan curves similar to those at Medinet Habou, but he appears to have seen no more in this than confirmation of Pennethorne's observations. On the other hand, the date sequence is all-important, for while Karnac and Luxor are, like Medinet Habou, of the Theban period, though somewhat earlier, dating, possibly, in the earliest example to 1500 B.C., the temple at Edfou is Ptolemaic, belonging to the renaissance of Egyptian architecture, and cannot be earlier than 250 B.C. (this being extreme). Consequently it was built long subsequently to the Temple at Pæstum.

Carrying on the sequence, too, Professor Goodyear found plan curves, similar to those at Pæstum, in the cornice line of the well-known Roman building, the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, and thus established the existence of a series of cognate phenomena in all periods of ancient architecture of which we have complete examples left.

His theory, a revival of that of Hoffer with regard to the Parthenon, but one which has not hitherto been much considered in England, is that these curves were intended to deceive—to convey to a spectator within the courtyards of Egypt, or without the temples at Pæstum and Nîmes, an impression of greater length than that which actually existed, by means of an intentionally exaggerated perspective; and he points out that the Parthenon curves in vertical planes have the same tendency, whatever other explanation of them may also be possible, and in a more refined and delicate manner than have the horizontal curves.

Had Professor Goodyear's discoveries stopped here, therefore, they would have been highly significant; but they have recently been carried much further during his survey of Italian buildings, undertaken by him for the Brooklyn Institute. For example, he finds similar convex curves internally at Fiesole, Genoa, Trani, and in San Apolinare Nuovo, Ravenna; and he gives, in his article in the *Architectural Record*, a photograph of the curve at Trani, along the cornice above the nave arcade, which would be convincing enough had not the half-tone block been evidently 'doctored.' Doubtless the effect is that shown, but a carefully figured plan would have better established the existence of the curve and its extent. Other instances

he quotes as occurring in cloisters, that of the Celestines at Bologna being an exact counterpart, as to the use and place of curve, of the Egyptian courtyards already mentioned. That they were intentional, not accidental nor due to thrusts, he entertains no doubt; and he goes on to say that 'these curves degenerate in the later middle ages into bends which may easily be ascribed to careless building, when considered as isolated cases. Such bends are more probably careless constructions of the earlier and more regular curves.'

He says no more about these bends, but to any one who is accustomed to taking walks along the triforium galleries of mediæval cathedrals, they must be known, being of not altogether uncommon occurrence, and then evident to even a careless observer, and to be found both in England and on the Continent. Still, they are far from universal, and have always hitherto been put down to careless building or else considered to be the result of thrusts from the aisle vaults, where they do occur; and this view is borne out by their extreme irregularity both in themselves and when compared one with another. There are, for instance, some curious bends in the sill of the triforium to the Angel Choir at Lincoln; but not a trace of anything of a similar nature is to be detected in the nave. Indeed, it is probable that Professor Goodyear has here demanded too much from his theory, and that a careful survey of the churches in other countries than Italy would go to show that irregularities in triforium lines were the exception rather than the rule, and that where they occur they bear internal evidence of being accidental. So far as the earliest mediæval work of Italy is concerned, in which classic traditions had not been quite abandoned, he may be right; but to attempt to carry his theory further than this, even in Italy in later times, is hazardous without more evidence than has been yet produced.

Abandoning this dangerous ground, he then proceeds to deal with the more common phenomena of a nave narrowing towards the east end of a church, and of one with a deflected choir. Of the former class he found five examples in Italy, and mentions that at Poitiers, being apparently ignorant of the other two known in Northern Europe—Rouen Cathedral nave (slight), and Canterbury Cathedral choir (considerable). The apse of Beauvais Cathedral is also led up to by a slight tendency in the same direction, as is also that of the Collégiale at Huy in the Ardennes. Strangely enough, the example at Canterbury is generally considered to have been due to a deliberate attempt to obtain illusive perspective—greater apparent length than that which actually exists—thus bearing out Professor Goodyear's theory.

That the choir deflection, common in England, should be due to the same cause is quite a tenable suggestion, at any rate more satisfactory than any hitherto put forward. That it symbolises the leaning to one side of Our Saviour's head when he was hanging on the cross

—the explanation which is generally accepted—is a mere fanciful idea with no evidence to support it ; and even less convincing is the suggestion that all churches exhibiting this axial bend were built in two sections, and oriented by the position of the sun at six o'clock in the morning upon different dates. The theory that it was a deliberate attempt to give, by illusive perspective, an idea of greater length than that which actually exists is supported by the fact that this is undoubtedly the effect produced, especially when viewed from a position slightly to right or left of the true axis, and when looking from either end of the church. Further, once accepting the possibility of such illusions being intentionally constructed during the Gothic period, it is only reasonable to suppose that they should be employed in England, the home of a distinct and beautiful phase of Gothic architecture, one of the characteristics of which was the great length of the churches. Any known trick which would have the result of exaggerating the appearance of length might, therefore, be reasonably expected to be resorted to.

Two other deflections from uniformity in church interiors which Professor Goodyear establishes for Italy, and which would have the effect—he claims, the deliberately intended effect—of giving exaggerated apparent length, are that almost invariably the floors rise from entrance to altar in an even slope, and that very frequently the nave arches are of different spans and heights—widest and highest about three bays from the entrance, and decreasing in both respects towards East and West. Modified examples are the Collégiale at Huy, already mentioned, and Peterborough Cathedral.

On the whole, a good case for further investigation seems to have been made out—not in Italy, where Professor Goodyear appears to have done the work well, but in France and England. Systematic and accurate surveying alone can establish the existence or otherwise of laws governing the deliberate construction of false perspective in Gothic buildings, but such a survey, if undertaken, needs to be very thorough, and would be very costly.

G. A. T. MIDDLETON.

THE SINS OF ST. LUBBOCK.

FOUR times in every year, at Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and the beginning of August, the people of England are turned loose from office, shop, and factory by Act of Parliament and bidden to amuse themselves. Four times in every year do these unfortunate people set themselves obediently to look for amusement and find it, usually, in the public-house. Four times in every year—in point of fact, on the four days immediately following these public holidays—the various police magistrates dispose of interminable lists of more or less serious offences arising out of the efforts of the State and Sir John Lubbock to procure rest and recreation for the people. A glance at the newspapers for the week following Bank holiday invariably discloses the fact that editors, knowing this, have on each occasion made preparations for tabulating or arranging the cases, and deducing from them conclusions favourable or unfavourable as to the progress of civilisation. Most of the cases are those of ‘drunk and disorderly,’ or ‘drunk and incapable,’ but among them are generally one or two of a more serious nature, and the 26th of last December was responsible for at least one murder. This, of course, is only to be expected. Drink and crimes of violence usually go together, and since on Bank holiday from a fourth to an eighth of the adult poorer classes of England are drunk before the end of the day, it is not astonishing that the following morning should display a goodly number of broken heads and beaten wives. There are other misfortunes attendant on the prevalence of drunkenness on these holidays, but, as they are not of a nature to receive the attention of the police courts, they need not be referred to here.

How is it that when our modern system of Bank holidays is known to have these unfortunate results nobody troubles to ask whether that system had not better be modified, or even done away with altogether? Bank holidays as at present by law established form year after year the excuse for extravagance, drunkenness, and crime; and, unless some very great compensating advantage can be pointed out in the institution, it is difficult to see how their continued existence can be defended. Rome had its yearly Saturnalia, and modern civilisation patronisingly expresses its astonishment at so

immoral an institution. But even Rome never had four Saturnalia a year. At Rome the plea of religious observance was allowed to excuse the annual outbreak of license; but religious persons in England will hardly defend the orgies of Whit Monday as a celebration of the Day of Pentecost, whatever they may think of the excesses in which the Englishman indulges in honour of Christmas; while even if religion be admitted as an excuse for drunkenness and disorder at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun, it can scarcely be made responsible for the misdemeanours of the first Monday in August.

But I am not here much concerned with attacking Bank holidays on high moral grounds. There are probably many other people who are ready to do that. My own objection to the institution is based on other reasons. In fact, I don't think it amuses people. 'It is true, perhaps, that the rough, the larrikin, and the 'Arry find a Bank holiday crowd, with its carelessness, its praiseworthy good temper under provocation, and its readiness to 'treat' anybody and everybody quite to their mind. But Sir John Lubbock did not aim primarily at gratifying merely the riffraff of our streets when he first set the Bank holiday movement going. He intended it, one must suppose, to ensure to the overworked shopman and clerk at least four days of rest and recreation in the year without loss of pay. They were honest, quiet, law-abiding citizens, and he wanted to give them pleasure.

But has he given them pleasure? Has he given an opportunity for rest and recreation to these quiet and honest citizens? Most certainly not. The respectable shopman or clerk looks in vain for these things on an English Bank holiday. If he goes into the country—to Margate or Southend or the like, which make up his conception of 'the country'—he finds a seething mob of noisy and partially intoxicated men and women there before him. The train which conveys him is crowded beyond the limits of either health or comfort. He finds dust everywhere, crowds everywhere, noise everywhere. The 'recreation' which he has gone out to seek usually takes the form of some entertainment crammed to suffocation. The 'rest' he never gets at all. He is hot, he is dusty, he is hustled and crushed, he has his toes trodden on and his pockets picked, and if heat and dust and crowd do not lead him to drink a good deal more than is good for him he must be possessed of more than ordinary strength of will.

That, be it remembered, is Bank holiday *at its best*. The day is warm and fine, and the man has gone into what he imagines to be 'the country,' be it Southend-on-Sea or merely the rural delights of Wembley Park. *At its worst* it is so dreadful that the thought of it might make one weep. The man who keeps his holiday in London loafs dismally through dead and empty streets between long lines of shuttered shops if it is fine. If it is wet he makes frankly for the public-house directly he gets up, and stays there drinking gin and

water and quarrelling with his neighbours till closing time. In fact, he drowns the horrors of the day in liquor, and people pretend to be astonished. Throughout the foregoing description I have used the masculine pronoun, but the feminine would have done equally well. The women are generally at least as drunk as the men on St. Lubbock's festal days. And considering that a good half of our Bank holidays, as at present fixed, are either cold or wet or both, it is not astonishing that a people bidden to be merry on them should promptly betake itself to the gin palace. St. Lubbock, in fact, is the Nero of modern times, and is the cause of far more misery and degradation than that unfortunate emperor.

It will, no doubt, be urged that the above objections are superfine. While admitting regretfully the prevalence of drunkenness on Bank holidays most people will deny that Bank holiday fails to amuse people, and dismiss such an assertion contemptuously as a paradox. A century ago when the world did not agree with a theory they called it a lie. Nowadays they call it a paradox and mean the same thing. Most people, in fact, will declare that Bank holiday keepers do not mind crowds and dust and dirt; that they rather enjoy an atmosphere of oaths and intoxication; that a scandalously overcrowded railway compartment in August does not displease them, and that they actually like the jostling and the noise, having no real taste for quiet.

This belief that the poorer classes enjoy Bank holiday is one of the agreeable delusions of the well-to-do, who are always telling one another that 'poor people do not mind being uncomfortable.' This reminds one of the nursemaid who dries the tears of her charges at the fishmonger's by assuring them that lobsters 'do not mind' being boiled alive. If this is true of lobsters it is very satisfactory, but the kindred superstition about the poor is quite unfounded. It is, of course, true that the poor are, as a rule, *less* sensitive to physical discomfort than the rich. Habit, after all, goes for much, and coarse food, unclean surroundings, heat, dust must affect them less than they affect their more fastidious betters. But to argue from this that the poor 'do not mind' discomfort is ridiculous. As far as their duller faculties allow them they mind it very much. If you give the shopman or the clerk his choice between a railway compartment with six people in it and one with sixteen, he will choose the first just as surely as the most fastidious barrister of the Inner Temple. If you give him his choice of a wet holiday or a fine, he will choose a fine one as emphatically as any belted peer. Poor people are not so entirely blunted in their perceptions by daily hardship as to be unable to distinguish between what is comfortable and what is not. Their standard is different, but the distinction is by no means obliterated. To suppose that it is so is merely one of the pleasant fancies of the comfortable classes. The better class of poor people realise

clearly enough the discomforts of Bank holiday, and are by no means so delighted with the institution as unobservant people might imagine. I remember once asking a worthy little shopman one Easter Tuesday how he had enjoyed his holiday. His reply was unconsciously pathetic—'I didn't go nowhere. My aunt died lately, and that give me an excuse, so I stayed in the back parlour with a book.' The phrasing was so curious that I noted it down at the time, and it throws a lurid light on the way the respectable lower class look on Bank holiday. One wonders how many other men had looked in vain that Easter Monday for an 'excuse' to stay out of the crowd and the dust in the back parlour with a book. I suspect not a few of them would have gladly sacrificed an aunt for the purpose. For without that aunt it would be impossible for any man to stay at home on Easter Monday. It would be 'bad form,' or whatever the shopman calls it. You might as well ask the lady in the suburbs not to go to the seaside in August (an institution which has many of the disadvantages of Bank holiday itself), or the lady in 'Society' to stay in town after the season, as expect the poor man to stay at home without a valid excuse on Easter Monday. Custom is stronger than law, and it would be as much as his social position was worth not to do as his neighbours were doing. His wife would never allow it for a moment, and if she did all his neighbours' wives would make her life a burden with their sneers. Such is the tyranny of Bank holiday.

Again, in the last week of December last I asked another respectable tradesman how he had enjoyed the previous Boxing day. He replied with tempered enthusiasm, and added disgustedly, 'I went out for a walk in the evening, but one man in every four was drunk.'

My readers may protest that these two men must have been exceptional, and that the average holiday-maker would have returned very different answers. But this is by no means the case. They were ordinary people of the lower class, not conspicuous either in intelligence or anything else above their fellows. But even if they were it does not affect the argument against Bank holidays. For if the State is to ordain compulsory public holidays at all it may just as well make them to suit the respectable poor as the disreputable rowdy, and I maintain that the present arrangement pleases nobody save the riffraff of our streets, the vicious, the extravagant, or the drunken.

That Bank holidays are an immense source of thriftlessness and extravagance can be shown at once, and is known already to any one who takes an interest in the question. The common boast of the Bank holiday crowd returning from its Hampstead or its Margate sands is, 'I went out this morning with two pound ten in my pocket' (or whatever sum you will) 'and now I haven't a penny.' This is considered a matter for congratulation, and indeed it is held to be a slur on good-fellowship and conviviality if the holiday-keeper returns home

with sixpence to bless himself. The distinguished thing to do is to save money during the preceding three months, and then 'blue' it all on Easter Monday, and unhappily that kind of 'distinction' is almost invariably attained. If a man or woman is not entirely penniless before the end of the day, the peccant shilling or half-crown remaining is indignantly devoted by the owner to drinks all round, in order to wipe out the stigma.

It is difficult to believe that so detestably silly a custom can, in their sober moments, be regarded with favour by the great mass of the lower classes. There must surely be a certain number of thrifty housewives and sensible husbands who, when they recall the expensive discomfort of their day in a railway carriage or a public-house, curse the institution which gives an opportunity for such stupid and pointless extravagance. Of course it may be urged that they need not comply with so ridiculous a custom, and the Pharisee may argue that people who are foolish enough to do so deserve to suffer for their folly. But this is an untenable position; for even if one were disposed to allow that the uneducated and the thriftless must go to the devil their own way, that would not justify the state in continuing to maintain an institution which, among other vices, encouraged such a vicious absurdity.

I think I have succeeded in showing, if demonstration was needed, that Bank holiday is the periodical excuse for drunkenness and extravagance. I have also shown that by some of the poorer classes at least it is not even regarded as enjoyable. But in order to strengthen the latter position it seems worth while to prove that *a priori*, and quite without the evidence of experience, one would have expected Bank holiday to be unpopular with all the respectable poor. It is a favourite delusion of the upper and upper middle classes that exclusiveness is the peculiar privilege of themselves. Believing as they do that fashion and convention exist among them alone, instead of being equally despotic in their different forms in the factory and the shop, they imagine that the poor have no social distinctions. The steady clerk and the raffish 'Arry, the burglar and the artisan, are to them all members of one great body styled 'the lower classes,' in which no grades or degrees exist. The incredible foolishness of such an idea would not be worth insisting on if it were not necessary for the true understanding of the Bank holiday question. The truth is, the distinction between the respectable and orderly poor and the drunken, cursing rabble of our Bank holidays is at least as great as the distinction between 'Society' and the suburbs. There is a large class of quiet, well-behaved clerks, artisans, and so on, who dislike the noisy, liquorish mobs of Easter Monday quite as cordially as even we can. But this fact seems never to have occurred to our legislators when the great idea of 'rest and recreation for the people' brought forth Bank holidays. It was

imagined that all 'the people' were alike, and would be delighted to all turn out together and enjoy themselves. The result of such a theory might have been foreseen. 'The people,' being anything but the homogeneous mass pictured by our legislators, are divided into at least two camps, and one, the thriftless, intoxicated mob, utterly destroys the pleasure of the other, which may be called the 'poor but decent.' And so four times a year the orderly and quiet-loving portion of Englishmen are given over by law, tied and bound, to the tender mercies of the 'Arry and the larrikin, and are supposed to be grateful to the paternal Government which has exerted itself so powerfully on their behalf.

That Bank holiday as at present constituted could never have been an enjoyable function, even if everybody took the pledge and cultivated good manners to-morrow, must be obvious to any rational being. England is too full to make it possible for anything to be done by everybody at the same time with comfort. We cannot even all go to and from our offices in the City at the same hour without converting the Underground Railway into a pandemonium. 'Society' cannot all migrate simultaneously to its shooting in Scotland without making the luxurious northern railways a penance to travel on, while the suburbs cannot migrate *en masse* to the sea-side in August without raising the prices of lodgings and cramming the trains to suffocation. It is impossible for mankind to do things in droves without suffering for it. If everybody did things at different times we should all get twice the value out of life, and London would not be a wilderness at one time of the year and overcrowded at another. But this, unhappily, is impossible. Man is a gregarious animal, and as the school holidays must take place in August the parents' holiday must take place in August too.

But though the August holidays suffer inevitably under this inconvenience it may be open to question whether Bank holidays need suffer from it also. Is it absolutely necessary that everybody's Bank holiday should fall on the same day? That is the real problem. As at present arranged, with the crowd and bustle and dust that must inevitably accompany it, it could never be a source of pleasure to quiet, orderly people, even if the whole of the English people became total abstainers. The impossibility is a physical one. But would it be possible to alter the present arrangement and spread the four public holidays over other days in the year? This seems the only conceivable solution of the difficulty, and this solution, unhappily, seems hardly practicable.

I have not space here to discuss this matter at length, but one or two forms, which the proposed alteration might take, may be briefly considered. We might divide up our poorer classes by trades, and assign different days to each trade for its holiday. Thus there would be a Tinkers' Bank holiday, a Tailors' Bank holiday, and so on. But

there are probably practical difficulties in the way of such an arrangement, and it would certainly produce a rather complicated calendar even if the world in general were willing to put up with the inconvenience of such a plan. On the other hand the state might abolish the present fixed Bank holidays, and, instead of ordaining others in their place, might content itself with enacting that every employé could claim from his employer four separate days of holiday not less than two months apart during the year, to be enjoyed by him without loss of pay. But this would probably be found extremely inconvenient by many employers.* If, however, either of these schemes or any similar scheme were feasible, it would, by doing away with the unmanageable crowds to which we are now accustomed on those days, make them far more enjoyable to the respectable poor. .

If, on the other hand—and it may well be so—no scheme can be devised which will meet the situation, then let Parliament frankly admit its blunder and abolish Bank holidays altogether. The present system pleases no one whom it was intended to please, and is a source of vice and extravagance. To excuse that vice and extravagance on the ground that ‘Bank holiday comes but four times a year’ is ridiculous. The institution has been tried. It has signally and disastrously failed. If we cannot amend it we had better abolish it altogether.

ST. JOHN E. C. HANKIN.

SKATING ON ARTIFICIAL ICE

MANY people are under the impression that artificial ice is not ice at all, also that the water of which it is made is charged with unwholesome chemicals. Without betraying secrets by mentioning the various processes of freezing in use at the different rinks, I may state that the ice, which is generally a few inches in thickness, is made of pure water taken from the mains of the waterworks company. It rests upon a perfectly level foundation. Carefully prepared and insulated upon this floor are some four or five miles of pipes, through which a non-congealing liquid is caused to circulate. This non-congealing liquid is cooled down to a very low temperature, and the floor and pipes are covered with water (from the mains), which is cooled down until it eventually freezes into solid ice.

Between each session, after the ice has been cut up by skaters, the surface is scraped by a heavily weighted scraper drawn by men, or, as at Princes Skating Club, by a pony shod with leather boots. It is then swept and rewatered to make a smooth surface. There are about six miles of pipes under the ice at the above-named club. The cooling agent with which they are filled may be one of the various volatile liquids; but ammonia or carbonic acid is the agent chiefly used now.

In London all the machinery is securely isolated from the rinks, and not erected behind a large sheet of transparent glass, as in Paris.

One of the many advantages we gain from having ice-rinks in our midst is that skaters from all parts of the world are brought together, and we have an opportunity of judging the merits of American, Swedish, French, and German skaters.

The difference of style between the best English skaters and those of other nations consists in the absence of all unnecessary movement with the former, and the exaggerated and theatrical attitudes of the latter. The members of the English skating clubs allow no movement of arm or leg which can be avoided. The closer the arms are kept to the side and the nearer the legs are to each other, the more finished the skater; and in the English clubs at St. Moritz and other Swiss resorts this rigidity of body and limb is compulsory. But the stiffness and want of grace so often noticeable on members of the English skating clubs are entirely absent from

those who have passed their tests in the Engadine, so highly finished is their skating. The French and Swedish skaters who visit our London rinks wave the arms and kick the legs about incessantly in a manner which can be best described as theatrical. In fact there is precisely the same difference between English and foreign skating as there is between dancing in a ball-room and dancing in a ballet. The foreign skaters are perfectly aware of the value of this florid style, and, even if they could skate quietly, they would prefer to attract the multitude by flourishing about their arms and legs; for by so doing they give more effect to the simpler figures, and are able to overcome real difficulties with greater ease.

The best English skaters get no credit from non-skating onlookers, and pass almost unnoticed, because every turn is done with the utmost precision, without a jerk, without a jump, and with scarcely any movement of the arms and hands; the head and body being perfectly upright, and possibly somewhat stiff in position. No one but a fairly experienced skater can judge of the great difficulty of executing all the most complicated turns in an erect attitude without using the arms for a balancing pole.

I will take the Mohawk as an example of the English and foreign modes of skating the same figure. The Mohawk consists of a curve on the outside edge forward of one foot, and another, almost continuing the same line, on the outside edge backward of the other. Skated in English fashion, the toe of the unemployed foot is dropped just behind the heel of the first foot, in what is called the fifth position in dancing; the body should be erect, and the knees straight. Skated in foreign fashion, the knees are bent throughout the figure. The unemployed foot is waved *in front* of the employed foot, and a little theatrical kick is given with the toe in the air before it is put down on the ice to make the outside backward stroke behind the other. This is both the easiest and the most showy manner of skating the Mohawk, and many people might learn to skate it thus who could never hope to achieve it in the English fashion, especially if they only began figure-skating late in life, as it is a physical impossibility to some people to get their feet one behind the other, toe to heel, when the knees are straight and parallel to one another.

The best of the professors whom I have seen at the various rinks are exceedingly short, which must be an immense advantage to them, as they have not so far to fall as men of greater height. They are also able to kick and sprawl about over the ice in a manner quite impossible for a woman of 5 feet 7 inches or a man of 6 feet. All this flourishing of the arms and legs gives them great command over their skates, which saves them from many a fall, as well as from frequent collisions; but I do not consider it in good taste on a crowded rink, as it takes up so much room; especially when a professor is

skating with another person. One professor used to valse with the unemployed leg stuck out at a right angle, and with it he would mow people down, right and left, as with a scythe. He reminded me of nothing so much as of the game of tops played in the old gambling-rooms at Homburg. The art consists in spinning the top in such fashion that it collides against a set of upstanding ninepins, and, bounding from one to the other, either knocks them down or knocks them against each other so that they are all rolling about the board together, while the top continues to spin merrily. I fled off the ice when this professor had knocked down some half-dozen or so of people one day, and was amused to see that a man who was leaning against the side of the rink just put out his foot to avoid being mowed down, and tripped up the professor and his pupil, who fell headlong on to the ice. But they did not appear to mind, as they were soon up again, and continued their mad career until the music stopped. The professors take a pride in not letting their pupils fall; but they forget that when two people skating together dash up against one person skating alone, the one person must necessarily get the worst of it.

But too much praise cannot be bestowed on those instructors who have not been spoilt by expensive presents of money, furs, or jewellery, for the immense pains they take with beginners, and the untiring patience with which they drag round pupils who they can never hope will do them credit. Hundreds of people have learnt to skate, after a fashion, who would never have ventured on the ice at all but for the perseverance of the instructors. Unfortunately for the more advanced skaters, there are few among them who can teach ordinary English figures in English form; and were it not for amateur skaters, who have the power of imparting to others what knowledge they possess far more efficiently than the regular professors who are paid to give lessons, many people would never get beyond the most elementary figures.

The professors are adepts in the art of showing off their pupils, and take a pride in so doing. They can also make their pupils feel as if they were performing marvellous feats of agility and grace, though, usually, they are incapable of cutting a single figure when left to themselves. Some of them also valse to perfection with a pupil as small as themselves with whom they have practised regularly. There is nothing prettier to watch than the different valse steps executed with precision; but when two English amateurs attempt them they give little pleasure to the onlookers, as they have no *abandon* in their movements, and are not sufficiently graceful to make up for the want of it. But valsing is not everything, and I have never seen a single example of any one who had been taught solely by a professor, unaided by hints from an English skater, who could execute large figures alone, or ever get beyond a small 3 with a curly tail, and an

outside edge forwards. One of the best of the professors was extremely proud of the progress made by a pupil with whom he had been skating morning, noon, and night for many months, and he asked me to watch her while skating with him one night. After praising her performance, I asked him what she could do alone. 'Nothing,' he answered. Decidedly professors are for the rich, I said to myself. This same man gave me some excellent lessons, which I enjoyed far more than any skating I ever had before; but what did he teach me to do alone? Not one single thing! I wanted to learn an inside 3, for instance—that is, a 3 from the inside edge forward to the outside back. I skated it over and over again with the help of his hand, but, as I had not the help of his brain, I could not manage it alone. Not long ago I asked a member of the London Skating Club to tell me the 'tip' for this inside 3. 'Keep your right shoulder forward when on the right inside edge,' he said, 'and, *before the turn*, look round over your left shoulder.' I tried it at once without the help of a hand, and succeeded in cutting a timid little inside 3 without getting a fall. After I had practised these 3's on each foot till they were a little more firm, another good amateur skater showed me how to do them to a centre. This is somewhat difficult, but it is done by looking slowly round over the shoulder *after* the turn on the skate, instead of before it.

It is much better, when possible, to begin any new figure with the help of another person's hand, as you gradually get accustomed to keeping the head and shoulders in their proper position, and, when left to try by yourself, you are less likely to have a fall or to learn the figure in bad form, or to get into the pernicious habit of helping to steady yourself by touching the ice with the toe of the other foot. This habit of touching the ice with the toe of the skate, or scraping the blade of one skate behind the other, is most reprehensible, for, besides setting one's teeth on edge, it is a trick which, when once acquired, is very difficult to dispense with.

The rocking turn is one of the easiest figures to learn with the help of a hand, and one of the most difficult to skate alone. It is the turn from the outside forwards to the outside back. The 'floating rocker,' skated with a partner in whom you have perfect confidence, is like flying. For the floating rocker your partner stands on (say) your left side, holding your left hand in his, and your right hand behind your waist. Immediately after the rocking turn he holds out both your arms, quite stiffly, at full length, and you skim over the ice on the outside edge backwards till you feel as though you were flying through the air. The ordinary rocker, skated with the utmost precision and neatness in skating-club fashion, is very tame compared with the floating rocker taken with plenty of speed.

Though so difficult for any but the most accomplished skater to execute alone, it is quite easy to skate the Mohawk in time to music

when facing your partner hand in hand ; and immense speed is attained when skating it in this manner. You start on the outside left forward, Mohawk with the right outside back, then cross the left (either in front or) behind the right on the outside back, and this brings you into position for a stroke forward on the right foot. You now begin the figure again on the left outside forward. There are only four strokes, and while you are on the third stroke your partner is doing the Mohawk opposite you. One is not so liable to fall when skating the Mohawk in this way as one is when skating it side by side with another person, or with several people, though it always *feels* very dangerous on account of the ever-increasing speed.

There is a delightful swing about the Q scud, skated face to face with a partner holding both hands, but it is of no help to teach one to skate large Q's alone. The Q, skated with a partner who only holds one hand, is excellent practice, as you do not get any assistance from your partner either in the turn or in the change of edge ; but he is able to save you from a fall if you should lose your balance immediately after the turn. I found, when learning Q's and rockers, that it is easier to lead—that is, to skate in front of your partner—than to let your partner lead. The same applies to Mohawks ; but the easiest way to skate the latter (as I mentioned before) is to make your partner face you and hold both hands. I much doubt, however, if Mohawks were taught in this manner, whether it would ever lead to the pupil being able to skate them by himself.

The National Skating Association has three tests, for which a bronze, silver, or gold medal respectively is given. The tests are skated before two judges, and it is an excellent gauge of the capabilities of a skater to go up for one of them. It also teaches him his limits and his faults. Many of those who have acquired a certain flashy style of skating, and have the name for being dexterous performers, would have to unlearn all they already know, and begin again at the A, B, C before they could hope to pass the easiest or third-class test. This consists of a large 8 ; a right and left 3—fifteen feet before and after the turn—(without a curly tail), and the roll and cross-roll forwards and backwards fifteen feet long, skated in correct form according to the English style. Simple as this test appears, there are yet hundreds of so-called good skaters who cannot pass it ; nor can they execute a single figure of it correctly. To begin with, most people learn the cross-roll forward with knees bent, head poked forward, and the leg swung round in front as soon as it is lifted from the ice. In skating for a test, the stroke has to be fifteen feet long, and the unemployed leg has to remain behind and close to the other until just before it is put down on the ice, when it is crossed in front with the shoulder and head turned in the direction of the next stroke. The balance must be perfect when skating for a test, as nothing is allowed to be done hurriedly with a swing, nor is the

at a very slow pace ; and the easiest way to learn it is from a 'once back,' i.e. a forward 3 and a drop on to the back outside edge of the other foot. First make your 3 on the left foot, and immediately after the turn place the right foot down behind the other and travel on the outside edge backward, placing the left foot behind, and *touching* the other in what in dancing is called the third position. When the stroke is almost exhausted, turn the head and body round to the left, and, if the weight is on the heel and the toe slightly raised, the turn will be successfully accomplished. If you feel that the weight of your body is on the toe of the skate instead of on the heel, it is better not to try to make the turn, but to start again from the 'once back.' It will require some confidence, as well as a good deal of practice, before the skater can get up sufficient impetus to finish the stroke on the inside forward after he has made the turn ; but, if begun slowly and in the correct manner, it is not a figure which need cause a fall. This, unfortunately, cannot be said of the other heel turn, called the B turn, the *pierre d'achoppement* of all skaters. Before attempting this turn I asked all the best skaters how they had fared when first trying it, and one and all shook their heads over it, and the countenances of one and all wore an expression of pain as they recalled the numberless falls they had met with while learning it. But they gave me some excellent hints, which have enabled me to get a sort of idea of the turn without, up to the present time, having had a fall.

In the first place, after starting on the ordinary forward outside 3, you should exhaust the stroke on the back inside edge, and, when almost at a standstill, throw the head, shoulders, and body right round, as though you were going on the outside forward, *but without turning your foot at all*. If you do this over and over again, you will acquire the proper twist of the body without risking a fall. This can also be practised at home, without skates. When you have tutored your head and body into the correct attitude, you can raise the toe of your skate and turn slowly round upon the heel, remembering to make the turn on your foot *after* the turn of your body, and not at the same time. As in the D turn, it is of no use to attempt this heel turn if you feel that the weight of your body comes on the toe of your skate. Begin the figure again from the outside 3, and wait till you feel the heel of the skate under you before attempting the turn. Of course, people who use a blade of a five-foot radius will not find this difficulty in turning, as they can do so on the centre of the blade without raising the toe and heel ; but having made the turn, they will find it far more difficult to hold the edge (that is, to continue the stroke) than if they were on a flatter-bladed skate. A little turn with no after stroke leads to nothing, just as learning to valse before you can make a large 3 leads to nothing ; for if you have no one to valse with, you are stranded.

Skating requires either a natural aptitude for athletics or intelligence and perseverance; and a good skater must have all these qualities. Unfortunately, intelligence and perseverance do not always go together, and one sees the same people working at the same figures season after season, in precisely the same attitude, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, because they have not the intelligence to know that they are only confirming some bad habit, which prevents them from learning the figure, instead of setting themselves to work to seek out the cause of their inability to succeed in it. It is not enough to overcome a difficulty in skating; you ought to understand *why* the difficulty is overcome, if the learning of one figure is to help you on towards the next. That is why figures skated with a swing are of no help to a beginner; they do not require any balance, and can be executed with the head bowed down and the knees bent. They may be pretty and graceful, but they lead to nothing.

To be able to make large 8's and 3's properly, to a centre, on each foot is the first step towards becoming a good skater. The balance must be correct and the command over the skate perfect in order to make each mark in the ice on the same line for every 3 if they are, say, fifteen feet long before the turn. The 3's of all beginners have a tendency to curl inwards, and the novice usually continues to work at his curly-tailed 3's till the bad habit becomes so confirmed that it is almost impossible for him to break through it; and many people have been so disheartened by their continued failures that they have given up skating altogether. I think the reason of this inability to finish a 3 properly lies in the fact that more attention is paid to the attitude of the body at, and after, the turn than at the commencement of the figure. If, at starting, the head, arms, and body are thrown forward, it stands to reason that, at the turn, they are out of position, and either the other foot must be put down to save a fall, or else the 3 ends in a futile and abortive little curlikew. There are several ways of remedying this curling inwards when on the inside back edge. One is to place the unemployed foot and leg tight against the other immediately after the first stroke is made, and to keep it thus till the figure is finished. If you are able to do this your balance *must* be correct, and by stiffening the knee of the leg you are skating on, immediately after the turn, and keeping the opposite shoulder and arm well back, you cannot fail to accomplish a good 3. If you find it too difficult at first to keep the two feet and legs close together, another and simpler method is to look at some object (or some person) level with your eyes over your right shoulder when starting on the right foot, then turn the foot out, making the stroke towards the object you are looking at without moving your eyes from it. As you make the turn your head and eyes will remain stationary, but your shoulders, body, and feet will have faced half round to the right, so that your

head and eyes will be looking over the left shoulder instead of over the right, as at starting. No one could fail to learn a correct 3 if he attended to this simple rule and kept the eyes in the same position from start to finish, but I have never told it to a single person without his invariably, at the start, looking down on the ice, in spite of all I said to the contrary; and then, of course, the head is thrown out of position. It is an excellent rule to remember that the body should be *sideways*, and not *square*, when skating forwards. If you are on the right outside edge, the right shoulder should be edgeways and in front; if on the left, the left shoulder should be thrown forwards. If on the right outside or inside back, the right shoulder is forward, and the left the same if skating on the left leg backwards.

When skating large 3's to a centre with another person, you should fix your eyes on his in order to keep the head and shoulders in the correct position. It is excellent practice to make a large, almost straight outside edge forward, and get some one to clap their hands or call out to you to turn at any moment when you least expect it. If you can do the turn at once, it shows that your attitude must be correct and the weight of your body over the right part of the skate; if the weight of the body is too far back on the heel of the skate, you cannot suddenly make a turn on the toe. In skating hand-in-hand 3's and rockers with another person, I have often found that the pace at which we were travelling over the ice threw my weight too far back on the skate, and, rather than scrape the turn or risk a fall, I prefer to miss the turn altogether, and start the figure over again. A bad habit, such as that of scraping the turns, is very easily contracted, especially when you are dependent on another person to save you from a fall; so I think it best to give up doing a turn at all rather than to get through it in a slovenly manner, with the chance of acquiring some awkward trick by which it can be facilitated. It is excellent practice to make straight 3's on alternate feet. This is accomplished by fixing the eyes on some point exactly over one shoulder. The head is not moved at all; and you make 3's on the right and left feet until you reach the point at which you have been looking the whole time. I find it easier to keep the eyes fixed on the ice at some distance off than to keep them level with the head; but then I make many concessions to weak ankles.

Strong knees and strong, straight ankles are of the utmost advantage to the skater. Unfortunately I have never possessed either, but skating is too delightful a pastime to be abandoned without a struggle, and I have invented a leather support to lace up over the boot, which takes all strain from the ankle without undue pressure on the point of the bone. For sprained knees an ordinary elastic knee-cap can be worn; but it should not be tight, and a short slit should be cut in it, just under the knee, to prevent the skin from being irritated. I utilise my knee-caps for pads, and have sewn

the front of them over with rings cut from an indiarubber pipe. This not only saves the knees from serious injury, but prevents the jar and shock to the whole body caused by heavy falls on artificial ice, which does not give with the weight of the body. Skating strengthens weak ankles, but it injures sprained knees, unless they are supported, as there is a constant strain on them, especially in the changes of edge on one foot.

There is a particular fall belonging to each figure; and sponges are not at all to be despised for pads, as they are light and elastic. Before commencing to learn the B turn, I bought a large sponge and cut it up into pads for the hips and shoulders, on to which I was told I should fall, but I sacrificed my appearance for nothing, as I have just had a terrible fall *on my knee*. In spite of being much shaken and demoralised, I could not help being amused by an enthusiastic lady, practising for her first-class test, to whom I appealed for sympathy. 'Did you fall on your knee?' she exclaimed. 'Then you were doing the turn correctly. Most people fall on their shoulders; but if you fell on your knee, you did the turn right!'

When skating on artificial ice, men will wear tall hats, pot hats, or no hats at all. Shooting-coats and knickerbockers are rarely seen, and, in the evening, black coats and white ties are usually worn. With women smart toques, smart blouses, and bright under skirts look best. There is a great variety in the cut of their skirts. One will wear a dabby skirt over no petticoats, which, when valseing, clings to her legs like a bathing-gown, leaving little to the imagination. Another will wear a very full skirt over no petticoats, which, when valseing, flies up over her head and leaves nothing to the imagination. Another will have a short, very full skirt, with a pretty lining and heaps of petticoats; another, again, will wear her ordinary walking-skirt, pinned up into innumerable little bunches round her hips. Spangles and glass bugles look very bright and pretty by electric light, but they should be avoided by skaters, as, besides causing many falls when they are shed about the ice, they spoil the blade of one's skates when passing over them. Women who are at all awkward in their movements should be careful not to wear white gloves, or white lace ruffles at the end of long dark sleeves, as every gesture is accentuated by the spots of white waving against the dark background of people. White boots, on the contrary, make the feet look smaller than black ones, as their outline is lost on the white of the surface ice.

The prettiest figures to watch are those skated by two or more persons hand in hand, if they have practised sufficiently together to keep always at exactly the same distance apart. I believe all the combined figures can be skated in this fashion to a centre, and it is much easier for a moderately good skater to learn them in this manner than alone. Valseing and all the simplest figures, executed by two people are far more effective than the most complicated ones done by

one person ; but the most difficult, and at the same time the most ungraceful, are the continuous figures executed entirely on one leg, such as Maltese crosses and continuous Q's joined by a cross-cut. Nothing could well be more ungraceful to watch than a man who has two legs cutting figures on one leg, while he kicks in the air with the other to get impetus ; yet there was once a genius called Donato who managed with one leg, a stump, and a red scarf to electrify the whole of London by the marvellous grace of his dancing. Who that saw it will ever forget the poetry of that man's valse to the strains of the *Soldatenlied*er ? No one can tell exactly why one dancer is so much more graceful than another, nor why one skater charms the eye more than any other.

A lady who used to be immensely admired for her skating was not only unable to do the most rudimentary figures alone, but was constantly falling down. Yet one would single her out of the crowd the moment she went on to the ice, and every one followed her graceful movements with real pleasure. Any one could pick out a pretty and graceful skater from a crowd of other women, but it requires a cultivated eye to single out a really good figure-skater from a crowd of other figure-skaters, just as it requires a cultivated eye to know a really good picture in an exhibition. The general and uncultivated public will prefer some meretricious painting of a commonplace scene in everyday life which appeals to their commonplace minds, and the onlookers at skating will usually bestow all their praise on some performer whose every movement is graceless and vulgar ; who, with extended arms, bent knee, and one leg flourishing in the air, will execute some very ordinary figure with an immense amount of side on, which, if quietly and properly done, would be far more difficult, but in that case would excite no notice. The particular style of skating which is most offensive to me is that of the skater who leans very much over, as far as the hip, and then bends his body back, at an obtuse angle, till his head is over his skate, in order to keep his balance. I notice that people who skate in this fashion can only produce their effects on one leg, the other being practically useless.

There are so many varieties of skates at the present time that it is quite impossible to come to any decided opinion as to which blade is the most suitable to all kinds of skating. I have asked the advice of many of the best skaters, and each has recommended me to use a different kind of blade ; and one will tell me to use a right-angle and another an obtuse-angle blade. They all, however, agree in condemning the Dowler blade (which I use and like), with one exception, and he told me that the second-class test could be skated on Dowlers. I see also that Douglas Adams, in his excellent little skating book, says of the Dowler blade : ' I strongly recommend it to the beginner. . . . I find it easier to hold the edges with it than with any other. . . . In turning upon the heel and toe this blade does not cause any

inconvenience.' On the other hand, a good skater told me that the worst fall he ever had was from trying the inside 'twice back' on a Dowler. But *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*, and so many beginners have been persuaded into trying every different kind of skate, only to find that the fault of their want of progress lay in themselves and not in their skates, that I am determined I will not waste time and money on experiments till I have at least perfected the four simple turns on each foot. Each new pair of skates and each newly sharpened skate means a day wasted. For a sharp blade, even if it has been blunted in the shop, will catch sideways in artificial ice the first day it is used, and cause the most terrible and unexpected falls. The theory is that sharp blades are not necessary for artificial ice, and the professors rarely have their skates sharpened, using them for perhaps two years without having them ground. But my experience is that you travel further over the ice with less effort if the skates are not too blunt; and I fancy many people are taken with the different skates they have been persuaded into buying simply because, after the first day or two, when the danger caused by the sharp edge has worn off, they find that the skates run smoother and faster, and this enables them to accomplish, without effort, figures which they had been practising unsuccessfully for months previously. I well recollect in the old days of Princes Club, when roller-skating was all the rage, and the Prince and Princess and their children used to have tea out of doors under the umbrella-tents, how we used to coax the skate-men to give us new wheels to our skates, so that we could show off on Saturday afternoons. For hard, black ice and for newly frozen artificial ice the skates must be sharp. I found it impossible to skate at Princes Skating Club, before the ice had been cut up, with the skates I was using at Niagara, as they were not sufficiently sharp; the ice was so much harder at Princes that the skate would not bite, but slipped away sideways, and one of the professors made the same remark to me not long ago.

All the skating professors use high skates, with the blades very much curved. These facilitate valsing on the ice and make every kind of small turn easier, as they can be executed on the centre of the blade, which obviates the necessity of raising the toe and heel for the backward and forward turns. But I do not think that a five-foot radius is good for a beginner, as he cannot hold the edge after making the turn; and unless he learns his turns on a seven-foot radius, he will find great difficulty in executing a large figure correctly, especially if he learns valsing before he can skate a large 3 and 8 alone.

There is one golden rule: the blades, skates, and boots should be as firm as though they were made in one piece; the blades of skates also should be fastened exactly in the centre of the heel of the boot, but much on the inside of the toe.

In conclusion, let me express my gratitude to those who have introduced artificial ice into the metropolis; for on wet days during the past three winters, when any form of outdoor exercise was impossible, many a happy hour has been passed in valseing to an excellent band, conquering some difficult turn, or trying a hand-in-hand scud with a partner as enthusiastic as oneself; and though there may be falls, and very bad ones sometimes, we must remember that

No game was ever yet worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way.¹

CAROLINE CREYKE.

¹ Lindsay Gordon.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA IN CHINA

NOTWITHSTANDING the assurances given by the Chinese Embassy at St. Petersburg that no such treaty has been executed, it is generally believed in this country and on the Continent that the so-called Cassini Convention exists, and that the terms closely resemble the reputed Russo-Chinese Secret Treaty, published by the *North China Daily News* on the 30th of October. In fact, the agreement of the 8th of September between the Chinese Government and the Russo-Chinese Bank appears to indicate in its terms that the reputed treaty was a draft treaty forming the base of negotiations; and it is natural to infer that some such treaty, in an amended form, was executed before Count Cassini left Peking at the close of that month. The history of the Eastern Chinese Railway Agreement may be briefly stated as follows:

In 1886 the late Czar issued his famous edict: 'Let a railway be built across Siberia in the shortest way possible.' The shortest way to the port of Vladivostock, after leaving Stretinsk, passed through Chinese Manchuria, thus avoiding the great northern bend made by the Valley of the Amur. Russia marked the line in that direction on her maps, and determined in her usual dogged, plodding manner to have her way in the matter. In 1893, the year before the outbreak of the Chino-Japanese war, it was current in Shanghai that Russia had obtained the consent of China to construct the Siberian-Pacific Railway by the short cut across Chinese Manchuria. Any way the Chinese were in a flutter in the fear of Russian aggression, and determined to do what they could to strengthen themselves in that direction by ordering a survey to be made for the extension of the North China Railway from Shanhaikwan, passing westwards of Moukden and onwards, *via* Kirin and Tsitsihar, towards the Russian frontier on the Amur. The publication of the agreement of the 8th of September sanctioning the construction of the Eastern Chinese Railway—*i.e.* of the section of the Siberian-Pacific Railway, 1,280 miles in length, passing through Chinese Manchuria—shows that Russia has at length gained her way in this important matter. That the sanction of this project is considered in Russia as the prelude of the annexation of Chinese Manchuria is indicated by the paragraph

which appeared in the Russian press on the return to Odessa, in November, of the Russian Special Mission which had been sent to inspect Manchuria. In referring to this paragraph, the correspondent of the *Times* stated that it may be taken as a wish which the Government will no doubt some day make *un fait accompli*. The paragraph ran as follows :

The only subject of conversation in Manchuria at the present time is the railway which will be constructed through part of that country. The Chinese are not only delighted with the idea, from which they expect great benefits both in commerce and agriculture, but openly state that they would be more than delighted if all Manchuria became Russian territory, and that the greater part of the inhabitants would in such a case cut off their pigtails, or, in other words, become Russian subjects.

It is most unlikely that such a paragraph would have been allowed to circulate in the Russian press until the net had been drawn round China by a treaty leaving her practically at the mercy of Russia. In his statement, referred to last August by a correspondent of the *Times*, Li Hung declared that 'he did not believe in the designs with which Russia is credited, and he had no fears whatever from her alleged ambition to swallow up China.' If such a treaty has been signed, he will find that, however much disappointed the Chinese Government was at the attitude of England in 1894, far greater cause for disappointment lies in store for that Government as the outcome of its imbecile dealings with Russia. It is useless to patch up the pen when the sheep have gone.

In order to understand the course of events in the Far East, and to forecast the future of that region, we must take into account the physical condition of the Russian dominions lying to the north of the Chinese Empire; and we must remember that for more than three centuries Russia has been encroaching upon the territories of her neighbours in Asia, and that China offers the least line of resistance to the further expansion of Russia. Even the astute Li Hung Chang cannot pretend to forget Russia's action in Northern Manchuria during the ten years previous to the cession by China of the Amur and Primorsk provinces to Russia in 1860, nor the occupation by Russia of the Chinese province of Kulja in 1870.

Owing to the great height of the Thibetan plateau, the region to the north is cut off from the moisture brought by the south-west monsoon, and has to depend for its rain and snow fall upon the north-east winds which blow from the Arctic Ocean. The latter winds expend their moisture on the mountains which separate or neighbour the Russo-Chinese frontier, and form the sources of the Siberian rivers. The great plain of Siberia extends northwards to the Polar Sea. Swept by biting Polar winds, and subject to great variation between its seasonal and day and night temperature, its climate is trying, and cultivation, where possible, is precarious.

Siberia is a land of bogs, and deserts, and frozen marsh lands. It is divided naturally into zones : the frozen marsh zone, where the dog and reindeer are the only domesticated animals (this zone extends southwards to about latitude 65°); the boggy, high-stemmed forest zone, the fringes of which are visited by hunters, and for forest purposes ; the culturable zone, which is partially forest-clad, and much intruded upon by steppes, deserts, bogs, and marshes ; and the steppe and desert zone, the home of nomad tribes occupied as herdsmen and shepherds. Including the Kirghiz steppe region and the region bordering the Pacific, Siberia, according to the last census, contains an area of 5,589,289 square miles, less than one-twelfth being culturable, and a population of 6,539,531 souls, of whom 60 per cent. are Russians or of Russian descent. In the basin of the Amur, which divides Chinese Manchuria on the north from the Russian possessions, about 11½ inches of rain fall during the three summer months. This excess of moisture is unfavourable to agriculture. Cereals sown upon clearings run to straw, yielding a poor grain which sometimes does not ripen completely. Along the Sea of Japan the Russian coast-province which borders Manchuria on the east is wrapped for the greater part of the year in impenetrable fogs, and the soil is so damp in the vegetation period that the immigrants have been obliged to abandon their fields. If it were not for its furs, mines, fisheries, and forest produce, and its importance as a penal settlement, Siberia would hardly be worth having.

Chinese Manchuria, which lies to the south of the Amur, is sheltered from the icy Polar blasts by the mountains forming the watersheds of that river and of its affluent, the Ussuri. It extends southwards to the Gulf of Pecheli and includes the Liaotung peninsula, the field of the chief battles during the Chino-Japanese war. Ten years ago its population was estimated at between twenty-two and twenty-three millions, its northern province, Tsitsihar, containing about two millions ; its central province, Kirin, probably eight millions ; and its southern province, Liaotung, between twelve and thirteen millions. Not only do all cereals thrive in the country, but cotton, indigo, tobacco are grown by the peasantry, whilst its orchards are said to produce the finest pears in the Chinese Empire. According to a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, 'the whole of the cattle and grain required for the consumption of the residents and workmen of the Russian mines, works, and industrial establishments in the region traversed by the Amur River for over 750 miles are all derived from the Manchu province, and are collected and despatched from the Manchu city Aigun.' Well might the celebrated Liu Ming Chuan, when Chinese Governor of Formosa, declare in a Memorial to the Emperor that the sanctioning of the Siberian-Pacific Railway 'showed that the mouths of the Russians were watering for the Manchurian provinces.'

Japan, on its part, took the cutting of the first sod of the Siberian Railway at Vladivostock by the present Czar, when Czarewitch, as a warning that she had no time to lose if Corea was to be saved from Russia, and herself from an encroaching and powerful neighbour. She knew that Corea was powerless, and that China was a rotten reed to lean upon and would never be able to save Corea from Russia. She therefore determined to take time by the forelock, by forcing China to cede its sovereignty over Corea to her before the Russian railway was completed; and it was with this end in view that she armed herself to the teeth and forced war upon China in 1894. Japan knew well that she was dealing a blow at Russia, and she was aware that Russia would do its utmost to spoil her game in that region. But she did not expect that France and Germany, whose trade with Corea would suffer if that country passed under Russian domination, would aid Russia to attain her ends by driving Japan out of the Liaotung peninsula and thus injuring its position in Corea. She must have been still more surprised when, on the 10th of February 1896, nine months after she had concluded her war with China and become practically sole suzerain of Corea, Russia landed 200 marines with a field gun at Chemulpo, marched them to Seoul, and obtained possession of the king, who had secretly arranged to throw off the yoke of Japan by placing himself under the protection of the Russian Legation. A month later the Russian Minister in Tokio officially informed the Japanese Foreign Minister that Russia had no design of annexing or occupying the peninsula of Corea or any part of it, and that it could not view with indifference the attempt of any Power to secure a preponderating influence in the peninsula. Japan was thus checkmated, and lost all hope of gaining a foothold on the continent of Asia, while Russia was left free to formulate her future designs and quietly arrange for their execution. With the king under Russian protection, Corea may be considered as a *de facto* Russian protectorate.

In considering the reputed Russo-Chinese Secret Treaty, said to have been signed or ratified about the 30th of September, it is well to turn to the article in the *Times* of the 4th of August, headed 'Li Hung Chang.' This article, from a correspondent in close touch with the Chinese Embassy, contains the following remarkable statement:

It is evident that Li Hung Chang would like to obtain a great deal more from England than he has any hope of obtaining. If the British Government for itself and its successors could bind itself to give China a guarantee that no foreign state should injure her dignity or diminish her authority, and also the material support and assistance required to make China strong enough to coalesce with us for the maintenance of her independence and power, there is no doubt that even at this eleventh hour, when English diplomacy is discredited at Peking; when nothing but doubt and uncertainty is associated with the name of England among Chinese statesmen, and when China is handicapped in all her outside dealings by the

natural gratitude she owes to Russia, this country could obtain an ascendancy over China which would before long drive all rivals from the field. But as these results could only be obtained by the individual action of England, without any co-operation from China in the early stages of the question, their realisation is merely a matter of future hope.

Whether or not Lord Salisbury was sounded by *Pi Hung Chang* about this very one-sided bargain the correspondent fails to state. Anyhow it is utterly improbable that any sane Government in this country would ever undertake such an obligation in order to obtain the chance of an ascendancy over China which, as long as we hold to our Free Trade policy, would certainly not enable us to drive all rivals from the field. We are likewise left in the dark as to what other nations, if any, China thought fit to approach with a similar offer. If she approached Russia in the matter, and the reputed Russo-Chinese Secret Treaty is the outcome of her negotiations, the Manchu Government of China must either be in a state of childish old age or seriously disappointed at the result of their negotiations. They would have outdone Esau by selling their birthright to Russia, not for a substantial meal of lentils, but for a bare promise to 'lend all necessary assistance in helping to protect from other nations Port Arthur and Talienwan, two ports outside China Proper, situated in Chinese Manchuria, the very province that Russia is especially hungering after as a base for the further dismemberment of China, and which the provisions of the treaty would have enabled Russia to annex at any time that may suit her convenience.' The pseudo-Chinese, really Russian, railways, dotted with Russian battalions and permeating Manchuria from east to west and from north to south, and connected with the Chinese capital by their junction with the North China Railway at Shanhaikwan, would leave the Chinese Government entirely at the mercy of Russia, and the possession of the extensive harbour of Kiaochow would enable the latter Power to dominate the whole of the Chinese dominions lying to the north of the basin of the Yangtse. With the king of Corea a puppet in the hands of Russia, we may learn any day that his kingdom has been incorporated in the Russian dominions. The agreement granting concessions to the Russo-Chinese Bank—*i.e.* to the stalking-horse of the Russian Government—must end, even if the reputed Secret Treaty has not been signed, in turning Chinese Manchuria into a Russian province. When these two annexations have been completed, Russia's sparse population in Asia will have been increased by about forty million new subjects. Lord Wolseley has recently informed us that

the Chinese are, above most races, apparently designed to be a great military, naval, and conquering people. They possess all the important attributes that enable men to be easily and quickly converted into excellent soldiers and sailors. He had no hesitation in saying that, given a free hand, and allowed at first to draw upon England for officers and military instructors, he would guarantee to raise in a couple of years a great Chinese army which it would be hard indeed to beat. There was certainly nothing in the East that could beat it.

With a Russian army collected from the forty million hardy inhabitants of Manchuria and Corea, and the Chinese Government further weakened by loans and other means that Russia knows well how to use, if other European nations had not taken action meanwhile to annex other parts of China, Russia would dominate the Far East even to a greater extent than she now dominates the Persian and Turkish dominions. China would be under Russia's heel, and the incorporation of the whole of the Chinese dominions in the Russian Empire would be but a matter of time. That France is not entirely blind to the course that in all probability Russia will endeavour to pursue, and to the effect that it would have upon French interests, is shown by the criticism of the *Figaro* upon the Cassini Convention. It said :

If the treaty just published is genuine, then Russia has secured privileges calculated to have a disturbing influence on other nations besides England. Up to the present France's position in the Far East has been almost preponderating, and always exceptional, owing to the rôle assumed by her diplomatic representatives to protect Catholic missionaries of all nationalities. Such a treaty would gravely affect this situation, and France, instead of being a 'protecting,' would become a 'protected' Power.

The history of the Anglo-German Chinese 5 per cent. loan which was floated last year gives a clear indication of the wish of France to improve her position in Southern China, which she has long wished to incorporate in her Indo-Chinese Empire. The Chinese Minister in London had promised the concession of a 5 per cent. loan of 100,000,000 taels, or 16,000,000*l.*, to the Anglo-German syndicate; this exactly balanced the previous 4 per cent. Chinese loan which had been guaranteed by Russia. While the negotiations were proceeding for the loan in Peking, it was urged by the French Minister that, instead of being granted to the Anglo-German syndicate at 5 per cent., it should be given to a French one at 4 per cent.; and, according to the Peking correspondent of the *North China Daily News*,

the French Minister must have supposed he held the trump card in his hand when he laid down his five conditions of negotiating the loan, the first three of which were that it must be guaranteed by the French Government; that the control of the Maritime Customs must be placed in French hands; and that China must grant to France the right of railway construction in the three southern provinces.

It was evident that French control of the Chinese Maritime Customs would lead to the resignation of the Inspector-General, Sir Robert Harte, and the elimination of the British element; and that if the terms had been accepted, France would have got a financial hold upon China equivalent to that gained by Russia when guaranteeing the former loan. France would have likewise been able to push its railways through the three southern provinces of China, probably with similar concessions to those granted to Russia under the agreement

for the Eastern Chinese Railway. Between Russia and France China would indeed have been 'between the devil and the deep sea;' the toils of the fowlers would have been drawn around her, and there would have been but small chance of escape. Sir Robert Harte was consulted by the Chinese Government, and must have pointed out China's peril, for the offer of the Anglo-German Syndicate was accepted, very much to the disappointment of the French Minister. A salve was, however, accorded him by the Chinese Government, which consented to prolong the present railway in Tongking from the Franco-Chinese frontier, near Langsou, to Lungchau, the head of large junk navigation on the southern branch of the West River, in the Chinese province of Kwangsi. The concession for the construction of this extension was, accordingly, given to the French Compagnie Fives-Lille. This concession is looked upon in France as the first swallow of the summer, as an indication of the fruit that she expects to receive from Art. V. of the Franco-Chinese Convention of June 1895. Under this article permission was granted, subject to 'conditions to be settled hereafter,' between the contracting Powers for the extension of the already existing French Indo-Chinese railways into China. Under the same article a tantalising prospect was accorded by the agreement that 'China, for the working of its mines in the Provinces of Yunnan, Kwangsi, and Kwangtung, may apply in the first place to French firms and engineers, the working of the mines remaining, however, subject to the rules decreed by the Imperial Government respecting national industry.' This provision, in the 'Explanatory Statement' of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs when bringing in the Bill approving of the Convention, was construed as follows :—

In default of giving a preferential right, an assurance of which the traditions of China in matters of administration (all the stronger in the case of the working of mines, since they are rooted in ancient beliefs) did not permit, this provision confers on them a right of priority which we shall not allow to be disregarded.

As France intended to put pressure upon China for obtaining concessions for a French syndicate to construct the projected Hankow-Tongking Railway, and for mining the coal and iron necessary for the project, an influential Commission was arranged for and sent out by some of the most powerful and enterprising industrial associations in France to examine the country and its mining prospects. The railway, mining, and other concessions granted to Russia in the Chinese province of Manchuria, under the recent agreement, will doubtless be used by the French Government as a lever to induce the Chinese Government to grant similar concessions in the three southern provinces to French syndicates, and, probably, to get the projected Hankow-Tongking Railway entirely financed and constructed by French companies. The French projects for the absorption of the southern provinces of China have been so often

propounded by French officials of late that China has become wary of their wiles, hence its action last year in connection with the 5 per cent. loan.

The views in commercial circles in Germany, where the existence of the Cassini Convention is taken for granted, were recently given by the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* as follows :

It is generally accepted here that Russian influence will now directly extend as far south as the Yellow River, and that England has the best claims to the coast and Hinterland south of the Yangtse Kiang. If the German sphere of influence could be so settled that Germany would commercially control the territory between the Yellow River and the Yangtse Kiang, it would be taken as a satisfactory solution of a threatening problem, which must be faced sooner or later by the great commercial Powers of Europe. This is also Eugen Wolf's notion, sketched in an interesting letter from Tientsin in the *Tageblatt*. Under this arrangement the Yellow River would be the boundary between the Russian and German spheres of influence, and the Yangtse Kiang would divide those of Germany and England. While France gladly consents to the extension of Russian power towards the Yellow River, it is more than probable she would object to the parcelling out of the coast and Hinterland of China Proper for commercial purposes between Germany and England. Accordingly, it is proposed to allow France to occupy the entire province of Yunnan as far as the north-eastern boundary of Burma and the head waters of the Brahmaputra.

Eleven of the eighteen provinces of China Proper, as well as Manchuria, Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan, and Thibet, would thus pass to our Protectionist rivals and be practically closed to our trade, and our possessions in Burma would be entirely severed by a wedge of French territory from the restricted sphere of influence, which Germany thinks we should be contented with, to the south of the Yangtse. Our policy of Free Trade would permit Russia, Germany, France, and the rest of the world to have free access to our restricted sphere of influence ; while Germany, Russia, and France would have gained the advantage over England and other nations of having their respective fractions of the great Chinese market as close preserves for their mercantile and manufacturing classes. Such a project may appear practicable to German armchair projectors, and even to German diplomatists, who would fain set France and England at each other's throats and replace the Franco-Russian alliance by one between Germany and Russia ; but even if China's other pseudo-friends, whom Germany joined in turning Japan out of South-Eastern Manchuria, were agreeable to such a division of the sick man's heritage, other Powers besides the United Kingdom would have to be taken into account. We are not the only nation interested in foiling their designs on China. It is very certain that America, which took a leading part in forcing Corea open to trade, as well as Japan, Italy, Austro-Hungary, and other countries doing a considerable and increasing trade with the Chinese Empire, would have a word to say to such a bargain before a partition of China took place which

would practically extinguish their commerce with the whole of the Chinese dominions not under the safe-guardance of Great Britain.

Markets like China, which contains about one-fourth of the population of the world, are not as plentiful as blackberries, and it is imperative—at least for us, who open our markets freely to all—to take to heart the advice given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer the other day at Bristol. He said :

If we could not find markets—as it was more and more difficult for us to do—in civilised countries, we must find markets elsewhere. We did find markets elsewhere, but we did it by extending our influence and connection with every quarter of the globe, by penetrating through trading ports, through colonies, through chartered companies if they liked, into regions which other civilised countries had not touched, and by extending our commerce and our influence throughout the globe. It was necessary for us to continue that policy, and therefore necessary to incur increased expenditure, not merely on the navy, but in other matters as well.

The most promising market for the extension of British trade has for long been held by our commercial and mercantile community to be China. In agricultural wealth, area for area, it far surpasses Japan, and in mineral wealth it is undoubtedly the richest country in the world. Its agriculture and horticulture are the admiration of travellers ; its fishermen and seafaring population are vigorous, wiry, and intrepid ; its peasantry and craftsmen are hardy, intelligent, and industrious ; and its trading classes, unlike the Japanese, are famed for their integrity. When to these advantages we add an extensive sea-coast, with fine harbours, and one of the largest and best systems of navigable rivers in the world, it is evident that China requires nothing but modern appliances, including railways, and an honest and intelligent government and administration to make it the richest and most powerful empire in the world. It is owing to the lack of such a government and administration that, for its size and natural wealth, it is the weakest, and, as far as the revenue that enters its exchequer goes, the poorest empire in existence, and lies nearly helpless at the mercy of the strong and the bold. China is, in fact, in the same condition as Japan was up to 1868, when the Mikado shook off the paralysing etiquette that confined him to his palace, broke up the feudal system, and became *de facto* as well as *de jure* sovereign of his country.

How far the Emperor of China's eyes were opened to the need of reform by the lesson taught him by Japan can be judged by the proclamation he issued on the 8th of May, 1895, the day that the Treaty of Peace was ratified between the two countries. In the course of the Proclamation he declared that

since the outbreak of the war last year no effort has been spared to recruit men and provide supplies. But our forces, consisting of incompletely drilled men, under the command of inexperienced leaders and hurriedly assembled, differed

nothing from a mere rabble, and in no engagement with the enemy, either on land or sea, gained a single victory. . . . Now that the treaty has been ratified, the reasons for the adoption of such a course should be made known to the whole empire, and it is to be hoped hereafter every one will labour with one accord to remove the accumulated irregularities, and, especially in regard to the two main items of training an army and reorganising the finances, devote the most careful attention to reform. Let there be no remissness, no putting forth of shams, no neglect of plans for future development, no rigid adherence to precedent, but sincerity in all things, that we may gather strength. We expect much from our ministers in the capital and in the provinces.

As long as the Emperor of China remains swaddled in etiquette in his palace at Peking he may expect much from his ministers, but he will get little. We know from the best authority, the special correspondent of the *Times* in the Far East, that 'from the Palace at Peking, through the provincial seats of government into the yamens of the smallest officials in remote country districts, from the heart of the empire through its arteries and veins into all its extremities, there flows a constant stream of corruption.' But it is in the collection of the taxation that the people are oppressed by the grossest fraudulent exactions, and in the accounting for the revenue collected that the exchequer is cheated of its revenue. I have good reason to believe it is within the mark to say that not one-tenth of what is extorted from the people enters the imperial and provincial treasuries. Trade is stifled by the heavy taxation and exactions on goods in transit and after being parted with to the shopkeeper. In the case of foreign imports these are impositions in direct infraction of our treaty rights. No trade could flourish under such conditions. China, with ten times the population of Japan, has a foreign trade less than double that of the latter country; and the trade of Japan is only in its infancy, and cannot expand as it ought to do until foreign commerce, which is at present restricted to a few ports, has free access to every part of its empire. China's foreign trade in 1895 totalled 52,498,000*l.*, while that of Japan aggregated 27,150,735*l.* If China Proper were governed and taxed as British India is under our rule, China's foreign trade would certainly be five, if not six, times what it is at present; and, its area being more than half as large again as British India, its revenue would be about 60,000,000*l.* instead of the comparatively paltry sum of about 82,000,000 taels, or 13,333,333*l.*, which is said to enter its imperial and provincial exchequers. Any one who knows China and India well, and has taken an interest in the condition of the people, must have come to the conclusion that the amount wrung out of the Chinese by the officials and tax-gatherers must be at least double, if not treble, of what is levied from our Indian subjects. Some idea of the peculation of the land revenue can be got from the following instance. In his report for 1887 our Consul at Chinkiang, which closely neighbours the province of An Hwei, in referring to the rate of land tax in China,

stated that the Chinese peasant farmer pays a rent averaging 28s. an acre, and that

Land tax is paid on good ground at the rate of 10s. to 12s. a year; on poorer land at 6s. a year. Hill lands reckon at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres to $\frac{1}{2}$ acre—that is, for the purpose of land taxation, 10 acres count for one.

Now, the province of An Hwei contains an area of 34,547,200 acres. It is described by Mr. E. H. Parker as 'one of the rich, level, rice provinces.' We know that in China every acre—indeed, I might say every yard—in the rich, level, rice provinces capable of culture is hungrily sought after and cultivated. A few years ago our Consul at Ichang reported that even ledges, holding a few yards of soil, on the face of precipices were sought after and cultivated, the ascent and descent being made by ropes or ladder. Yet the Governor of An Hwei, according to Mr. Parker, officially reported, in 1883, 5,000,000 acres, or little more than one-seventh of this rich, level, rice province as under cultivation, and the land tax in 1893 was reported by the same Governor as 1,600,000 taels gross, or 1,300,000 taels net. Even supposing that the number of acres stated by the Governor was correct, the rate of the gross revenue accounted for per acre would have been less than a third of a tael, and would have amounted in English money to about 1s. But, according to the report of our Consul at Chinkiang, previously quoted, the land tax actually collected must have averaged 11s. an acre in the rich, level, rice plains. The difference between the rate collected and the rate accounted for represents the peculation of the officials and taxgatherers, and is evidence to the truth of Mr. Parker's statement that 'twice to ten times the legal amount is under various pretexts wrung from the people.' When we consider that little more than one-seventh of this rich, level, rice province was returned by the Governor as under cultivation, the further amount of peculated revenue may be approximately arrived at.

In referring to Li Hung, the special correspondent of the *Times* in the Far East remarked :—

That corruption on the hugest and most unblushing scale prevails amongst the friends and relatives who form his social *entourage* and political supporters, even his admirers do not deny; and it is difficult to believe that his own hands are clean when he is known to have amassed in the course of a long official career a colossal fortune reputed by many to be the largest possessed by any single individual in the whole world.

In face of these gross peculations amongst the officials in China, the parasites who have been sucking the blood out of the country and hope still to flourish on it, Li Hung Chang had the assurance to declare that the increase of the customs tariff on foreign goods is the only way China has of quickly increasing her money revenue, 'which is the more necessary because China requires it as a

guarantee for the large loans she now wishes to raise for the construction of railways and other internal improvements ;' and we were plainly told, by his mouthpiece, in the *Times* that

The idea that the Chinese will give up *likin* or inland duties for a mere increase of the tariff to a level with that in force in Japan will not be entertained.

Owing to the clause inserted in the Supplementary Chino-Japanese Convention of the 20th of August, the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs Tariff cannot be doubled, as Li Hung Chang wished it to be, for it is fixed as at present for the next ten years. China will now probably endeavour to work on the lines set forth by Sir Halliday Macartney in his interview with Baron von Bissing, at the time of the Chino-Japanese war, when he tried to frighten Lord Rosebery into intervening by declaring that

Whatever the issue of this war may be, England will have to pay the piper. That is to say, China will recompense herself for the cost of the war by imposing proportionate duties upon foreign goods ; and as the trade with China is to a great extent in the hands of British merchants, Great Britain will be the sufferer. China is of course precluded from raising dues in the Treaty Ports, but she can heavily tax the goods when they reach the barrier stations in the interior.

For many years, as I have frequently pointed out in the Press and to our Chambers of Commerce, it has been the practice of the provincial authorities in Southern China to render the trading privileges we had secured with the interior of the country by our treaties with China of no effect. I had shown that, owing to transit-passes not being recognised in that region, no less than $28\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. *ad valorem*, in place of the treaty $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., had been levied on British-Indian goods proceeding from Canton to the capital of the next province, a distance of 260 miles as the crow flies, and that the *likin* and barrier taxation increased and increased as goods went further inland until their price was so enhanced that all hope of trade ceased entirely. My agitation for a time had some effect, for pressure was brought to bear upon the authorities, and for a single year goods covered by transit-pass were allowed free play. Then the provincial authorities determined to take steps to entirely stay trade under the passes by making up the loss of revenue due to their use by imposing a tax, known as *tsoku-likin*, on the purchaser of the goods entering the country under transit-passes at their destination, and this terminal tax was fixed at a rate equal and frequently exceeding the gross amount of the duties which had been escaped by the use of the transit-pass. This practically annihilated our trade through vast regions in the interior of China, and our consuls were ceaseless in their representations to the Foreign Office. This was a clear violation of the spirit, if not of the letter, of our treaties. On the 20th of March last, at my instigation, Mr. Schwann, the member for North Manchester, asked certain questions in the House, one of

which was, 'whether the Government are taking steps to induce the Chinese Government to abolish the terminal tax levied in the Southern Provinces of China on goods proceeding inland under treaty transit-passes, which duty is levied by the provincial authorities as a handicap in order to render our transit-pass privileges nugatory.' In reply, Mr. Curzon stated that 'a case of the specific hardship mentioned is at the present time the subject of representations to the Chinese Government, and Her Majesty's Government are pressing for the more strict observance of Article 28 of the Treaty of 1858.' That the evil has not been staunched, but is spreading throughout China, threatening ultimately to destroy our trade with that country, is evident from the article on 'Inland Taxation on Foreign Trade in China,' dated Shanghai, the 26th of October, in the *Times* of the 29th of December last.

Having portrayed the present position of affairs in the Far East, and shown how China's independence and our interests, which are closely bound up together, are at stake, it will be well to consider what we can do to serve our interests and safeguard China, the largest of our few remaining Free Trade markets, from dismemberment and absorption by our rivals. It has been truly said that 'China hates all foreign Powers, but there are some whom she fears and others whom she despises.' Conciliation is a mistake, for it is taken by her for weakness. We have never got anything out of her except by war or by ultimatums, which, failing her compliance, would have led to reprisals on our part. Li Hung's prate about China's owing gratitude to Russia for serving her own and not China's ends deceived nobody. Knowing that we had, by friendly but firm representations at Tokio, saved the central and southern ports of China from being molested by the Japanese fleet, it was not in very good taste for him to come to this country and express nothing but disappointment and ingratitude to us for our action during the war. The insult offered to us two months after the war had closed, by the signature by China of the Franco-Chinese Convention of June 1885, in which she committed a flagrant breach of the Burmo-Chinese Convention of the previous year by ceding portions of the Burmese Shan State of Kiang Hung to France, not only without our consent, but in face of our protests, proved that the ascendancy we had held amongst the European Powers at Peking for over fifty years, dating from our first war with China in 1842, had been lost, and that France and Russia, owing to the approaching completion of the Siberian Pacific Railway and to their joint action in driving Japan out of Manchuria, had won the position in China's estimation that we had lost.

What Lord Salisbury's action has been towards China since the breach of the Burma-Chinese Convention has not yet been fully divulged. It is said that an ultimatum was delivered at Peking on the 17th of January, two days after the Anglo-French Convention

relating to Siam had been signed, demanding the opening of the West Canton River to foreign trade, and the retrocession of the Burmese Shan territory which had been handed over to China under the Convention that China had so insolently broken. All we know of the upshot of the ultimatum is from Mr. Curzon's answer in the House on the 20th of May following, in which he said that the Chinese Government had assented to the opening of the West River, and negotiations were proceeding as to the ports of call, and ports open to trade where consular officers may be established.

The importance of the retrocession to us by China of the Burmese Shan territory, demanded by the ultimatum, is well known to Lord Salisbury, as for a considerable distance it gives path to the projected Burma-Siam-China Railway. The construction of this railway has for many years been advocated by me and by the Chambers of Commerce of this kingdom, and now promises fairly to be carried into execution. At the meeting of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, on the 30th of June, last year, a resolution was unanimously passed :

That connexion by railway of a seaport in Burmah with South-West China is greatly required in order to open out to the trade of the empire our new territories in the basin of the Mekong, and to enable manufacturers of the empire to compete with those of France in Northern Siam and in South-West China.

On the same day a large and influential deputation from the Associated Chambers of Commerce was received by Lord Salisbury and Lord George Hamilton. The deputation urged upon the attention of the Government the importance of recovering the Burmese Shan territory that had been ceded by the abrogated Convention to China ; failing that, the necessity of insisting on the right to carry the railway through that territory to Ssumao ; and for the obtaining of the consent of China to carry the railway through Ssumao into the provinces of China, on similar terms as were granted by China to France by the Franco-Chinese Convention of 1895. The deputation, moreover, expressed strongly the hope that the Government of India would come to an arrangement with Siam whereby the survey and estimates for the sections of the line lying within their respective territories might be promptly undertaken by the Powers concerned, with the view of the early construction of this important connection.

The deputation was most favourably received. In the course of his reply Lord Salisbury said :

At a time when so many nations of the world think that it is a great achievement of statesmen to exclude the commerce of other nations, it is more than ever important to us that we should obtain access to great foreign markets. . . . I do not value the mere addition of so many square miles of territory ; what I value is the addition of so many free markets to the commerce of the country. Looking at the matter from that point of view, of course there is nothing that interests us more than this attempt to obtain access to the markets of China from behind,

where practically we are almost without a rival, if not entirely without a rival, and where we shall tap the sources of supply and give an outlet to the efforts of industry which no other arrangement by the seaboard can accomplish. . . . I have this answer to make—you provide a powerful and solvent company; we will assist you so far as we can to bring it to the edge of the British territory, and when we have done so I have not the slightest doubt that we shall be able to penetrate into foreign territory whenever we think it desirable to do so. . . . I can assure you not only of the good-will, but of the assistance of the British and Indian Governments to the utmost of their power. I have no doubt from an engineering point of view that Mr. Holt Hallett is most fully justified in the view that he takes, and that it would be a great benefit to the world if he could carry his railway from Raheng, in the valley of the Upper Menam, into the districts of China, and I hope he will do so.

After such a speech from the Prime Minister, and with the fact staring us in the face that Russia and France are now actively pushing their railways into Chinese territory, it is not likely that British interests will suffer from neglect in that direction. The Chambers of Commerce are now awaiting an answer to their letter despatched by the Secretary of State for India to the Government of that country, asking the Government to have surveys and estimates for the first section of the line made at State expense, in order to enable a powerful and solvent company, with such assistance as the Government may think fit to accord, to undertake and execute the work.

The more China is opened up to the trade of the world, the more interested will the non-aggressive nations of the world be in maintaining its independence. Lord Salisbury deserves not only the thanks of the British Empire, but of China and of all other commercial and manufacturing nations who desire to trade and increase trade with that great market of the future, for what he has done and has promised to do for the future development of the world's commerce with Central Indo-China and Southern China by the opening of West River to steam navigation and trade, and by forcing China to respect in spirit as well as in letter the trading privileges granted under the most favoured nation clause, virtually to the whole world by her treaties, and by promising the best assistance in the power of the Government to make the Burma-Siam-China Railway an accomplished fact. This railway promises to provide as great advantages for the commerce of the world as the Russian Siberian-Pacific and the French Tongking-China Railways will respectively provide for the commerce of Russia and France. To complete the work of opening China to trade, and to secure the independence of the Chinese Empire, China should be induced by joint pressure brought to bear upon her by the governments of the neighbouring Powers—or, if their jealousy of each other will not allow them to combine, by nations interested in maintaining her independence and fostering and expanding their own trade—to open the whole of her waterways to steam navigation, the whole of her territory to the unrestricted commerce of the world, and, keeping salt

and opium as Government monopolies, to abolish the whole of her other internal taxation on trade, placing the collection of her duties on foreign trade entirely in the hands of the only honest administration that she at present possesses, the Imperial Maritime Customs. A system that dots customs-barriers and likin stations along every land and water highway cannot survive the spread of railways and steam navigation. It is an obsolete system, like that of our old turnpike gates. By strangling and impeding commerce, it prevents the growth of the wealth of the people, and breeds poverty and its ensuing evils, discontent and rebellion.

China without honesty, ability, and enterprise breathed into her administration is as a man without a backbone. To advance, as she should do if she wishes to maintain her independence, she must remodel on Indian or Japanese lines her taxation and administrative machinery. It is her rotten form of government, the ignorance, corruption, and incompetence of her officials, and her lack of a proper system of military and naval machinery and equipment, that led to her defeat by an Asiatic Power possessing barely one tenth of her own population, and made her the laughing-stock of France, subservient to Russia, the easy prey of Japan, and a terror to no one but the German Emperor.

HOLT S. HALLETT.

NOTE ON THE DECLARATION OF PARIS

In his 'Note on the Declaration of Paris'¹ Mr. Bowles states that in a recent article² I have overlooked in 'some important respects the laws and conventions of international law; he recalls the articles of the Declaration in question, affirms their 'tremendous importance,' and declares that their doctrine will at once deprive us of our carrying trade in war and effectually cripple our sea power. He adds that, under the terms of the Declaration, no corsair can be commissioned or cruise, but, at the same time, that British merchandise will, 'largely if not generally,' cease to be carried in British ships in war-time.

I have one serious cause for complaint against my courteous critic, for he makes me affirm that hostile cruisers have the right to destroy defenceless merchant vessels. If he will refer to my article he will find that I never discussed the right but only the intention, which is quite a different matter; and, so far from regarding it as a right, I plainly stated that I could not credit that a chivalrous country like France would ever be guilty of such an intolerable action.

Mr. Bowles's argument assumes throughout that the doctrine of the Declaration will be upheld by the belligerents; I, on the contrary, maintain that we have no adequate security that this will be the case, and that the whole theory and practice of the modern French school points to an opposite conclusion. What was this Declaration? It was a document signed by Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Minister, and by Lord Cowley, British Ambassador to France, on behalf of Great Britain, and never ratified like the treaties which accompanied and preceded it. The preamble stated that the object of the Powers was to establish a uniform doctrine; this uniformity was not obtained, since neither Spain, nor the United States, nor Mexico, adhered or have since adhered to it. 'Privateering,' says the Declaration, 'is and remains abolished;' but it is not abolished, since the doctrine is not universally accepted, and, so far from remaining abolished, the institution of auxiliary cruisers is, in the expressed opinion³ of the French General Staff, a 'moyen détourné de faire revivre la guerre de course,' and to this 'moyen détourné' the French and other nations have fully subscribed by the adoption of similar measures; out of their own mouths we can therefore convict them.

Some years ago Mr. Bowles wrote⁴ a closely argued and eloquent treatise upon this subject, and in case he should complain that I am about to throw musty phrases at his head, I reply, by anticipation, that if his valuable work is no longer new, the doctrine it deals with remains, in theory, unaltered. Mr. Bowles writes as follows of the Declaration: 'The sovereign of Great Britain has affixed no sign manual to it; the Houses of Parliament, though often challenged, have always refused to confirm it by a vote; and to this day the Declaration remains what it was when signed—the act of Lords Clarendon and Cowley, done entirely without any known authority, and if by any authority at all, by one which must have been insufficient, since neither Lord Clarendon, nor Lord Cowley, nor any other person, has ever ventured to disclose it.' 'All experience,' he concludes, 'proves that it would be futile to rely upon the observance of such engagements.'

That is my case, and it is proved up to the hilt by what followed. The same individuals—I hesitate to call them plenipotentiaries—who signed the Declaration drew up the Treaty of Paris, which was duly and solemnly ratified by their respective Governments; yet at the first convenient opportunity Russia denounced the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty, and no action was taken by the co-signatories. Russia again in 1780 created the armed neutrality to defend the cardinal principle of the Declaration, and yet thirteen years later, when it no longer suited her

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, February 1897.

² 'French Naval Policy in Peace and War,' *ibid.*, January 1897.

³ *Revue Militaire de l'Étranger*, June 30, 1889.

⁴ *Maritime Warfare*, T. G. Bowles, 1877.

interests, denounced it, declared the contrary principle, and carried it into effect by force of arms. What validity and what force can Mr. Bowles expect a practical people to attribute to a Declaration and a doctrine, the former of which was, by his own admission, 'unauthorised' and never ratified, while the latter is shown by history to have so little binding power the moment it conflicts with national interests?

Moreover, I have not dealt with the general question, but only with a particular case of hostilities between our country and France, both signatories of the Declaration. Mr. Bowles distinctly states in his book that 'if war between two nations puts an end, as it does, to all treaties previously existing between them, much more must it put an end to a declaration of this nature;' and unless Mr. Bowles has greatly altered his views, I cannot account for the 'tremendous importance' he now attaches to the Declaration, nor for the imposing edifice of theory he raises upon such an insecure foundation.

Again, if we are to assume, with Mr. Bowles, that in war-time British merchandise will; 'largely if not generally,' cease to be carried in British ships, all our naval policy must be at fault, for we annually vote large sums for the maintenance of our fleet of cruisers, which the public has been led to believe is required, largely if not generally, for the protection of its merchandise in war.

As for the article of the Declaration which lays down that the neutral flag covers the enemy's merchandise with the exception of contraband of war, it appears to me futile to discuss the point unless my critic will tell me what is and what is not going to be declared contraband of war. 'France, as we know, during the last war with China declared rice to be contraband; if rice, the staple food of the East, why not wheat in the West, and if wheat, why not all food? The pursuit of the French claim to its logical conclusions would carry us very far indeed.

I have the highest respect for any critic's authority upon the theory of international law, but I am forced to dissent from certain of his conclusions. I differ from him in his desire to see the Declaration denounced. It is a question of high policy as well as of expediency. If the possession of a predominant navy gives us many rights, it also imposes on us many duties; it is not for us to denounce any engagements, no matter how informally expressed, to which we have set our name. If our enemy acts contrary to the Declaration, let him incur the odium and the inevitable losses which his action will bring in its train; if he destroys our cables, which serve the world, let it be our duty to repair them, as we are well able to do. By such action we shall secure the double advantage of placing ourselves in the right before the world, and at the same time of best serving our true interests. When the war comes the Government will decide with a full knowledge of all the surrounding facts; our rivals, as they constantly tell us, will not allow their action to be fettered by parchments signed by well-meaning philanthropists, or by the dictum of some poor academician, but solely by the dictates of their material interests.

The whole field of international law, in its relation to maritime warfare, is covered, so far as the belligerents are concerned, by the possession of a predominant navy; as between the belligerents the law of maritime warfare is shown by history to be the negation of all law, and the substitution of the will of the Power possessing the dominant navy. If we have this we shall not only impose our will upon an enemy, but, no matter what action we may take, find, as I believe, the most accomplished jurists to condone our action; if we have not, no treaties will save us, and we shall have to submit to the will of our enemy. I leave Mr. Bowles to tell us within what limits of moderation a victorious enemy is likely to condescend to indulge us.

CHARLES À COURT.

February 8.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.

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*THE BOER INDICTMENTS OF
BRITISH POLICY*

A REPLY

WHAT is truth ?' asked perplexed Pilate. That was also the question which rose spontaneously to my lips after perusing Chief Justice de Villiers's article in the last number of this Review upon 'England's Advance North of Orange River.' My attention was drawn to the word 'Truth' by the immodest and needless repetition of it, and by the last sentence, which reads thus : 'I trust that I have not written anything that will not bear the test of strict examination ; consciously I have not.' If not consciously, then with an ignorant presumption which is unpardonable in a Chief Justice of the Orange Free State ; for how otherwise can he write so dogmatically upon this subject when there is such a host of witnesses opposed to him ?

To my mind the Chief Justice has pitched his note much too high. I cannot help thinking that he would have us infer that 'Truth' has fled from England to the Orange Free State, and was at the moment of writing in his own right hand. He says : 'Since no one more able and more capable of doing justice to the subject has come forward to do so, that which is to me no pleasure has appeared to me in the light of a duty.' Now, with all the conviction that 'Truth' is with him it will be of interest to know how he has performed the duty of explaining the causes of 'England's Advance North of Orange River.' I read the article with an open mind, and what did I find ?

Line after line, sentence after sentence, paragraph after paragraph couched in language breathing implacable resentment, violent and vindictive partisanship, and something like menace here and there. Surely when a writer is permeated with hostility, always partial to the Boers, and so free with his invectives against all classes of Englishmen, one may be permitted to doubt that 'Truth' alone guided his pen.

I make some allowances for the Chief Justice. He is a high official of the Boers. He has been bred among them. He has lived among narrow-minded farmers, who are ignorant of our methods and unacquainted with our principles, and, as his paragraphs show, he shares their intolerance, their self-righteousness, and prejudice. The positiveness of the provincial and the rustic notions of right and wrong are exhibited in almost every page of the twenty which the article occupies.

I will particularise what I mean.

When the Boers trek from Cape Colony across the Orange River into the land occupied by Bechuanas, Korannas, and Bushmen, and seize it for themselves, it is called escaping from tyranny and a love of independence; but when we continue to maintain the alliance with the Griquas across the Orange River, it is said that 'the policy of extending the Empire triumphs over right and justice.'

When the Free-Staters take advantage of Moshesh's hospitable welcome to pasture their herds on his grass land, and fight with him for ten years to get the whole of Basutoland into their hands, it is called 'a war for existence, and in self-defence after every attempt at conciliation had failed.' But when at the earnest solicitation of Moshesh the British Governor steps in to save him and his tribe from extermination, it is called 'a violation of solemn engagements, a seizure of territory to which England had no right, a master stroke of policy of which no honest man would have a right to be proud, and the first breach of the Convention of 1854.'

When the Free-Staters coveted the Griqua farms, and bought them with brandy (see Livingstone's *Researches* and *Moffatt's Life*), incited banditti to attack Waterboer the chief, and gave them refuge when beaten, and finally claimed the Diamond Fields, the Boer rights are stated to be based 'upon the free and independent possession of which they were guaranteed;' but when Waterboer in his despair appeals to England for protection, Sir Henry Barkly's expostulation and warning is called 'insulting, bullying, and unwarrantable language,' and the subsequent annexation of the territory a second violation of a solemn treaty.

Writers who have published contrary views to those held by the Chief Justice are charged with being 'unfair, unscrupulous, misrepresenting, inventive, stirrers up of ill-will and hatred, and too prejudiced to recognise the truth.'

The Rev. John Mackenzie, having been asked by Montsioa to solicit British protection, is said to have 'made representations without one ingredient of truth in them,' and to have become 'an adept in intrigue.'

The Aborigines Protection Society are 'mere atrocity-mongers, who know full well what sort of ludicrous nonsense will go down best with the British public.' They are said to keep up 'an artificial excitement against the Free State,' and to be 'pouring a torrent of calumny and abuse against its people.'

Such strong language must be quite sufficient for fair minds to doubt if it be 'Truth' alone which inspired the article on 'England's Advance North of Orange River.'

From the series of indictments of British policy which the Chief Justice has so elaborately drawn up, I gather that it never seems to have occurred to him that, however a Boer may have regarded it, the British Government was absolutely bound to pursue that policy. For what is the object and duty of a Government, be it British or Boer? Is it not to protect and foster the interests of the people to whom the Government owes allegiance? I perceive several places in this article where the Free Staters and Transvaalers have strenuously striven to obtain advantages over Cape Colony and Natal and Great Britain. I may notice in passing their attempt to get a harbour at St. John's River, their fierce rush to monopolise Natal, their coquetting with native chiefs, their frequently expressed desire to 'escape the clutches of Cape Colony,' their placid forgetfulness of articles in the Conventions, their restless efforts to confine the British to the Southern side of the Orange and Vaal Rivers, the avid haste they manifest to expand northward, &c. &c.; but it would be unbecoming in us to charge them with using 'falsehood, fraud, and force,' in their too transparent policy. It is very evident that both Boer Governments did their utmost to obtain every advantage over the British; but what of it? Were they not pledged to obtain every advantage for their own citizens?

Could the Judge but show wherein British policy was unjust or oppressive to the Boers, I feel sure many of us would pay respectful attention to what he had to say; but his violent and abusive accusations can serve no purpose, unless it be to proclaim his own deep resentment against the British.

In plain English, the Chief Justice is seriously vexed with England and Englishmen because:—

(1) The two Conventions—the Sand River Convention of 1852, and that of 1854—have not been adhered to by England.

(2) The Diamond Fields have become a possession of Cape Colony.

(3) The Orange Free State is not as large as its burghers think it ought to be.

(4) Bechuana Land was annexed, by which the British Empire was extended northward.

(5) England still maintains her pretensions to suzerainty over the South African Republic.

The detailed recital of the above five vexations makes up the body of the Judge's article on 'England's Advance.' I propose to deal with these seriatim, though not so minutely as Judge de Villiers has seen fit to do it.

In answer to the first, I would ask that particular attention be paid to Article 2 of the Convention with the Orange Free State. It was written in 1854, and is expressive of the aversion Great Britain then entertained to any expansion towards Zambesia. The article runs thus :—

'The British Government has no alliance whatever with any native chiefs or tribes to the northward of the Orange River, with the exception of the Griqua Chief Adam Kok, and Her Majesty's Government has no wish or intention to enter hereafter into any treaties which may be injurious or prejudicial to the interest of the Orange River Government.'

The above appears to me very clear. The Orange River Sovereignty—which was British, and contained numerous native chiefs and tribes—was transferred in 1854 to the Boers, as a republic to be in future known as the Orange Free State. The British therefore agree that the Orange River shall be the boundary between the Boers and them. They admit that they have no alliance north of the river, except with the Griqua Chief, and say that they have no wish or intention to make any agreement with any chief or tribe (within the territory now abandoned by them) which may be injurious to the new Government.

Somewhat similar in tone is Article 3 of the Sand River Convention of 1852, which was made with the Emigrant Boers beyond the Vaal River, thus : 'Her Majesty's Assistant Commissioners hereby disclaim all alliances whatever and with whomsoever of the coloured tribes to the north of the Vaal River.'

At this period the Boers north of the Orange-Vaal numbered probably 30,000, and according to this estimate each man, woman, and child might lay claim to about seven square miles. The territory conceded to them by the British measured about 200,000 square miles, and was spacious enough for 6,000 families, and by the act of self-abnegation the Government renounced all right to break through the Boer cordon drawn along the Orange. To the west, however, of the Orange Free State was West Griqualand, occupied by a Christian chief called Waterboer and his tribe, whom Cape Colony subsidised. To the east was Moshesh, the formidable chief of the Basutos, who occupied the Switzerland of South Africa, and behind him was Adam Kok, chief of the East Grikvas, with whom the British maintained alliance.

Well, with the article of 1854 Convention before me, I look at the map of to-day, forty-three years later, and I do not find that the British have trespassed at all on Boer territory.

The second half of the article states that the British Government 'have no wish to enter into any treaties injurious or prejudicial to the Free State,' and I venture to say that both Her Majesty's Government and Her Majesty's subjects entertain the same sentiments still.

If, however, the Chief Justice expands the simple words, or construes them differently from their true meaning, and stretches the Boer territory indefinitely to the eastward or westward, then it is surely allowable to us to remind him that such indeterminate construction requires the sanction of the second party to the contract. But though there is no exact definition of East and West boundaries in the Convention of 1854, the understood limits of the Free Staters are clear enough. The territory of the christianised Griquas forms the western boundary, the territory of the Basutos is the eastern boundary, and between these territories we have no alliance, even unto this day, with any native chief or tribe, nor have we made any treaties injurious or prejudicial to the Free State.

It was supposed by the Free Staters that a considerable extension of their territory, to the eastward, might be made by the inclusion of Basuto Land. Moshesh, the chief, had made no opposition to the Boers feeding their herds on his plains. He had even said to them they 'might remain for years if they liked.' When, however, they pressed too close upon his preserves, and his people complained, Moshesh expostulated, saying he had lent them cows, but he could not sell them. Then began the ten years' war between the Free Staters and the Basutos. When the last of his mountain strongholds was about to be taken by his enemies, Moshesh transferred his Sovereignty to the Queen, and the British Governor sent an armed force to his assistance.

If Moshesh, who had been so generous to the Boers of the Free State, were alive now, what would be his reply to Judge de Villiers? Would he not say that, after welcoming the Free Staters to his grassy plains, they had attempted by 'falsehood, fraud, and force' to take his mountains from him?

The second offence charged to the British has been the obtaining possession of the Diamond Fields.

Since 1799 British missionaries had laboured in Griqualand West, where the Diamond Fields are situated. In 1820 Robert Moffatt, the great missionary, visited Griqua town, and described the respectable appearance of the people, their church, and how they filled it. In that year, also acting on the advice of Mr. Moffatt and his coadjutor Mr. Helm, the Western Griquas elected a new chief, and proved their wisdom by choosing Andries Waterboer. This chief received a subsidy from the Colonial Government, 'for thirty years

he governed his tribes after a model fashion, and did his utmost to keep ardent spirits and gunpowder beyond the reach of his people.' It is of this chief and his Griquas that Livingstone wrote, 'They proved a most efficient guard of the north-west boundary of Cape Colony.'

Griqualand West was not so desirable a country for white settlers as the Orange Free State to the East, there was a scarcity of water, the timber was sparse and poor, but the Free-Staters contrived to induce Waterboer's subjects to part with many a farm for Cape brandy and guns and powder. The discovery of diamonds naturally altered Boer opinion as to the value of the 'ungrateful-looking soil, and forthwith they claimed a goodly slice of Waterboer's territory. The matter was submitted to arbitration, and it was decided in favour of Waterboer. As, however, the Diamond Fields were so near the frontier of the Free State, the British Government paid 90,000*l.* down, and advanced 15,000*l.* to the Free State for railway construction to settle the dispute. The Boers were fortunate in other ways; they had free access to the mines, and many of them were enriched by their lucky finds, and the neighbouring country enormously increased in value.

Our third offence in the eyes of the Chief Justice is that the Free State is not as large as it ought to be, and that it is not independent of Cape Colony, through right of way to the sea. This is called 'robbing the Free State of the large amount of Customs Revenue which legitimately it ought to have received.'

When in 1835 the Boers determined upon emigrating from Cape Colony because of the new-fangled laws of the British about slavery and education, the situation resembled somewhat the condition of Lot and Abraham in the incompatibility of temper displayed. The Boers trekked away to the north, to the plains of the Orange and Vaal, the British Colonists grew and multiplied, and expanded their possessions along the sea coast. As R. W. Murray so well expresses it: 'The stubborn advance of the two columns of civilisation was made, the one along the seaboard, and the other inland; the one with all the regularity of military discipline, backed by the resources of a mighty Empire, and the other relying on its own simple organisations based upon its acquaintance with the natives, their mode of warfare, and their treachery.' Each column suffered disasters. But the Boers inland, by a decisive engagement with Dingaan's Zulus, wherein 3,000 natives were killed, established their right to the part of South Africa they had chosen, and at Albany the column of English settlers were compelled to avenge a fearful act of treachery. When, however, the Boer trekkers in the course of their march cast their eyes upon luxuriant Natal, and sought to establish an abiding-place by the sea, British warships came up, and the trek inland was continued.

We have but to read any of the scores of books upon the Boers to know of their aversion to British law, their nomadic instincts,

their love for pastoral plains and ample elbow-room, and their dislike to society. The British, on the other hand, love salt breezes, and are neighbourly. They think that society enhances the price of land, contributes to security, and increases comfort and pleasures. This being true of both races, it appears rather odd in the Chief Justice to find fault with us because of these racial characteristics, and feeling vexed that the sea-coast people will not consent to leave an unoccupied belt between the Free State and the sea, for the convenience of the inlanders. I do not know of any State in the world that would be so obliging. In Europe, Switzerland and Servia are hemmed in, and none of the Powers are likely to voluntarily make way for them. In Asia, the warlike country of Afghanistan, and many a native State in India, doubtless covet access to the sea; but what Power will consent to dispart its territory for their convenience? Then in America, I find the Republics of Bolivia and Paraguay are jealously excluded from the ocean by sister republics.

The Free-Staters cannot suffer very much by their position inland, for their Customs Revenue for 1896 was 188,763*l.*, most of which was collected at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London. When we consider that they have no expenses for maritime defence, there appears to be no cause for the Judge's bitter strictures.

Our fourth offence is the annexation of Bechuana Land. This matter is too recent for many details. The annexation was due to the encroachments of the Boers within a few years of the Convention of the 3rd of August 1881, wherein the boundaries of the South African Republic were clearly defined. The Boers had entered Bechuana Land, and formed out of the stolen territory two petty Republics called Stella Land and Goshen. The High Commissioner was compelled to warn the President of the Transvaal to beware of encroaching upon the possessions of friendly tribes in alliance with Her Majesty's Government. This warning was unheeded, hence the expedition of Sir Charles Warren, which ended in the annexation of Bechuana Land after a cash expenditure of 1,000,000*l.* It is not stated what the moral and intellectual damage to Great Britain was.

The Chief Justice states that President Kruger 'used all his influence with the men against whom the expedition was directed.' If this be true, should it not be held as a proof that the annexation was justified? In the very next sentence he says; 'The net result was a fresh acquisition of territory by England, North of Vaal, and Orange Rivers, in spite of her own solemn engagements.' Was ever anything so contradictory? The Free-Staters and the Transvaalers may break Conventions, but every step England takes North of the Orange and the Vaal is set down as another instance of bad faith and a breach and violation of solemn engagements.

The Chief Justice also asserts that the alliances made by the British with the Bechuana Chiefs were distinct 'breaches of the

Convention, and an infringement of international right.' Then by what right did Great Britain in 1881 stipulate and define the limits of the South African Republic and reserve to herself power to treat with all natives outside the boundaries? The Boer signatures to that Convention must surely be a proof that the Transvaalers recognised that right.

I have been all along taking the Judge seriously. His office and position demanded respect. But this reiteration, in almost every page, of British action being a breach of the Convention of 1854 smacks of childishness. In the first place, we were already North of the Orange-Vaal, since Waterboer was subsidised by us, and in the second place neither of the Republics was in possession of the entire course of the Orange-Vaal, and therefore could not possibly impose any obligations upon the Paramount Power in territory which was outside its boundaries. The Rhine runs through Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands, but neither Power has a right to impose obligations on that portion of the river beyond its own territory. The Orange River flows by the Free State, Griqua Land, Koranna Land, and Namaqua Land; but the Free State cannot possibly be concerned in the Orange River below the Orange territory. In the third place, as the Convention which recognised the Orange Free State Republic was signed by the Power which had permitted the Republic to take the place of its own Orange River Sovereignty, surely Article 2 could only refer to that part of the river which separated the Free State from Cape Colony. And lastly, if North of Orange River, or North of Vaal River, is to include North of the whole course of the Orange-Vaal River, why does the map accompanying the Convention not show that the Orange Free State extends to the Atlantic Ocean?

Our fifth offence is that we claim suzerainty over the South African Republic.

In the body of the text¹ the Chief Justice says 'at this moment there exists a Convention to which the Transvaal has assented, which only to a slight extent limits the freedom of action of that country.' That is all right, but what does the curious footnote with its exclamatory point mean? 'Several writers have tried to make out that a British Suzerainty over the Transvaal still exists!'

Now, in the Preamble of the Convention of the 3rd of August 1881 it is said that complete self-government is guaranteed to the Transvaal Republic 'subject to the suzerainty of Her Majesty upon certain terms and limitations' as are set forth.

In the Preamble of the Convention of the 27th of February 1884 it is stated that because the Transvaal Government represented that the Convention of 1881 contained 'certain provisions which were incon-

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, p. 385.

venient, and imposed burdens and obligations from which it desired to be relieved, that therefore the articles which follow shall be substituted for the articles of the Convention of 1881.

I maintain then that, according to my reading of both Conventions, British Paramountcy over the South African Republic is acknowledged in the Preamble of the Convention of 1881, which has never been rescinded, and in the Preamble and Convention of 1884, more especially in Article 4, which stipulates that the South African Republic 'will conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or nation, other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the Eastward or Westward of the Republic, until the same has been approved by Her Majesty the Queen.'

In the second clause of Article 4 it is very clearly intimated that any treaty in conflict with the interests of Great Britain, or any of Her Majesty's possessions in South Africa, will not receive the approval of Her Majesty.

On the same day this Convention was signed, Paul Kruger and the other delegates requested Lord Derby to consider Article 4 of the new Convention as already in operation in order that treaties on commercial and financial matters might be concluded with the Netherlands and Portugal.

Lord Derby's answer was to the effect that as the new Convention had not yet been ratified by the Volksraad, Kruger and his associates could make the treaties as provided by Article 2 of the Convention of 1881, 'Her Majesty reserves to herself, her heirs, and successors the control of the external relations of the said State, including the conclusion of treaties and the conduct of diplomatic intercourse with Foreign Powers,' &c., that being the only manner in which they could acquire validity.

Now, the essential difference between the two Conventions is this: According to that of 1881, the conclusion of treaties and the conduct of diplomatic intercourse with foreign Powers are to be carried on through Her Majesty's diplomatic and consular officers abroad; but by the Convention of 1884 the South African Republic is granted the right to make its own treaties and engagements with foreign Powers, which must, however, be submitted for the approval of Her Majesty's Government. If within six months Her Majesty's Government have not expressed their disapproval to the State, their sanction to the treaty is to be considered as granted.

If the casuist sees fit to argue that the new Convention has superseded the old, despite the fact that there has been no rescindment of the term suzerainty or of the Preamble, I must ask what does Article 4 imply? Does it not imply Paramountcy, or superior authority? What is Suzerainty but the rank or office of the predominant Power? Give the Power acknowledged and defined by Article 4 any name you please, but it cannot detract from the

supremacy of the authority which may be exercised should any arrangement with any State or nation conflict with the interests of Great Britain or of her South African possessions. It is but a slender right, and honest dealings of the Republics need never evoke it; but such as it is, it is vital, and we are bound to see that our interests are not imperilled, and against every odds defend them if necessary.

I think I have temperately disposed of the several causes of vexation mentioned by the Chief Justice, and it only remains for me now to touch upon the spirit of the article on 'England's Advance.' The few remarks I made at the beginning sufficiently indicate the highly heated and resentful temper of the learned writer; but it is more—it is Krugeristic, Boerish, vindictive, malicious. I mentioned that allowances should be made for him, on account of the atmosphere charged with moody passions in which he lives. It is quite a revelation to me of the irreconcilableness of the Boer, but I can frankly say it does not anger me; it rather arouses my sympathy and my pity for the people. What else can one feel for men like the Chief Justice, nourishing their antipathies by unworthy reminiscences of what dead and gone 'Imperial-minded Englishmen' said and did against dead and gone Boers? Let the dead bury their dead. These Englishmen referred to regarded the actions of the Boers as 'cruel aggressions,' forcible acquisitions of native territory, 'unjust proceedings,' 'unwarrantable encroachments,' 'violations of every principle of justice.' The King of the Netherlands, in a strongly worded letter to the Boers when they sought his alliance, stigmatised their conduct as treacherous. Scores of missionaries and travellers endorsed the character thus ascribed to them. Surely, then, we require more from the Chief Justice—if we require anything at all—than that he should say 'The offence of the Republics is that they exist; an offence which they will naturally seek to perpetuate by adopting such measures of self-defence as to them may seem necessary.'

I quite agree with the Chief Justice in his superstitious belief that for every act of violence or wrong there is a Nemesis. Biblical and classical writers have often pointed that out. But he does not know England or Englishmen if he supposes that undeserved violence or wrong can be perpetrated by this country without loud-voiced censure and strenuous effort at suppression. He must not, however, confound the diplomatic action of our trusted officials and the loyal guardianship of our interests with brute violence and vicious wrongdoing. We pride ourselves upon our honesty and our love of what is right, and probably the Boers do too; but the misfortune is that the most honest folk sometimes differ as to what is right. To the Chief Justice it appears that we have always been in the wrong, and according to him 'no one can cite a single instance where the Boers have taken the initiative in doing that which was not right.' I have not written the above at haphazard, but after much searching of

evidence, and I find very credible witnesses who testify dead against his statements. It is what we must expect from erring humanity.

However, these misunderstandings were of the past, and as the British South African colonies and the two Republics must continue to exist side by side, is it not better to drop these misunderstandings and strive for a little right understanding in the future? The constant repetition of each other's past faults and failings can only irritate and inflame, but a little promise to avoid such, a little amiability, a little prudence of speech, with a little content will soothe and pacify.

The Boers, through the Chief Justice, say, 'We are Republicans, and mean to be Republicans, and we shall adopt such measures of self-defence as shall seem to us necessary.' To which the most of us reply, 'By all means, stick to your own system of self-government: there is no offence in that; but as we respect your political ideas and admire your firm faith in them and resolution to stand by them, credit us with equal inflexibility to defend our rights, and allow no move to be made that will imperil our rights or our Sovereign's prerogative of suzerainty.' If on both sides we are true men, keeping honest faith with each other and loyally abiding by the treaty obligations, there is no possibility of a collision of interests occurring between us; but I must confess that such harsh intolerance, pharisaic self-deception, and trumpeted infallibility as are exhibited by the Chief Justice of the Free State do not impress me with the Boers' pacific and friendly disposition, nor with their honest intentions towards us.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

THE ETHICS OF EMPIRE

IN an article appearing in last month's number of this Review the Chief Justice of the Orange Free State labours with much ingenuity to show that the dealings of the Imperial Government with the two Dutch Republics have been consistently void of good faith, and that the citizens of those States are much-injured innocents whose wrongs might well excite the blush of shame or the tear of pity in any honourable and self-respecting Briton. Into the details of Chief Justice de Villiers's indictment of this country I am not concerned here to follow him. That task, it may be hoped, will be undertaken by some more competent authority than myself. But since his article does in fact raise, though without apparently any express intention, points of fundamental importance, which lie at the very root of the questions at issue, it is proposed to make some effort here to discuss these. He appears, for instance, to suppose that no treaty, even though extorted from the other contracting party by threat of war at a time of desperate difficulty, as the Sand River Convention was extorted from England in 1852, can ever afterwards be rightfully altered, nor does he seem to recognise that wide change in circumstances and in encompassing conditions always have led, and while the world lasts always must lead, to a rearrangement of the specified terms of relationship.

That conversion of the armed States of Europe into world Powers which has been the chief feature of the political history of the world during the last twenty years has, in fact, had the effect of bringing to the front, as matters of immediate and momentous import, certain ethical considerations of which the interest must previously have been academic only.

These questions may be briefly described as those which refer to (1) the morality of the acquisition of empire, (2) the morality of the retention of empire, (3) the morality of competing with other nations for extension of dominion, or for the gain of points of vantage, even at the risk of war. Twenty years ago such questions as these would have attracted the attention of very few. To-day it is not too much to say that the fate of the British Empire and of the British people—intending by that phrase the men and women of British blood and

speech who inhabit it—depends upon the right determination of this subject of inquiry.

Although the questions named are not usually formulated, they yet meet us at every turn. In the press, on the platform, in periodical literature, and in casual conversation, they are everywhere to be found. And this clashing of diverse ideas, this ambiguity of moral belief, are reflected indirectly, but not the less surely, in the conduct of public affairs. When Mr. Gladstone accomplished the famous surrender that followed Majuba Hill, the acquiescence of England was largely obtained on the ground that it was immoral to coerce a people—namely, the Boer farmers—who were rightly ‘struggling to be free.’ When Gordon died at Khartoum in 1885, when the troops of England were withdrawn from the Soudan, when by that withdrawal a whole population were handed over to fire and the sword, the same argument was used, the same moral compulsion was applied. To coerce the strong, to save at the point of the bayonet, to incur the sin of ‘blood-guiltiness’—these were acts from which the sensitive conscience of a large part of the United Kingdom shrank with horror. Nor are there wanting now similar instances to which the same train of thought applies. The conquest of Matabeleland, the treatment of the Matabele, England’s policy in South Africa—all these afford matter for the moralist on which to base his philippic against the growth and the predominance of the British people.

If this be so, there is evidently ample justification for some endeavour, however imperfect, to examine the abstract question which lies at the root of the controversy—that is to say, the question of the ethics of empire.

Before, however, proceeding to make this attempt, it may be well to have clearly in mind the external causes which have made the consideration of this problem so imperative. A very brief retrospect will suffice for this purpose.

When the peace which followed after Waterloo closed at last our age-long rivalry with France, Britain was left in a position of actual power and of potential greatness such as no other country known to us in the recorded history of mankind has ever reached. The sea was hers. Because her navy had proved stronger in the game of war than the navies of her opponents, therefore her merchant fleet had waxed while theirs had waned, and the ports and coasts of all the uncivilised portions of the earth lay open to her, and there was none to say her nay. What she willed, that she could do. We all remember, in Macaulay’s famous essay upon Clive, his account of the visit paid by that conqueror to the treasure-house of the ruler of Bengal, when he is related to have walked between ‘heaps of gold and silver crowned with rubies and diamonds,’ entreated by Meer Jaffier to take what he would. And we remember how Macaulay also relates that when, in later days, the founder of British power in India

was reproached in the House of Commons with the spoils which he had then acquired, he replied, with an emphatic expression of wonder at himself, 'By God, Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation.'

Even so, in like manner, the British people might reply, when they are reproached with being thieves and land-grabbers, that they stand aghast at the contemplation of their own self-restraint. For, out of those treasures which her mastery of the sea—the truest of all Aladdin's lamps—offered to England, she took nothing save what was forced upon her by the irresistible course of events, or by the individual energy of her sons, which oftentimes transcended and defeated the slowness or the ineptitude of her statesmen and politicians.

It is not quite a barren endeavour to recall those gigantic opportunities which Britain has had and lost. Half a century ago, there can be little doubt that it was open to her, without fear of European rivalry, to conquer and annex the whole of Southern China, and thus to create an Anglo-Chinese Empire, to rival that great dominion which we actually possess in Hindustan. Nor was there at that time—namely, in the early forties—any European Power which would have been likely seriously to challenge our right to proceed as we would in the Far East. Again, in Africa, the whole continent was, practically speaking, open to our approach, save only its Northern shores and those territories on the Eastern and Western coast which lay in the hand of Portugal. Nor can it be doubted that in the Pacific we might have annexed any islands or groups of islands which we chose. I recall these points not at present as an argument to prove that we should have used the opportunities which we did not use, but merely in order to show (1) that, though the extension of our empire since Waterloo undoubtedly has been great, this actual extension is insignificant beside the expansion which was possible; and (2) to point the contrast now existing between past and present opportunity. Assuredly the temptation of a too facile extension of dominion is not now presented to us. The teeming millions of China, groping in the darkness of a semi-barbarism and a spiritual torpor which have endured for thousands of years, are not now likely to be awakened to a new and more vigorous life through impulse communicated by men of British blood. The Russian, not the Briton, has his grasp upon China, and unless the force of England, exerted whether in diplomacy or in war, be sufficient to loosen that grip, the vast potential wealth which the undeveloped resources of the Celestial Empire offer to mankind are likely to enrich, not the British, but the Russian people.

In Africa, again, we have now mighty rivals. Since 1884 the armed hand of Germany has been thrust in to that continent, and it challenges to-day not merely our advance, but our maintenance of our present position. France and Russia in Abyssinia, where their

influence is already powerfully felt; France in Northern and Central Africa; France in Madagascar; France in the Indo-Chinese peninsula; France in Siam; Russia on the Afghan border—confront us over half the world. Even our brethren under the Southern Cross, in the far south of the Pacific, are not free from the menace of foreign proximity; for—to take no other instance—in New Guinea, Mr. Gladstone's repudiation of the intended act of annexation by the Queensland Government has left the German the master of a position which, in future days, too probably may be the source of dire difficulty to our Australian Colonies.

Thus, then, in regard to the more recent acts by which our empire has been increased, the choice has not lain between the extension of our dominion and the maintenance of the *status quo*, but between such an extension and the abandonment of the regions concerned to a foreign rival. As in South Africa, as in East Africa, as in Siam, as in Burmah, this has been the alternative presented to our Government. But if the competition of rival nations be so great and so keen, all the more necessary is it that our action should be unfettered by the haunting presence of unnecessary moral doubt. It does not appear that the action of France, or of Russia, or of Germany has been restrained by any such considerations as those to which I refer. When France wished to take Madagascar, it is not known that any cry of moral reprobation was heard from the French press. When M. Ferry, fifteen years ago, resolved to give France a colonial empire, he entered upon the necessary course of action untrammelled by any doubts proceeding from the conscience of France. Economic objection there may have been, but moral objection there has been none, or, if any, its voice has been so weak as to remain unheard. Nor do we know that in the case of France's present great ally, or in that of her old German rival of twenty-seven years ago, the determined effort to secure increase of dominion has been hampered by any moral scruples. But if in a struggle for empire, in which the whole energies of the four nations involved are required to win success, three of these nations act with the full force of a settled purpose, unhindered by any conscientious doubts, and the fourth nation—that is to say, the British people—act in a half-hearted, broken, hesitating way, because at every step moral scruple intervenes, it is perfectly evident that the difficulties in the way of the latter's success are enormously increased, and that the handicap becomes so serious as to be likely to put them out of the race.

In the course of the last two or three years it has been my lot, as a member of the group of lecturers upon the unity of the British dominion and cognate subjects, founded under the auspices of the late Sir John Seeley, for the purpose of spreading the Imperial idea amongst our countrymen, to go into a large number of clubs and other institutions of all political denominations in and around London. And when-

ever opposition has been manifested, as has of course been frequently the case, I have found that doubt, real or affected, of the morality of empire has been put forward as a part of the ground of objection. In fact, the turns of thought and of speech have usually been so similar that, as soon as a speaker has disclosed the bias of his mind by his opening remarks, it has been easy to forecast the arguments which he would use, and even to a large extent the language in which he would clothe them. I am speaking now, I should say, more particularly of working-men's clubs. The British Empire, past, present, and prospective, is commonly assailed by the same speakers with arguments derived from a violent selfishness and also from as violent an altruism. With the argument from selfishness I have nothing to do in this article. It runs something like this: 'What use is the British Empire to me? What does it matter to me what's being done out in Australia, or amongst the blacks anywhere. All I want is victuals. What's the British Empire? Damn the British Empire!' The argument from altruism, on the other hand, may be paraphrased thus: 'The British Empire is simply the result of a long course of fraud and robbery. Just as a man picks pockets or robs on the highway, so have the people of Britain during generations past been filching or violently robbing the lands of other nations. The making of the empire has been, as it were, one gigantic theft.' This is the argument with which I now propose to deal.

In the first place, it proceeds upon the assumption that every nation has a vested right to the territory which it inhabits, similar to the right that an individual has to his watch or to the clothes which he wears, and for which he is presumed to have paid. Who gave to a nation this right, or by what means was it acquired? The history of the great nations of Europe shows that, as a matter of fact, they acquired the territories which they now own by one means only—namely, force. In the case of the European peoples, the exertion of this force has been an event long anterior to their present condition. During many centuries their national character has been taking shape, formed by their national circumstances, and with every increase in the sense of national individuality, derived from that character, has grown *pari passu* the sense of national ownership of the soil which they inhabit. This ownership has come to be recognised as a prescriptive right by their compeers; yet, if we examine into the original title-deed, we shall find in fact that this is the sword alone. By the sword each nation of Europe came to the possession of the territories which it holds; by the sword it now stands ready to defend what it claims.

If we now turn our regard to the history of uncivilised peoples, we shall find that that appearance of right, so called, which long ownership appears to confer is utterly wanting. The title-deed, instead of being concealed under the dust of ages, is in full view.

The edge of the naked steel still glitters. By what right, for instance, did the Matabele, or the Zulus generally, hold the wide territories which they occupied, and of which we are reproached for having dispossessed them? By the right only of force, applied as ruthlessly, as savagely, and as murderously as was ever known in the history of the world. And this force was exercised, not in a remote epoch, but almost in our own time. It was in 1783 that the great founder of the Zulu power, Chaka, was born. It was during the first quarter of the present century that his armies overran and almost depopulated the regions now called the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal. It was even later than this—i.e. in 1837—that Moselekatse, when defeated by the Boers at Winburg in what is now the Free State, marched across the Transvaal, and proceeded in due course to massacre, or enslave, the unhappy Mashonas. And this history of the Zulus and the Matabele is typical of the history of barbarous tribes both in Africa and elsewhere. Like waves of the sea, so successive waves of invasion have passed over and submerged the territories held by weaker clans.

By what moral right, then, does some victorious race of savages hold the domain of which it has recently violently dispossessed the previous owners, whose own claim had been probably established in the same way? The prescriptive right appearing to arise from long ownership does not exist. Is there in reality any similarity between the claim of such a tribe to the lands it has conquered and the claim of a member of a civilised community to his private property? If we consider it, it will appear evident that the latter has no natural right at all to that which he owns. Natural right of this kind at any rate, if of any kind, does not exist, and the proof that it is felt to be artificial is the fact that a not unimportant section of civilised communities—namely, the Socialists—fiercely impugn the justice of the institution of private property and desire its abolition. The claim, then, of the individual to the property which he has obtained by labour, purchase, or inheritance is based solely on the agreement of the fellow-members of the community to which he belongs that such a claim shall be valid. Without that agreement, his claim would be instantly void, except so far as he might be able to make it good by his own personal prowess. In the case of a tribe of savage conquerors there has been in the nature of things no corresponding agreement. The tribe is, by hypothesis, an independent entity, having no source of protection but itself, which is indeed the condition of all the great civilised nations also.

But we must apply our argument much more closely than this if we wish to show the inherent absurdity of the objections with which we are dealing. The British Empire beyond the seas may be broadly classed under two categories, the first containing all those territories which were sparsely inhabited, if inhabited at all, when

we first took them, and the second, those which were already occupied by an extensive population. Under the first head would come the great continent of Australia, with its three million square miles of land surface and its wandering bodies of Bushmen as the sole tenants. Under this head would come also English North America, including under that term both Canada and the United States. In Bancroft's *History* of the latter it is stated that towards the close of the seventeenth century the total number of the various tribes of Indians who roamed the vast regions lying between Hudson's Bay on the one side and the Mississippi valley on the other did not exceed one hundred and eighty thousand. Is it to be seriously contended that the ethical sentiment inherent in man, the conscience of mankind, should have for ever restrained both our ancestors and all other civilised people from establishing themselves on the other side of the Atlantic? Greater cruelty, greater barbarity than was exercised by the North American tribes towards one another could not easily be conceived. Wandering over enormous realms, of which the vast potential wealth was unknown to them, and would have been, if known, useless, these tribes scalped and slaughtered according to the natural promptings of their tiger-like hearts. Was it then the intention of the Universe that these fair regions should be for ever possessed by a few scattered savages? Has civilised mankind sinned in finding, in that vast expanse of fertile soil, new outlets for millions of its members whose whole lives must otherwise, if they had been born at all, have been 'cribbed, cabined, and confined'?

Hardly, surely, can any sane being answer those questions in the affirmative, for the spectacle of the civilised portion of the human race voluntarily 'stewing in their own juice,' to use the classic phrase of Sir William Harcourt, in those small areas of the world's surface which they first came to inhabit, while resigning enormous dominions to be prowled over for ever and a day by a few ferocious tribes, is too ludicrous for mental contemplation. Not by these means has it been ordained that the evolution of human affairs should proceed.

But, turning from that part of the British Empire of which, when we first came to possess it, the population was scanty in the extreme, to that other portion of it which, when conquest gave it to us, was already thronged with many millions of inhabitants, we have now to ask whether here at least the objection taken on the ground of robbery may not be valid. Suppose, then, the argument urged to have been accepted by the nations of Europe, and to have held good thenceforth for all time upon this planet. Then would that welter of chaos and bloodshed which existed in Hindustan when the arms of France and England contended there for mastery have continued so far as human eye can see into the centuries to come? War, slaughter, the countless barbarities, the unspeakable infamies which

prevail under Oriental rule, would have remained unchecked by the strong hand of England; there would have been no gleam of a brighter day. And not merely would those miseries have continued which have actually been arrested, but for that still greater mass of human suffering, for which as yet not even English rule has provided a remedy, there would have been no hope of a brighter morrow. The condition of women in India, as in most if not all Oriental countries, is one of infinite misery. There, one-half of the population suffer disabilities and restraints amounting to slavery at the hands of the stronger being, man. Child marriages, with all the subsequent horrors which early widowhood there entails, have not yet been put a stop to. But the touch of our civilisation upon the mind of India has not been wholly without effect. Here and there are symptoms that the chains of a convention which has endured for unnumbered ages may be broken at last. Surely, if we believe that the order and sequence of human things tend ever upwards, we must see that it is necessary that the higher civilisation should have power to dominate the lower.

Yet even these considerations do not quite reach the real heart of the question. What is the moral justification for the conquest of the nations of India by England? The best way of answering that query is to put another. What was it that enabled the English to effect that conquest? Evidently it was their inherent superiority. How, then, did that superiority arise? It arose because through many centuries the ancestors of the Englishmen of the time of Clive had made a better use of their opportunities than had the ancestors of the various nations in India whom they subdued. A nation is, as Mr. Flinders Petrie has pointed out, only after all a certain section of mankind having certain characteristics which have become stereotyped in the passage of generations. That section of mankind which dwelt in Britain had acquired, doubtless through the compulsion of heredity and environment, a far stronger and more energetic temperament than that which obtained in the Indian peninsula. As a result, they were the stronger people. It is related of the late Mr. Louis Stevenson that he once summoned the native chiefs of Samoa to a banquet, at which he made them a speech something to this effect:

Now, you chieftains of Samoa have got a great opportunity, and upon the use you make of it, it depends whether you will continue to exist or not. You must grow yams, you must make roads, and you must do whatever other work ought to be done. And if you do that, you will continue and be prosperous; but if you do not do it, then some other persons who do use their opportunities instead of neglecting them, and who will do the work which they ought to do, will come and take your place and will own what you own now.

This is precisely the process which has taken place in the world at large. Nations which use and do not abuse their opportunities

grow strong and expand ; those which neglect them wither, and, in the long run, become subject peoples. This is the law of the universe, and we cannot alter it.

‘But,’ say the humanitarians, ‘this brutal law of which you speak may prevail and does prevail in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and it has doubtless prevailed amongst mankind. But now we have reached to a higher code of morality. Now the ethical sentiment has been evoked ; the principle of altruism is superseding the principle of competition.’ Yet the ethical sentiment, as the late Professor Huxley showed, in his Romanes Lecture, is itself the product of evolution—that is to say, of biological law—and it merely modifies the latter : it does not supersede it. It has modified it, for instance, in our own case, by making the practice of justice and of humanity, and the lofty ideal of raising great subject populations to a higher condition of being, the law of English rule in India. But the supersession of biological law by ethical sentiment would mean, as has been already shown, the arrest of the natural development of the human race. In the case of China, to take another example, this rule of conduct, if acted upon by other more civilised nations, would mean that for hundreds of years to come, as for hundreds of years in the past, corruption, infanticide, and the barbarous savageries of the Chinese penal code would continue unchecked.

The point, however, which the British people have especially to realise is that, whether or no they allow this imaginary obligation of morality to drive them from the paths of common-sense, there is not the remotest chance that their three great rivals, France, Germany, and Russia, will subject themselves to the dictates of this peculiar theory of morals. If a tree, or a blade of grass, were to arrive suddenly at a conviction that competition was immoral, and were therefore to cease to contend with its compeers for the nutriment of Mother Earth, that tree, or that blade of grass, would perish. In a strictly analogous manner, if the English people under the British flag become so altruistic as to withdraw from the ceaseless competition for national existence and the means of national growth in which for centuries past they have been engaged, the result must be that sooner or later, and probably sooner rather than later, they must wither away and cease to operate as a moving factor in the affairs of men.

Would that mighty disappearance tend to the advantage of mankind as a whole ? Has the British people, in common with the children of its race in the United States, no appointed work and function in the life of the world ? To that question history supplies an emphatic answer. Freedom, justice, the spirit of humanity, representative institutions—all these have had their origin amongst ourselves. From us the Western nations of Europe have derived whatever is best amongst them. As the English Revolution of the

seventeenth century is admitted to have been the parent of the French Revolution in the eighteenth, so has the English Parliament been the great pattern which Continental peoples have striven to copy. Amongst us, as the anti-Turkish agitation, however otherwise futile, sufficiently proves, sympathy with the distressed is more poignant and more powerful than it is elsewhere. In his poem upon Nelson, Mr. Swinburne has given noble expression to this thought :—

As earth hath but one England, crown and head
Of all her glories, till the sun be dead,
Supreme in war and peace, supreme in song,
Supreme in freedom, since her rede was read,
Since first the soul that gave her strength grew strong,
To help the evil, and to right the wrong.

And not by example alone has the British people helped mankind, but by the might of its sea power and by the sinews of its wealth. Those very European nations which now revile and deride us owe their freedom from the yoke of Napoleon to the blood and the treasure which our great-grandfathers unstintedly poured out, in the days when a bastard and spurious altruism did not obtain. And if the work accomplished by Britain in bygone time has been vast and important, not less certain is it that labour as mighty and as noble awaits her in the future, if only she look not back from the plough. In India, and in Africa, the life-history of innumerable millions of as yet unborn human creatures will depend upon whether the task of shaping their destiny shall be carried forward by us, whom the course of our history has fitted for that great duty, or shall pass to other and to harsher hands.

Of that which comes to pass when the obligations of empire have been evaded and national duty has been shunned the British people have unfortunately in their own recent record a terrible and vivid instance in the horrors occasioned by that withdrawal from the Soudan which has been already alluded to. As the direct result of that abandonment a multitude of human beings perished, whose exact number will never be known, but which certainly exceeds by ten times the whole number of the victims of the Armenian atrocities, taking as the basis of this estimate the statements made by the two most competent witnesses whom we have—namely, by Father Ohrwalder in his narrative entitled *Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp*, and by Slatin Pasha in his more recent work, *Fire and Sword in the Soudan*. From the latter's calculation, it would appear that 'at least seventy-five per cent. of the total population has succumbed to war, famine, and disease' since the rise of that ferocious combination of Moslem fanaticism with slave-owning rapacity which has constituted Mahdism. By far the greater number of the millions of people who have perished must have died since the British force was recalled from the Upper

Nile in 1885. Speaking broadly, they appear to have passed from life under every circumstance of agony and misery which the imagination is able to depict. The happiest lot has doubtless been that of those who were massacred outright. In the swiftness of death lay mercy. Nay, better, perhaps, even a death of torture applied by man, than those long, slow, lingering torments of starvation, which have been the fate of most of all these countless dead.

At whose door then lies the responsibility for this mass of human pain, to which not Bulgaria and not Armenia offers a parallel? To answer that, let us consider what were the causes which led Britain to draw back from her task in the Soudan, to leave Gordon unavenged, to leave her work undone. The causes were two. They were, first, the cry in England of the humanitarians whose tender hearts could not bear the thought of striking down what they represented as the nascent freedom of a people, and, secondly, the fact that we were at that time so deeply involved in foreign complications that our Government feared to risk an English army in Africa. The existence of the first of these two causes becomes clear to any one who either remembers or takes now the trouble to re-read the feelings expressed in the press and in Parliament at that date. The humanitarians, as usual, were too high-minded to verify their facts. Their protest was one which proceeded from a radical misconception and a complete ignorance of the actual phenomena. They supposed the rising in the Soudan to represent an heroic attempt to throw off foreign—that is to say, Egyptian—dominion. We now know the reverse of this to have been the case. The Mahdi's movement has been in the main an attempt made by slave-owning Arabs, acting with certain tribes, and using Mahomedan fanaticism as their instrument, to subjugate other tribes and to possess their goods. In this regard the humanitarians stand before the bar of history condemned by the logic of actuality.

The second of the two causes which I have named was stated by Mr. Chamberlain, in a speech made in the House of Commons in the early part of last year, as his reason for having acceded to the policy of withdrawal. On this point it is to be observed that the total number of British troops in the Soudan was not large. Certainly it did not approach in numerical strength to half an army corps. But our military resources were so limited that the locking up even of this small body of men meant that the power of England to send the necessary reinforcements to India, should war with Russia break out, was crippled.

Why was the British army so small that we were compelled to abandon several millions of human beings to misery and death? Is not the cause in a very great measure, indeed, to be found in the ceaseless cry raised by these same humanitarians and other good people of a like kidney against any increase in the national armaments?

Men of the very same stamp with those who have been recently shrieking aloud that our Government should fight the world rather than allow Armenians to be massacred, or Greeks to lose their chance of annexing Crete, have been the most persistent opponents of such an increase in the fleet and army of Britain as should enable her to fulfil the mission which the processes of her past have laid upon her. Between their cry against the use of armaments on the one hand, and the result of their long-sustained agitation against the maintenance of these armaments on the other, the action of Britain was paralysed, and the face of the vast region which we call the Soudan was blasted with slaughter and desolation.¹ If we measure policy, as in this world we must measure it, not by motive but by event, it is terribly true to say that the policy at once dictated and caused by the protest-mongers in 1885 has been more fatal to human life than the policy of their favourite *bête noire*, Abdul Aziz himself. Abdul has killed his thousands, but the humanitarians their tens of thousands. It is they, then, who are mainly responsible, in the twofold manner already shown, for that great act of abandonment which subsequent history has declared to have been at once base and a blunder. Now, twelve years afterwards, we are tardily endeavouring to repair that fearful mistake. But no valour and no enterprise can restore the dead to life.

The head of Gordon fixed on that tree in Omdurman, whence the sightless eyes might be thought still to look in death for the help, not for himself but for his people, which in life they had sought for long, and in vain; the plains strewn with the bones of those who have died of privation and despair, or who have been struck down by their brutal captors; the memory of women who have been outraged, of children left to perish, all bear testimony never to be forgotten, while English records last, to that which follows when the weapons of England are allowed to rust, and when sentiment, in place of reason, is permitted to sway the counsels of the empire. In the Soudan, at least, the work of the sentimentalist has been brought almost to a finish. From vast tracts of country the population is gone. Wild beasts prowl in the desolated villages, and the hyena might laugh, as it clashes its jaws on the fleshless skulls of the dead, at the rich products of the new humanity.

In view of the fact that efforts similar to those which have produced these results are being now renewed, and that the returning sanity of the British people is being counteracted by the voices of men who cry in one breath for an exertion of the national will, unfettered by regard for the intentions of other countries, and in the next or the preceding breath for the weakening of the only instru-

¹ 'Prosperous districts with a teeming population have been reduced to desert wastes. The great plains over which the Western Arabs roamed are deserted, and their places taken by wild animals.'—Slatin Pasha.

ments by which that will can be carried into effect, it is surely time for us to try to get our ideas clear upon this fundamental point. If the humanitarians do indeed wish the great nation, into which they have been born, to be the friend of the friendless and the helper of the distressed ; if they really cherish the noble ambition of succouring, not the Armenians or the Cretans only, but all races or peoples that are weak and oppressed ; if they desire the sword of Britain to be keen to smite the oppressor, and the arm of Britain to be strong to save, then in the name of common-sense let them see to it that the sole means of achieving these high ends, the navy and the army, shall be rendered adequate to the task which they have to perform. Yet so strange a thing sometimes is human intelligence, that the very persons who are foremost in expressing what passes for generous sympathy with the victims of tyranny are usually those who are opposed most bitterly to any increase in the national armaments.

They would have Britain help—yes ; but there shall be no antecedent expenditure to enable her to help effectually. They would have her risk war with the world for the sake of the suffering—yes ; but they would not vote for one extra battleship to put her in a position to war successfully. Between the thought of the righteousness of risking a conflict and the thought of what would happen if the conflict actually began, there seems to be, for these persons, a mental gulf as untraversable as that which separated Dives from Lazarus.

Probably, however, the root cause of this astonishing discontinuity is to be found in the prevalence of the same profound fallacy which has been referred to earlier in this article. For if you press a sentimentalist, he will tell you at last that it is the duty of a nation, as of an individual, to 'follow the right' (by which he means, to obey any generous impulse), without counting the cost. Evidently here arises again the old false analogy between the State and a single citizen of the State with which we have dealt before.

As a nation is imagined by the humanitarians to own its territory in the same manner in which a man owns an umbrella, so is it also imagined by them to be free, as an individual is sometimes free, to sacrifice itself for the sake of others. On this point it has first to be observed that the individual, when he is married and has a family dependent upon him, is not free to indulge in the costly luxury of altruism. If a poor man, being English, were to leave wife and children at the world's mercy, while he went off as a volunteer to fight for Greece, he would certainly be, not a fine fellow, but a deserter from duty. The analogy, therefore, breaks down at the start, unless it can be shown that the nation is always in the position of the unmarried man. That the case is the reverse of this we all know. The responsibilities of the State are as much more tremendous than those of the individual as the aggregate of its interests exceeds

his. Lord Salisbury has recently said with much emphasis that the Government are in the position of trustees towards the nation. The simile might be extended, for it is equally true to say that the whole nation is in the position of a trustee towards posterity. This one living generation of British men and British women, who now walk this world's stage, does not constitute the whole British people. Far back into the past, and, surely, far forward into the future, the chain, of which we are but one link, extends. Inheritors of a mighty trust, we are bound by the whole course of our history, up to now, to pass it on, inviolate, to those who shall follow. For ages past, the labour of dead generations has been building up the house of the British nation. For centuries, our national character has been taking form under the impulse of some of the greatest spirits whom earth has known. In Asia and in Africa great native populations have passed under our hand. To us—to us, and not to others, a certain definite duty has been assigned. To carry light and civilisation into the dark places of the world; to touch the mind of Asia and of Africa with the ethical ideas of Europe; to give to thronging millions, who would otherwise never know peace or security, these first conditions of human advance: constructive endeavour such as this forms part of the function which it is ours to discharge. Once more—to fill the wide waste places of Australasia and Canada with the children of Britain; to people with our race the lofty plateau through which the Zambesi rolls down towards the sea, and whence of old the sailors of Tyre brought the gold of Ophir to the temple of Solomon; to draw from the soil, or from beneath the soil, the wealth hoarded for uncounted ages for the service of man; and, lastly, to let the sound of the English tongue and the pure life of English homes give to the future of those immense regions its hue and shape: this, again, is a portion of the task which our past has devolved upon us.

Have we the moral right, supposing us to have the moral feebleness, to cast from us, as a thing of no account, this vast world-work which previous centuries have entrusted to our care? From the moment when Drake, three hundred years ago, lying on his face on the edge of the wild rock that forms the southernmost extremity of the American continent, looked out upon that Pacific Ocean whose waters he was the first 'to plough with an English keel,' even up to the present day, the duty of Britain has been in process of birth and in process of growth. Has not a nation, like an individual—for here at length the analogy holds—a certain appointed task which, beyond all other nations, it is fitted to perform? Wilfully to neglect this ordained labour is, so to speak, the one unforgiveable sin, because it is to defeat the purpose of the Universe as shown in the aptitudes which have been produced by the previous course of things. To sustain worthily the burden of empire is the task manifestly appointed to Britain, and therefore to fulfil that task is her duty, as

it should also be her delight. But if that duty should be opposed, if her path should be traversed by some rival State, what then would be the necessity laid upon the British Government and people? Evidently, if the considerations already advanced are valid, it then becomes straitly incumbent upon them to resist the assailant with the entire force which they can exert.

Viewed from this standpoint, it will be seen that the adequate maintenance of the national armaments is not merely a vital need, prompted by the strongest conceivable motives of self-interest, but also, in very truth, a high and sacred obligation of morality. Not to heed that obligation means that we are ready lightly to lay aside the work which constitutes the chief justification for our existence as a people amongst mankind. It means that we are contemnners of the past, that we are faithless to our charge, that we are as fraudulent life-tenants with regard to our heirs. First of all duties, because the primary condition of the fulfilment of all duties, is the obligation of self-defence.

Well is it indeed for us, in the presence of persons who cut their emotion loose from their reason, and let it run amuck in the world like a mad Malay, that in the fulness of time the old idea of devotion to the nation, and of debt owed to the nation, has at last begun to revive. As a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, so has the Imperial idea, held ten years ago but by a few, spread until it has become a vital force. In the possessions of the British people beyond the seas, as in these islands, there are men who are working in utter earnest to recall to their countrymen those thoughts and those high impulses which gave them strength in days gone by. As the years roll on, a wider patriotism and a deeper resolve are becoming perceptible. There is growing into existence a sentiment of national being which overleaps the ocean, so that, to those whom it possesses, it matters not whether they were born in Cape Town or in London, in Melbourne or in Montreal. Equally are they members of one mighty community, and equally are they heirs to that mastery of the seas which must ultimately carry with it the hegemony of mankind.

H. F. WYATT.

THE ENCROACHMENT OF WOMEN

ALTHOUGH during the last year the champions of Women have continued unabashed the policy of encroachment, the situation is completely changed. With a noble determination, the University of Oxford has refused even the semblance of a degree to the students of St. Margaret's or Somerville Hall, while the Radicals of Cambridge, who inaugurated their agitation to help the sister University, are now conducting the campaign for their own separate advantage. True, they have gone no further than the appointment of a Syndicate, whose report the Senate will presently annul; but, flushed with the bare thought of victory, they have published all their evil intent to the world, until it is clear that nothing will please them save the complete surrender of the University and its privileges to those for whom these privileges were never designed. Meanwhile the Women arrogantly demand as a right ten times more than courtesy has granted them, and prove, by the temper in which they approach the controversy, that should they once have their way the presence of one single man at Cambridge will seem inexpedient to the patrons of High Schools. One lady, indeed, presiding over a notorious seat of learning, impudently asserts that men are disqualified by their sex from taking part in a discussion which men alone have the right to initiate. In other words, men are forbidden to defend their own institutions against the onslaught of women for no better reason than that they are men. Shall they, then, appoint a council of women to rob them of their due, and sulk in forced idleness behind their oaks?

The Syndicate which has lately published its Report is prepared for this or any other surrender. It respects all things save the interests of the University which it is in duty bound to defend. It has accepted for gospel the testimony of women who would willingly sacrifice the most ancient foundation for their own problematic advantage. It records with a bland astonishment the fact that 1,234 students of Girton and Newnham have asked for titular recognition, as though any 1,234 persons would decline a privilege to which by use and custom they had no right. It permits an appeal to public opinion, as though no place were secure from the domination of the people, and as though Cambridge were an inn whose clients might complain of the meat

and drink supplied them. The Syndicate, in fact, invited to consider 'what further rights or privileges, if any, should be granted to women students by the University,' has refrained from any consideration at all. The very use of the word 'right' is ill-omened, and nine out of the fourteen gentlemen appointed to inform the Senate have set their signatures, not to an impartial argument, but to as strenuous a piece of special pleading as you are likely to meet. They are anxious to give away with both hands all those privileges which centuries of honourable tradition have withheld. Not only would they confer upon such women as have satisfied the examiners the degree of B.A.; they insist that the degree of M.A. shall also be theirs, when they are of suitable standing; and, that no check be put upon the vanity of Girton and Newnham, the students of these colleges, if the Syndicate is not thwarted, will be declared eligible for all other degrees now conferred upon men, save only the doctorates of Medicine and Divinity. Why these trivial exceptions are made is left unexplained, but the reason may well be that the apostles of progress are unwilling to close all doors upon the agitation of the future.

The Syndicate, in truth, has gone further on the road of revolution than the most sanguine 'reformer' had expected. The first timid demand was for the mere B.A., in which degree, said the innovator, there lurked no danger, since only Masters of Arts are eligible for membership of the Senate. But now, declare the reckless nine, ladies shall wear the silken or even the scarlet gown; they shall pay the fees wherewith these distinctions are bought, and that all the world may know the titles are not conferred *honoris causa*, women shall henceforth be eligible for such honorary degrees as are now presented with a Latin oration to the distinguished men of all nations, provided only these women have served the cause of education, or, in other words, have taken part in the battle against the Universities. Never was a more ingenious method invented of conferring immortality upon a grievance. Should the Senate adopt the advice of this misguided majority, the effect must be instant disaster. The University will be packed with disfranchised members, who are permitted to purchase a half-privilege with precisely the same sum which confers the whole privilege upon others. And you need not look too closely into history to assure yourself that this foolish complacency will be rewarded with a bitter and embarrassing agitation. After this supreme surrender, free access to the library and laboratories is but a trifling concession.

One sound argument alone would justify a complete reconstruction of Cambridge: the advantage of the University as it at present exists. The members of the Senate have no other duty than to guard the interests of that institution, whereof they form part. They have no concern with philanthropy, politics, or intelligence. They can but ask themselves one question: will our action prove a benefit, not to

the world, but to the University of Cambridge? Now, the Syndicate, or such part of it as signs the Report, asks and answers many another question, but prudently neglects the one essential problem. Even if it proved to the satisfaction of the stubbornest opponent that a degree was a veritable benefit to the women who ask it, it would not have advanced one step on the road of conviction. Yet, though every scrap of the evidence which it adduces is irrelevant, it is none the less worth examination, because, contemplated from the Syndicate's own point of view, it fails entirely to establish the slightest grievance. Such vague assertions as that 'a very general impression exists outside the University that the course of study women have pursued is inferior to that pursued by men' are more than counterbalanced by Mrs. Sidgwick's free and frank admission that 'the position of a Newnham or Girton student with a good Tripos certificate is, from the point of view of obtaining employment as a teacher, on the whole not inferior to that of the graduates of other Universities.' Why, then, this hankering after the degrees that are immaterial? Surely, the reason is to be found in a sly, half-repressed desire to get the management of the University into the hands of women?

But the Syndicate asked for opinions, and it has printed such an array as only a perfect lack of humour could have seen through the press. Here is one lady who declares that women following the Cambridge course feel their inferiority.* Well, the remedy is easy: let them follow another, and leave Cambridge in peace. They at least are free, though they would fasten an intolerable trammel upon a University which does not belong to them, and to which they will never belong. Another student of Newnham states that when she visited Chicago in 1893 she found 'the possession of a degree would have removed certain inconveniences which she experienced.' Is it then the business of the University to make things easy for the adventurous tourist? Another was hampered in the post-graduate work she performed in an American college; another, still more reckless, asserts that had she possessed a University degree she would have been more at ease in tackling French officials! Again you are told that Berlin and Freiburg are not as respectful as they might be to the Tripos certificate, and while this mistress is incapable of explaining her qualifications to the British parent, that one is persuaded that her private school would yield a better profit if the University of Cambridge were disloyal to its traditions. Such arguments as these are refuted by their own frivolity, and would be insufficient did not history render it imperative to close the question now and for ever. It is almost incredible that ladies who have enjoyed the advantage of so liberal an education as is conferred by Cambridge should still ask the University to act as a travelling companion or to impress upon the mothers of High School girls that which their own eloquence fails to explain.

Having destroyed its case out of the mouths of its own witnesses, the Syndicate proceeds to quote the practice of other Universities. And here the Syndicate best displays its lack of candour. Oxford is the only University which may for a moment be compared to Cambridge, and Oxford has declared finally and decisively against the aggression of Women. Wherefore, says the Syndicate, with Oxford we will have no dealings. We prefer to follow the lead of Manchester and Aberdeen, of Durham and Aberystwyth. In other words, 'the present is not a fitting occasion to attempt to secure the joint action of the two Universities.' Why not? What occasion can be more fitting? A majority of Oxford graduates is anxious for co-operation. It is a common danger that threatens the Universities, which by a common expedient might put their house in order. The tradition which inclines Oxford to the side of wisdom is the same which must preserve Cambridge from ruin. The moment has come for mutual understanding and mutual aid; yet, says the Syndicate, we decline to consider the possibility of 'joint action' and prefer to fall back upon the illustrious precedent of Bangor? Cannot they realise, these intrepid nine, that Bangor has nothing to lose by reckless innovation? Will they not understand that Oxford alone is the fitting colleague of Cambridge? That the University which sheltered Mark Pattison alone may join hands with the University which rejoices in the scholarship of Professor Mayor?

Nor is it only sentiment which makes 'joint action' a necessity. Suppose Cambridge neglected the lofty example of Oxford, and admitted women to an equal share of her privileges, the issue would not be in doubt for a moment. Cambridge would become not a mixed University, but a University of Women. Not even the complacent nine who have signed the Report to the Senate would long be tolerated when Girton and Newnham came into their own. The boat-race, which is far more popular (if popularity be essential) than the progress of Women, would be replaced by a vapid contest at lawn-tennis between the Women of Cambridge and the Men of Oxford. Mr. Roberts, the zealous and fearless iconoclast, would be sent back to extend a University which was ceasing to exist. And the undergraduates, the despised undergraduates, who, after all, are at least as necessary as dons for the well-being of a University, what would become of them? With perfect wisdom they would choose the University which remained faithful to their interests, and migrate in all light-heartedness to Oxford. And they would do right, for they sought their University in the belief that they would enjoy the privileges of an institution designed by centuries of habit for the use of men. But they would find, if the ambition of the indiscreet be not instantly checked, that their interests were discussed and governed by a crowd of gowned and titled women. And what high-spirited youth would permit this intrusion? The Syndicate, which quotes with

bated breath the opinion of Newnham students still in their first year, affects to neglect the voice of the undergraduate; but this neglect is as reckless as it is intolerant, and it is worth while to remember that in the *plébiscite* of last May, while 446 undergraduates voted for women's degrees, 1,723 declared themselves on the side of dignity and tradition.

The Syndicate makes its demand in the cause of education, and withal is doing its best to cripple for ever the education of women. The proposal to which the nine have set their name is nothing else than a Girton and Newnham relief bill. In vain other institutions, such as Holloway College, protest on behalf of their neglected interests; in vain Sir William Anson and his colleagues urge the necessity of the Queen's University with a charter of its own. Newnham and Girton demand enfranchisement and the spoils of ancient endowments, and until the Senate has expressed its displeasure, not only Cambridge, but the education of women also, is in danger. Miss Clough and Miss Jex-Blake, in answer to the Syndicate's request for light, have told the whole truth. Fortunately for their opponents, they have most carelessly unmasked their batteries, and henceforth all the world may know at what points the attack is to be directed. Now, Miss Clough and Miss Jex-Blake possess the shining virtues of courage and candour. They do not ask for a tiny privilege when nothing less than the University, and the whole University, will content them. Here are a few of their more exigent demands:—

- (1) An unrestricted use of the University Library.
- (2) A Free Competition for all University prizes and scholarships.
- (3) Recognition for advanced study and research.
- (4) A general participation in academic interests.

Thus for the first time we discover the true demands of Women. They must have a share in the University Library, they must set aside the wishes of pious benefactors, and claim scholarships which were bequeathed to men alone, a single theft which would be sufficient to render generosity impossible for the future. Moreover, when they complain of their 'isolation,' and insist that they are cut off from Academic interests, it is plain that they are asking for a vote in the Senate and a seat at the High Table. But their most astounding grievance is still to mention: they are tired of courtesy—of that courtesy which, they confess, has not been stinted in the past. They would have nothing precarious in the tenure of those privileges upon which (say they) so much depends. And so because courtesy is irksome to them, they would reward that courtesy, which 'has not been stinted,' by wholesale exaction. The position is not precisely gracious or dignified, but at least it is candid, and far more honourable than the position of those others who demand a degree, and

protest the while that they would not if they could interfere with the conduct of the University.

But so we discover the true policy of encroachment which has been pursued from the first by the champions of Women. They have always asked one privilege with their eye cast wantonly upon another. From the moment when the favour was asked of examination, they were determined upon a mixed University, and nothing less than a mixed University is likely to satisfy them. The Syndicate, moreover, has no love of half-measures. The most that it confesses is that it 'is not prepared to recommend that women should be admitted to membership of the University.' But the Syndicate may take heart; it soon will be prepared, and then reconstruction is only a matter of time. Before long the University would be once more unmixed, and it would not be the women who were excluded from privilege and emolument, but the men who too rashly surrendered that which it was their honour to keep, and which nothing save a grave dereliction of duty would have permitted them to throw away. That a mixed University is the ambition of the Radicals is only too evident. Miss Clough and Miss Jex-Blake are not the only heroines who have revealed the full extent of their intended depredation. A year ago the Committee of Girton and Newnham declared that 'the experience thus gained may be taken as trustworthy evidence that, under suitable regulations, the admission of women to membership of the University may be safely conceded.' The humility is a trifle ridiculous; one wonders what regulations may be suitable, and one asks diffidently whose 'safety' will be considered, the men's or the women's? But the intention is evident, and you are not surprised that men, careless of their University, should echo the prayer. Professor Sidgwick, for instance, is at last 'prepared to go the whole hog,' while the Master of Christ's asks in despair, 'Are we going to welcome them here as part of ourselves?' In brief, the real demand of the Syndicate, the real ambition of Girton and Newnham, is a mixed University, which by a natural evolution shall become once more unmixed; and it is this issue, and this issue alone, that will be voted upon in the Senate House.

At the last moment, the friends of Women, seeing their exaction hopeless, have attempted to retract. They have reverted to their demand of a year ago, and have promised contentment with a mere B.A. But they have dodged here and there so often, that no graduate will trust them, since it is obvious that their last retractation is as insincere as their earlier modesty. Nothing, in fact, will satisfy the assailants but the plunder of the University, and the attack can only be met by a direct negative. Even by its own superfluous reasoning the Report of the Syndicate is a signal failure. It has neglected nothing which might strengthen its case; it has even made appeal to the prowess of girls in the Local Examinations, which never should

be seriously considered by a dignified University. But it has brought forward in support of wanton destruction nothing more grave than ~~the destruction~~ suffered in Chicago, at Freiburg, or on a French frontier. It rejects the proposal of a Women's University, wherein Greek and Latin should not be compulsory, and ~~in which~~ a valuable experiment might be made. It rejects equally the suggestion of the minority that a degree should be conferred upon women which never need be confused with the degree conferred upon men. And thus it proves itself unreconciled and irreconcilable. Women's education is nothing to it: else it would welcome a new charter and national equality. No, it is moved by the spurious sentimentality which always urges the irresponsible Radical to give away that which does not belong to him. And (let us hope) it will be properly and fairly defeated. Something more than the triumph of ambitious women is at stake. The very existence is threatened of that University which alone is concerned in the discussion, and whose advantage is never even mentioned. Centuries have proved that the Cambridge of Newton and Bentley, of Porson and Munro, is an admirable University—a school not only of learning, but of manners and restraint. Why, then, tinker it to flatter the vanity of the middle sex? Why, then, impose upon the University a responsibility which it is evidently unfit to sustain? If women sat at the high table, and wore the gown of bachelorhood, the ancient University which hundreds of years have known and revered would be no more. The air of seclusion would be for ever dissipated; the college courts, which Gray and Byron knew, would be invaded by a horde of women, tricked out in a costume unbecoming their nether skirts, whose career would be as ill assorted as their raiment. And, after all, it is but a small minority of women who would thus slavishly disguise themselves in the trappings of men, who assert that sex is a base convention, and who have so little respect for tradition that they would deface an ivy-grown institution for a fancy. But it is the minority which claims a hearing; the falsely ambitious 'have tried silence to revive slander,' nor is anything save an excess of zeal likely to waken its more amiable and dignified sisters to a protest. Meanwhile the duty of the Senate is clear. It is only concerned with the welfare of the University, which it holds in trust not for itself, but for the generations yet unborn. To the Senate the advantage of Women is immaterial. No hardship can change the truth that Cambridge exists for men and for men alone. If women are sincere, let them accept the charter of the Queen's University and go elsewhere. Then may the University once more know peace, and continue its work, undisturbed by idle agitation and by the daily invention of fresh and futile grievances.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

HOW I BECAME POPE

BY PIUS THE SECOND

EXTRACTED FROM THE POPE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
COMMENTARIES

'WHEN the news of the Pope's death reached Philip, the Cardinal Bishop of Bologna, in his retreat at Bagnorea from the heat of the summer, he made his way to Viterbo, and set out with Aeneas toward Rome for the election of a successor. As they went along together they found the whole Court, and more than half the populace, running to meet them outside the walls. "One of you two," shouted every voice, "will be elected Pope."

So begins the only account of that great recurring drama of the ages of Faith, the election of a new Pope, by one who has been plunged into that whirlpool of intrigue and come out victorious on the other side. Aeneas Silvius Piccolomini, who assumed the name of Pius the Second, was a born journalist. He was the Andrew Lang of the Vatican. Society verses, novelettes, histories, travels slipped with equal ease from his graceful pen. He was an orator and a statesman, with but one besetting sin—he could as soon have neglected good 'copy' as have written bad Latin. And so in the 'Commentaries' which he produced at his leisure in imitation of the great Julius, and which have never yet been done into English, he gives us a wonderfully vivid, somewhat lurid, glimpse into the Vatican in the period just after the anti-Popes, when it lay under the influence of a few great Italian families—Colonna, Piccolomini, Orsini, Borgia.

Pius the Second succeeded a Borgia, Calixtus the Third, on the 19th of August, 1458. His principal rivals were William d'Estouteville, Archbishop of Rouen, and Philippe Calendrino, a brother of Nicholas the Fifth, the last Pope but one. The Vice-Chancellor, who takes a prominent part in the story, was the infamous Roderic Lenzoli Borgia, who assumed the name of Alexander the Sixth; and Pietro Barbo, the Cardinal-priest of St. Mark at Venice, was our historian's successor, under the style of Paul the Second. With this introduction to the principal actors, we can leave Aeneas to tell his own tale, with the one

reminder that, like his great exemplar, he speaks of himself in the third person.

'The other eighteen Cardinals joined the Conclave on the tenth day after Calixtus' death. The whole State hung upon the issue, though the popular expectation conferred the Pontificate upon Aeneas, Bishop of Siena, and none stood higher in reputation.'

The number is important. A candidate must secure a two-thirds majority plus one. In this case he required twelve votes. If he obtained these, he had the privilege of voting for himself and so deciding the matter. Aeneas, though he does not mention it, made use of this privilege.

'The Conclave was erected in the hall of the Apostles at St. Peter's, two courts and two chapels being included. They built cells for the Cardinals to eat and sleep in, in the larger chapel. The smaller, called the Chapel of St. Nicholas, was allotted to consultation and the election of the Pope. The courtyards were for general use as a promenade.

'On the day of assembly no progress was made with the election. The following day various rules were promulgated, which the Cardinals laid down to be observed by the new Head, and each man swore that he would observe these if the choice should fall upon him. On the third day Mass was celebrated, and we proceeded to the scrutiny. It was found that Philip, Bishop of Bologna, and Aeneas, Bishop of Siena, had been proposed for the Pontificate by an equal number of voices, each receiving five nominations; of the others no one received more than three.

'No one at that stage, whether this was a trick, or the result of his unpopularity, selected William of Rouen. The scrutiny completed and the result announced, the Cardinals came together and sat in council. The question then put to us was, "Is there any one who will change his mind, and transfer his vote to another candidate?" This method of election is called "Election by Accession." It is easier to arrive at agreement by this plan, a process objected to at the first scrutiny by those who had not received any votes at all, because no "accession" could be made to their party.

'We adjourned to luncheon, and from that moment what cabals! The more powerful members of the College, whether their strength lay in reputation or wealth, beckoned others to their side. They promised, they threatened. There were even some who without a blush, without a shred of modesty, pleaded their own merits, and demanded the supreme Pontificate for themselves. . . . Each man boasted of his qualifications. The bickering of these claimants was something extraordinary; through a day and a sleepless night it raged with unabated virulence. William of Rouen was not so apprehensive of these brawlers as of Aeneas and the Bolognese Cardinal, towards whom he saw that most of the voters inclined; but he was especially

anxious about Aeneas, whose silence, he did not doubt, carried more weight than the yelping of others. He called to himself now this clique, now that, and assailed them with, "What letters between you and Aeneas that makes you think him worthy of the Papal dignity? Are you going to make a man our Chief Priest who does not work on foot and has not a penny? How is a poor man to relieve the poverty of the Church; an invalid to heal the sick? It was only the other day he came from Germany. We know nothing of him. He may even carry the Court away with him back to Germany. What does his literary culture matter? Are we to place a society versifier on the throne of St. Peter? Think you 'good form' will govern the Church? Or do you think Philip of Bologna the better man? He is a stiff-necked fellow, who will neither be clever enough to steer himself nor listen to those who warn him of the proper course! I am the senior Cardinal; you know me to be cautious; I am a past master in Papal learning; of royal descent; a man with a large following and large property, with which I can assist our needy Church; I have no small number of benefices at my disposal, which I shall distribute and confer upon you and others."

• 'To his promises he added a host of entreaties; if these had not the desired effect, threats; when any one objected that his simony was an obstacle, that his Papacy would be a venal one, he would make no denial that his past life had been besmirched with the mire of simony, but for the future—for the future, he asserted, his hands should be clean! Cardinal Alano of Rimini—an insolent and venal creature—was his second, and backed his candidature by every possible manœuvre. It was not so much that he, as a Frenchman, was the partisan of a Frenchman, as that he expected Rouen Cathedral, with William's house in the city and his chancellorship, if he should be promoted. Many were entangled by his huge bribes. They were entrapped by the fellow like flies. Christ's tunic, in Christ's absence, was up for sale!

• Several Cardinals met in the latrines, and, with that as their retreat, they plotted with the greater secrecy how they should make William Pope. They bound themselves by written agreements and oaths; and he, relying upon these, promised dignities and positions, and allotted provinces, in virtue of his prerogative. An appropriate place to choose such a Pope! Where find a better spot to enter upon foul conspiracies than in the latrines? . . .

• The Cardinals on William's side made no small party, eight in number. The Bishop of Bologna, Orsini, and the Cardinal-priest of St. Anastasia were wavering. A touch would send them over; they actually had given ground for some hope; and since eleven appeared to be in unison, there was no fear of failing to find a twelfth without delay. For when a candidate reaches that stage, why! there is ever some one at his elbow who says, "I too vote to make you Pope," so as

to gain his goodwill. So they began to think the whole business was finished, and they merely waited for dawn to proceed to the scrutiny. Midnight had already slipped past when who but the Bolognese made his way to Aeneas and roused him from his slumbers. "Come, come, Aeneas," he exclaimed, "know you not that we already have a Pope? A number of Cardinals have met in the latrines; they have determined to appoint William; they await nothing but daylight. My advice is this: get out of bed, go to him and add your voice to his side; lest if you oppose him and he become Pontiff, he bear a grudge against you. I shall look after my own skin, and avoid the snare I fell into before. I know what it is to have a Pope for my enemy. I have had that experience with Calixtus, who never gave me a friendly glance because I did not vote for him. My opinion is that it is politic to anticipate the favour of the man who is to be Pope. I am giving to you the advice on which I am myself acting."

"Philip," replied Aeneas, "no man shall ever persuade me to adopt your base subterfuge; to think of choosing one I deem an unworthy varlet as successor of the blessed Peter! Far from me be this crime! If others choose him, that is their affair. I will be clear of this transgression; my conscience shall not assail me. You say it is a hard lot to have an ill-affected Pope; I have no dread of that. I know he will not murder me for not voting for him. If he love me not, he will merely give me no revenue, and no patronage."

"You will feel the pinch of poverty."

"Poverty is no hardship to a man who is accustomed to be poor. I have led a life of indigence up to this day—what is it to me if I die a pauper? He robs me not of the Muses, who are ever the more gracious when one's purse is light. Nay, I am not the man to believe that God will suffer his Bride, the Church, to languish utterly in the hands of William of Rouen. What is more contrary to the Christian profession than that Christ's Vicar should be a slave to simony and licentiousness? God's righteousness will not allow this palace, wherein so many holy Fathers have dwelt, to be a den of robbers or a stew of harlots. The Apostleship is derived from God and not from men. Who knows not that the thoughts of the fellows who have banded together to gain the Pontificate for William are set on vanity? How fit that their conspiracy was hatched in the latrines! Their intrigues will end in a secession; and, like the Arian heresy, the foul instruments will meet their end in some place of abomination. To-morrow will show that the Bishop of Rome is chosen by God and not by men. If you are a follower of Christ, you will refuse to take as Christ's Vicar one whom you know to be a limb of the Devil."

"These arguments scared Philip from his support of William; and at the first peep of dawn Aeneas approached Roderic, the Vice-Chancellor, with the blunt inquiry, "Have you sold yourself to William?"

"What would you have me do?" he retorted. "The first act is over. Quite a number met in the latrines, and determined to choose this fellow. It would be foolish for me to hang with the minority outside the Pontiff's favour. I run with the larger crowd. I have done the best for myself. I shall not lose my Chancellorship. I have his promise in black and white; if I do not vote for William others will do so, and I shall lose my office!"

"Greenhorn!" interrupted Aeneas, "so you are going to set in the Apostle's chair an enemy of your nation, and will honour the pledge of one who knows no honour. You will indeed have your pledge; but the Archbishop of Avignon will have your Chancellorship. The very bribe that is promised you is not only promised but assured to him. Will the fellow keep faith with you or with him? 'Why, with the Frenchman, not the Catalanian!'. The Frenchman will win. Will he oblige a foreigner or a compatriot? Beware, young simpleton! Have a care, good Muddle-pate! Though the Church of Rome be nothing to you, though you hold Christ's religion as cheap as you hold God contemptible, for whom are you elevating such a Vicar? Give a thought at least to your own position. With a French Pope you will be in most sorry case."

The Vice-Chancellor listened to his friend's harangue attentively, and gave him a qualified adherence.

Next to the Pavian Cardinal. "Am I rightly informed that you too," queried Aeneas, "are of one mind with those who have resolved to elect William? Is that so?"

"Certainly; I have promised to give him my vote, that I may not be left in a minority of one. Believe me, it's a foregone conclusion; the fellow has such a string of backers!"

"I find you are not the man I took you for," Aeneas continued. "... Have we not often heard you say that the Church would perish if it fell into William's hands—'death before submission'? Why this right-about? Has he been transfigured in a trice from Apollyon to an angel, or you from angel to devil, that you fall in love with his lusts, obscenities, and avarice? Where have you cast your patriotism and your usual exaltation of Italy above all other lands? I used to think that when every one else was false to his love of her you would never flinch. You have deceived me, or rather your own self and your Italian motherland, if you come not back to your senses!"

The Bishop of Pavia was nonplussed by these reproaches. Remorse and shame surged up within him; he burst into a flood of tears. Then, after some deep-drawn sighs, he moaned, "I am ashamed of myself, but what am I to do? I have passed my word. If I do not vote for William I shall stand guilty of treachery."

"So far as I can discern," the other retorted, "it has come to this, that whichever path you take you are travelling toward the name of traitor. Now you must make your choice. Had you rather

give up Italy, your country, and your Church, or William of Rouen?" The Pavian yielded to this taunt; a lighter stigma appeared to lie upon his description of William.

Pietro Barbo, the Cardinal of St. Mark, so soon as he had news of the French cabals, and had no longer any hope of securing the Pontificate for himself, was roused at once by patriotism and his very hearty hatred of the Archbishop of Rouen to canvass the Italian Cardinals. He implored and entreated them not to play the traitor. His feet knew no rest until he had gathered the whole of the Italians, except Colonna, outside the Bishop of Genoa's cell. He explained to them the conspiracy of the latrines. "The Church will perish," he cried, "and Italy be ever more in bondage, if this man from Rouen lays hands upon the Pontificate. Would that each and all of you would bear yourselves like men! Be loyal to Mother Church, and to your mother country in her distress. Put on one side any personal jealousies you may bear each other. Choose an Italian, not an alien Pope. Let each who hears me put Aeneas in the forefront."

There were present seven in all, and there was only one dissident from their unanimous approval, Aeneas himself, who thought himself unequal to that tremendous responsibility. Eventually we adjourned to Mass, and as soon as the last word was intoned set ourselves to the scrutiny. A golden casket was placed upon the High Altar and three watchmen—the Cardinal Bishop of Rodez, the Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen, the Cardinal Deacon Colonna—kept their eyes upon it, that no chicanery should interrupt the ballot. The rest of the Cardinals sat each at their own place; then they rose in the order of precedence and seniority, stepped up to the altar, and dropped into the casket a ballot paper on which they had written the name of their nominee.

As Aeneas stepped forward to drop his paper into the casket, William thrust his hand away, every nerve a-tremble. "Remember, Aeneas," he gasped, "how frequently you have been advertised of my merits." It was a rash appeal at that juncture, when a change in the written vote would have been irregular; but his eagerness mastered his self-restraint. "Yes," rejoined Aeneas, "but are you really reduced to self-advertisement with such a worm as your humble servant?" Without another word he dropped his paper into the casket and slipped back into his seat.

When all the others had followed his example, the table was set in the middle of a court; and the three Cardinals mentioned above emptied the casketful of ballot papers upon it. Each vote was read out separately in a distinct voice, and the scrutators jotted down the names they found inscribed. Every one of the Cardinals made a similar list, to avoid the bare possibility of deception. This custom stood Aeneas in good stead; for, after the tally was complete, the Rouen tally-man announced that Aeneas had received eight votes.

No one said a word about a deduction that only affected Aeneas and not themselves. But Aeneas would not let himself be imposed upon. He shouted out to the speaker, "Look better to your papers. I am the nominee of nine voters." Every one cried "Aye," and the Archbishop subsided with the air of having committed some trifling inaccuracy. The formula of the nomination, which each voter wrote out with his own hand, was as follows: "I—Peter, or John, or whatever his name might be—do hereby select to be Pope of Rome, Aeneas, Cardinal Bishop of Siena, and James, Bishop of Lisbon." It is quite an order to vote for one, two, or even several names, with the proviso understood that the names take precedence in the order of their mention. If one candidate has not enough votes, the next on the list takes his place, so as to facilitate a general agreement. But many cleverly devised systems are turned to fraudulent purposes. One example was given at that ballot by Latinus Orsini, who put seven names on his list, with the object of flattering the seven by his complaisance into either making "accession" to himself at that scrutiny, or voting for him at some other. But in his case, as he was known to be a trickster, the stratagem seriously injured his prospects.

'When the result of the poll was declared, it was discovered, as I have mentioned before, that nine Cardinals had voted for Aeneas. . . .

'The Archbishop of Rouën had six votes, the others were on a much lower level. Every one gazed in astonishment at William when he found himself left so far behind. Within human memory no candidate had ever mounted so high as nine votes at a ballot. Since no one had the required majority it was resolved to go into council and try the method known as "accession," to get the Pontiff made, if possible, that day. Once more the Archbishop of Rouen nourished a deceptive hope. There sat all those prelates, each in his place—not a word, not a sound—speechless as men whose life is at the ebb. For a considerable time nobody spoke, nobody even yawned. Not a muscle stirred, only the restless eyes glanced idly hither and thither. That moment was enthralling! What a picture were those human statues! 'Twas like that moment twixt life and death when not a sound reaches the ear, not a movement can be seen.

'Thus they sat for an appreciable interval, the juniors waiting for the older men to begin the "accession." Then Vice-Chancellor Roderic leaped from his seat. "I accede to the Cardinal Bishop of Siena." His phrase struck home like a rapier to William's heart, with such a rush did it send the blood from the poor fellow's cheeks. Then another pause. Side glances passed from one to another as each indicated his favourite by a nod, and the general upshot of it was that they already had a vision of Aeneas in the Papal robes. As soon as this was obvious, some stalked out of the place to avoid seeing the issue of the day. . . . They made the claims of exhausted nature

their excuse, but when there was a rush after them they quickly returned. Then James, Cardinal-priest of St. Anastasia : " I add my accession to the Bishop of Siena." At that a more complete stupefaction descended on the assembly, and every one lost the power of speech, as men might do in a house shaken by mysterious earthquakes. One voice was yet lacking from the twelve that would make Aeneas Pope. Grasping the situation, Prosper Colonna thought great would be his fame if his sole voice proclaimed the Pontiff, and, rising to his feet, made as if he would give the customary vote with becomg dignity. In the middle of his sentence the Archbishop of Nice and William of Rouen seized upon him, with bitter reproaches against his designed accession to Aeneas. When he stood by his resolve they struggled with might and main to drag him from the place ; grasping him, the one by the right, the other by the left arm, they tried to drag him away and rescue the Pontificate for the latter.

Prosper Colonna, however, though his written vote was for the Archbishop, was bound to Aeneas by a long-standing friendship, and, with " A fig for your bombast ! " turned towards the other Cardinals. " I also give accession to the Cardinal Bishop of Siena, and so make him Pope." As the words dropped from his lips, the spirit of opposition vanished, the whole intrigue fell to pieces, and the Cardinals, without a moment's delay, one and all prostrated themselves before Aeneas, and hailed him as Pope without a murmur of dissent. Then Cardinal Bessarion, the Archbishop of Nice, speaking for himself and the other partisans of William, remarked : " Your Holiness, we give our heartiest approval to your elevation, which is, without doubt, the will of the Almighty. We always thought you as thoroughly worthy of this dignity as we do now. Our only reason for not voting for you was your indifferent health ; nothing but your govt appears to us to mar your perfect efficiency. We do obeisance to you as Pope ; we elect you over again, as far as we are concerned ; and we shall give you our loyal support." •

" You have treated our faults, dear Bishop, far more leniently than we should do," replied Aeneas. " You lay blame upon us for naught but an ailment of our feet, and we are aware that it is widely known that our shortcomings could scarce be numbered, and that we might have been fairly disqualified by them for the Apostolic seat. We can think of no merits that have raised us to this position. We should have confessed our utter unworthiness and refused to embrace the proffered dignity did we not respect the voice that summons us. For what two-thirds of the Sacred College have done may be taken for an act of the Holy Spirit, and it would have been sin to withstand it. We therefore obey God's behest, and honour you, dear Bishop, and those who agreed with you, if you but followed the guidance of your conscience, and disapproved of our election on the ground of our deficiencies. You shall all alike be our friends, for we owe our voca-

tion not to this man or that man, but to the whole College, and to God Himself, from whom cometh everything that is good and every perfect gift."

'Without any further speech Aeneas doffed his former garments and received the white tunic of Christ, and to the question, "By what name do you elect to be known?" replied, "Pius the Second" . . . The valets of the Cardinals in Conclave at once rifled the new Pope's cell. The rascals made loot of all his money—not much of a prize!—and made off with his books and his clothes. . . . Outside the evening shadows were drawing in, when bonfires flashed forth in every public square, from the top of every tower; songs burst upon the ear, neighbour hailed neighbour to festivity. North and south, east and west, echoed trumpets and bugles; every corner of the city was alive with cheering crowds. Old men used to tell that they had never in Rome seen such an outburst of popular enthusiasm.'

ALFRED N. MACFADYEN.

A TURKISH 'YOUNG PRETENDER'

THERE is a *tourbé*, or mausoleum, at Brussa, the ancient capital of the Ottoman Turks, which is altogether so lovely to the outward eye, and so satisfying to the artistic sense, that one is almost tempted to wish that one could repose in it one's self. A high compliment this to any place of sepulture. But since we must all lie somewhere, unless sealed up in cinerary urn, one might well wish that it could be in a spot so cheerful and so beautiful; devoid of all the ghastly and mouldy associations which generally go to make such places disagreeable, and in one that the beholder can contemplate with so much true pleasure.

The graves of Turkish Sultans and princes of the blood—as all who have seen them may remember—are almost invariably above ground, the body being inclosed in what looks like a long wooden ark, draped with rich silken brocades; and in such an ark, thus draped, the chief occupant of this beautiful *tourbé* is lying in royal state, with some few of his kinsfolk sleeping around him. The Persian tiles which ornament the walls of the temple are hexagon in form, and reflect, in hue, the plumage of the peacock and the blossom of the rose, whilst the light of heaven falls softly through panes that seem set as though with glistening jewels. Without, roses bloom and fountains trickle, under the shade of such giant plane trees as are only to be met with in Asia. With these mingle the more sombre spires of the cypress (a grove of these trees—very Titans amongst their fellows towering hard by—is said to be of the same age as the *tourbé* itself), and below the wide valley of Brussa stretches away to the base of the far blue mountains. It is a spot that, once seen, is likely to be ever remembered.

The *tourbé-dar*, or the white-turbaned *Imām* who unlocks the carved door of the temple, will tell you that this is the last resting-place of 'Prince Jem;' but beyond the slight sense of surprise occasioned by meeting with what sounds like so familiar an English name in such a place, this information will convey little to the mind of the ordinary traveller. It is for the benefit of the ordinary traveller, therefore, and not with a view of insulting the cultured student of history, who will, of course, know all about him, that it

has occurred to me to set down briefly, and mostly from memory, a few of the chief incidents in the life of this interesting young man, about whom so many wise and royal personages were only too eager to occupy themselves in bygone days, and who now rests for ever from his troubles in so pleasant a place.

As far as his misfortunes were concerned, Prince Jem (often written 'Djem,' and short for Jemshîd or Djemshîd, also called 'Zizim' by Western historians) of the Ottoman Turks may bear comparison with some of the members of our own unhappy House of Stuart. He might even carry off the palm from Charles Edward himself, if any kind of recompense could have been awarded to the more unlucky of the two. There is a certain analogy, indeed, between the fates of these Princes, in spite of the centuries that separate them. 'Jem,' like the more modern Pretender, came of the blood royal of the land, and, like him, he considered himself to be the rightful heir to a throne to which, but for certain adverse combinations, he would, in all probability, have succeeded. But the adverse combinations triumphed, and, like the Stuart Prince, after making several unsuccessful attempts to advance his cause, he passed the remainder of his days in exile, aggravated in his case by imprisonment.

Things have come to such a pass, in these latter days of Ottoman degeneracy, that it is almost impossible to imagine a Turkish prince who was of the fine old fighting order; eager to dare and do; one who could lead a rough camp-life in rough places; who journeyed about, saw some of the world, and displayed signs of energy and virility. But Prince Jem seems to have been all this, and more. Let us follow some of his adventures, and see by what tortuous ways he came at last to this quiet resting-place.

When Mohammed the Conqueror was gathered unto his fathers, he left two surviving sons, Bâyezîd, the elder, and this Jem, or Djem, who was then in his twenty-third year, having been born, of a Servian mother, in 1459. The fact that he was the Conqueror's second son did not, of necessity, preclude the chance of his succession in the good old times when Might was Right, and when he who came first was oftenest first served. Jem, indeed, had always made up his mind that he should enjoy the pleasures of empire, and his friends were of opinion that he possessed more of the qualities requisite for the making of a successful Sultan than did his brother.

But upon the death of Mohammed it was Bâyezîd who arrived first at Constantinople, and was forthwith proclaimed Sultan. There had been some 'hocus-pocus' about this, whereat Jem felt aggrieved, for the messenger who had been sent to apprise him of his father's death had been waylaid and murdered upon the road by a partisan of his brother, and so had never arrived at his destination with the news. After this his affairs went from bad to worse. Finding his brother established upon the throne, he took up arms against him, with the

result that he was more than once defeated. I have seen a curious old wood-engraving representing one of Jem's engagements with Bāyezid. The two brothers are depicted as having come to close quarters; everybody is hacking and slashing at everybody else, and turbaned heads are rolling about upon the field like tennis-balls.

After his second defeat Jem, with his wife and family, took refuge in Egypt, where he was received by the Mamelūk Sultan, Kaïtbai, with royal honours. If such pomps and vanities could have consoled him in his misfortunes they were certainly not wanting, for his noble and attractive bearing, together with the charms of a highly cultivated mind, seems to have impressed even his gaolers with a due respect for his princely dignity.

Jem is said to have resembled his father in face, and to have been extremely handsome, though upon the question of beauty opinions must always differ. 'This brother of the Grand Turk,' says an old Italian chronicler, 'looks every inch like the son of an emperor.' Another historian describes him as having had a fair beard, a long nose, somewhat loose morals, 'but a most noble disposition withal.' Vertot (quoting Bosio, 'qui connaissait Djem personnellement') says of him, 'Il avait le nez aquilin et si courbé qu'il touchait presque à la lèvre supérieure.' He is said to have surpassed most of the princes of his day as a marksman, in horsemanship, and in all athletic exercises. He was a skilled musician, a sweet singer, and above all—a fact which particularly attracted the present writer—an ardent lover of poetry, and accounted the best Turkish poet of his time. Never was there a truer exemplification of Heine's well-known lines ('Aus meinen Thränen spriessen,' &c. &c.), for from his tears and sighs arose a very garden of blossoms, a full choir of song. We find him during his wanderings continually turning off some ode or sonnet by the way; some description of an impressive scene; some lamentation at his sad destiny. His eye was perpetually 'in a fine frenzy rolling,' and he trilled and quavered through the thirteen years of his imprisonment like a captive skylark. He also translated from the Persian, amongst other poems, that which is called *Khorshūd and Djemshūd*, and did much to enrich his national literature.

From Egypt Jem made a pilgrimage to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina; the only member of the reigning Ottoman family (with the exception of a daughter of Mohammed the First) who has ever undertaken this journey—a curious fact, when we remember what spiritual advantages are supposed to accrue from the pilgrimage. Bāyezid the Second, who is said not to have been at all cruel (for a Sultan), would have willingly come to friendly terms with his brother at about this time. He proposed that the younger Prince should draw the revenues

¹ The nose of Mohammed the Conqueror is said to have been also so hooked as to come over his lips and partly hide the mouth. A complimentary poet of the time compares it to 'the beak of a parrot resting upon cherries.'

of the newly-acquired province of Karamania, of which he had been made Governor in his father's lifetime, and promised him sundry other advantages if he would only abide in peace. But eagles do not bring forth doves, and the ambitious blood of his father coursed too impetuously in Jem's veins for him to listen to reason. He wanted too much; all the Asiatic provinces, with Brussa for a capital, where he was to reside himself, whilst his brother was to rest content with his European possessions, and live at Constantinople. Whereupon Bâyezid made answer that 'empire was a bride whose favours could not be shared,' a saying that has been frequently quoted, and proposed that Jem should go and live quietly at Jerusalem, a town too open to the reproach of provinciality to seem attractive to so learned and accomplished a prince. A place, too, that had seen better days; whose glories had utterly departed. It was much as though some impetuous spirit of our own day were to be compelled to live permanently at Bath—at the deadliest moment of its dulness, before its present revival—or at Dublin in the perpetual absence of a Vice-Regal Court. It was not to be wondered at if poor Jem did not altogether relish this prospect.

We next find him anxious to proceed to Europe, there to enlist the sympathies of the Christian princes in his behalf, seeking a temporary asylum at Rhodes with the Knights Hospitallers of St. John. Pierre d'Aubusson de la Feuillade (it is as well to give the name of so distinguished a scoundrel in full) was at this time Grand Master in Rhodes of this semi-religious, semi-military Order. He also received Jem with royal honours; we read that the whole island was gaily decorated, and that beautiful ladies, richly attired, leant down from their balconies to look at the Turkish Prince; but he immediately set about making arrangements with Bâyezid, in order that he might turn Jem's confidence in him to good account.

It was finally settled that D'Aubusson should receive from Bâyezid the sum of 45,000 ducats yearly so long as his brother remained in the custody of the Order, whilst, with the Prince himself, the cunning Grand Master came to an understanding whereby, in the event of Jem's succeeding to the Sultanate, he was to be paid 1,500,000 ducats in gold, and to obtain several other important advantages besides.

In the year 1482 Jem proceeded to Nice, the Nice we all know and admire, for D'Aubusson, fearful lest his island might be besieged by the Sultan and his prey wrested from his clutches, had the Prince transferred, for greater security, to a French branch of the Order. Here, charmed with the beauty of the scenery, though sad and disappointed at heart, he composes a poem upon the view, and sends a petition to the King of France (Charles the Eighth), begging that he will stand his friend. His messenger did not return—somehow Jem's envoys seem very seldom to have reached their destination—

and whilst he was awaiting him there arose (as at this present) a 'plague scare,' and his well-wishers, anxious not to lose their advantages by his death, hurried him off into the interior of France, out of the way of the epidemic. The Christian princes of the earth had become aware by this time that Jem was a valuable prize, and more than one of them would willingly have had him in his safe keeping. Foremost amongst these were the Kings of France, Naples, and Hungary, but even the King of Scotland (this must have been King James the Third) would have liked to have a finger in the pie. Nor was it greed alone that influenced them in this matter.

The 'Sick Man'—seeming now wellnigh sick unto death—was then a stout and hardy young giant, most voracious and destructive, 'feeling his feet,' as it were, and eager to trample down and devour whatever good thing came in his way. Just as the French King, centuries later, would have used Charles Edward to harass and embarrass his good brother of England, so would these European princes have turned Jem into an instrument of torture to the Sultan, whose growing power was filling all Christendom with alarm. Of our English King I do not find that any mention is made in connection with the Turkish Prince. Perhaps, in his far-off island home, he felt less concerned than his neighbours at the dreaded Ottoman encroachments, or he was busied with his own affairs, smothering his little nephews in the Tower or chopping off the heads of his nobility in true Turkish fashion. Poor Jem was lucky to have escaped his tender solicitude.

Jem resided, after his departure from Nice, at various French fortresses—at Roussillon, at Puy; and then, fair of beard, long of nose, and loose of morals, but of 'a most noble disposition withal,' we find him taking his way to the Château of Sassenage, with a large and imposing retinue. Alas, poor Jem! unsuccessful Pretender that thou wert! Buffeted by fortune, deprived of all natural ties of affection, betrayed, outwitted, and sold by all those in whom thou hadst trusted the most! Thou, even thou, shalt yet 'taste a little honey ere thou diest'!

For the bold Baron of Sassenage—like 'this Turk' in the famous ballad of *Lord Bateman*—had 'one only daughter,' Philippine Helena, accounted a lady of surpassing beauty, who—short of 'setting him free'—behaved to her father's prisoner very much as did 'the fair Sophia' of the ballad, with this difference: that here we have the Christian damsel consoling the interesting Moslem captive, and not, as in *Lord Bateman's* case, the Turkish maiden losing her heart to the Christian 'lord of high degree.' The ancient chroniclers describe this as a case of love at first sight, and one would like to think that, what with the delights of love-making and verse-making, the days that Jem passed at Sassenage may not have been such very unpleasant ones after all.

Not a century before, another royal poet, King James the First of Scotland (grandfather of Jem's good friend King James the Third), had thus beguiled with song the weary days of his captivity in an English castle, where *he*, too, had been consoled by the sight of a fair face—in his case the face of her who was one day to become his queen. Whether Jem's *Royal Lament* equalled, as a literary composition, that of the author of *The King's Quair* I am unable to say, never having read any of the Prince's poems in the original. Those who would read some of them in English may do so in Mr. Gibb's able translation.²

But now, whilst Jem was thus passing his time in poetry and dalliance, an inexorable fate was gathering together the elements which were to combine for his destruction. In spite of the fact that so many kings were anxious to obtain possession of his person, he was transferred to the fatherly care of the Pope, and in the year 1489 (according to Von Hammer; some other historians give a later date) we find him, like our own 'Young Pretender' of the future, taking his way to the Eternal City.

Jem made his solemn entry into Rome on the 13th of March in the same year. We read that the Prince's suite led the way in the procession; then followed the Pope's body-guard, his pages, and the retainers of the cardinals and principal Roman nobles. The Vicomte de Montheil—brother of Grand-Master d'Aubusson—a captain of high renown, rode next, by the side of the Pope's son, young Francesco Cibo. Then came Jem himself, mounted upon a charger richly caparisoned, followed by the French knights who had him in their keeping, whilst the Pope's chamberlain, with the cardinals and prelates, brought up the rear. 'These 'desirable young men, captains and rulers, great lords and renowned, all of them riding upon horses,' must have made an imposing pageant, to which the turbans of the Turks must have added a picturesque note.

At his first interview with the Holy Father (Innocent the Eighth), whilst preserving a respectful attitude, the Turkish Prince did not cringe or grovel before the Pontifical chair. He kissed the Pope's shoulder instead of his toe, kept on his turban, and behaved with becoming dignity. It was only when speaking of his solitary existence, and of his absent wife (who had remained all this time in Egypt, and had been extensively mulcted by the unscrupulous D'Aubusson for imaginary travelling expenses for her husband), that poor Jem, overcome by 'a sweet self-pity,' fell to weeping, and the crafty old Pope, too, managed to squeeze out a few crocodile tears. We must assume that, manlike, he made no mention of Philippine Helena, or of the comparatively pleasant time that he had passed at Sassenage.

Seeing the Prince thus apparently cast down by adversity, the Pope now sought to convert him, but the faith of the staunch young

² E. J. W. Gibb, *Ottoman Poems*.

Moslem was not to be shaken, and he declared that neither for the Ottoman Empire, nor for all the kingdoms of the earth, would he abandon the religion of Islam. And, indeed, the atmosphere of a Pontifical Court in the Middle Ages was not particularly calculated to impress him with the superiority of Christianity as it was then practised.

With Jem's arrival in Rome, any possible resemblance between him and our own Stuart Prince is brought to an end. For him were reserved no ignoble domestic bickerings, no drunken and premature old age. Before Innocent the Eighth could derive as much profit as he had anticipated from his Turkish prisoner, he died somewhat unexpectedly, and Alexander Borgia reigned in his stead. One trembles, instinctively, for the poor young Turk, upon even hearing the family name of the newly elected Pope, and not, indeed, without good reason.

Anxious to make hay whilst the sun shone, Borgia at once dispatched to Constantinople one Georgio Bocciardo, as Envoy-Extraordinary, to arrange advantageous terms between himself and Bāyezīd. An ambassador who would have satisfied the patriotic cravings of the honourable Members for Altrincham and the Eccleshall division of Sheffield, 'a strong man with an open mind,' and one capable of conducting with the Sultan negotiations which had become of a very delicate character.

So 'open,' indeed, was the mind of this ambassador, that before leaving Constantinople he had 'negotiated' with Bāyezīd the precise terms for his brother's assassination. This was the arrangement agreed upon: The Pope was to receive 40,000 ducats a year so long as he kept Jem a prisoner, and 300,000 'down' if he had him secretly killed out of hand. Whereupon this open-minded envoy departed, laden with acceptable *backsheesh*, and decorated (I make no doubt, though of this I find no record in the ancient chronicles) with what was the equivalent of one of the most distinguished Turkish orders of to-day.

That Sultan Bāyezīd, whom we are accustomed to look upon as a merciful man, should have consented to such an arrangement, will not come as a surprise to those who are acquainted with Turkish customs. One of the laws of his father, Mohammed the Second, particularly advised and sanctioned fratricide, and Jem had certainly tried his patience to the utmost. 'Most lawyers have held' (so runs the Conqueror's terrible statute) 'that to those of my illustrious sons or grandsons who may come to the throne, it shall be lawful to execute their brothers in order to assure the peace of the world.'³ When Selim 'the Grim' made up his mind (in 1512) to massacre, for 'the peace of the world,' all the male members of his family, we are particularly told that his idea was not an original one, but that he was

³ *Constitution of the Ottoman Empire*, vol. i. p. 99.

merely following an old-established custom, and so largely, indeed, did this habit prevail, even in comparatively recent times, that I have been informed that the present ruler of Turkey has frequently reminded one of his brothers of its existence, and of his own extraordinary clemency in having departed from it.

Prince Jem remained at Rome, under the Pope's paternal care, until the beginning of the year 1495, when King Charles the Eighth besieged the city with a large force, and the Holy Father took refuge, with his charge, in the castle of St. Angelo. When the French King dictated the terms of peace, one of the articles insisted upon the surrender of the Turkish captive, and the Borgia Pope, seeing that he was about to lose a large annuity, determined to kill the goose with the golden eggs, and turned to his famous collection of family recipes.

The poison administered to Jem seems to have worked somewhat slowly. Authorities differ as to its precise nature, or by whom it was actually administered. Some say that his barber, a renegade Greek named Mustapha, was bribed to wound him with a poisoned razor. Others incline towards a white powder, mixed, instead of sugar, with his sherbet (with this same powder, according to popular tradition, Pope Alexander the Sixth was eventually poisoned himself, having accidentally partaken of a strong brew which he had concocted for ten of his cardinals), whilst—as in the case of the hero of Lepanto, destined in less than a century to strike the first decisive blow to Turkish maritime power—there are some writers who have even hinted at poisoned boots.

Be this how it may, the poor Prince had only just time to reach Naples, whither he went in charge of the French King, and where he expired (24th of February, 1495), making a very pious ending, when in the thirty-sixth year of his age and the thirteenth of his captivity. I am informed that there exist numerous documents dealing with Prince Jem in the Library of the Vatican which have never yet been examined, and which might throw much additional light upon his last years. Bāyezīd sent another open-minded ambassador to recover his body, which was borne with great pomp to Brussa and placed in the beautiful *tourbé* which I have endeavoured to describe.

Thus ended, in the flower of his age, the life of this unfortunate young Prince—'unfortunate,' certainly, if we contemplate only the failure of his ambitious schemes and the sense of imprisonment, which, had he been but a common-place mortal, must have oppressed him; but still, let us hope, not altogether *unhappy*.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,

to the favoured few, who, like him, can soar upon the wings of the imagination to those enchanted realms which are brightened and

blessed by the love of song and the appreciation of the beautiful ; and as the north wind scatters the roses that are blooming about his tomb, and the soft white doves out-spread their pinions above it, one cannot help thinking—when remembering the terrible fates that have but too often overtaken unsuccessful aspirants to Empire in a semi-barbaric age—that, in spite of his thirteen years of durance, poor Jem did not get so very badly out of the scrape of being a 'pretender' after all, and, more especially, of a pretender to the Turkish Throne.

MARY MONTGOMERIE CURRIE.

AGRA IN 1857

A REPLY TO LORD ROBERTS

IN his *Forty-One Years' Reminiscences in India* Lord Roberts has devoted a few paragraphs to very scathing criticism of affairs at Agra during the period from May to October 1857. Lord Roberts visited Agra with Brigadier Greathed's column in the latter month, and his information is based, I believe, on what he then learned, confirmed by Mr. Thornhill's *Indian Mutiny*, published in 1885. Having studied that book when writing my Memoir of Mr. Colvin for the 'Rulers of India' series in 1895, I briefly laid before Lord Roberts, after reading his Chapter XXI., my reasons for disputing his own conclusions, and for my inability to accept Mr. Thornhill as an authority. Failing to convince him, I am enabled, through the courtesy of the Editor of this Review, to avail myself of its pages in reply to Lord Roberts.

Before I go further let me for a moment refer to the Appendix of Volume I., in which Lord Roberts, basing himself on Sir Donald Stewart's narrative, has described that gallant officer's ride from Agra to Delhi. On my pointing out to Lord Roberts an inaccuracy in his version, he frankly apologised for his error. He also agreed to my request that the matter should be set right in future editions. As many who have read earlier editions may not know of the subsequent correction, I venture to explain that, as originally written, the Appendix (no doubt unintentionally) put Mr. Colvin in a singularly odious light. Sir Donald (then Captain) Stewart would seem according to that account to have gone to Agra in June, and to have placed his services at the disposal of the Lieutenant-Governor, who in reply proposed to him a most perilous enterprise, viz. to find his way alone to Delhi in charge of despatches from the Governor-General to General Anson, the Lieutenant-Governor meanwhile declining all responsibility whatever should Sir Donald accept the mission. The fact was that Sir Donald Stewart, having made up his mind to go *coûte que coûte* to Delhi, the Lieutenant-Governor told him that if he chose he could, at his own risk, carry the despatches. The point of difference lies, of course, in Sir Donald Stewart's foregone resolve to go to Delhi antecedently to

any communication with the Lieutenant-Governor or to any mention of the despatches.

I may supply here the concluding words of the narrative furnished by Sir Donald Stewart to Lord Roberts (of which I possess a counterpart), because, while Mr. Colvin's action was placed inadvertently in an unfavourable light in the *Reminiscences*, Sir Donald Stewart's generous testimony to the aid received from him is not there recorded. 'Mr. Colvin was at the time' (about June 15) 'in good spirits, and seemed to me to look at the difficulties before him with a degree of calmness and courage which was not very common at that time; and I attribute much of the success of my proceedings to his suggestions and advice.'

I turn now to the subject-matter of this paper, viz. the criticisms passed by Lord Roberts on the conduct of affairs at Agra.

It is necessary to recall summarily to the reader the situation of the Agra Government in May 1857. Agra was at that time the seat of the Civil Government of the North-West Provinces, which contained a population of 35,000,000, and covered an area of about 120,000 square miles. The head of the Civil Government was its Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Colvin. The Agra British garrison, under the orders of Brigadier-General Polwhele, consisted of a Company's regiment of 655 effective rank and file, and of a battery of six guns, the drivers of which were natives. The whole effective British force in the Provinces, scattered throughout it, numbered in round figures 4,200. The Company's native army within the same area (apart from a large quantity of native-contingent troops) numbered roundly 41,400. About the Lieutenant-Governor were the heads of the several civil departments of the Administration. At the head of the district of Agra, as of the fifty-three districts into which the Provinces were sub-divided, was a magistrate, charged with magisterial, police, and general executive and administrative functions. The magistrate of Agra was Mr. Robert Drummond. Scattered throughout the Provinces were the other civil officials, by whose aid its Administration was conducted.

As soon as the Mutiny broke out, on the 11th of May, Agra was entirely cut off from all communication with Delhi (which was at that time comprised in the Province), with the country beyond Delhi, and therefore with the Commander-in-Chief and the Government of the Punjab. It was not till the 28th of May that any news was received from that quarter. The Meerut British garrison was at once sent to join the army before Delhi; the Cawnpore and other detachments were locked up in self-defence. With the exception of the Agra garrison, not a British soldier was available for the maintenance or restoration of order in the Province. At Agra was a large fort, an important arsenal, and a European and Eurasian population numbering from 2,000 to 3,000, consisting largely of clerks, women, and children. Their number was swelled almost day by day, as refugees poured in

from the several adjacent districts and native States. Anarchy and disorder gained ground daily in all the surrounding country. The fall of Delhi, it was learned on the 28th of May, would be indefinitely deferred. The pressing question which presented itself to the Lieutenant-Governor was that of the policy to be pursued, in view of the powerlessness of his position, at headquarters. I may quote from the Memoir to which I have above referred in order to show what was the line he decided to follow :

Three lines of action presented themselves. The Lieutenant-Governor and all the Christian community might withdraw into the fort and await events ; or the women and children might be sent into the fort ; or the whole community might remain in their houses, subject to adequate precautions against surprise. By a section of Mr. Colvin's advisers the second course was violently pressed upon him. He decided on adopting the last. For a moment on May 13, when the position was in its first obscurity, he thought of sending the women and children into the fort ; but on reflection he refused. The fort was unprovisioned, and in every respect unprepared. His military force was too small to be divided. There was no mutineer force at hand, therefore there was no pressing risk. It was his duty to show a resolute front. He had with him an English regiment, and could organise volunteers. His officers in their districts were endeavouring to hold their posts. He would not set the example of seeking safety behind walls. He could ensure at least the security of headquarters. On May 22 he wrote to Lord Canning that he would decidedly oppose himself to any proposal for throwing his European force into the fort, except in the last extremity. In Mr. Drummond, the magistrate of Agra, he had a strong man, on whom he could rely to keep order.

This policy was angrily opposed by the majority of the community, who were anxious to avail themselves of the shelter of the fort, at least for the women and children, and who distrusted newly raised police levies, on which the Government relied to keep order in Agra and its environs. But, for political reasons, it was the Lieutenant-Governor's deliberately adopted policy to show a bold front to the danger at the headquarters of his Administration, and, backed by the British garrison and by volunteers, to that end to utilise in Agra as best he might what native agency he had at his command. ' It is not by shutting ourselves in forts in India that our power can be upheld,' he wrote on the 22nd of May to Lord Canning, ' and I will decidedly oppose myself to any proposal for throwing the European force into the fort, excepting in the very last extremity.' The Lieutenant-Governor's action has been attributed to Mr. Drummond's insistence. What weight Mr. Drummond may have possessed was due to the fact that his courage, vigour, resource, and local influence made him the best available agent for putting Mr. Colvin's policy into effect.

The augmentation of the native police force, alleged delay in securing the defence and provisioning of the fort, and other acts of omission and commission imputed to the Government by Mr. Thornhill, have led Lord Roberts to the conclusion that, far from adopting a definite and resolute policy, such as I describe, the authorities wholly

failed to understand the true character of the crisis, and that their measures were adopted in a fatuous confidence in the loyalty of the native civil population and of the soldiery, which showed itself in unwillingness to give offence to them, or to take the most ordinary measures of precaution. I wish first to examine the character of the evidence by which this conclusion is supported, and then to point out certain considerations of a more general kind which seem to me to have been lost sight of.

Mr. Colvin may be permitted to refute, by the evidence of his own letters, the statement that though warned by many, among others by Scindia and his Minister (a warning, by the way, of which I should like to see the evidence), that the whole native army was disloyal, he refused to believe it, and failed to understand the nature and magnitude of the crisis. I quote *passim* from letters to Lord Canning of the 29th of May and the 21st of June. On the former date he writes :

I had the honour of receiving yesterday your letter of May 24. With it came a letter for the Commander-in-Chief, which I have really no means of forwarding at present. I took the great liberty of opening it, as one justified by the entire ignorance we have been in of His Excellency's movements and plans, and because I might be able to extract, in a brief form, the essential parts of it, which could be passed through the country in the concealed way which used to be familiar in the old Indian wars. The difficulty of sending messages, even to Meerut, is inconceivable. The country is in utter disorder; but bold men, holding together, should still make their way through. The real reason, I grieve to say, why messages do not get delivered is that the belief in the permanence of our power has been very deeply shaken, and that men think it is a better chance for them to take to open plunderings than to engage in special risks for our service. Still, I shall relax no effort which may be at all likely to be useful for the purpose. Not a line has reached me from the Commander-in-Chief since the commencement of the disturbances.

I fear from the purport of some of your remarks in your letter to General Anson that his advance will be slow. His difficulty—all our difficulty—is not the force of the mutineers in Delhi, but the condition of entire lawlessness which is rapidly overspreading the country.

With the invaluable aid of Mr. R. Drummond, the magistrate here (whose energy, influence, and spirit are beyond all praise), I have been able to maintain order as yet in all the Agra district. Muttra has been quieted by the Bhurtpore and Ulwar forces—Muttra, that is, on the right bank of the Jumna, for on the left fearful murders and violence have been committed. But the country north of Meerut (part at least of the Mozuffernuggur district) is at the mercy of the most daring and criminal. There are many good men whose feelings are with us, but the vicious, the disappointed, or the desperate are the most bold in all such convulsions of order, and on the whole there is (its police force being dispersed) no support to the Government. Quiet men think and arm only for their own defence. With the 120 remaining Mahomedans of the 1st Gwalior Contingent Cavalry corps (80 having gone off to Delhi), and the aid of European volunteers from Agra, I do what I can to clear our front towards Allypore, but it is but precarious and temporary work. The 120 men are hardly worked, and more or less disinclined to take part against their brethren in the army, though they will help in suppressing plunderings. Seventy steady and, I believe, reliable Hindoos of the same cavalry corps I have sent under Major Raikes to Mynpoore. This

exhausts my means, unless some irregular levies we are raising under a native should turn out of value.

After reporting other incidents, he adds :

A great advance in the cold weather, in accumulated European strength, with artillery and masses of irregular cavalry, so as again to awe and reduce the whole of these Provinces, seems the only course before the Government. A commission with summary powers of civil and criminal justice should accompany this force. The whole frame of our administration must be recast, the composition and proportion of the native army entirely modified, and we need not discuss with hesitating minuteness penal and other codes.

On the 21st of June he wrote again :

The whole of the Gwalior Contingent itself has mutinied. The Maharajah sent off the Agent, saying that he could no longer answer for his own Mahomedan and Hindoo troops, and he subsequently lent the merest pretence of aid to the escape of some English ladies. He is ready for events, but not supposed to be likely to make any immediate attack on us. He will first wish to establish his direct authority in the districts which were managed for him. The Nimach mutineers are at Tonk, or were some three days ago. It is but 150 miles off. They talk of attacking us, but I do not expect it. However, we hold the fort in our own hands, and shall do our best. Ajmere, with its treasure and magazine, remains safe under General George Lawrence's small body of European troops. To the eastward all is unknown anarchy. We have still the post at Mynpooree, and a precarious sort of authority and quiet in parts of Allypore, Muttra, and this district. But I wield but the purest shadow of government.

The people generally are certainly not against us. They understand all the benefits of our rule. The first burst of debtors against creditors—of old against new proprietors—over, the population is anxious to be quiet again. It is the deep chasm between us and the military spirit or force of the country which cannot, that one can now see, be again bridged over. Our position can only be one of strength if within the fort, and its walls and form are not very good. We have able engineers and determined hearts, so far as these will go. The abandonment of the public property and records at this station will be a serious disaster in itself. We shall avoid it as long as we can. We are dreadfully hampered by the mass of writers and their families. Nothing has yet disturbed the quiet of this town.

Writing a little later, Mr. Colvin hazarded some suggestions as to the lines on which the reorganisation of the native army would have to be carried out, which are in remarkable coincidence with the decision ultimately adopted.

The want of native auxiliaries will at the same time be most sensibly felt. European troops alone cannot do the work of India. How to get together another trustworthy native army is a problem which will task the highest wisdom and experience. I can scarcely offer a suggestion towards it. The very excess of absurdity in the fictions by which the fairly disposed sepoys were at first deluded, and the readiness which they have shown to gross outrage and murder, seem to make it impossible to rely on them again. Then, the defection of the irregular cavalry and the rousing of their hostile feelings as Mahomedans leave us without the reasonable prospect of re-forming corps of that most necessary arm. Native artillerymen might be dispensed with, but not cavalry and infantry, and these in large numbers. I deeply lament that my knowledge only extends to stating the difficulty; perhaps the real solution may be in the very extensive employment of Punjabee corps.

So much for Mr. Colvin's blindness to the character and magnitude of the crisis. I proceed to the illustrations given in the *Reminiscences* of what is called his 'infatuation.' The incidents about to be referred to are alleged to have occurred in May or June 1857, during which months, judging from his narrative, Mr. Thornhill was for about twenty-four hours only in Agra. He did not take refuge finally in Agra till early in July. His testimony, therefore, as to what happened in May and June (and everything I have to deal with did happen in May and June) is not in any sense first hand, but was presumably gleaned from residents in the fort of Agra in July to October 1857, and was published to the world after a lapse of twenty-eight years. Dates are very rarely given by Mr. Thornhill; the authority for statements, however startling, is invariably wanting.

The alleged neglect to put the fort into a state of defence and to provision it may be first dealt with.

They [the authorities] objected to arrangements being made for accommodating the non-combatants inside the walls of the forts because, forsooth, such precautions would show a want of confidence in the natives! And the sanction for supplies being stored in the fort was tardily and hesitatingly accorded. It was not, indeed, until the mutinous sepoys from Nimach and Nasirabad were within sixty miles of Agra that orders were given to put the fort in a state of defence and provision it, and it was not until they had reached Futtehpore Sikri, twenty-three miles from Agra, that the women and children were permitted to seek safety within the stronghold.¹

This embodies Mr. Thornhill's statement, to the effect that when the Nimach brigade was sixty miles from Agra the pressure of the military authorities and a few of the higher civilians compelled Mr. Colvin to authorise the fort being put in defence and provisioned for a six months' siege.

Now, in the first place, Blue Books show that on the 22nd of May Mr. Colvin wrote to Lord Canning, 'Measures have been taken to strengthen the fort, and to place in it some considerable amount of supplies.' In his official narrative of the events of the Mutiny in Agra, the late Sir George Harvey (who was then a high official at Agra) also records the arrangements adopted on receipt of the first news of the events at Meerut for provisioning the Agra fort.

Mr. E. A. Reade, the civil official in the fort next in rank to the Lieutenant-Governor, has left behind him a 'Narrative of Events at Agra from May to September 1857,' to which I have repeatedly referred in my Memoir. It is dated the 29th of September, 1857, and was written when the events described were fresh in the author's mind. He states that on the outbreak of the mutinies the advice urged on Mr. Colvin by Colonel Fraser and Major Weller, to send females and children into the fort, 'was rejected by Mr. Colvin on very sufficient grounds of sanitary and political considerations. But pre-

¹ *Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 281.

cautions were not neglected. Colonel Glasfurd was appointed commandant of the fort, and directions were issued to lay in supplies, as well as to organise its defence. Captain Nicholls was charged with the duty of repairing and enlarging its accommodations.' I do not know what is the place referred to by Mr. Thornhill as 'sixty miles from Agra.' But the orders to Colonel Glasfurd and Captain Nicholls were issued within a very few days after the news of the Mutiny first reached Agra. We know exactly what progress had been made in provisioning and defence on the 14th of June, because on that date Colonel Fraser, R.E., who was chief engineer to the Civil Government, in compliance with instructions from the Lieutenant-Governor, reported upon it at much length. After the 14th of June, more than a week at least must have elapsed before the Nimach brigade were 'within sixty miles of Agra.' Colonel Fraser's report, which is also made use of in my Memoir, was kindly lent me by Mrs. Fraser, his widow.

Space will not permit me to print the whole report, but only certain more important paragraphs. Colonel Fraser, after stating the strength of the fort garrison, briefly pronounces the defences to be 'sufficiently respectable,' but the artillery insufficient. The command of the town and of the bridge of boats he finds adequate. He then reviews the accommodation for servants, the sanitary arrangements, the accommodation for cattle; finds the water-supply good, discusses the magazine stores, and goes on to say:

Shelter.—There is fair accommodation for from 2,500 to 3,000 Christians, but if the armoury, the whole of the New Palace, and ultimately, as a last resource, the Motea Musjid, are also occupied, there may be accommodation for about 4,000. Accurate lists should, however, be immediately made and forwarded to the commandant of the fort of the number of men, women, and children for whom in emergency shelter is desired.

Provisions.—The arrangements are more satisfactory than I anticipated. Handmills with an establishment to grind corn have been provided; a bakery is ready. Four months' provisions for 2,500 Europeans and 1,500 natives will be completed in two days, notwithstanding the difficulties Captain Chalmers, Assistant Commissary-General, has had to contend with. No store of salt meat, tongues, bacon, hermetics, and other useful articles has yet been laid in. I should therefore suggest that the commissariat officer may be instructed to accumulate a small store of these things, to be sold at any fair price to parties desirous of purchasing, as the Government issue of provisions can only include the ordinary items of a soldier's rations. It will, I think, be obvious to His Honour that, the larger the quantity of provisions that can be laid in, the better, for if not required by the garrison of Agra, there will no doubt be a great demand for supplying the camp of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief when it moves towards Cawnpur and Lucknow, also for any force left at Allyghur (a point of strategic importance which should, if possible, have been all along held). I should therefore prefer at once completing the supplies to six, instead of four, months for the probable occupants of the fort, and, farther, the collection of as much more as 'go-down' room can be arranged for, a measure which may hereafter save much valuable time in the movement of troops, by enabling us to send them provisions on any point.

Colonel Fraser was an Engineer officer of high character and long standing, who shared the views of the opposition. His evidence as to the provisioning and defence cannot, therefore, be regarded as biassed in the Lieutenant-Governor's favour; while, on the other hand, his opinions may account in some measure for the asperity with which, in a concluding paragraph, he refers to the action of the magistrate. Mr. Drummond had the defects of his qualities. He was masterful, impatient, perhaps overbearing, and he took little pains to conceal his contempt for much of the panic about him. Nor did he care to conciliate his opponents; and during the process of provisioning, as he was most reluctant to seek shelter in the fort, he possibly threw obstacles in the way of the military authorities, of which the Lieutenant-Governor was not made aware. Colonel Fraser especially names him as having obstructed the Lieutenant-Governor's instructions, and writes of 'orders and counter-orders,' 'interference,' 'utter want of system,' and so on. But, however all this may have been, Colonel Fraser's complaints are discounted by the fact that on the 14th of June, when he penned them, the fort, in compliance with Mr. Colvin's instructions, had practically been provisioned. This is the true and sufficient answer to the assertion that the Lieutenant-Governor's attention was not even turned to the subject (and then only under military compulsion) till the close of June. When June closed two more months' provisions had been accumulated.

The statement is incorrect that it was 'not till the mutineers equally had reached Futtehpoore Sikri that the women and children were permitted to seek safety within the stronghold.' It was about the 2nd of July that the mutinous force reached Futtehpoore Sikri. I have before me a copy of a letter from Colonel Prendergast, dated the 26th of June, communicating to Colonel Fraser an order just received from the Lieutenant-Governor, to the effect that the women and children were to go into the fort on the following day, the 27th. The fort was then ready to receive them; and the rebel force was still comparatively distant.

An incident alleged to have occurred to the superintendent of the gaol may next be taken:

The gaol, containing 5,000 prisoners, was left in charge of a native guard, although the superintendent, having reliable information that the sepoys intended to mutiny, begged that it might be replaced by European soldiers. The Lieutenant-Governor gave his consent to this wise precaution, but afterwards not only allowed himself to be persuaded to let the native guard remain, but authorised the removal of the European superintendent, on the plea of his being an alarmist.²

Mr. Thornhill's narrative is to the same effect; but he adds that the day after the superintendent was removed from his gaol the guard mutinied, marched eastward, and were never heard of after.

The superintendent of the gaol was Dr. (now Surgeon-General)

² *Reminiscences*, p. 282.

John Pattison Walker. From him I have obtained the facts with the aid of which I now correct Mr. Thornhill's narrative.

Believing himself to have good reasons for distrusting the fidelity of the gaol guard, which consisted, not of sepoys, but of a semi-military levy of about 400 men, Dr. Walker on the 23rd of June (I fix this date from other sources) went to the Lieutenant-Governor and asked him to have it disarmed. The Lieutenant-Governor at once referred this proposal to Dr. Walker's immediate superior, who was the Inspector-General of Gaols, to the magistrate, and to Dr. Walker, in conference. Accepting the view of the two former, he refused to accede to disarmament, but unsolicited and of his own motion directed that a guard of fifty British soldiers should be sent to the gaol for Dr. Walker's personal protection.

The same afternoon, just before the British troops arrived, two companies of the gaol guard, drawn up in front of their barracks, sent a native officer to ask for an interview with Dr. Walker, who acceded to the request. It happened that as he drew near them the head of the British guard was seen to be approaching, and the two companies of the gaol guard, catching sight of them, absconded. The other two companies were then ordered inside the prison, where they remained during the night. Dr. Walker wrote to the Lieutenant-Governor's private secretary, apprising him of the incident, with a view to disarmament of these two companies. Early next morning, having received no reply, he decided on putting the measure into effect, in view of what he believed to be urgent necessity. He did so, reporting this action also to the private secretary. Later in that day, following on a request from the private secretary, in reply to Dr. Walker's first note, to the effect that he should move through the Inspector-General of Gaols in the matter, came the Inspector-General himself, who, after personally informing himself on various points, informed Dr. Walker that he suspended him from his office by order of the Lieutenant-Governor, but without naming his successor. Dr. Walker thereon at once sought and obtained an interview with Mr. Colvin, who, on being placed in full possession of the facts, revoked the suspension which he had ordered on the ground that Dr. Walker had seemingly disobeyed that morning the orders which he had received only the previous afternoon. At the same time a further British force was sent for the security of the gaol and its superintendent.

Dr. Walker remained at his post till the 5th of July, when he entered the fort with the rest of the community, after successfully conducting to the last days the internal management of the gaol, as Mr. Colvin wrote later to Lord Canning, 'with zealous and firm control.'

It will be seen from the above that the incident as told by Mr. Thornhill is incorrect in almost every particular, and that Dr.

Walker was not removed from his post as an alarmist, and because his warnings of an impending event were disregarded, but was suspended for a few hours after that event for seeming defiance of orders.

It is difficult to know how to deal with unsupported assertions such as that, since there was an insufficiency of weapons wherewith to arm the augmentation made in Mr. Drummond's native police force, a volunteer corps of Christians, lately raised, was disbanded, and their arms distributed among the Mahomedan police; or that 'this infatuated belief in the loyalty of natives' was carried so far that it was proposed to disarm the entire Christian population, on the pretext that their carrying weapons gave offence to the Mahomedans.

I will only point out here, that while on the one hand, in view of the existence of the great armoury at Agra, it could not have been necessary, owing to insufficiency of weapons, to disband Christians (whatever the term 'Christian' may here include) in order to arm the augmentation to the police, it is, on the other hand, the more incredible because Colonel Fraser, in his report of the 14th of June, complains that '3,000 stands of arms, with from fifty to 200 rounds of ammunition per musket,' were issued from the fort, 'at the requisition of the magistrate of the district, for arming his police, many of whom have been recently entertained.' I am further assured by a very eminent Civil officer, who was in high office, and at Agra throughout May to October 1857, that the statement as to the alleged proposal to disarm Christians having been seriously considered by the Government, on the pretext that their carrying weapons gave offence to Mahomedans, is 'absurd in the last degree.'

I can only regret that Lord Roberts should have given place to such stories in his pages, to the very grave prejudice of a distinguished public officer, on any man's unsupported assertions. Readers of these and of Lord Roberts's pages will judge for themselves whether I have ground for remonstrance. I have never read these tales in any other account of that time. Until some more tangible references are given by which to test them, it is as idle to affirm as it is useless to deny their truth. Meanwhile it is prudent, no less than just to those whom it concerns, to withhold credit from all evidence of this character. It was for this, among other reasons, that, while entering a precautionary note against Mr. Thornhill's anecdotes, I omitted further reference to him in my Memoir.

Neither are we told on whose testimony it is affirmed that the authorities refused to allow the ladies and children at Gwalior to be sent into Agra for safety. A rumour to that effect has from time to time been repeated, but I have never seen it confirmed in any contemporary public or private letter, telegram, Blue Book, or other document. Nor have I ever seen anything purporting to be the text of the telegram; nor do I know from what 'authority' it is alleged

to have emanated, nor to whom it was addressed, nor whether there is such indirect evidence forthcoming as to justify one in contending, in the absence of direct proof, that it was sent.

My reply to Lord Roberts would be incomplete if I did not point out that all statements, without exception, which have come down to us from those days attest the extraordinary violence of party faction and of party recrimination which animated the Agra community. It was, no doubt, mainly due to the scenes passing round them; to alarm, to disaster, to loss of property, and to three months' confinement in the stifling and pestilent atmosphere of the fort. To whatever cause it may be attributed, this rabies of partisanship must always be borne in mind when reading contemporary accounts. No one more freely admitted it than Mr. Thornhill when, twenty-eight years later, in his *Indian Mutiny*, he published not a few of the stories which at that time first found credence, and of which some echo is heard in the pages of Kaye's *Sepoy War*.

Having seen Agra I could understand Jerusalem. We did not, indeed, stab or poison [he says], but there were the same jealousies, the same animosities that, in a ruder age and amongst a less civilised and more impulsive people, would have led to such results. It was often said that a real danger would have united us. I do not think so, for we never could have been in more peril than for the first few days we imagined ourselves, and it was just then that the discord was at its greatest. Also, throughout, it was in matters that concerned our safety that the disagreements were the most constant and the most virulent.

Such was the community which, after long and close confinement, poured out to meet Brigadier Greathed's force on his arrival, and deluged it with its accounts of the last five months' events. Unhappily, Mr. Colvin no longer survived to tell his own version of affairs, nor to reply to the attacks upon his conduct of his charge.

The Lieutenant-Governor may have committed mistakes. Mr. Reade in his narrative writes that 'the principle of the policy he maintained, of resolute defiance at the seat of government, was indisputably sound; but he erred in some respects in the choice of means, though he used the means employed with marvellous ability.' He was hampered by the charge of nearly '3,000 women, children, and civilians,' as Lord Roberts phrases it, whose natural indiscipline was heightened by panics, and fomented, I am sorry to say, by some who should have known better. The same obstructiveness was being experienced by Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, where 'the extremity of the crisis caused many people to forget themselves; and from many persons of whose obedience and support he might have had reasonable expectation, he received remonstrances against his line of policy.'³ But it is as idle to charge Mr. Colvin with blindness and infatuation, in the face of his letters, as it is impossible, in presence of the evidence I have furnished, to contend that he neglected the fort

³ *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence*, ii. 348.

till compelled by others to look for the first time to its safety and provisioning in the last days of June. I have shown in my Memoir that, like both the Lawrences, Mr. Colvin hoped that Delhi would fall some time in May. Like the Lawrences, however, when he found that there was no chance of this, he seized instantly the full extent of the crisis, and whatever hope he may have expressed in letters or telegrams before that date finds no repetition later. Having no better weapon at his command, for a time he kept some semblance of order in his Province by using one native element against another: Hindu against Mahomedan, native States' contingents against the sepoy, police against rural anarchy. There was no blind reliance on natives, but there was no agency other than native which could be used for his purpose. One by one his means failed him. Hindu and Mahomedan fraternised; native State contingents mutinied; and then he lost his last hold on the Province beyond the limits of Agra. But in Agra itself the police kept order until the affair of Shahganj on July 5. It was the military reverse of that day, for which the Lieutenant-Governor was in no way responsible, that placed Agra at the mercy of the rebels. Even then, Mr. Thornhill writes that the police, with the exception of about a hundred, went quietly off to their homes without molesting anybody. Sir George Harvey's account differs in some respects; but I gather that in any case the great body of the police, whether disbanded by order or otherwise, dispersed on the 4th or 5th of July peaceably to their villages. Nothing remained after the 5th of July but to take refuge in the fort. On the 3rd of July Mr. Colvin, who had been previously in good health, had been struck down by the illness which impaired his later powers, and which after some weeks of struggle ended fatally in September. But when he was compelled to take refuge in the fort his work was done. Nothing remained then but to await the arrival of British troops to restore authority in the lost Province. Nearly a year passed, let me note, before this end could be accomplished.

Let me call attention, finally, to considerations which, however obvious they appear to me, find no place in those pages of the *Reminiscences* which deal with Agra. From the outbreak of the Mutiny the North-West Provinces were lost to British rule, because they contained no British troops to take the field. The civil administration necessarily collapsed, because the districts were denuded of their British officers, who were either killed or compelled to seek shelter. Thus, Mr. Thornhill was himself obliged to fly from his district, Muttra, only thirty-three miles from Agra, to the protection of the fort. Between Agra and the rest of the Provinces an impenetrable belt of anarchy was interposed. Before long there was no British Civil officer out of Agra to whom an order could be sent, or

by whom, if it were sent, it could be received and executed, or from whom information of any kind could be received. There were no police; and what friends there were among the people did not dare to give proof of goodwill. Unlike the Punjab, the North-West Provinces had never been disarmed, and the whole population had weapons. Unlike the Punjab, with its Sikhs or Wiláyatis, there was no material from which fresh levies could be made. The native army was a sepoy army; the mutiny was a sepoy mutiny; the only military class in the Provinces was that from which the sepoys were recruited. Unlike the Punjab, again, of which the Sikh population was bitterly hostile both to the Mahomedan ex-Emperor and to the sepoy army, in the North-West Provinces Delhi was the centre of all Mahomedan ambitions, and the sepoy army was, as it were, the very flower of the soil. When Mr. Colvin is blamed for not maintaining more authority in such a province, it is fair to inquire what more, in identical circumstances, was done in maintaining his rule in the adjoining and similarly situated province of Oudh by Sir Henry Lawrence. Neither could assert his authority beyond headquarters. Each (till overmatched by a rebel force) kept order at the seat of Government. Each was assailed by subordinates who opposed his policy; each adequately ensured the safety of the community round him, though in this respect Mr. Colvin was far more fortunate in having at hand in case of need the more defensible position. Before condemning the Lieutenant-Governor for failing to master the crisis in his Province, it is as well to see not only what was the character of that crisis, but what his distinguished contemporary and friend, when similarly circumstanced, was able to effect in Oudh. That neither was able to effect much will scarcely be made matter of reproach by those who impartially consider the nature of the catastrophe in which each found himself, and the absence of all means of meeting it.

• AUCKLAND COLVIN.

*MR. HERBERT SPENCER AND
LORD SALISBURY ON EVOLUTION*

PART II

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S rebellion against the 'enormous' time which evolutionists have hitherto demanded, and to which Lord Salisbury only alluded as a well-known characteristic of their theories, marks a new stage in the whole controversy. Nobody had made the demand more emphatically than Mr. Spencer himself only a few years ago. His confession now, and his even elaborate defence of the idea that the work of evolution may be a work of great rapidity, goes some way to bridge the space which divides the conception of creation, and the conception of evolution as merely one of its methods. But Mr. Spencer must make further concessions. It is not the element of time, however long, nor is it the element of process, however purely physical, which we object to—we who have never been able to accept any of the recent theories of evolution as giving a true or adequate explanation of the facts of organic life. The two elements in all those theories which we reject as essentially erroneous, are the elements of mere fortuity on the one hand, and of mere mechanical necessity on the other. If the processes of ordinary generation have never been reinvigorated by a repetition of that other process—whatever it may have been, in which ordinary generation was first started on its wonderful and mysterious course—then, all the more certainly must the whole of that course have been foreseen and pre-arranged. It has certainly not been a haphazard course. It has been a magnificent and orderly procession. It has been a course of continually fresh adaptations to new spheres of functional activity. We deceive ourselves when we think or talk, as the Darwinian school perpetually does, of organs being made or fitted *by* use. The idea is, strictly speaking, nonsense. They were made *for* use, not *by* use. They have always existed in embryo before the use was possible, and, generally, there are many stages of growth before they can be put to use. During all these stages the lines of development were strictly governed by the end to be attained, that is to say, by the purpose to be fulfilled.

This, indeed, is evolution; but it is the evolution of mind and will; of purpose and intention. We are not to be scared by the application to this indisputable logic of that most meaningless of all words—the supernatural. For myself I can only say that I do not believe in the supernatural—that is to say, I do not believe in anything outside of what men call Nature, which is not also inside of it, and manifest throughout its whole domain. I cannot accept, or even respect, the opinion of men who, in describing the facts of Nature, and especially the growing adaptations of organic structures, use perpetually the language of intention as essential to the understanding of them, and then repudiate the implications of that language when they talk what they call science or philosophy. When evolutionists do defend their inconsistencies in this matter, they use arguments which we cannot accept as resting on any solid basis. Thus Mr. Spencer argues in the article under review that if the Creator had willed to form all those creatures He surely would have led them along lines of direct growth from the germ to the finished form, and would not have led them through so many stages of metamorphoses.¹⁰ We have no antecedent knowledge of the Creator which can possibly entitle us to form any such presumption as to His methods of operation. This is one answer. But there is another. The method which is supposed by Mr. Spencer to be inconsistent with the operations of a mind and will is the same method which is our own, and which is universally prevalent in the Universe. Everything is done by the use of means; everything is accomplished by steps, generally visible, but often also concealed from our view. There is, therefore, either no mind guiding the order of that universe, or else this method is compatible with intellectual direction. We must take Nature as we find it. We have nothing to do with what Mr. Spencer calls 'Special Creation.' Special evolution will do very well for our contention. That contention is that in organic structures purposive adaptations have had the controlling power. This is not an argument; it is a fact. In Biology our perception of the relation between organic structures and the purposes they are made to serve—which are the functions they are constructed to discharge—is a perception as clear, distinct, and certain as our perception of their relations to each other, or to time, or to form, or to space, or to any other of the categories of our knowledge.

Mr. Spencer is under a complete delusion if he supposes that the four or five great heads of evidence, which he specifies as all telling the same tale of evolution, could not be equally applicable to the facts if all the steps of evolution were visibly and admittedly under the ordering and guidance of a will. For example, the argument founded on the possibilities of Classification applies to the evolution of human machines as well as to the organic mechanisms of Nature. A row of models of the steam-engine, from 'Papin's Digester' to the

¹⁰ P. 745.

wonderful machines which now drive express trains at sixty or seventy miles an hour, would show a consecutive series of developments in every way comparable—except in length and complexity—with the series of the Mammalian skeleton. Yet nobody would be tempted to guess on this account, except in a metaphorical sense, that steam-engines have all been begotten by each other. The metaphor from organic births, however, is so apposite and perfect in its analogy that it is often actually used, and the begetting of ideas, or of the application of ideas to mechanical or chemical work, is a recognised branch of the history of mechanics.

The truth is that the argument derived from the principle on which all natural classifications rest, is a very dangerous argument for Darwinians. It cuts two ways, and one of the ways is very undermining to the assumption that there has been some continual flux of specific characters. It is true that in all living structures common features, so numerous, do indicate some common cause and source. But it is not less true that specific differences, so constant and so definite through enormous periods of time, are incompatible with perpetual instability. Darwin himself spoke of 'fixity' as an essential characteristic of true species. He admitted that this fixity is never attained by the human breeder; and he even admitted that it could only be obtained by 'selection with a definite object.'¹¹ This is a most remarkable declaration. Just as we have seen Mr. Spencer, under the inducements of controversy, throwing overboard his old demand for enormous periods of time, so now we find Darwin throwing overboard the idea of variations being either constant, or indiscriminate, or accidental, and even insisting that 'fixity' in organic forms is an aim in Nature, and can only be secured through an agency having a definite object, and pursuing that object with a persistency impossible to man as a mere breeder of temporary varieties. This is an argument which gives a very high rank to species in the history of life. It is because of it that Cuvier declared that no science of Natural History is possible if species be not stable. If, then, it be true that one species has always given birth to others, it must have been by a process of which, as yet, we know nothing.

And then it must be remembered that there are some fundamental features in all living organisms—involving corresponding likenesses—which can have no other than a mental explanation. One great principle governs the whole of them, namely this, that in order to take advantage of special laws, physical, mechanical, chemical, and vital, certain corresponding conditions must be submitted to, and certain apparatuses must be devised, and provided, for the meeting of these necessities. But the bond—the nexus—between the existence of a need and the actual meeting of that need, in the supply of an apparatus, can be nothing but a perceiving mind and will. I quite agree

¹¹ Quoted by Professor Poulton, *Charles Darwin*, &c., p. 201.

with Mr. Spencer that most men when they talk of separate or special Creation do not realise, or 'visualise,' what they mean by it. But exactly the same criticism applies to the language of those who are perpetually explaining organic structures as developments governed by the absolute necessities of external adaptations. They do not really see the necessary implications of their own language. If the organism is to live at all, they frequently tell us, such and such developments must arise. Quite so—but who is it, or what is it, that determines that the organism shall live, and shall not rather die? The needed development will not appear of its own accord. The needed perception of its necessity must exist somewhere; and the needed power of meeting that necessity must exist somewhere also. Moreover the two must act in concert. Those, therefore, who talk about that combined perception and power existing in Nature are using words with no meaning, unless by Nature they mean a conceiving and a perceiving agency. It is on this principle alone that we can explain very clearly why some apparatuses are common to all living things. The assimilation of food, the support of weight, some fulcrum for the attachment of muscle, some circulatory fluid, some vessels for the circulating fluids to find a channel, some apparatus for the supply of oxygen, and for its absorption, some nervous system for the generation of the highest energies of life, some optical arrangement for the purposes of sight: all of these involve, of necessity, likenesses and correspondences between all living things in the animal kingdom which hang together by a purely mental and rational chain of common necessities which have been seen and provided for. These mental relations between needs and their supply are entirely independent of the methods employed, and, as a fact, the methods employed do very considerably vary. The argument would be exactly the same if the methods of supply were much more various than they actually are. If the method employed has never been anything but ordinary generation, with the one exception of the first, or the few first, of the whole series, then the provision involved in the first germs are all the more wonderful, and the more completely answering to all that can be intelligible as creation. •

There is surely something suspicious—improbable—at variance with all the analogies of Nature, in the doctrine which the mechanical evolutionists would force upon us—that the life-giving energy, by whatever name we may call it, which started organic life upon its way—in the form of some four or five primordial germs—has been doing nothing ever since. No doubt it magnifies the richness and fertility of the original operation—seeing as we do the almost infinite varieties which it included in its pre-determined lines of change. But if this has been the course of creation, we are driven to another conception without which the theory would not at all correspond to the facts of life. If ordinary generation has been the sole agent in producing all

but the few original germs, then ordinary generation must have been sometimes made to do some very extraordinary things. Mr. Spencer very fairly admits that man has never yet seen a new species born by ordinary generation. This may be theoretically accounted for by the shortness of man's life as yet upon the globe. But, unfortunately for the theory, the long ages of Palæontology give no clue to the immediate parentage of any new species. There are, indeed, intermediate forms, and these are called links. But somehow the links never seem to touch. The new forms always appear suddenly—from no known source—and generally, if of a new type, exhibiting that type in great strength as to numbers, and in great perfection as regards organisation.

There is one suggestion which has been made in order to meet these strange phenomena, which has always seemed to me to be more plausible than any other, and to come much nearer than any other to the historic facts. It was the suggestion of a very eminent and most ingenious man—Babbage, the inventor of the Calculating machine. His mind was full of the resources of mechanical invention. He conceived the idea that as such a machine as his own could be made to evolve its results according to a certain numerical law during a given time, and then suddenly, for another time, to follow a different law with the same accuracy and perfection of results, so it is conceivable that species might be really as constant and invariable as we actually find them to be, for some long periods of time—embracing perhaps centuries or even millenniums—and then suddenly, all at once, evolve a new form which should be equally constant, for another definite time to follow.

This notion would account for many facts, and it is, of course, consistent with the assumption that what we call ordinary generation has—since in the first creations it was originally started on its way—been the only and the invariable instrumentality employed in the development of species. And not only would this idea square with the apparently sudden appearance of new species, repeated over and over again throughout the geological ages, but, more important still, it would harmonise with those intellectual instincts and conceptions of our mental nature to which the idea of chance is abhorrent, and which demand for an orderly progression in events some regulating cause as continuous and as intelligible as itself.

Mr. Spencer refers, as others now continually do, to the recent discoveries in America which have revealed a remarkably continuous series of specific forms leading up to that highly specialised animal the Horse. That series of forms, although then less continuous, was noticed long before the days of Darwin. It attracted the attention of Cuvier, and I heard Owen lecture upon it as indicative of the origin of the Horse two years before the *Origin of Species* had been published. The later more near approach to completion in that series in American fossils is said by Mr. Spencer to have finally convinced Professor Huxley

of conclusions on which he had before maintained a certain reserve. They are, indeed, most significant, but I am not sure that their significance has been well interpreted. They do seem clearly to indicate the development of a plan of animal structure worked out, somehow, through the processes of ordinary generation. But they do not indicate any fortuity, or any confusion, or any haphazard variations in all possible directions. Neither do they indicate steps of infinitesimal minuteness. On the contrary, they indicate a steady progress in one determinate line of development, a progress so rapid that sometimes the new species seem to have been actually living as contemporaries with the older species; and alongside of the anterior forms which were, as it were, going out of fashion, and are now assumed to have here been their own progenitors. The number, too, of the forms through which the line of modifications can be traced during a geological period of apparently no long duration, indicates at that time a fluidity in specific characters which is highly suggestive of comparatively rapid changes in the processes and in the products of ordinary generation. Sedimentary beds not exceeding 180 feet in total thickness, and thus indicative of no very long time in the geological scale, are now found to contain several of the divergent forms which lead up to the fully developed Horse.¹² It is as if the creative energy, which, on every theory, began the series in the creation of the original germs, had been then calling out their included potentialities into manifestations unusually rapid. These manifestations were all pointing steadily in one direction, namely, the establishment—on a continent ceasing to be marshy—of a species of quadruped, organised for a singular combination of strength, and fleetness, and endurance in the machinery of locomotion upon drier land.

This example of the correlations of growth effected in all probability through the machinery of ordinary generation, but under a definite guidance along certain lines to an extraordinary but determinate result, is all the more striking because it does not stand alone. All the great domesticable Mammalia, which serve such important purposes in the life of Man, and without which that life would have been far less favourably conditioned than it is, were all the contemporaneous product of that very recent, but most pregnant, Pliocene age in which the Horse was, at some appointed time, evolved out of ancestral forms, which would have been as useless to Man as the survivors of them now are, such as the Rhinoceros or the Tapir.

Among the conceptions to which the Darwinian theory of development has most frequently resorted, has been the conception that the development of all individual things from germs is an epitome and an analogue of the kindred, but far slower and longer,

¹² I have taken these facts from a very remarkable paper in the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society* for August 1896, 'On the Osteology of the White River Horses,' by Marcus S. Farr, pp. 147-175.

processes which have given birth to species in the course of ages. It is the best of all their conceptions—that which most facilitates the imagination in picturing a possible method of creation—because it rests on at least a plausible analogy of Nature. But, unfortunately, the mechanical school of evolutionists do not seem to understand one of the most certain characteristics of the processes of ordinary generation. If the germs first created had all the essential qualities of the procreated germs, then chance, or miscellaneous and unguided growths, can have had no place in the development of species. Nothing can be more certain that every procreated germ runs its own peculiar course to its own peculiar goal, with a regularity that implies a directing force. Mr. Spencer himself reminds us that all procreated germs are so like each other in the earliest stages, that neither the microscopist, nor the chemist, could tell whether any germ is to develop into any of the lowest animals or into a man. Yet the line of growth, in each, is predetermined, and the adult form is as certain and as definite as if the completed animal had been a separate creation from the inorganic elements of Nature. If, therefore, the mechanical evolutionists appeal to the processes of ordinary generation, they must take all the consequences of that appeal. They must not reject or gloss over a feature of it which is most fundamental and conspicuous, namely, the internal directing agency or force, which always pursues a definite line of growth, so that all the demands of the completed structure must have been present from the beginning, and must have been always ready to appear in strength when the set time had come, and very probably to appear in embryo even sooner.

It has always appeared to me that this is a conception of such strength, and even of such certainty, that it casts a new and a very clear light on one of the most curious and puzzling groups of fact which the science of Biology reveals—I allude to the frequent occurrence in animal structures of what are called rudimentary organs—that is to say, the occurrence of bits of organic mechanism which are never to be used in that particular creature, but which, in other creatures widely different, grow up into functional activity, and may even be the most essential organs of its life. A great number of instances have been cited by comparative anatomists—some of them, perhaps, more fanciful than real—as, for example, when the five or six vertebræ which constitute a real, though an invisible, tail in Man, are quoted as a case of a rudimentary organ. The truth is that this very short tail in men is far more clearly functional than many very long tails in other animals. It is absolutely needed for the support of the whole frame when it is subjected to the strain of its own weight for long periods of time in the sitting posture, a posture which is peculiar to Man and, in a less degree, to Monkeys. It is not clear that there is any functional use in the long tails of dogs, of cats, and

of many other animals. They are, indeed, very expressive of the emotions, and this, no doubt, is of itself a use. Perhaps more really belonging to the category of rudimental organs may be the traces which are said to exist in the human head of the special muscles which move the ears in lower animals. If such exist, although a certain very limited power of movement of the scalp is observable in a few individuals, such muscles seem to be divorced in man from their appropriate use.

But it is needless to dwell on cases which can only be verified by specialists in anatomy, when we have in Nature conspicuous cases which, when seen, confront us with perpetual but baffled curiosity and astonishment. The most extreme case is the best for illustration, and is naturally the most often quoted. It is the case of the Whale. This hugest of all the living vertebrata is so exclusively adapted to life in the ocean that if by accident it is stranded on the shore it is speedily suffocated by the crushing of all its internal organs under its own enormous weight. Yet this creature, so utterly destitute of any osseous structure capable even for a moment of sustaining that weight, does, nevertheless, exhibit in its skeleton all the bones which constitute the fore limbs of quadrupeds, and has even a bony rudiment which represents the elaborate structure which, in them, constitutes the pelvis. This is the solid fulcrum upon which, in them, the posterior pair of limbs are hinged, and on which, in the case of Man, the power of progression on land is absolutely dependent. The Whale, too—at least that species of whale called the Right Whale, which is the species we know best, from its great commercial value—presents in its life history another example of rudimentary organs. The new-born whale is provided with teeth, which are utterly without functional use either in the young or in the adult, and are soon absorbed and lost as the young advance to maturity.

There is no doubt that the class of facts to which these belong are guide-posts in the science of Biology. They must have an historical origin, and a meaning, which is not yet thoroughly understood. Let us look at some considerations which seem to throw an important light upon them.

In the first place, it is evident that organic structures, or bits of organic structure, which have no apparent use at all to some individual creatures possessing them, are closely connected with that other case which is much more common—the case, namely, of the same organic structures existing in different animals, but which are in them put to entirely different uses. Owen says that even the cetacean pelvis is used, in the meantime, for the attachment of some muscles connected with the generative organs. The five digits of a man's hand, again, are identical in number and position with the five slender bones of a Bat's wing. In that animal they are used as the supporting frame-

work of a flying membrane, and are wholly useless for any purposes of prehension. The digit which we call our thumb, and which in Man has such essential uses that the hand would hardly be a hand without it, is in the Bat not altogether abolished, but is dwarfed and converted into a mere hook by which the creature catches hold of the surfaces to which, when at rest, it clings. The whole vertebrate creation is full of such examples. Rudimentary organs, therefore, are nothing but a natural and harmonious part of a general principle which is applied in different degrees throughout the animal world. The explanation of it is, in one sense, very simple. It is that the vertebrate skeleton, with all its related tissues, has been—what Huxley always called it—a Plan, laid down from its beginning, in its originating germs, with a prevision of all its complexities of adaptability to immense varieties of use. There must have been a provision for these uses in certain elements and rudiments of structure, and in certain inherent tendencies of growth, which were to commence, from time to time, the initial structures. This is the indisputable fact in every case of ordinary generation, and if that process has been the only method employed since the first few germs were otherwise created, then both the cause and the reason of rudimentary organs in many creatures, become intelligible enough.

There is nothing in this explanation which can be rationally objected to by evolutionists. Indeed, if Darwin's particular theory of development be at all true, it becomes an absolute necessity of thought that there must have been, in the history of organic life, a whole series of special organs appearing for a time as rudiments, and then, after a time of functional activity, disappearing again as vestiges. The course of organic life has certainly been, on the whole, one of progress from lower to higher organisations, and if it be true that all these changes have come about with infinitesimal slowness—or even if they have been occasionally rapid—there must have been always as many structures in course of preparation for future use, as there were other structures in course of extinction because they were ceasing to be of any use whatever.

It is curious to observe that Darwinians, generally, never seem to perceive this necessity at all. When they see a rudimentary organ in any animal frame they always insist that it must be the vestige of an organ which was once in full activity in some actual progenitor. They never allow that it can possibly represent a possible future. According to them it must, and can, only represent an accomplished and concluded past. Why is this? Of course it involves a complete abandonment of the attempt to give any account of the origin of any organic structure. It implicitly assumes that they were created suddenly, and in a state so perfect as to be capable of functional activity from the moment of their first appearance. If not, then there is no puzzle in rudimentary organs. They are the normal results of

gradual evolution by gradual variations. The assumption, therefore, that such organs must always be the remnants of structures formerly complete, is so entirely at variance with the whole theory of the mechanical evolutionists that there must be some explanation of their running their heads against it. The explanation is very simple. It is one of the infirmities of the human mind that, when it is thoroughly possessed by one idea, it not only sees everything in the light of that idea, but can see nothing that does not lend itself to support the dominant conception. There is nothing that a mind in this condition dislikes so much as an incongruous fact. Its instincts, too, are amazingly acute in scenting, even from afar, the tainted atmosphere of phenomena which have dangerous implications. This is the secret of the aversion felt by the Darwinian School to the immense variety of biological facts which point to the steady growth of organs for a predestined use, and consequently to their inevitable first appearance in rudimentary conditions in which they can have no actual functional activity. For this is an idea profoundly at variance with materialistic and purely mechanical explanations. It is easy by such explanations—at least superficially it seems to be easy—to explain the atrophy and ultimate disappearance of organs which, after completion, fall into disuse. But it is impossible to account, on the same mechanical principles, for the slow but steady building up of elaborate structures, the functional use of which lies wholly in the future. The universal instincts of the human mind are conscious that this conception is inseparable from that kind of guidance and direction which we know as mind. No other is conceivable. And this particular kind of agency is as much an object of direct perception—when we see an elaborate apparatus growing up through many rudimentary stages to an accomplished end—as the relations of the same apparatus to the chemical and vital processes which are subordinate agencies in the result. But it is a cardinal dogma of the mechanical school that in Nature there is no mental agency except our own; or that, if there be, it is to us as nothing, and any reference to it must be banished from what they define as science. This is all the stranger since the existence of rudimentary organs, on the way to some predestined end in various functional activities, is the universal fact governing the whole phenomena of embryology in the course of ordinary generation. Moreover, it is the very men who insist on embryology as a confirmation of their special theory, who object most vehemently to its principles being consistently applied to the explanation of kindred facts in the structure of animals in the past.

So hostile have Darwinians generally been to this interpretation of rudimentary organs in adult animals, that some years ago, when, in controversy with the late Dr. George Romanes, I spoke of rudimentary organs being interpreted sometimes 'in the light of prophecy' rather than in the light of history, he challenged me to

specify any one organ in any creature which must certainly have been developed long before it could have been of use. I at once cited the case of the electric organs of the Torpedo and of some other fishes. The very high specialisation of these organs, and the immense complexity of their structure, demonstrate that they must have passed through many processes of organic development before they could be used for the wonderful purpose to which, in that creature, they are actually applied. Romanes was too honest not to admit the force of the illustration when it was put before him. He took refuge in the plea that it is a solitary exception, and he declared that if there were many such structures in Nature he would 'at once allow that the theory of Natural Selection would have to be discarded.'¹⁵ Of course this plea is negatived by the very first principles of biological science. There is not such a thing existing as an organ standing absolutely alone in organic nature. There are multitudes of organs very highly specialised; but there is no one which, either in respect to materials or in respect to laws of growth, is wholly separate from all others. What may seem to be singular cases are nothing but extraordinary developments of the ordinary but exhaustless resources stored in the original germs of all living structures. Very special, very wonderful, and very rare, as electric organs undoubtedly are, they do not stand alone in any one species. They exist in other fishes of widely separated genera. Moreover, it has only been lately discovered that they exist in a rudimentary condition, quite divorced as yet from functional activity, in many species of the Rays, our own common Skates being included in the list. Nay, farther, it has long been known that in all muscular action there is an electrical discharge, so that the concentration of the agency in a specially adapted organ, of which we have actual examples in every stage of preparation, is almost certainly nothing but the development, or the turning to special account, of an agency which is present in all organic forms.

But this plea of Romanes, though futile as an argument for the purpose for which he uses it, is at least a striking testimony to the fact that those who have been most possessed by the Darwinian hypothesis, do consider any appeal to the agency of mind as hostile to their creed. Yet nothing can be more certain than that it is not hostile to the general idea of development, nor to the general idea of what Mr. Spencer calls organic evolution. Provided these conceptions are so widened as to include that Agency of which all Nature is full, and without perpetual reference to which the common language of descriptive science would at once be reduced to an unintelligible jargon—provided the development, or evolution, of previsions of the future, and of provisions for it, are fully admitted—there is no antagonism whatever between these general conceptions and the facts of Nature.

The result of all these considerations seems to be that when

¹⁵ *Darwin and after Darwin*, vol. i. p. 373.

we meet with structures in living animals, or bits of structure, which have no function, we never can be sure whether these represent organs which have degenerated or organs which are waiting to be completed. All that is certain is that they are parts of the vertebrate plan. That plan has always implicitly contained, at every stage in the history of organic life, elements and tendencies of growth which must have included both true rudiments of the future, and also real vestiges of the past. There is, indeed, one supposition which would put an end to our search for organs on the way to use for some future species—and that is the supposition that the development of new specific forms has, on this globe at least, been closed for ever. I have often been amused by the smile of incredulity which comes over Darwinian faces when the very idea of the possibility of new species being yet to come, is put before them. Yet if we had been living in the Pliocene Age—an age, comparatively speaking, very recent and of no great duration—we should undoubtedly have seen the processes in full operation by which the highest of our Mammalian forms were perfected and established. Nevertheless, the half-unconscious conviction may be true, that nothing of the same kind is going on now, and that not only has the creation of new germs been stopped, but that procreation has also been arrested in its evolutionary work.

It is curious how well this instinctive impression, which, although never expressly stated, is always silently assumed by the current assumptions of biological science, fits into the language of those 'old nomadic tribes' who wrote on creation 3,000 years ago, and of whose qualifications for doing so Mr. Spencer seems to speak with such complete contempt. They knew nothing of what is now technically called science. But, somehow, they had strange intuitions which have anticipated not a few of its conclusions, and some of which have a mysterious veri-similitude with suggestions which come to us from many quarters. Their idea was that with the advent of Man there has come a day of 'rest' in the creative work. It does look very like it. But this supposition or assumption does not in the least affect the possible interpretation to be put upon certain rudimentary structures in existing organisms. That interpretation simply is, that the old Plan has been followed to the last; that all the marvellous implications and infoldings which lay hid in the original germs have kept on unfolding themselves—till Man appeared. In this case, the arrested structures would naturally exhibit traces of the processes which had been going on for millions of years, although they were now to be pursued no farther. Thus the mere existence of a rudimentary organ, apart from other evidence, would not of necessity imply that the creature in which it appears is the offspring of other creatures which had that same organ in perfection. The alternative interpretation is easy, natural, and may well be true—that such a rudiment neither has ever been, nor is yet ever to be, developed into functional activity.

It may be where it is—simply because it indicates an original direction of growth, or of development, which was made part of the vertebrate Plan from the beginning of the series, for the very reason of its potential adaptability to many purposes. Moreover, the arrest of such tendencies of growth, at a given point in the series, may well have been part of the same Plan from the beginning. But the survival of their effects—the traces of this method of operation—would thus be a perfectly intelligible fact.

As already said, the case which presents all these problems in the most striking form, is the case of the Whales, and especially the case of that species which, from the commercial products of its organism, is most widely known. Both the organs which, in this creature, are present as rudiments alone, and those which, on the contrary, are very highly developed and most wonderfully specialised, are equally significant. Constructed exclusively for oceanic life, it yet possesses in a rudimentary form some of the most characteristic bones of the terrestrial Mammalia. Upon the assumption that no organic structure can possibly have any other origin than ordinary generation, and that they can never have been originated, except by actual use, nor be found incomplete except as the consequences of disuse, then of course the conclusion seems unavoidable that the Whale is the lineal descendant, by ordinary generation, of some animal that once walked upon the land. Accordingly, I have heard a very high authority on Biological science declare that not only did he accept this conclusion, but that he could conceive no other solution of the problem presented by the facts.

Yet it is evident that it rests entirely on the two preliminary assumptions above specified. Of the first of these two assumptions—that no organic structure has ever come into existence except by ordinary generation—we cannot even conceive it to be true. But putting this aside, of the second of these two assumptions, namely, that organic structures can never have been developed except by actual use, it may be confidently said that it is certainly unfounded. We cannot be sure that the calling into existence of new germs—a process in which the whole animal world must confessedly have begun—is a process which was adopted only once, and has never been repeated in the whole course of time. We cannot, therefore, be certain that the Cetacea, which constitute a very distinct division in the animal kingdom, have not been thus begun, with predetermined lines and laws of growth which stand in close relation to the development of all the terrestrial Mammalia. But, even if we adopt the assumption that this alternative is impossible or inconceivable, the second assumption is certainly unjustifiable—that by the methods of ordinary generation rudimentary organs can never have arisen except by actual use, nor can have been atrophied except by subsequent disuse. The whole course of organic nature contradicts this assumption absolutely. All organs

pass through rudimentary stages on their way to functional activity. And if ordinary generation has been made to do the work of forming new species, the original germs in which the process began must presumably have passed through the same characteristic steps.

The facts of Palæontology seem to indicate that the vertebrate series began with the Fish. Out of them, therefore, on the Darwinian theory of Development, the Mammalia must have come, and if so it is not wonderful, but quite natural, that we should find one branch of the Mammalian type to be organisms pisciform in shape, and otherwise specially adapted to a marine life. One fundamental difference between the Fishes and the Mammalia is in the method and machinery for breathing, or, in other words, for the oxygenation of the blood. But comparative anatomists tell us that in Fishes the homologue of the Mammalian lung is the membranous sac which is called the air bladder. If ordinary generation, doing nothing except what we always see it doing now, has given birth to all creatures, it must have done much greater marvels than converting a mere bladder of air into a vascular organ for mixing that air with a circulating current of blood. The existence of rudiments of legs, and of a pelvis for the support of legs, is amply accounted for if we suppose that the elements of the whole vertebrate Plan were present, potentially, from the beginning of the type, with an innate tendency to appear in embryotic indications from time to time. Both Owen and Mr. Spencer, representing very different schools of thought, have likened this idea to that of the growth of crystals along determinate lines, and bounded by determinate angles.¹⁴ Owen goes so far as to call the imagined initial structures by the name of 'organic crystallisation.' Although there is a danger in passing, without great caution, from the inorganic to the organic world, yet this is a general analogy which is a real help to thought. The almost infinite complication of even the simplest organic structure when compared with the mere aggregations characteristic of crystalline forms, does, indeed, make it impossible to conceive that organic growths can be, in fundamental principle, like that of a crystal. But in the one circumstance, or condition, of determinedness in the direction of growth, a common feature may undoubtedly be recognised. It is quite conceivable that the 'physiological units' of all organic structures should be under the control of a force which determines their unknown movements and mutual arrangements, so as to build up, and form, the most complex structures needed for future functions in distances of time however far away. The truth is that this conception is nothing more than a bare description of the facts. It supplies us with a far more simple and conceivable explanation of the Cetacean pelvis than the alternative suggestion that a fully-formed land animal, with limbs completed for

¹⁴ *Principles of Biology*, vol. ii. p. 8; Owen's *Physiology*, vol. iii. p. 818.

walking on the land, has given birth to offspring which abandoned the use of them, and acquired, by nothing but ordinary generation, all the purely marine adaptations of the Whale.

There is, perhaps, no creature so highly specialised. The baleen in the mouth is one of the most wonderful cases of an organic apparatus expressly made for one definite and very peculiar work—namely, that of forming a net or sieve for entangling and catching the millions of minute crustaceans and other organisms which swarm in the Arctic seas. It is one of the structures which classifiers call aberrant—cases in which the directive agency—so evidently supreme in all organic development—has pursued a certain line of adaptation into the rarest and most extreme conditions determined by a very peculiar food. In the pursuit of that line it is really not much of a puzzle that one particular element in the vertebrate skeleton should be passed over and left, as it were, aside, because it is a part of the original plan which could be of no service here. There is no rational ground for necessarily supposing that this particular bit of internal structure must have been developed into functional use in some former terrestrial progenitor. Organic beings are full of structures which are variously used, and of others which are so embryonic that they can never have been of any use at all. On the other hand, it is a very violent supposition that the external structure of the Whale can ever have been inherited from a terrestrial beast by the normal process of ordinary generation. The changes are not only too enormous in amount, but too complicated in direction, to lend themselves to such an explanation. The fish-like form of the whole creature—the provision of an enormous mass of oily fat, called blubber, completely enveloping the internal organs, for the double purpose of protecting from cold these organs which are dependent on a warm Mammalian blood, and of so adjusting the specific gravity of the whole creature as to facilitate flotation on the surface of the ocean, where alone respiration can be effected by the Mammalian lung, the development of a caudal appendage which does not represent the Mammalian tail, but is constructed on an entirely different type—the assigning to that tail a function which it never serves in the Mammalia—that of propulsion in the medium which is its habitat—all these, together with the baleen in the mouth, constitute an assemblage of characters departing so widely from the whole Mammalian class, that if the creature possessing them has acquired them through no other process than ordinary descent from parents which were terrestrial beasts, then we are attributing to ordinary generation everything which is intelligible to us as a truly creative power. The stages through which such an enormous metamorphosis could only have been conducted, if they were sudden and rapid, would have been visibly a creative work; and if they were slow and gradual they must have followed certain lines of growth as

steadily, as surely, and with as much prevision, as we can conceive in any intellectual purpose of our own. Nothing, therefore, is gained by those who dislike the idea of rudimentary organs being regarded as provisions for a future in some one original Plan, when they try to escape from that idea by supposing that this rudimentary condition can be due to nothing but degeneration. That element of prevision of, and provision for, the future, which they choose to call the supernatural, pursues them through every step of their substituted fancies—and that, too, in the case of the Whales in a more immanent degree.

Mr. Spencer's tone, then, of remonstrance against the hardness of our hearts in being so slow to accept completely the teachings of the Darwinian School as an adequate explanation of the facts of Nature, shows that he has not grasped the difficulties which we feel to be insuperable. He is quite right in saying that even if the special theory of Darwin be abandoned, there would still remain to be dealt with what he calls the theory of organic evolution. Yes, and if the particular theory which he so calls be given up, there will still remain another theory which is equally entitled, and, we think, better entitled, to the name. Let him exhaust the meaning of his own language. An organ is an apparatus for the discharge of some definite vital function. That is its only meaning. It is a means to an end. But the existence of a future need, and a preparation for the supply of it, have no necessary or merely mechanical connection. A steam engine must have a boiler, and a piston, and a condenser, and gearing to convert rectilinear into rotatory motions. These are all needs—if the apparatus is to do its work. But these needs will not be supplied without an agency which both sees them and is able to provide for them. All vital organs are, therefore, apparatuses, and as such are essentially purposive. The evolution of them can only mean the unfolding of elements contained in the present, but conceived and originated in the past. We believe in organic evolution in this deepest of all senses. We do not believe, any more than Mr. Spencer, in creation without a method—in creation without a process. We accept the general idea of development as completely as Mr. Spencer does. We accept, too, the facts of organic evolution, so far as they have yet been very imperfectly discovered. Only, we insist upon it, that the whole phenomena are inexplicable except in the light of mind—that prevision of the future, and elaborate plans of structure for the fulfilment of ultimate purposes in that future, govern the whole of those phenomena from the first to the last. We insist upon it that the naked formula—now confessed to be tautological—of 'survival of the fittest,' is an empty phrase, explaining nothing, and only filling our mouths with the east wind.

Mr. Spencer does, indeed, towards the close of his article, use some language which may mean all that we desire to be included in

the stereotyped phrase—organic evolution. He says that all the vast varieties of organic life are 'parts of one vast transformation,' displaying 'one law and one cause,' namely, this—'that the Infinite and Eternal Energy has manifested itself everywhere and always in modes ever unlike in results, but ever like in principle.' But everything in this language rests on the sense in which the word Energy is here used. Etymologically, indeed, it is a splendid word, capable of the sublimest applications. We do habitually, in common speech, apply it to the phenomena of mind, and if we think of it in that application—as a name for the one source from which all 'work' ultimately comes—if we think of it as that which, 'works' inwardly everywhere as the cause and source of all phenomena—then, indeed, Mr. Spencer is making use of ideas which, in more definite and more appropriate language, are familiar to us all. But, unfortunately, the word Energy has been of late years very largely monopolised by the physical sciences, in which it is used to designate an ultimate and abstract conception of the purely physical forces. We talk of the energy of a cannon ball, of the energy of an explosive mixture, of the energy of a head of water. We even erect it into an abstract conception representing the total of Matter and of all its forces, alleging that there is only a definite sum of energy in the Universe which can never be either increased or diminished, but can only be redistributed. If this be the purely physical sense in which Mr. Spencer uses the word 'energy'—even although he prints it in capitals, and although he adds the glorifying qualifications of 'Infinite' and 'Eternal'—then we must part company with him altogether. The words 'infinite' and 'eternal' do not of themselves redeem the materialism of his conception. The force of gravitation may be, for aught we know, infinite in space, and eternal in duration. But neither this form of energy, nor any other which belongs to the same category of the physical forces, affords the least analogy to the kind of causation which is conspicuous in the preconceived Plan, in the corresponding initial structure, and in the directed development, of vital organs, as apparatuses prepared beforehand for definite functions. The force of chemical affinity is one of the most powerful of the physical energies in Nature. It is one great agent—even the main agent—in digestion. But it could neither devise nor make a stomach. Substitute for the word 'energy' that other word which evidently fits better into Mr. Spencer's real thought—viz. the word 'mind'—and then we can be well agreed. Then Mr. Spencer's fine sentence is but a dim and confused echo of the conception conveyed in the line so well known to most of us—'And God fulfils Himself in many ways.'

Since these pages were written it has been announced that Mr. Herbert Spencer has completed the really Herculean labour of building up his 'Synthetic System of Philosophy.' It does not need to be

one of his disciples to join in the well-earned congratulations which men of the most various schools of opinion have lately addressed to a thinker so distinguished. The attempt to string all the beads of human knowledge on one loose-fibred thread of thought called evolution, has been, I think, a failure. But the beads remain—ready for a truer arrangement, and a better setting, in the years to come. We must all admire the immense wealth of learning and the immense intellectual resources, as well as the untiring perseverance, which have been devoted to this attempt. Mr. Spencer has vehemently denied that his philosophy is materialistic. But he has denied it on the ground that as between Materialism and Spiritualism his system is neither the one nor the other. He says expressly of his own reasonings that ‘their implications are no more materialistic than they are spiritualistic, and no more spiritualistic than they are materialistic. Any argument which is apparently furnished to either hypothesis is neutralised by as good an argument furnished to the other.’ This may be true of the results in his own very subtle mind; but it is certainly not true of the effect of his presentations on the minds of others. Nor is it so in the natural and only legitimate interpretation of a thousand passages. Even in close contiguity with the above declaration of neutrality we find him asserting that ‘what exists in consciousness in the form of feeling, is transformable into an equivalent of mechanical motion.’¹⁵ I believe this to be an entirely erroneous assertion. But whether it be erroneous or not, it is certainly not easily to be reconciled with the claim of neutrality. An assertion that all feeling may be correlated with certain organic motions in the brain, or nervous system, might be true. But that all ‘feeling’ is ‘transformable into’ mere mechanical motion, is an assertion of the most pronounced materialism. The truth is that so profoundly hostile is Mr. Herbert Spencer to all readings of mental agency in natural phenomena, that when his own favourite doctrine—that of evolution—gives a clear testimony in favour of such readings, he not only rejects its testimony, but tries all he can to silence its very voice. I know of no subject in which the pure idea, and the pure facts of evolution, open up so wide and straight an avenue into the very heart of truth, as in the subject of human thought as automatically evolved in the structure of human speech. Words are not made; they grow. They are unconsciously evolved. And that out of which the evolution takes place, is the functional activity of the mental consciousness of Man in its contact with the phenomena of the Universe. What that consciousness sees, it faithfully records in speech. It is like the highly-sensitised plates which are now exposed to the starry heavens, and which repeat, with absolute fidelity, the luminous phenomena of Space. What should we think of an astronomer who thought himself entitled to manipulate this evidence at his pleasure

¹⁵ *Principles of Biology*, vol. i. p. 492.

—to strike out appearances, however clear, which conflict with some cosmic theories of his own? Yet this is precisely the course taken by Mr. Herbert Spencer when he encounters a word which is inconsistent with his materialistic preconceptions. Although the purest processes of evolution have certainly made the word, he rules it out of court, and sets himself to devise a substitute which shall replace the mental, by some purely physical, image. Thus, for example, the word 'adaptation' is indispensable in descriptive science. Mr. Spencer translates it, because of its implications, into the mechanical word equilibration.¹⁶ Thus the tearing teeth of the carnivora are to be conceived as equilibrated with the flesh they tear. It is curious to find Mr. Spencer indulging in an operation which excites all his scorn when it is conceived by others. Adaptation is the word born of evolution. Equilibration is a 'special creation' of his own: and a very bad creation it is. Laboriously classic in its form, it is as laboriously barbarous and incompetent in its meaning. No two ideas could be more absolutely contrasted than the two which Mr. Spencer seeks to identify and confound under the cover of this hideous creation. The conception of a statical 'equilibrium' or balance between opposite physical forces, and the conception of the activities of function so adjusted as to subordinate the physical forces to their own specific and often glorious work—these are conceptions wide as the poles asunder. Nothing but a systematic desire to wipe out of Nature, and out of language—which is her child and her reflected image—all her innumerable 'teleological implications,' can account for Mr. Spencer's continual, though futile, efforts to silence the spiritualistic readings of the world evolved in the structure of human speech.

But even if it were true that Mr. Spencer's writings are as neutral as he asserts them to be, nothing in favour of their reasonings would be gained. A philosophy which is avowedly indifferent on the most fundamental of all questions respecting the interpretation of the Universe, cannot properly be said to be a philosophy at all. Still less can it claim to be pre-eminently 'synthetic.' It may have made large contributions to philosophy. But the contributions are very far indeed from having been harmonised into any consistent system. On the contrary, very often any close analysis of its language and of its highly artificial phraseology, will be found to break it up into incoherent fragments. Such at least has been my own experience; and I am glad to think that in a line of interpretation which leads up to no conclusion, and to no verdict, on the one question of deepest interest in science and philosophy—namely, whether the Physical Forces are the masters or the servants of that House in which we live—no man is ever likely to succeed where Mr. Herbert Spencer has broken down.

ARGYLL.

¹⁶ *Principles of Biology*, vol. i. p. 466.

RONSARD AND HIS VENDÔMOIS

I. YEARS OF APPRENTICESHIP

PIERRE DE RONSARD, gentilhomme Vendômois, studied at many schools, and was the pupil of many masters. One of them is well known, the others not so well. All his biographers have praised the zeal with which, leaving the Court and its festivities, he took up his abode at the Collège Coqueret and there followed the teaching of Dorat. 'Ronsard,' says his friend and earliest biographer, Claude Binet, 'who had lived at Court and was accustomed to keep late hours, used to work till two after midnight, then, going to bed, he awoke Baïf, who rose, took the candle from him, *et ne laissait refroidir la place.*' He learnt in this way much Latin and Greek; he became an enthusiastic worshipper of the ancients; he mixed with that band of young men who had risen at the call of Joachim du Bellay, and who wanted to adorn the French language with the spoils of the *superbe cité romaine*. They pretended to admire nothing but what Roman examples warranted; tonsured clerks as they were most of them, they extolled Paganism, they offered a goat in antique fashion to the tragedian Jodelle, and pretended to lead half-Pagan lives.

Their talent, their impetuosity, the noise they made created such a stir that for a long time they were considered, above all, as poets who had written 'Greek and Latin' in French. They were taken at their word, and dearly paid for the sin they had committed of youthful exaggeration. Ronsard, who had become their chief from the day the first volume of his *Odes* had been published (1550), suffered most; and not till our own times was the verdict of Boileau against him first timidly contested, then reversed.

Only quite recently, and not even to the extent warranted by facts, was the true nature of Ronsard's genius made plain. He was a thorough Frenchman; the factitious part in his work is striking indeed, and very visible, but it is small. He was a pupil not so much of Dorat as of Nature; he learnt much more from his Vendômois, its rocks, rivers, and meadows, than from Rome and her authors. He had many teachers besides the headmaster of the Collège Coqueret, foremost among them Experience and Observation.

His experience of life had been very great indeed, and had begun from his youth. Born in the ancestral manor of La Poissonnière, near

Couture, in Vendômois (1524), he was early destined to an active, busy life. Riding, fencing, all sports, either pacific or military, had been his first study. His father, Louis de Ronsard, master of the hostel of the young princes, sons of Francis the First, wanted to make of him, before all, an accomplished 'gentilhomme.' He approved doubtless of his receiving the literary discipline usual in those Renaissance days, and of his writing verses; for these were knightly accomplishments at the Court of the Valois. But verses were not to fill his time, and poetry must not be his career: Pierre de Ronsard must be a soldier, a statesman, a courtier, what he pleased; not a dreamer lost in meditations. 'Often was I rebuked by my father,' the young man wrote in after-life,

Et me disoit ainsi : Pauvre sôt; tu t'amuses.
 A courtiser en vain Apollon et les Muses!
 Que te saurait donner ce beau chantre Apollon
 Qu'une lyre, un archet, une corde, un fredon (a song),
 Qui se répand au vent ainsi qu'une fumée? . . .
 Laisse-moi, pauvre sôt, cette science folle . . .
 Prends les armes au poing et va suivre la guerre.

Ronsard was accordingly instructed in all the manly arts befitting a young nobleman sprung from an old family related to the La Tremouilles, and even, so they said, to the kings of England; they were, according to their own computation, cousins in the seventeenth degree to the reigning sovereign. He soon became conspicuous as a fencer, dancer, rider, and wrestler. A number of journeys improved his knowledge of the world. He went as a boy to Scotland, in the train of James the Fifth, who had just married at Notre-Dame his first wife, Madeleine daughter of King Francis the First (1537). Another man famous in literary annals, was also of the journey, the notorious Lyon King-of-Arms, Sir David Lyndesay. Ronsard remained there thirty months, and then six in England, 'where,' says his friend Binet, 'having learnt the language quickly, he was received with such favour that France was very near losing one whom she had bred to be some day the trumpet of her fame.' He visited Flanders, then Scotland again, where he nearly lost his life in a shipwreck, then Germany and North Italy. Of his sojourn in England few traces remain in his work; his knowledge of English is probably one of the fabulous accomplishments which kind Binet credited him with. He seems, however, to have known that there were poets in England and swans in the Thames, and he alludes in one of his pieces to those noble products of the island:—

Bientôt verra la Tamise superbe
 Maints cygnes blancs, les hôtes de son herbe . . .
 Jeter un chant pour signe manifeste
 Que maint poète et la troupe céleste
 Des Muses sœurs y feront quelque jour,
 Laissant Parnasse, un gracieux séjour.

Ronsard appeared at the French Court, where Henri II was king, and Diane de Poitiers more than queen. He pleased all by his fine figure, his lively conversation, his amorous verses, and his artistic tastes. He was, indeed, a model young gentilhomme. He played on the lute, he was fond of pictures, and admired especially those of Clouet, *alias* 'Janet,' the fashionable Court painter, whose royal portraits have never ceased to be admired, and are to be seen now in the Louvre. Ronsard praised 'Janet, honour of our France,' and sang also the merits of another friend of his who, even at school, covered his copy books with drawings and paintings, and was no other than Pierre Lescot, architect of the new, now the old, Louvre of Henri II :

. . . étant à l'école,
Jamais on ne te put ton naturel forcer,
Que toujours avec l'encre on ne te vit tracer
Quelque belle peinture et, jà fait géomètre,
Angles lignes et points sur une carte mettre.

Other arts were also in great favour with Ronsard ; he was an excellent tennis-player, and proved matchless at football. Those were important accomplishments at that time ; kings gave the example ; young Charles the Ninth (1560-74) was very fond of football 'as this is one of the finest of all sports ;' his camp wore a white livery, his adversaries a red one, and endless games took place in that now overcrowded part of the town, the Pré-aux-Clercs. Ronsard, who played on the royal side, had once the happiness to hear the king exclaim, 'tout haut' that 'he had played so well that the winning of the prize was due to him.' So important, indeed, were the sportive arts, that, having to write a eulogy of Henri II, Ronsard compared himself to a tree-feller 'entering a wood to begin his daily task' and wondering which tree he will begin with : he, in the same way, having entered the forest of the royal merits, wonders, among so many, which he shall praise first. And after much musing and wondering he makes up his mind, and sings first the talent Henri had 'for jumping over a hedge or over a ditch,'

Pour sauter, une haie ou franchir un fossé.

Then come his fencing, his riding, his wearing a cuirass two days running, as he deemed

la sueur
Être le vrai parfum qui doit orner la face
D'un roi.

Wisdom, prudence, and other moral accomplishments will come in their proper place, that is, later on.

Ronsard, however, was not meant to follow the career of arms or to be a courtier. Soon after the period of his travels he became deaf, having caught, it is told, his disease in Germany. Binet explains it

as clearly as Molière's Sganarelle explains why 'votre fille est muette;' he attributes it to 'sulphur' which the Germans, he says, mix with their wines. This sulphur, added to the troubles and fatigues the poet had undergone in his journeys both at sea and on land, was the cause of 'plusieurs humeurs grossières' rising to his brain, in such a way that they caused a fluxion, which caused a fever, 'from which he became deaf.' One thing, however, is certain—the deafness; it diminished the pleasure Ronsard found at Court, 'a country where one should rather be dumb than deaf,' and it re-awakened and sharpened his early fondness for books, meditation, and solitude.

II. POETICAL VOCATION

Very early indeed his true vocation had manifested itself. It had been revealed to him, not by the learned Dorat, nor by the haughty Cassandre, the misty object of his first passion, but by those teachers, the friendliest and best listened to, the confidants of his childhood and mature age: the woods and meadows of Vendômois; where his fancy saw the Dryads of antique Hellas dancing hand in hand with the gentle fairies of his native country:

Je n'avais pas douze ans qu'au profond des vallées,
 Dans les hautes forêts des hommes reculées,
 Dans les antres secrets de frayeur tout couverts,
 Sans avoir soin de rien, je composais des vers;
 Echo me répondait et les simples Dryades,
 Faunes, Satyres, Pans, Népées, Oréades,
 Égipans qui portaient des cornes sur le front,
 Et qui, ballant, sautaient, comme les chèvres font,
 Et le gentil troupeau des fantastiques fées
 Autour de moi dansaient à cottes dégrafées.

Rome and Athens interfered. It was a time of boundless enthusiasm; the Petrarchan fire was now burning in the breasts of all the learned, and they imitated; besides the sonnets of the Italian poet, his idolatry for the masters of the Cæsarean days. To equal such men was deemed impossible, to imitate them was held the greatest service poets could render to the cause of Beauty. Ronsard did all in his power to further that cause; he even thought at first that he ought to contribute to the fame of his native land by becoming a Latin poet. But he did not cherish long that fancy, and happily did not, like his model Petrarch, waste his energies upon the impossible task of writing an *Africa*. France and good sense had the best of it; he made himself 'thoroughly French':

Je me fis tout français, aimant certes mieux être
 En ma langue ou second, ou tiers, ou le premier
 Que d'être sans honneur à Rome le dernier.

The claims of France, and especially of the Vendômois country,

grew upon him. He sang *Cassandre*, more an apparition than a reality, a young girl he had seen one day in the meadows by Blois. He sang her in a high style, full of Latin and Italian reminiscences. The first book of his *Amours*, coming soon after his odes, secured him immense fame (1552). But he soon felt there was something *forcé* in that over-superb attitude; an acknowledged master, he could now act more freely; instead of trying to surpass himself in the style which had made him celebrated, he altered it; he became more simple and listened more intently than before to the voice of Nature. Nature's part is much more visible in the second book of the *Amours*, dedicated to Marie, a plain girl of Bourgueil in Anjou, whom, says Binet, 'il a vraiment aimée.' He long thought he had found in her a fit companion for his life's journey:

N'est-ce pas un grand bien, quand on fait un voyage,
De rencontrer quelqu'un qui, d'un pareil courage,
Veut nous accompagner et, comme nous, passer
Les chemins tant soient-ils fâcheux à traverser ?

So he clung to her and wrote of her in a sweet and subdued tone as of a real woman with whom he hoped to live, not as of a goddess on Olympus, a star in the sky, a cloud, a smoke.

Little by little he was withdrawing from the Court. Even at the time of his greatest glory, when his friend Charles the Ninth was on the throne, and he exchanged with him verses as familiar as but less gross than the *flytings* which passed between his contemporary Lyndesay and James the Fifth of Scotland,¹ he often fled from Paris and made prolonged stays in Vendômois. Age had come early for him; he was grey-haired at thirty. While continuing his active life he dreamt of the sweetness of a quiet home. He sees one day in the sky a flight of storks,

Qui d'un ordre arrangé et d'un vol bien serré,
Représentaient en l'air un bataillon carré
D'avirons emplumés et de roides secousses,
Cherchant en autres parts autres terres plus douces.

¹ There is a great (casual) resemblance between the two sorts of flytings. Charles, as well as James, had derided his poet for the signs of old apparent in him. Ronsard answered in a bold and dignified tone: Old age will come for you too ('The day wyll cum, and that within few yeris,' said Lyndesay); happy would you be if you were free of the passions which now prey upon you:

Charles, tel que je suis vous serez quelque jour;
L'âge vole toujours sans espoir de retour . . .
Heureux, trois fois heureux si vous aviez mon âge!
Vous seriez délivré de l'importune rage
Des chaudes passions. . . .

As for the royal verses, both poets allude, not without some reserve, to their excellence. Lyndesay cries 'proclamand,' with a tinge of irony, James 'the prince of poetry'; Ronsard is ready to yield his own laurel to Charles, but not, it is true, at once and on his asking: he would do it 's'il vous plaisait un peu prendre la peine—De courtoiser la Muse.'

He envies their fate, and he too would like to go to his home :

Je voudrais bien, oiseaux, pouvoir faire de même,
Et voir de ma maison la flamme voltiger
Dessus ma cheminée et jamais n'en bouger,
Maintenant que je porte, injurié de l'âge,
Des cheveux aussi gris comme est votre plumage . . .
Allez en vos maisons. Je voudrais faire ainsi ;
Un homme sans foyer vit toujours en souci.

He was not without a hearth, he had several, but his best loved ones were away from Paris, in Vendômois. A number of benefices had been bestowed upon him. He had received the tonsure in 1543 from the hand of René du Bellay, Bishop of Mans, a relation of his friend the poet Joachim du Bellay : 'Noverint universi quod nos Renatus Bellayus . . . Petro, filio nobilis viri Ludovici de Ronssart . . . tonsuram in domino contulimus clericalem.' Though he continued to live in the world, he was 'curé' of Challes and of Evailé, Archdeacon of Château-du-Loir ; he became Canon of Mans and of Tours, prior of Croixval in Vendômois, St. Côme-lez-Tours, St. Gilles of Montoire, &c. He was, however, prior or abbot *in commendam*, that is, he was the head and protector of the abbeys or priories and received the income accruing from them, while professional ecclesiastics performed the religious functions of the post. His prebends, the presence of his family in the country, his love for his native fields, his infirmity, all combined to attach him more and more to his Vendômois ; he could not leave it without regret : is it not, he thought, the finest province in France ? and should not the river Loir² be proud to water it ?

Sois hardiment brave et fier
De le baigner de ton eau ;
Nulle française rivière
N'en peut baigner un plus beau.

III. VENDÔME

It is, in truth, a very fine country, all green and yellow with woods, meadows, and cornfields. It is also a country rich in fantastic legends and in historical souvenirs. Its valleys have known many wars ; its rocky hills, with their numberless caves, have sheltered in Roman times the Celtic ancestor. Some of those vaults, the work of patient hands long ago, cross and intercross each other ; they are connected by staircases, and extend several kilomètres (at Troo for example) within the stone ridge. A spring of pure water, rising in the interior, supplied the needs of the refugees and their cattle : such was the case at Vendôme and Troo. Brambles and creepers concealed the entrance to those subterranean retreats. The rooms are often of

² Not the great river of *la Loire*. *Le Loir* is by excellence the Vendômois river ; it flows into the Sarthe.

surprisingly large dimensions; one at Lavardin measures five mètres on all sides; the vault is three mètres high; another is nine mètres by six. Prodigious reptiles are said to have had at one time their lair in those caverns. A gigantic serpent inhabited the caves on the road from Mans to Vendôme, and fed upon travellers. A hero mounted on a car, with knives attached to the wheels, drove towards the monster and succeeded in cutting it in three. Another serpent which lived in Vendôme was driven away by a Beowulf of a different stamp, who used the cross and not the spear—namely, St. Bienheure, (Sanctus Beatus, fifth century). Holy hermits completed the work of purification during the middle ages, and several grottoes continue to bear the marks of their passage.

Many of those retreats have never ceased to be inhabited since the Celtic times; new ones are excavated, and old ones are improved even at this day; blue smoke is seen rising from among the shrubs on the hill-side: it does not come from a fire of shepherds, but from the hearth of a subterranean house. The 'antres' of which Ronsard speaks so often, on whose threshold he liked to sit, where he listened to the wind—the wind

Mugle toujours dans les cavernes basses

—are not poetical inventions; they are innumerable in his country. The hillocks which follow most of the important streams have been everywhere pierced through and through; and if the monstrous reptiles of pagan times have been expelled, ghosts (they say) have not, and they retain at Thoré one of their principal meeting places.

Ronsard believed in ghosts and he did not like them. While enjoying his night walks he had seen sometimes less pleasant sights than

les nymphes et les fées

[Dansant] dessous la lune en cottes par les préés.

He had had then to summon all his strength of mind, to draw his sword, and, alone among the ghosts, to fight them. An encounter he had once in the open fields at midnight was the less pleasant that he recognised perfectly one of the ghosts as being that of a lately dead usurer. A skeleton on horseback leading the fearful hunt of mediæval legends beckoned to him and would have him to ride behind; it was not a dream, it was not a vapour, there stood in truth the oft-spoken-of skeleton hunter, with his weird crew. Ronsard shivered for fear, though fully armed, but he gathered up his spirits and fought. He has graphically described the strange scene:

Un soir, vers la minuit, guidé de la jeunesse
Qui commande aux amants, j'allais voir ma maîtresse,
Tout seul, outre le Loir, et passant un détour
Joignant une grand' croix dedans un carrefour,
J'ouïs, ce me semblait, une aboyante chasse
De chiens qui me suivait pas à pas à la trace;

Je vis auprès de moi, sur un grand cheval noir,
 Un homme qui n'avait que les os, à le voir,
 Me tendant une main pour me monter en croupe.
 J'avisai tout autour une effroyable troupe
 De piqueurs qui couraient une ombre, qui bien fort
 Semblait un usurier qui naguère était mort . . .
 Une tremblante peur me courut par les os,
 Bien que j'eusse vêtu la maille sur le dos
 Et pris tout ce que prend un amant que la lune
 Conduit tout seul de nuit pour chercher sa fortune,
 Dague, épée et bouclier et par sus tout un cœur
 Qui naturellement n'est sujet à la peur.
 Si fusse-je étouffé d'une crainte pressée
 Sans Dieu qui promptement me mit en la pensée
 De tirer mon épée et de couper menu
 L'air tout autour de moi avecques le fer nu.

The noise of their steps at once diminished, their voices were no longer heard, and all vanished. 'Daimons' can feel pain, though they have not bodies; for, Ronsard observes (having probably discussed such questions with his friend and compatriot the famous Ambroise Paré),³ pains are not located in the nerves, but in the mind:

car bien qu'ils n'ayent veines,
 Ni artères, ni nerfs, comme nos chairs humaines,
 Toutefois comme nous, ils ont un sentiment,
 Car le nerf ne sent rien, c'est l'esprit seulement.

On other occasions, too, immaterial beings appeared to him; his father, 'grêle et sans os,' visited him one night; he heard also many a time the plaint of troubled souls by lonely roads and in churchyards. The future seems dark to him:

Puisque l'on voit tant d'Hécates hurlantes
 Toutes les nuits remplir de longs abois
 Les carrefours, et tant d'errantes voix
 En cris aigus se plaindre ès cimetières;
 Puisque l'on voit tant d'esprits solitaires
 Nous effrayer.

In the middle of the valley of the Loir, which gives to several streets an appearance of canals, lies the Celtic, Roman, English, and lastly French town of Vendôme, the capital of the country. It spreads at the foot of the stone cliff which follows the river. The houses are low, consisting, many of them, of a ground floor only; they are slate-roofed, and built of the pale soft stone yielded by the cliff. Holes and crevices are soon made in that sort of stone by the rain; moss and lichens grow in the hollows, giving to the town itself

³ Ronsard wrote a commendatory sonnet for the 'livre divin' of Ambroise Paré; he composed it quite willingly, he said, 'D'autant que ton Laval est près de ma patrie.'

a melancholy and mossy appearance. Even the beaks of birds can injure that stone, as Ronsard had observed :

Et du bec des oiseaux les roches entamées.

Carvers have availed themselves amply of the softness of the material ; even in villages stone garlands run along the windows, and heraldic animals sit by the edge of the roofs.

On the hill behind the town rise the ruins of the castle, formerly impregnable, from which the old counts of Vendôme defied the efforts of their neighbours of Mans, Tours, and Angers. It was long the main stronghold of the famous Geoffroy Martel, great-grand-uncle of the first Plantagenet, the hero of many wars, the adversary of his own countrymen, and of his own father, Foulques. Nera, builder of Loches ; then the enemy of miscreants and Saracens. He held in his turn Anjou as well as Vendôme, and when at the height of his power suddenly left the world, became a monk, and died in the monastery of St. Nicolas of Angers in 1060. He founded in Vendôme the grand abbey of the Trinity, one of the wealthiest and most powerful in Christendom. The steeple and transept have been preserved as he built them, the steeple being one of the best examples of Romanesque style in France. He bestowed upon the abbey vast territories, and obtained for it extraordinary privileges ; it became a state within the state ; it was 'exempt' and had no master but the Pope ; the abbot was a cardinal by right. But above all Geoffroy Martel gave to it the 'Holy Tear,' which he had received from the Emperor. Vendôme became henceforth the centre of a pilgrimage nearly as famous as the one in honour of St. James at Compostella.

Everybody knows how Martha, Mary Magdalen, the apostle St. James, and resuscitated Lazarus, flying before persecution, put to sea in a rudderless and sailless boat and were miraculously driven by the winds to the coast of Provence. James continued his navigation, reached Spain, and some say that the boat is to be seen there at this day, turned into stone. The others settled in France ; Martha with her girdle bound the terrible 'Tarasque,' famous at Tarascon and elsewhere. Magdalen made ample amends for past sins, and bequeathed to the Bishop of Aix the only treasure she possessed—the 'Holy Tear.' When Jesus had heard of the death of Lazarus he had wept : '*Lacrymatus est Jesus.*' One of His tears, received by an angel, had been enclosed in a transparent stone without any opening, and given to Magdalen. From Aix the precious relic was brought to Constantinople, thence to Vendôme, where it was venerated by hundreds of thousands, including kings and dignitaries of all sorts. It healed diseases of the eyes, and even blindness. Devout Louis the Eleventh had offered the shrine a silver lamp which was to burn there for ever. The Revolution extinguished the lamp and sent the gold reliquary to the melting-pot. The relic was for a while a toy for children, then

it was sent to Rome, that (after 800 years of worship) an inquiry might be made concerning its authenticity. But there its history ends and its trace is lost.

The old counts of Vendôme distinguished themselves in battle; five of them died beyond the sea in holy wars. The country passed in the fourteenth century by marriages into the house of Bourbon, whose chiefs came to live at Vendôme; it was held in the time of Ronsard by that sceptical Antoine de Bourbon who preferred *sa mie ô gué* to Jeanne d'Albret, queen of Navarre, his wife. An ill-sorted pair, they never agreed in anything. While Antoine was making war in Normandy on the Catholic side, Jeanne held Vendôme for the Protestants. War at that moment was everywhere in the country; the forces of the two parties were nearly equal in Anjou and Vendômois, and they rivalled each other in bloodshed and ferocity. Small Catholic leagues, preliminaries to the great League, were being formed, and the Ronsards of la Poissonnière took a prominent part in them. Pierre de Ronsard himself, according to the concurring testimonies of both de Thou and d'Aubigné, headed an armed expedition against the Protestants, who never forgave him. Being reproached once for warlike deeds ill befitting a tonsured clerk, the poet, it is said, answered: 'Being unable to defend the Church with the keys of Peter, I had to use the sword of Paul.'

The torch and the hammer were at work at the same time as the sword; sanctuaries were set on fire by the Huguenots and statues broken; the famous Notre Dame de Cléry, so dear to old Louis the Eleventh, not far from the country of Ronsard, was committed to the flames. The poet saw those disasters:

Les châteaux renversés, les églises pillées.

He saw his own house looted and 'the image of death all over the land.' What, he exclaims, would 'that eleventh Louis' say at such a sight?—

. . . Ha! qu'il serait marri
De voir si lâchement l'église de Cléry,
Sa dévote maison, détruite et saccagée,
Ayant souffert l'horreur d'une main ouragée,
Sans lampes, sans autels, comme un lieu désolé,
Désert, inhabité, que la foudre a brûlé!

Vendôme never recovered from the disasters which befell it during the religious wars. It had been placed again under the Catholic rule, when the son of Jeanne d'Albret, Henri IV, besieged and took it; he showed none of his usual clemency to the city which he had once called 'ma principale maison et celle dont je suis extrait.' Ronsard, who had sung the birth and youthful merits of the future king, did not live to see the fall of the town. It was later given by Henri to Cæsar, his illegitimate son by Gabrielle d'Estrées. From

Cæsar were descended the later Vendômes, not unlike the earlier ones ; if their devotion to the Holy Tear was less ardent, their valour and warlike qualities were as brilliant. The last of the name was (with the Grand Prior of Vendôme) the famous duke, the winner of Villaviciosa, a confirmed epicurean and sceptic, who, being reproached, after his reverses in Flanders, with causing the army's defeat by not going to Mass, retorted: 'Does Marlborough go any more than I do?'

With the noise of the wars, the noise of the industries created by the old counts has disappeared at Vendôme. Scarcely does the Loir turn the wheels of a few mills ; a glove-making industry, working especially for the army, still remains : such are the last vestiges of the fifty tanneries and sixty glove manufactories which existed when François de Bourbon and Marie de Luxembourg ruled the country. It is no longer the head of a duchy (as it had been from the days of Francis the First) ; it has no longer its Holy Tear ; one glory, however, is still attached to it, the glory it derives from that 'gentil-homme Vendômois' to whom the town recently raised a statue.

IV. MONTTOIRE, CROIXVAL, LA POISSONNIÈRE

The railroad follows towards the west the Loir valley, lined on both sides with the stone cliffs of many caves ; the smoke of the evening meal rises among the verdure. The old keep of Lavardin stands on the left overlooking all the valley ; shortly after having passed it the train stops at Monttoire.

The houses here again are low, slate-covered and built in pale stone. Many are as old as the sixteenth century ; carved mullions adorn the windows ; mossy monsters sit on the corners of the roofs. On the main square rises the pile of the old church of St. Oustrille (*i.e.* St. Austregesile, bishop of Bourges) rebuilt by Louis de Bourbon-Vendôme, the companion in arms of Joan of Arc. On another side of the place may be seen the finest Renaissance houses in Monttoire ; one of them has a sundial with a sceptical pessimistic inscription : What is the good of doing well ? the wicked have as much sunshine as the righteous :

*Hic nec jura juvat mēitis acquirere,
Nam malis oritur sol, pariterque bonis.*

It must be said for the honour of sundials that they very rarely give such wicked hints. The main street is continued beyond the 'grand' place' towards the cliff over which towers the huge mass of the ruined castle, the residence formerly of the Seigneurs de Monttoire. The two neighbouring fortresses of Monttoire and Lavardin, sometimes at peace, sometimes at war with each other, suffered countless sieges, and were taken in turn by Henry the Second of England and Philippe Auguste of France, by the Ligueurs and by the Hugue-

nots, till, at last, similar fates overtook them; they became moss-eaten ruins, and the admiration they inspired was transferred from warriors to painters.

A bridge crosses the Loir, which flows here clear and deep, bordered as far as the eye can see with willows and poplars; it seems the river of some immense park; the waters move forward without any hurry; there is something aristocratic about them; they have nothing to do. They are neither talkative among pebbles nor sleepy among tree roots. Ronsard dreamt of a French poetry of the same sort, neither too noisy nor too slow:

Je n'aime point ces vers qui rampent sur la terre,
Ni ces vers ampoulés dont le rude tonnerre
S'envole outre les airs . . .
Ni trop haut, ni trop bas, c'est le souverain style;
Tel fut celui d'Homère et celui de Virgile.

Beyond the bridge the street becomes narrower. By the corner of a fine Renaissance house with sculptured chimneys and a number of short columns adorning its first story, a small lane leads to the old priory of St. Gilles, long held by Ronsard. The place is a secluded and quiet one; the air is fragrant with the scent of a flower garden which surrounds the remains of the tall-roofed priory and the old chapel. A very old chapel indeed, built in the eleventh century in the heavy and impressive Romanesque style of the period. A broken cornice with carved corbels supports the roof covered with red flat tiles. Part of the nave has been destroyed, so that the church has now the shape of a Greek cross. The interior is low vaulted, dark and damp; the same feeling of gloom and sense of mystery which the visitor experiences at Bradford-on-Avon impresses itself upon the mind. The darkness (not quite so great here as at Bradford) did not matter much in those times, as the priest had candles on the altar and the congregation had no books and did not know how to read. The vault and walls are covered with frescoes, not yet entirely destroyed by dampness: tall Christs are there surrounded with apostles; also many winged seraphs; symbolical knights fighting monsters. One of the warriors dressed in a coat of mail, carrying the lance and shield, is, the inscription tells us, the Knight 'Castitas'; another is the Knight 'Prudentia.' Many a time the prior-poet came under those arches, and prayed, and heard the knights give him advice, which he did not always follow. Except in those figures, clad in the mediæval garb, the continuation of the Roman art is very visible; and it is a striking sight to find, in that remote corner of Vendômois, draperies, attitudes, and expressions painted in a style reminding one of the Latins. It seems, indeed, in places, as if that obscure artist of the eleventh century had studied under the same masters as the painters at Pompeii.

• People who visit that part of France should be careful not to go

thither at the time of the pilgrimage of Villedieu—unless, indeed, they want to go to Villedieu. Everybody we find is going now to Villedieu; every horse, mule, or donkey, carriage, cart, or waggon has been bespoken by pilgrims; you can associate and go with them there, but to go anywhere else is not so easy. We must, however, go elsewhere, though the place of pilgrimage has much to attract visitors; it has its ruins of an abbey founded in the eleventh century by Geoffroy Martel; it has its miraculous statue of our Lady of Mercy, in painted earthenware, which smiles with a bright smile to the happy, and with a mournful smile to the sorrow-stricken. It is, indeed, a Lady of Mercy. Numerous bills, posted on the gates of religious buildings, remind the faithful that the day has come and that many indulgences (the original giver of which was, it is true, no other than Pope Alexander the Sixth, Borgia) will be the meed of pilgrims. Mine host of the Red Horse, a jovial old-fashioned host, famous all over the country for his pasties, his biscuits and his ‘poynant sauce,’ comes luckily to our assistance, and, contrary to yesterday’s prospects, we are enabled to continue our journey towards Couture and La Poissonnière, the birthplace of Ronsard.

Autumnal mists wrap the land; the roads look like rivers, the fog resolves itself into rain; religious pilgrims and literary pilgrims, in their carts, carriages, or waggons, shiver in the wet morning air. The highway ascends slowly to the west of Montoire, crosses a plateau covered with alternate vineyards and cornfields, then goes down into a valley where, in a retired spot, far from any village, rises among trees all that is left of Croixval.

This priory was held by Ronsard from the year 1566; it had been founded in the twelfth century by Bouchard de Lavardin, Count of Vendôme, of the Preuilly branch. It was then in the midst of the famous Gastine forest, an immense forest which covered all the country, hill after hill, dale after dale. The forest was not considered, at the time of the foundation of Croixval, as the ‘haute maison des oiseaux bocagers,’ and the place of abode of the wood and water nymphs; it was *the enemy*. Owing to it, civilisation could not spread, means of communication were difficult, field culture was interrupted, robbers were sheltered; the land it covered was at best a useless land, a waste: hence its name (gast, guast, wast=ruined, desert, useless). It was a pious work to destroy that common enemy, and numerous priories were founded to further that work—Croixval was one of them; in several cases villages clustered round the priory, and the name of more than one testifies even now to that religious origin: Villedieu, les Hermites, &c.

Croixval has suffered many vicissitudes in the course of time; it is at present a peasant’s house, part of which is modern. Several among the older buildings have been destroyed, including the chapel, the last vestiges of which have been removed by the actual owners.

We did it, they say, with a sort of complacent pride. A portion of the house, however, is old, and was inhabited by Ronsard. It was built in the usual style of the region, with the pale stone of the cliff; it has a slate roof, at the corners of which carved monsters are seated. The interior is shown and explained with great kindness and garrulity by a peasant woman and her mother. To the murmur of explanations the visitor moves from room to room; each of them is as deep as the house, and receives light on both sides. You can reach the second only through the first, and so on; corridors are an unknown luxury at Croixval. The ceilings are supported by a number of thin blackened beams; a wooden staircase with carved banisters leads to the story above, part of which is in ruins and has been transformed into a hay-loft.

The women follow; their explanations become chronological; their chronology does not go back to the Christian era, but only to Mr. B. and to the father of Mr. B., the late proprietors; many changes, far too many, seem due to them.

In what is now the courtyard an old well remains from which, doubtless, the water was drawn for Ronsard's beloved flowers and fruit trees. By the side of the house a passage opens leading to a cellar with a groined vault, the oldest remnant of the priory, the style denoting the twelfth or thirteenth century; 'older,' the woman says, 'than the father of Mr. B.'—older indeed. Ronsard greatly liked Croixval, and made long stays there; 'this was,' remarks Claude Binet, 'his usual place of abode, being a most pleasant spot, and near the Gastine forest and the Bellerie fountain, so much famed by him.'

The road passes on from valley to valley, sometimes among fields, sometimes among woods, the heather and gorse mixing everywhere their purple and yellow flowers. The landscape opens broader; we are nearing the Loir again, and the village of Couture, with its beautiful stone tower and steeple, appears to the left among the poplars. Couture was the village of the Ronsards; this church was their church; the altars are adorned with their armorial bearings; there they were baptised and many of them buried. Ronsard was christened there; his father and mother, his nephew Louis, head of the family in his day, and others too, had their tombs in the church. Louis in his will states that 'he wants and orders that his said body be ensepulchred and buried in the parochial church of Couture at the place where his father and mother and other predecessors lie' (1578). The interior of the church, founded in the twelfth century, has been all repainted and regilt by the care of an enterprising vicar; the old altars shine under a thick new coat of white and blue. Below a side arch plaster statues of two little peasants bow to a plaster figure of our Lady of *la Salette*. They are a little behindhand at Couture.

Visiting the sacristy is not easy to-day; the keeper being, like everybody else, at the Villedieu pilgrimage. A good deal of negotia-

tion takes place. We curry favour at last with a woman who is the friend of the keeper's wife; the keys are produced, the sacristy is opened, and, in the sacristy, a closet, where, among old carpets and a variety of utensils, stand, broken and desolate, the stone figures formerly lying on the tombs of Ronsard's father and mother. The old knight is represented in full armour, the hands united in prayer; the visor is raised showing the beard and the up-turned points of his moustachios; the nose has been broken, the legs are wanting. The mother of the poet, Jeanne de Chaudrier, connected with the La Tremouilles, through whom Ronsard prided himself on being related to the royal Plantagenets, is also represented in an attitude of prayer. Her face, as much injured as that of her husband's, shows pleasing features and a sweet expression; she wears the elegant dress of the period, the little *coif*, the long sleeves, and a gown very close at the waist, but falling freely in large folds down to the feet.

From Couture, Ronsard sent once to his second love, the Angevin Marie, a gift as simple as the maiden herself—namely, a distaff adorned with a ribbon from Montoire. Marie is not an idle person, the poet writes, she will use that distaff,

L'hiver devant le feu, l'été devant son huis.
Aussi je ne voudrais que toi, quenouille gente,
Qui es de Vendômois (où le peuple se vante
D'être bon ménager), allasses en Anjou
Pour demeurer oisive et te rouiller au clou.

So great was the love of Ronsard for his Vendômois that Anjou (which had politically included Vendômois as late as 1484) ever seemed to him something like a foreign land. He often went to Bourgueil in Anjou, either for hunting or to see Marie, but he could never acclimatise himself there. So strong were the old provincial ties that the poet always considered that place as belonging to another country; the language was peculiar, he thought, and the manners too. He speaks once of 'se faire Angevin' out of love for Marie; he speaks of it as if it were a question of getting naturalised abroad; love only could induce him even to think of it; ceasing to be a Vendômois he would cease to be Ronsard. Let Marie come rather to the poet's land:

Quel passe-temps prends-tu d'habiter la vallée
De Bourgueil, où jamais la muse n'est allée?
Quitte-moi ton Anjou et viens en Vendômois . . .
Ou bien, si tu ne veux, il me plaît de me rendre
Angevin pour te voir et ton langage apprendre . . .
Là, parmi tes sablons, Angevin devenu,
Je veux vivre sans nom comme un pauvre inconnu.

The Castle in Vendômois where Ronsard was born is one kilometre distant from Couture, and is called La Poissonnière (formerly Possonnière). The father of the poet greatly embellished and perhaps

entirely rebuilt the place. It has been recently restored. The manor with its central turret containing the staircase and main door, has a handsome seigneurial appearance; the windows are adorned with carved mullions; a variety of mottoes and emblems cover the walls. The house is built at right angles with the cliff, in which several of the dependencies have been hollowed out; the cellar, the pantry, a chapel of St. James, were partly dug within and partly continued above the rock. The mottoes engraved around the doors and windows dedicate the house to 'Volupty and the Graces,' the chapel 'to the Glory of God alone;' they appropriately recommend to the butler visiting the cellar to 'bear and forbear,' *sustine et abstine*. These inscriptions have sometimes been considered as examples of the wit and wisdom of the poet. But Ronsard, the last born of six children, never possessed the Poissonnière, and the barbarous Latin in which some of the mottoes are couched ('Nyquit Nymis' on one of the chimneys) shows that they could not even have been carved while he was present there.

The marvel to be admired in the castle is a large chimney in hard stone, of richest Renaissance style, where innumerable emblems have been chiselled, flowers, animals, heraldic bearings, mottoes, fleurs de lys, fishes of the Ronsards, flames which burn (*ardent*)⁴ wild roses of the brier (*ronces*) = Ronce-ard. As in more modest houses of that period, there are no corridors, the second and third rooms have no access but through the first; they are all very bright and gay, as they receive the light from both sides.

Though Ronsard was not the owner of the Poissonnière, he was allowed to receive there once the visit of his royal friend Charles the Ninth, who wanted to see the place where the great singer of his day was born. Ronsard has commemorated the event:

Le grand Hercule, avant qu'aller aux cieux,
Daigna loger chez un pasteur; vous, sire . . .
Daignez, grand prince, loger en si bas lieux.

V. BELLERIE, GASTINE, ST. CÔME.

Nothing more fugacious than water nymphs. Where has withdrawn the long-tressed one who used to sit by the brink of the 'Fontaine Bellerie'? The country people point to four different springs as being the true one; each has faith only in his own. Our driver believes in one which can be seen without leaving the main road; all the drivers of the country are probably of a similar opinion. Peasant women are in favour of one or rather of two with wash-places attached to them. Some indications received at the Poissonnière help us out of those conflicting statements. The true fountain is at some distance to the right of the main road, beyond Vaux Méans.

⁴ From the old verb *ardre*, to burn.

A path which the rain and mud have made very slippery leads to a meadow where some shattered old walls surround a poor little spring with scarcely any water; acacia trees planted by a pious hand extend their light foliage above the fountain, they have replaced the willows of old, sung of by the poet :

O fontaine Bellerie,
Belle déesse chérie . . .
Toujours l'été je repose
Près de ton onde
Où je compose,
Caché sous tes saules verts,
Je ne sais quoi qui ta gloire
Enverra par l'univers.

The willows have disappeared, and so have the nymphs. The wishes of the poet have not been fulfilled:

Ecoute un peu, fontaine vive,
En qui j'ai rebu si souvent
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,
Oisif, à la fraîcheur du vent. . .
Ainsi toujours la lane claire
Voye à minuit au fond d'un val
Les nymphes près de ton repaire
A mille bonds mener le bal.

The only representative of the water nymphs is a strong peasant woman of powerful build and ruddy hue, who disturbs the meditations of the visitor, and descants in a loud voice upon the merits of rival fountains to which wash-places are attached.

Not far from Bellerie, undulating with the hilly ground, is to be seen all that remains of the formerly immense forest of Gastine. Ronsard's touching appeals have not been heard, and the work of destruction, begun long before his day, has been continued down to a recent period. The forest is now only a wood, and not a very large one. Gastine was one of the loves of Ronsard. When he spoke of it his emotion was as deep as if he had spoken of Marie or Cassandre. Gastine, like Cassandre, had helped him to become a poet :

Toi qui, sous l'abri de tes bois,
Ravi d'esprit m'amuses,
Toi qui fais qu'à toutes les fois
Me répondent les Muses . . .
Lorsqu'en toi je me perds bien loin
Parlant avec un livre.

'Sainte Gastine' was his confidant, she understood his troubles, she answered him with her soft murmurs :

Sainte Gastine, heureuse secrétaire
De mes ennuis, qui réponds en ton bois,
Ores en haute, ores en basse voix,
Aux longs soupirs que mon cœur ne peut taire. . .

From his youth, when he was twelve or fifteen years old, he preferred Gastine to the Court of the king :

Je n'avais pas quinze ans que les monts et les bois
Et les eaux me plaisaient plus que la cour des rois,
Et les noires forêts épaisses de ramées.

Gastine assuaged his sorrows, and cheered him when the bitterness of strife, hatred, and spite had darkened his path before him :

Je fuis les pas frayés du méchant populaire
Et les villes où sont les peuples amassés :
Les rochers, les forêts déjà savent assez
Quelle trempe a ma vie étrange et solitaire.

He confessed to Gastine his ambitions and his dreams ; dreams of his childhood and of his youth, dreams of a life in that enchanted world so well described by his contemporary Ariosto, dreams of being

un de ces paladins
Qui seuls portaient en croupe les pucelles,

and who carried them far away, from the wicked and the curious, and lived alone with them ' par les forêts.' He describes Gastine in summer with its rich verdure, and in winter also, when the waters run along the cliff mingling their noise with the roar of the wind among the leafless oaks. No elegy, not even the numerous poems ' in memoriam ' that he wrote when Marie died prematurely, are more touching than the famous lines in which Ronsard deploras the fate of Gastine. He weeps for the death of his beloved trees ; it seems to him as if all youth, all beauty, all the charm and sweetness of life were to disappear with their verdure. He muses on those fateful changes which the hand of man and the scythe of Time combine to make, on all the beauty each hour destroys, on the fragility of that God-given cause of our loves and adorations : the splendour of shapes ; and he sums up his aspirations and regrets in a single memorable line :

La matière demeure et la forme se perd.

Only one country abode pleased Ronsard out of Vendômois—namely, St. Côme, near Tours, another priory which had been bestowed upon him in 1564. The garden there was better than at Croixval, and gardens had for him a peculiar attraction. The buildings remain very much in the same state as at St. Gilles of Montoire, and belong to the same period. The priory itself dates from the fifteenth century ; the low vaulted choir of the half-destroyed old church, with its circular cornice supporting the roof, was built in the eleventh century. It is easily reached from the town, being only a quarter of an hour's drive, on the bank of the Loire, not far from the much-injured castle of Louis the Eleventh,

Plessis-lez-Tours. The chapel has been transformed into a barn, the door turns noisily on its rusty hinges, the nave shelters carts and ploughs; a number of rats seated at their meal on the altar round a bundle of onions lightly disappear behind a carved stone representing a pious personage who carries his heart in his hand, and offers it to the Virgin.

VI. LAST YEARS IN VENDÔMOIS

Between Croixval, St. Gilles, and St. Côme, with occasional visits to Paris, Ronsard spent the last years of his life. The paganism of his earlier days, without disappearing entirely, went on lessening. A canon, a prior, perhaps a priest (the question of his having received full orders remains doubtful), he performed more regularly his long neglected religious functions. As far back as 1561 he had asserted that he fulfilled those duties very much as he should; but as he was answering then some rough taunts of his Huguenot enemies, he perhaps made himself out a better canon than he was. According to his own account, he followed punctually the religious services, went to matins, dressed in his ecclesiastical garb, his breviary 'in his fist,' took part sometimes in the chant but not often, for, though he was fond of music, his voice was bad:

D'un surpelis ondé les épaules je m'arme,
D'une aumusse le bras, d'une chappe le dos. . . .
Je ne perds un moment des prières divines;
Dès la pointe du jour je m'en vais à matines;
J'ai mon bréviaire au poing; je chante quelquefois,
Mais c'est bien rarement, car j'ai mauvaise voix.

This description of himself was, later on, better justified; he attended to his duties as a canon, and the chapter of Tours chose him as its spokesman on important occasions. The town itself did the same, for instance in 1576, when it received the visit of 'our lord the Duke of Anjou and Touraine,' Francis, of France, fifth, son of Henri II, and one of the candidates for the hand of Queen Elizabeth. The accounts of the municipality published by Abbé Froger show that the townsmen paid 'to Marc Belletoise the sum of thirty-six sols tournois for a journey undertaken by him from the said town of Tours to the abbey of Croixval near Montoire, towards the Sieur de Ronsard, to ask him to be so good as to come to the said town, to honour and adorn the said entrée with his devices and other inventions.'

Ronsard consented with alacrity; his devices and inventions subsist. They consist mainly in sonnets delivered by a 'nymphé bocagère' and by a 'nymphé jardinière.' The nymphs had been dressed at the expense of the city: 'To Robert Lebreton, merchant,' we read in the same accounts, 'the sum of twenty-five pounds tournois of the value of eight crowns and one-third, for cloths of silk

supplied by him and used for the garments of a nymph coming out of the *bocage* and garden of the main square or "carroi de Beaune," to deliver in the presence of our said lord the sonnet written in his praise in honour of his said entrée.' To show their gratitude towards Ronsard, the burgesses sent each day 'to the priory of St. Côme wine of the said town in flasks and bottles in honour of the said town.' They purchased, besides, 'twelve ells of black velvet of the Lucca sort, and twelve ells of black taffeta, gros grain,' which were given 'as well to the Sieur de Ronsard as to several other lords, followers of Monseigneur.' * *

Francis of France, who was staying very near the priory, in the old Plessis of Louis the Eleventh, honoured Ronsard with a visit, an event duly commemorated in verse by the poet. Fruits grown by Ronsard in his garden of St. Côme were offered to the Duke, though, he says in a poetical compliment full of conceits and not at all justified by facts, to send fruits to a prince whose youth has already borne so many,

c'est porter de l'arène (sand)

Aux rives de la mer, des épis à Cérès,

Des étoiles au ciel, des arbres aux forêts,

Des roses aux jardins, des eaux à la fontaine.

Ronsard was in reality very proud of his fruit; he was proud, it must be confessed, of everything he did; he tended his trees himself, working lovingly with his own hands in his gardens of Croixval, Montoire, and St. Côme. This was one taste more he had in common with Petrarch. 'Gaston de la Tour' seems to consider that the Croixval garden was the garden of Ronsard, but Claude Binet, another contemporary, gives distinctly the palm to St. Côme. 'Gardening,' he says, 'was one of his favourite pleasures; he enjoyed it, above all at St. Côme, where my lord the Duke of Anjou, who loved and admired him, visited him after he had made his entrée at Tours. He knew many a fine secret for gardening, be it for sowing, planting, grafting, and often sent of his fruits to King Charles, who gladly received all that came from him.' We have indeed a copy of verses sent by Ronsard to Charles the Ninth on such an occasion, as well as some lines written in sport by the king to his friend, asking him to leave gardening for a while and to come and see him at Amboise:

Donc ne t'amuse plus à faire ton ménage;

Maintenant n'est plus temps de faire jardinage;

Il faut suivre ton roi qui t'aime par sus tous

Pour les vers qui de toi coulent braves et doux.

We know from Ronsard's own testimony the sort of gardens he liked best; they no more resembled the gardens—that were to be—at Versailles than his verses resembled the poetry—that was to replace his own—of Malherbe. He preferred the gardens which had 'something wild about them':

J'aime fort les jardins qui sentent le sauvage.

So that we may believe he had not many cut jew trees at Croixval or St. Côme.

Ronsard proved an exception to the rule: he was a prophet in his own land; all Vendômois acknowledged him as such. People wanted to have him stand godfather to their children; and clerks did not hesitate on such occasions to modify the usual formulas, as may be seen by the baptismal entry concerning Pierre, son of Thomas Soullaz, barrister, for whom stood godfather at Montoire, in 1583, 'noble man Pierre de Ronsard, almoner of the king our lord, and his first poet in this kingdom.'

These protracted stays of Ronsard in the country had on his work a very marked influence. He keenly enjoyed all the pleasures of country life; pictures of the manners, labours, and joys of peasants are numerous in his works. No less numerous, though they have generally passed unobserved, are his pictures of even more modest inhabitants of the fields—namely, mere animals, down to the commonest and tiniest. His sympathy is extended even to plants and trees; they are live beings; he thinks of their illnesses, he deplores their death. Some of his descriptions will, by their happy turn, remind the reader of Lafontaine; for the philosophical musings which follow them, of Robert Burns. He foreshadows those great men; he gives only sketches, it is true, but they are admirable sketches.

He stops to observe a flower, a tree, a bird; he notes hues and shapes with an accuracy worthy of the careful painters of the early Renaissance; he loves the marigolds,

... les pousis, étoiles d'un parterre,
Ains les soleils des jardins, tant ils sont
Jaunes, luisants et dorés sur le front.

While the civil wars are at their height he has a thought for a pine tree which spreads its 'hérissé feuillage' over his garden; he is afraid some mishap may occur to that dear being:

Que je trezablais naguère à froide crainte
Qu'on ne coupât ta plante qui m'est sainte!
Hélas! je meurs quand j'y pense, en ces jours
Que Blois fut pris et qu'on menaçait Tours.

He never tires of observing the small animals of the fields and woods, of noting their attitudes, their movements and their inventiveness when in danger; he studies wasps, he leans over the long processions of ants, and describes curiously the means they resort to for carrying their heavy loads. He, too, has something to say to the skylark. The successive bounds by which the bird rises up to the clouds have never been better described:

Puis quand tu t'es bien élancée,
 Tu tombes comme une fusée (spinlle)
 Qu'une jeune pucelle, au soir,
 De sa quenouille laisse choir,
 Quand au foyer elle sommeille,
 Penchant à front baissé l'oreille.

Seated by a pond he sees a green frog playing in the water ; he muses on the fate of the small animal, on its short life : fortunate to disappear so soon, happier many a time than man who lives so long, often in pain, with that awful debt to pay in the end :

Bref, que dirai-je plus, ta vie
 N'est comme la nôtre asservie
 A la longueur du temps malin,
 Car bientôt en l'eau tu prends fin ;
 Et nous trainons nos destinées
 Quelquefois quatre-vingts années
 Et cent années quelquefois,
 Et tu ne dures que six mois,
 Franche du temps et de la peine
 A laquelle la gent humaine
 Est endettée dès le jour
 Qu'elle entre en ce commun séjour.

Ronsard wrote those lines two hundred years before the Scotch poet turned up the nest of a field mouse with his plough and addressed one of the most touching poems in the language to his 'poor earth-born companion.'

Age and infirmity had come ; gout, fever, sleeplessness. Ronsard went only at intervals to Paris, to see his last beautiful friend, Hélène de Surgères, maid of honour to Catherine de Médicis. Helen had apartments at the top of the Louvre, and poor old Ronsard found it each day more difficult to climb the innumerable steps :

Tu loges au sommet du palais de nos rois,
 Olympe n'avait pas la cime si hautaine ;
 Je perds à chaque marche et le poulx et l'haleine.

From the window where both leaned out together they pursued dreams of a happy country life, while contemplating the green solitudes offered then to the eye by the, now very much altered, hill of Montmartre :

Vous me dites, maitresse, étant à la fenêtre,
 Regardant vers Montmartre et les champs d'alentour :
 La solitaire vie et le désert séjour
 Valent mieux que la cour, je voudrais bien y être.

The last time Ronsard came—it was in 1585—he found himself so ill that he was unable to mount a horse and return to his Vendômois ; he had a coach made on purpose to carry him back. He

reached Croixval and soon perceived that death could not be very far. He had ever wished it to be quick and sudden :

Je te salue, heureuse et profitable mort,
Des extrêmes douleurs médecin et confort !
Quand mon heure viendra, déesse, je te prie,
Ne me laisse longtemps languir en maladie,
Tourmenté dans un lit, mais, puisqu'il faut mourir,
Donne-moi que soudain je te puisse encourir.

His wish was not fulfilled ; he had a protracted agony of many weeks, during which, unable to sleep and still retaining all his clearness of mind, he sang his sufferings. He remembered the field animals and envied the long winter sleep of some of them, who had no need to drink the juice of the poppy :

Heureux, cent fois heureux, animaux qui dormez
Demi-an en vos trous sous la terre enfermés,
Sans manger du pavot qui tous les sens assomme.
J'en ai mangé, j'ai bu de son jus oubliieux,
En salade, cuit, cru, et cependant le somme
Ne vient par sa froideur s'asseoir dessus mes yeux.

Disbanded Huguenot troops were at that time the terror of the country ; the moribund poet had to leave Croixval in the autumn, and establish himself at St. Gilles of Montoire, under the shadow of the old fortress. He spent there All Souls' Day. Quiet having been restored in the valley, he returned to Croixval, but after a fortnight had himself carried to St. Côme by Tours ; for his illness continued, and the place was better supplied with remedies. There he closed his eyes on the 27th of December 1585. Keeping to the end his clear mind, and his unimpaired courage, he showed the truth of a line he had written long before :

Je ne crains point la mort ; mon cœur n'est point si lâche.

His long sleepless nights were spent in prayer and in the composition of poems which he dictated in the mornings to one of his monks. They show no decline of his power ; the song of sirens did for him, it seems, what poppy could not, and assuaged his pain. The last of his sonnets, dictated on the eve of his death, is for its energy and grandeur one of the most memorable he wrote. He gives in it a summary of all his life, which had been filled by the love of letters and glory ; a partly pagan and partly Christian life ; a thoroughly Christian one at last, religion affording him hopes of a better fate than a possible dissolution into nothingness of soul and body :

Il faut laisser maisons et vergers et jardins,
Vaisselles et vaisseaux que l'artisan burine,
Et chanter son obsèque en la façon du cygne
Qui chante son trépas sur les bords méandrin.

C'est fait, j'ai dévidé le cours de mes destins;
 J'ai vécu, j'ai rendu mon nom assez insigne;
 Ma plume vole au ciel pour être quelque signe,
 Loin des appas mondains qui trompent les plus fins.
 Heureux qui ne fut onc ! Plus heureux qui retourne
 En rien comme il était ! plus heureux qui séjourne,
 D'homme fait nouvel ange, auprès de Jésus-Christ,
 Laissant pourrir ça-bas sa dépouille de boue,
 Dont le sort, la fortune et le destin se joue,
 Franc des liens du corps, pour n'être qu'un esprit.

Fortune did not fail to play with his 'dépouille de boue.' In the time of his youth, during his pagan years, he had asked the gods to let him sleep his last sleep in his dear Vendômois, under an ever-green tree, in an island where the Braye and Loir meet. There *pastoureux* would have come, he thought, to offer sacrifices and honour his memory with their musical, innocent songs. But he was buried where he had died, at St.-Côme-lez-Tours, in the church, and for several years neither his family, nor his monks, nor the king had any monument erected to his memory. Pasquier, visiting the priory in 1589, noted that Ronsard 'had been buried towards the left of the altar, as you walk into the church; the place is not marked by any memorial whatsoever, but only by some twenty new tiles mixed with several old ones.' A monument of some sort was at length raised, but did not last long; it was destroyed by the 'irruption violente et sacrilège' of the old adversaries of the poet, the Huguenots. Another monument was erected in 1607 and broken in the following century; some fragments of it are preserved to-day in the Blois Museum. A search was instituted some years ago among the ruins of St. Côme to find the remains of the poet, but it proved entirely fruitless. No tomb, no coffin, no trace whatever of his remains was discovered.

Fortune did not prove less averse to his glory than to his 'dépouille de boue;' with that, too, the goddess 'played.' The man who had had thousands of worshippers abroad as well as in France, to whom Queen Elizabeth had sent a diamond, and Mary Queen of Scots a cupboard with Parnassus figured on the top of it, whose works, says Binet, were read 'publiquement, aux écoles françaises de Flandres, d'Angleterre et de Pologne, jusques à Danzig,' was gradually neglected and overshadowed; and became at last a laughing-stock for Boileau. He had, before he received again his due, to await the romantic Renaissance of our century. Then were the tables turned, and war was declared against Boileau and the pale descendants of Racine. His deriders were now derided. Pious hands removed the veil which had long concealed the treasures of poetry amassed by him in his then forgotten books. Sainte-Beuve began, and many followed; the best poets of the century, from Victor Hugo to the singers of to-day, Sully Prudhomme and Herédia, acknowledged for

their master that 'maître des charmeurs de l'oreille.' Ronsard thus resumed, after many years and many revolutions, his place among the worthies of French literature. The glory of his more pretentious works has, it is true, faded away, never to brighten again. His ambitious *Franciade* has scarcely more readers than Petrarch's *Africa*. But more and more numerous lovers of poetry delight in the lines inspired by true love and real friendship, by Marie or Hélène, by the trees of Gastine, the roses of Croixval, the rocks and rivers, the lights and shadows of his native valleys. The teachings of Vendômois and simple nature have had a better and more lasting effect than the lessons taught at the Collège Coqueret by the learned Dorat.

J. J. JUSSERAND.

HOW POOR LADIES LIVE

A REPLY

IN the March number of this Review Miss Frances H. Low has told us not only how unmarried ladies of advanced age and inadequate income live, but why there is an increasing number of such persons and how the evil can be met. It is with the causes and cures that I desire to deal. The graphic and painful picture of the sufferings of these ladies I accept without question.

In the first place we are told of 'the increasing swarm' of female workers during the last twenty years, resulting in a glut of the skilled labour market.

Fifty years ago a professional man in a good position, making, say, a thousand a year, would have deemed it incumbent upon him to live within his income, and make some provision for his daughters after his death. . . . To-day the father in precisely the same position sends his daughter to Girton, in order that she may become a High School teacher.

Miss Low makes it quite clear that this change, in her opinion, is to be regretted, and that there would be fewer 'poor ladies' if the daughters of professional men stayed at home to give 'service for others,' by which is meant voluntary work. But the income of 1,000% was worth more fifty years ago than it is now. House rent, butchers' bills, and other disagreeable necessities did not make such a hole in it. Professional fees have to a great extent remained stationary by convention, whereas the price of many necessities has enormously increased. How much does it cost to make this very desirable provision for a daughter? Surely the lowest sum to be of any use for the maintenance of an educated woman is 1,000%. But for less than a third of that sum a girl can be trained in a ladies' college for a useful breadwinning employment, and for much less than that if she takes prizes or scholarships. Then, again, why assume that the Girton girl must be a teacher? Just as the prejudices of the English father have been destroyed by hard necessity, and he now allows his daughters to work because he cannot afford to leave them independent, so the prejudices of English women have been similarly destroyed as to what constitutes 'ladylike' work. If one employment

is already overstocked, another must be found, and the question no longer is 'Has this work been pronounced fit for ladies?' but 'Can I do this work with a chance of earning sufficient money to live upon, and without losing my self-respect?' At this moment highly educated women, bred in gentle homes, and retaining the affection and approval of their relatives, are working as milliners, dressmakers, clerks, bookkeepers, auditors, overseers in work-rooms, housekeepers, nurses, and in various other capacities in which, fifty years ago, they could not have employed themselves without loss of social status. Miss Low thinks that the salaries of high school teachers compare unfavourably with those which used to be given, in addition to board and lodging, to resident governesses. I think she greatly overestimates the latter if she is considering the same class in both cases. Resident governesses at high salaries are still employed by wealthy people as a general rule. The countess who sends her girls to a high school is an exception. The poorer people, who now take advantage of the good education given at high schools, used to send their girls to boarding schools of the kind we read of in Miss Austen's *Emma*, or else availed themselves of the services of a relative or dependent at a very low salary. The other instance given of the supposed glut in the labour market, causing low pay, is that of typewriting, and Miss Low says that 'unless a girl be very expert, and in addition be an accomplished shorthand writer and French and German scholar, she can make but the most wretched income.' This only shows that inefficient work is badly paid. A thoroughly good typewriter, with a tolerable knowledge of shorthand and the ordinary education of a college graduate, has no difficulty in earning an excellent income, often with very interesting surroundings. The truth is that in an over-populated country the struggle to live must become harder every day; but the fewer drones there are, the less hard it will become, and the better the training of the workers, the easier will it be for them to do the necessary amount of work. I think Miss Low might extend the sympathy she feels for impecunious old ladies to the class of overworked professional men who can scarcely make two ends meet when Christmas bills come in, even without investing 1,000*l.* apiece for able-bodied young women.

The second cause for the existence of 'poor ladies' is, we are told, 'that we have a class of smart, sharp, semi-educated women who, beginning at Board schools, pass by means of one of the numerous scholarships that are now so recklessly and mistakenly offered into the higher grade schools, and ultimately become inferior teachers, authors, journalists, typewriters, clerks, and so forth.' Miss Low saw a teacher, 'an extremely able person,' but with a cockney pronunciation, teaching in a middle-class school. It is possible that the managers of a school may be tempted by exceptional talent to overlook the defect of speech so disagreeable to Miss Low; but surely

editors and the public may be trusted to choose their own authors and journalists, and the business man who pays a clerk is the best judge of whether the wages are earned. Who is to decide what is 'inferior'? The child of the working-class parents who earns and profits by a scholarship in spite of the terrible drawbacks of a noisy home, poor food, lack of country holidays, and all the other disadvantages not felt by middle-class children, is generally so much above the average in brain and energy that it would be a loss to the community to suppress her on the remote chance of keeping the labour market open for well-born ladies. And it may be considered on general grounds a good sign when the old boundaries which separate class from class in the matter of work are seen to be breaking down. Professor J. E. Cairnes used to say in his lectures (I do not remember if it appears in any of his published writings) that the maintenance of non-competing groups of industry is partly due to the philosophy of dress. Many a banker's clerk would be happier, wealthier, and more useful if he could take off his black coat and do whatever work he was most fitted for. Because women are more under the influence of conventionality, they have hitherto been imprisoned within these non-competing groups even more than men. The disappearance of the boundaries may cause some individual cases of hardship, but very soon the benefit will be apparent and each worker will find herself happier in choosing her occupation according to what she is instead of according to who she is.

The third cause Miss Low gives is a supposed preference of employers for young women. I believe this is merely part of the demand for efficiency. In some positions young women are useless and a certain age is a necessary qualification. Our headmistresses, the wardrobe keepers and housekeepers in the boarding-houses of our great public schools, matrons in public institutions, not to speak of authoresses and actresses, will open their eyes if they read 'that women cannot sustain their freshness and interest in their work after thirty-five.' Perhaps Miss Low only applies this very depressing dictum to the profession of teachers; but I do not see any essential difference between teaching and other work to account for such early decrepitude. The fact of young women being sometimes preferred to older ones is only because teachers who have benefited by the enormous strides recently made in the education of women are comparatively young. Under the old system a child was taught all possible subjects by one lady, who veiled her want of understanding of those she had no taste for by a rigid adherence to text books. The accomplished pupils, like the young ladies in *Mansfield Park*, were able 'to repeat the chronological order of the kings of England, with the dates of their accession, and most of the principal events of their reigns,' also 'of the Roman Emperors as low as Severus; besides a great deal of the heathen mythology, and all the metals, semi-

metals, planets, and distinguished philosophers.' But this does not satisfy us to-day. We prefer children being taught by several teachers, each having special knowledge of the subject taught, and instead of the monotony of the school-room and the eternal learning by heart, we now approve of the bright change from one class-room to another and from the class-rooms to the gymnasium and playground. Not only are facts to be committed to memory, but there must be explanation and the cultivation of the reasoning faculty. A teacher who comes up to this higher standard need have no fear of younger competitors. Other things being equal, her experience will tell.

The remedies suggested by Miss Low are such as one would expect after reading what she believes to be the causes of the evil. Her first suggestion is the establishment of a bureau for middle-class women's work. Any centre of information is useful, and if such a bureau can be made self-supporting, or be worked by competent volunteers, let us by all means have one. But she further says there should be 'an inquiry into the fields of labour . . . where a real and not artificial need for women's services exists; and it is for this real demand that girls should be rigidly trained.' Now, we have it on the authority of the Prime Minister, recently answering a deputation of Irish landlords, that little good can be obtained from a commission of inquiry when the subject is one that has been hotly controverted by the persons who will have to conduct the inquiry. Who are the impartial judges to decide between a real and an artificial need for women's work? Few doctors would admit them to any branch of the medical profession, whilst, on the other hand, some very eminent female philanthropists would declare that nothing, not even the army and navy or the front bench itself, is complete without them. I remember a hairdresser being asked by a friend of mine what he thought of Miss Jex Blake's campaign in Edinburgh. 'Ah, sir,' he said, 'I've always been in favour of the ladies learning to be doctors and lawyers too. But they'll never be hairdressers. It's too difficult. It took *me* a year and more to learn it thoroughly.' Most men share this worthy tradesman's opinion applied to their own particular craft. And supposing, by a miracle, some compromise could be arrived at in such a very controversial matter, by what authority is the 'rigid training' to be enforced? If it is to be by the unwritten law of public opinion there will be a great harvest for those who refuse to obey, since the prohibited openings will be left temptingly free. If it is to be by law, some of Miss Low's impecunious old ladies should apply at once to be appointed inspectors, for it is certain that an army of them would be required.

The second suggestion is to limit the number of workers to those compelled to be breadwinners. This fallacy is a well-known old friend. We have met it constantly ever since the movement began in favour of opening professions to women. Ladies of independent

means who increase their incomes and their enjoyment of life by pursuing any kind of paid work are assailed by the taunt of taking the money out of some poor woman's pocket. But earners of money are spenders of money, and the professional woman will very likely give employment to a dozen of her sex by paying for work which she would otherwise do herself without special skill or interest. A young woman with private property of about 100*l.* a year would, according to Miss Low's theory, live economically upon it, making her own clothes and, if she were sensible, securing comfortable living by some kind of co-operation, such as boarding with a family. Her spare time is to be devoted to voluntary work in one of the half-dozen channels in which we are told 'the unpaid labour of intelligent educated women is badly, nay urgently, needed.' Let us suppose that instead of this she enters some paying profession, and earns perhaps 500*l.* a year. She spends her time in doing what her talents specially fit her for, and in this way is a direct benefit to those for whom she works. Her time being thus employed she pays others to make her bonnets, her dresses, and her other clothing, and, being well off, she pays well for good work. She has a house of her own with servants, one of whom is very probably a lady help or companion housekeeper, whose domestic tastes make the position pleasant as well as profitable. And very likely she helps a younger sister or niece to enter upon a life as useful and honourable as her own. The fallacy of supposing a woman keeps other women in employment by living economically on a small income instead of earning and spending a larger one has been so often exposed that an apology seems needed for repeating the argument. Moreover, when 'the labour of intelligent, educated women is badly, nay urgently, needed,' why should it be unpaid? Sometimes, no doubt, special circumstances make voluntary work preferable, at any rate for the time being. In the vast majority of cases such work would be better and more regularly done, and would be more strictly supervised if it were paid for. The erroneous idea still fogging the mind of so many ladies of independent means that work is only 'genteel' if it is voluntary does immeasurable mischief in lowering the rate of women's wages. Unless a woman can undertake to perform her task so regularly and competently as to deserve payment, she had better make room for another who can. It is unpaid work, taken up for novelty or excitement or the love of admiration, and thrown aside whenever Society makes more pressing claims, that injures the prospect of those who need employment. I do not believe any one is hurt by good work fairly paid for, and the freer the market, the better for the workers and for their employers.

After making some suggestions as to teachers' pensions, Miss Low considers the best way of helping the older women already reduced to penury. She advocates increased charity and especially the establishment of small asylums all over the country, to which

urgent cases might be admitted without the long delays which now occur. She forgets that, however numerous such asylums were, they would soon be filled to overflowing and their existence and the easy access to them would augment the very evil she deploras. The pay of incompetent women, incompetent from age or want of training or otherwise, would fall in proportion to the certainty of an asylum being ready for them at the end of their term of work. And the improvidence which is at the root of all the misery Miss Low describes would undoubtedly increase with every new scheme devised to reward it. It is a thankless task to discourage any proposal to relieve want and sorrow, but these proposals have failure and mischief writ large on them.

Having disagreed with Miss Low's exposition, it remains for me to put forward my own explanation of the poverty of middle-class women without private fortunes and too old to work. If the cause can be discovered, the remedy will not be far to seek; but it is quite possible that a remedy may be described which it is impossible to carry out. So I fear it will prove to be in the present case. The principal reason why women are generally so unwilling to insure themselves against future want is that during the years when they might do so they always look forward to the possibility of avoiding pecuniary responsibility by marriage. The young teacher who told Miss Low that in twenty-five years she would either be a head-mistress or starving, and that in either case an annuity of 20*l.* would not be worth having, had the third alternative stowed away in her mind, and very likely it was the most probable of the three. People often say that women do not save because their wages are too low to allow of their saving. Wages would be higher if it were the general opinion of the whole body of skilled women workers that a provision for old age is as necessary as a dinner to-morrow. It is not the general opinion and never will be, because a large proportion of these workers are provided for by marriage, and every one of them thinks that she may be of the number. There are certain kinds of work which can only be satisfactorily performed by women—such, for instance, as the management of girls and infants. Any necessity must be paid for by persons who want such work done. Nurses and governesses must receive enough for food and clothing; and, similarly, if a provision for the future were a necessity, it would be paid for by the employer as a matter of course. Hence when people say women's wages are too low to save out of, it is only another way of saying that it is not thought necessary to save, or, to put it shortly, women as a class are improvident. The remedy is of course to make them provident, and I believe this to be impossible either by legislation or the force of public opinion. Nevertheless, something may be done in the right direction, and, oddly enough, nearly every one of Miss Low's suggestions points exactly in the opposite direction.

The increased employment of women encouraged by college train-

ing, and by the taking up of paid work by ladies in a good position, tends to make the life of an unmarried woman so interesting that she will be less likely to regard marriage as the only goal. The same effect is produced by breaking down conventional barriers and allowing each individual to do what natural talent prompts rather than what social status demands. It is amongst educated workers like hospital nurses that pension schemes have the best chance of succeeding, for the very reason that their high training has shaken them out of the apathy which leaves the future to chance. To offer charitable aid on any large scale to women who have been content to live from hand to mouth without shaping their lives in such a way as to guard against almost certain penury is, to quote Mr. Spencer's powerful phrase, 'fostering the feebles.' Such fostering will always take place when personal knowledge and old association suggest it, but to undertake it in an organised manner would be deplorable indeed.

I do not believe that women will ever be encouraged to save until an entirely new scheme of benefit is proposed by some heaven-born actuary. A women's benefit society should be arranged with full acceptance of the peculiarities of women's economic position, and the character which to a great extent is caused by that position. A woman would be more likely to save if the possibility were reserved to her to draw out her savings on marriage, or to expend them, perhaps in certain defined methods, on her children. Such an arrangement would meet the first great objection which young women have if one asks them to forego present enjoyment for future benefit: 'If I marry it will all be wasted.' A sum of money to meet the expenses incident to marriage, and perhaps to enable them to feel the independence of not coming empty-handed, would be a much greater temptation to a young woman than a larger sum to fall in when she has been long removed from financial responsibility by the enjoyment of her husband's earnings. So far as I know, all attempts to persuade women to save are made on the assumption that their aims are the same as those of men, and the consequence is they have met with little success. It is impossible that women, as a class, can ever be as provident as men, because men, in looking to the future, see the probability of greater responsibility, whereas women see the probability of less. A woman is in much the same position as the heir to an entailed estate. He may be obliged to earn his living for the time being, if the tenant for life refuses him an allowance; but he knows, and the money-lenders know, that the estate is there. There are cases where fashionable girls are tempted by dressmakers to run up bills on the security of future pin-money, and this before any engagement of marriage exists. These facts are not pleasant to dwell upon; but any consideration of the economic position of women without a full recognition of them can be only misleading.

ELIZA ORME.

HOW POOR LADIES MIGHT LIVE

AN ANSWER FROM THE WORKHOUSE

It may seem presumptuous to expect that any good thing may come from out of this place. Yet personal experiences are apt to be interesting, and may even be useful. And, judging of the state of the labour market and its inexorable requirements, I may at least claim, in one sense, to have touched bottom in what is often considered to be an unfathomable problem. There is perhaps some little danger lest Miss Frances Low's eloquent appeal and pitiful disclosures may serve only to depress the minds of those working women whom we are so anxious to raise out of their Slough of Despond. We owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Low, because she has brought many disquieting facts and wholesome deductions into the minds of a too comfortable and indifferent public. Yet there is another side to the question, and one that it is not less necessary to look upon.

All women have not yet grasped the fact that if they enter the labour market they must either abide by the rules that prevail there or else go under. Business is business; and the rest spells charity, which does not lie along the road towards independence of mind or a competence in money. Who wants work to do must do the work that is wanted. Who would be a valued servant must render valuable service to the community.

Miss Low speaks of teachers; but if one were to apply her maxims in her own profession, she would soon see that they would work ruin to employer and employed alike. Shall the editor of a newspaper print rubbish in his columns because the writer thereof needs the guineas? Or shall long-suffering editors subscribe, 'say, five shillings a week,' or take steps 'to insure maintenance so long as the recipient lives,' because once upon a time they had employed at fair market rates a person thereafter unable to earn a sufficient maintenance?

'To be weak is to be miserable, doing or suffering.' The saying is true for all alike, and does not apply to poor ladies alone. But poor ladies are the only human beings who have resigned themselves to the idea that weakness and dependence are their becoming and

suitable attributes. Hence failure and misery, which follow naturally as the night the day.

Never was there for women such a time as the present. Miss Low speaks of 'the new channels of work that have been opened up to women' in the skilled labour market; though if she had her way, and the number of paid workers were limited 'to those compelled to be bread-winners,' she would not find those channels broadening; and had she had her way in the past they would be a good deal narrower than they now are. But it is not from the skilled labour market that are drawn these heartrending pictures of distress. After all, it is not highly skilled labour that fails to find its market, but the unskilled, wherein poor ladies, willy-nilly, fall under the laws that apply to labour everywhere.

I am a working woman myself—a title, as it seems to me, to be preferred to the much-abused title of lady, whose old significance is obscured in days when we have so few loaves to give, and are so deeply engaged seeking loaves for ourselves. But to be a lady, or even to be a gentlewoman, does not necessarily mean that the individual in question is a genius, or that she may take up any chosen calling or profession with a certainty of being at once placed in the front rank. And if she wishes to prove the gentility of her mind or manners, she might wisely begin by stripping herself of all bitterness and envy when she finds one whom she knows to be her social inferior occupying the post she covets. It does not follow that a lady of culture and refinement is more capable of imparting knowledge than the 'smart, sharp, semi-educated women' who win scholarships because from youth upwards they are trained for that special object. There are two things wanted in a teacher—knowledge, and imparting power; of the two, certainly the latter more easily finds its market. But let no one suppose for a moment that 'birth and culture' are qualities valueless in *£ s. d.* That teacher, the 'extremely able person,' who delivered 'her lesson with a Cockney pronunciation and a twang,' started on the race of life with a heavy handicap. And if she came to the top, it only shows how excellent her work must have been, or how indifferent the work done by her competitors of gentle speech and manners. It is, so I am told on good authority, a fact that in many of the best high-schools for girls a woman with 'a twang,' and especially a Cockney twang, has not the slightest chance of employment; and certainly in many more she would not be taken, except when there was no other good teacher to be had. That Countess, to whom we all are grateful because she has sent her child to an excellent high-school, is, after all, the true aristocrat, for she is assured that if gentle birth means something more than a mere empty phrase, the daughter of a long line of noble ancestors is bound to win in the race of life; and that she never sits side by side with the local butcher's daughter, though it is for the good of both that

for a time she should appear to do so ; and that, sharing lessons, she has more valuable possessions which she may never share.

But Miss Low's knowledge about high-schools is evidently limited. The Girls' Public Day School Company has enjoyed, not fifteen, but twenty-four years of existence ; and it has opened, not twenty-four, but thirty-four schools. When the Company was first formed its schools were the only ones of the kind ; now it only owns a few of the many hundreds of high-schools, endowed and unendowed, public, private and misnamed. There is no reason to believe that there is, or that there shortly will be, 'an increasing difficulty to get posts' for fully qualified women ; though there are, of course, floating about the world some who have tried this profession and failed in it, and some who were employed and for various reasons are now employed no longer. But of what profession may not one say the same ? As to salaries, again, Miss Low puts them, as it seems to me, much too disadvantageously. The Girls' Public Day School Company is probably the best paymaster in the profession, save and except a few well-endowed schools, who do not look for a dividend upon capital. 'A salary of 80*l.*, or 90*l.*, or even 100*l.*,' is nowhere 'the maximum that an assistant mistress reaches.' On the contrary, I should have said that it was nearer the minimum for 'women with university degrees.' The theory is that no woman with a degree or its equivalent should begin at less than 100*l.* ; and I think many head mistresses would say that a woman who, after such advantages, was not worth her 100*l.*, was not worth having at any price. As for the 'training-college education,' which Miss Low seems to place on an equality with a university degree, I have nothing to say about that, except that possibly 80*l.*, rising to 100*l.*, is all it is likely to be worth. University careers ensure certain intellectual attainments, and mean the outlay of a considerable capital, upon which, of course, the teachers expect, and get, good interest in the form of higher salaries. But facts are better than opinions. One of the Company's high-schools, about which I happen to know something, pays over 2,000*l.* in salaries, and, divided among the mistresses on the staff, it gives an average of 130*l.* per annum, or, reckoning assistant mistresses only, 114*l.* Most of these mistresses have no degree or its equivalent ; therefore they have either got their capital out at interest, or else they never had any capital. And it is not professional women alone, but men also, who, starting on life without a shilling behind them, have a hard time in the present and many anxieties for their future. Are there no tales of the struggles of students in other professions ? Does one never hear of nervous affections in the members of the Civil Service, of overstrain in the commercial world, of early breakdown in the lower ranks of workers ? Things work out pretty equal in pathos throughout this world's history of brave struggle and patient endurance, where the race is ever to the swift and the battle to the strong. I too

could tell stories were I so minded: stories of medical students boarding themselves on 5s. a week, with half an egg to a pudding so as to last two days, and a weekly fast when dinner-time came that brought the expenses just within the right amount. But what would it show, except the dogged perseverance that goes to build up the finest qualities of our complex nature? Miserably sad from one point of view; gloriously triumphant against heavy odds on the other!

There are two ways of looking at everything. Why should a woman under thirty plead poverty or ask for pity when she is getting 60*l.* or 100*l.* a year? Many a City clerk has no more; and as for the items of expenditure that Miss Low gives, there are many that might be reduced without severe hardship. But, rightly or wrongly, high-school teachers have among those who know them the reputation of being apt to have their fling; let us say that they have the inestimable gift of a power of keen enjoyment. They travel and see the world; they stay in their own country, and see all the plays that are on. And they will tell you that they go on the cheap; but then, some of us do not go at all—we have not the time, for one thing. And in this matter of holidays the teacher usually has from two and a half to three months out of every twelve. Does any other professional man or woman get as much? Clerks and poor-law officers have but fourteen days, and in the case of the latter it is not claimable until after twelve months' service; and Saturdays and Sundays are not days of rest. Civil servants did get from three to four weeks (the last regulations have reduced the time), and that not always at the best time of year, many having to take for several years running November or some other inclement month. Yet these are all persons who reckon among their privileges that of getting a regular annual holiday. There are thousands who never get more than a day or two at a time, and tens of thousands who are not sure of that, unless or until they fall out of work. If it is not possible to alter the conditions of the labour market all round, it is not easy to see how these things are to be remedied. It has been stated that one of the reasons for Germans making their way so fast is on account of their greater perseverance and endurance; they drudge at the desk while the Englishman is out at play. Staying power is more than half the battle, and woe betide those, be they men or women, who are not of strong enough fibre to sustain the struggle. Why is it that so many women flock into the teaching profession, making it the very hotbed of indigent old age? Or, if they must teach, why do they not turn their attention to the despised Board schools, where good salaries and good work are to be found? For six years I was a member of a school board, and was much impressed by the independent outlet offered to women. Not only are the salaries good, but the expenses are much less; there are classes open for all sorts of culture; and before long some acceptable scheme of pensions is sure to be started.

Or why do not more ladies turn their attention to the workhouses? They might not like it; but it does not seem a question of what is liked, but of what is possible to be done in the way of earning an honourable living and a competence for old age. Apartments, fire, washing, clothing, cooking, attendance, good food, a salary, and a pension, are not advantages to be despised, to say nothing of a maintenance during times of sickness, when they would stand no chance of being cut adrift.

Twice during the past two years have officers in this workhouse been sent away for sickness which entailed two months' absence from duty. Yet a substitute was found; there was no deduction from salary, and all expenses were paid. Or how is it that lady-helps so signally failed, when on all sides we hear the cry for good cooks; for honest servants, for reliable housekeepers?

The answer is always the same: the social position is not so good as that of a high-school teacher. Perhaps it is not the workers themselves who are chiefly to blame; friends and relations put a false valuation on social position, and all along the line the meat is dropped for its shadow. Honest work is frowned upon and incompetence forgiven. 'I cannot dig; to beg I am [not] ashamed.' Moreover, what social position is possible when all the luxuries of life are wanting and the bare necessities scant? Two instances rise before me: a working woman one, a lady the other. The one took up life on business lines: entered a Board school as monitor, went on to the pupil-teacher college, then became assistant mistress, and finally came to London, where she has a salary of 100*l.* a year with a possible headmistress-ship before her. The other lived at home, in a town where a morning school was kept for gentlefolks' children. The crash came. Forsaken by friends, she had nothing to fall back upon. She had no certificates and no profession. More fatal still, she had an utterly false estimate of the world she must face. Finally, she and her family left the town; and are now keeping a small school, and taking a boarder to eke out their scanty means. Which really has the more dignified position? That the world is hard cannot be denied, but for most of us at one time or another Hobson's choice has to be made. Charity is the only alternative, bringing with it contempt; as one of Miss Low's poor ladies admits when she says (with the tell-tale pathos of her faulty grammar) 'Every one seems to think they may talk to you like a dog.'

Unfortunately, the poor ladies themselves make it still harder for one another by fixing their own standard, and are as hard as a flint to others who may choose a way of living that they consider menial. Witness Miss Low's poor lady—a poor sort of lady, indeed!—who vexed her soul because the same roof sheltered her and a policeman. Perhaps it might be a little awkward to introduce Miss So-and-So, Mrs. Somebody's cook, to Mrs. Nobody, who never did a day's good work

in her life. And Miss A., a teacher, cannot associate with Miss B., a nurse, unless, indeed, the nurse be sister or matron. And the more impecunious Miss A. is, and the more dependent on other people's charity, the more contemptuous is she of Miss B., who may be making every bit as brave a struggle in the battle of life, though in a different regiment. The fact is, ladies often dare not strike out for fear of sinking, and so remain in the shallows all their lives.

The remedy seems to lie in clearly estimating individual limitations, and in making up one's mind to turn to the best account such capabilities as are possessed. And it should always be remembered that wages in this weary world are not 'paid both in meal and in malt.' A very desirable position and agreeable life generally mean poor pay; while work that is unpleasant and a position that is unattractive have to be balanced against good pay. Neither men nor women are highly paid for doing that which they like, but for toiling steadily at that which is for its own sake undesired. My own experience here is exactly to the point. After a long training and some disappointments, work under the poor-law guardians was proposed to me, and I entered this workhouse very depressed indeed. I heard the big gates clang behind me. 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here!' The very gate-porter's name is Death. Shall I ever forget the first night—how I lay awake and heard every quarter strike, and longed for morning? Then, to my utter astonishment, I found out that the bugbear was in my own imagination. Friends came to see me. 'Well! you can't get much lower,' said one. Another did not choose to address letters to me here. And some took an under-current tone of patronage, which was most disagreeable as soon as it ceased to be amusing. Gradually they assorted themselves; and I cannot say that (though at times I am very much depressed by the hopelessness of the people around me) I ever really regret having entered on my duties in one of the great retreats for the incompetents of this puzzling world.

Whatever else we may forget here, face to face with the deepest depths of the world's great problem, we can never forget that we have the weak and the incompetent to consider. No one can live in daily contact with these people without recognising the fact that it is possible to be willing and eager for work; and yet, alas! it is also possible at the same time to be absolutely incompetent to meet the first requirements of this workaday world, or to adapt oneself to the simplest of its ever-changing needs.

Miss Low proposes the establishment of a bureau for middle-class women's work, and it might be useful, though the scheme has not been altogether a success in the lower ranks of labour. Moreover, there are already some such bureaus, conducted on business principles, and called registry offices, and others in connection with the Working Ladies' Guild, and such semi-charitable bodies. But the abiding

difficulty is, that many poor ladies bring to market wares not good of their kind, and wares for which, even granting them to be good, there is no effective demand.

To limit the number of workers to those compelled to be bread-winners would be undesirable, even were it possible. Paradoxical as it may seem, though the world likes its labour cheap, and though the best labour never is, and never can be paid for, employers in their hearts believe 'the labourer is worthy of his hire,' and like to discharge their debts. Unpaid labour is apt to be irresponsible, unreliable, and *dilettante*. Again, for the remedy of many existing abuses we need those who are not withheld from speaking their mind by any fear of dismissal and probable starvation. If the well-to-do workers receive lower wages, they do lower the market all round, and their needy colleagues suffer; but in all cases they can, and in many cases they do, exact higher wages and better treatment than did before their time rule in the market.

As for pensions, it is to be feared that directors of schools and other employers would only subtract the value of the pension from existing salaries; and if they did not, it would simply amount to a rise all round, which does not seem likely to come about. Furthermore, it is not found that the average woman worker, getting a rise of salary, uses it to buy a pension, so the presumption is that a small pension is not what she cares most to have. Miss Low's 'young, able, and by no means pessimistic' teacher lived 'decently and not like an animal' on 70*l.*, and now that she has 85*l.*, she spends that to 'live like a lady.' Twenty pounds a year seems to her worse than no provision, though it is the sum that charitable folk subscribe to grant through the United Kingdom Beneficent, Governesses' Benevolent, and such institutions. Another woman bought 'a piano for her sisters and helped them in various ways,' and sold out her annuity to give the money to her father. Will women never understand that they cannot both eat their cake and have it, and that the luxury of giving away costs money, which, spent in that immediately pleasant fashion, cannot also be spent on the dull purchase of a pension for old age. There are plenty of sound offices now doing business in deferred annuities for women, and what is wanted is to make the working woman look ahead and eager to live at her own charges. For the older women who have fallen by the way there is nothing for it but systematic, generous charity, until we get the new scheme for old-age pensions all round. But it is not amiss to remind ourselves that the sum proposed is five shillings a week only. It is hopeless to make the old independent—their time for that has passed. Homes seem to promise well on the face of them, but they would have to be brought to those who need them; for it is a risky matter to transplant old people; nothing kills them off sooner. Old haunts, old associations, well-known faces, go to make up their home; take them away, and

they pine like plants deprived of sunshine, no matter how bright the new surroundings may be. Far better give them a pension, however small, and let them live their own lives, however limited and lonely they seem. They are not easy to deal with in masses, for what they really need is the most difficult thing to give—the understanding of their old life by the new. Modes of work, of thought, and almost everything that makes life, have changed since they were young. They are troubled at the new development; they prophesy evil things; they want peace in a rushing, whirling age, where very little peace is to be found; and their sun is going down over a troubled sea, with nothing to betoken what the future dawn may bring for the young life they leave behind.

EDITH M. SHAW.

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On p. 406 of the March number of the *Nineteenth Century* Miss Frances H. Low makes certain statements with regard to the Girls' Public Day School Company, Limited, which need correction. She says that the Girls' Public Day School Company, Limited, 'has now after fifteen years' existence opened twenty-five schools,' and that, 'as a fact,' a salary of 80*l.*, 90*l.*, or even 110*l.*, is 'about the maximum that a non-resident assistant mistress reaches.'

What are the actual facts?

The Company was started twenty-five years ago. It has now thirty-four schools in London and the provinces, in which above 7,000 girls are being educated. It employs, besides its 34 head mistresses, 324 form mistresses, and 408 teachers on probation, junior teachers, and visiting mistresses and masters for special subjects, who give only part of their time.

The salaries of the high school head mistresses vary from 250*l.* to 700*l.* per annum, the average at the present time being over 400*l.*

The salaries of the assistants on the staff vary, according to qualifications and length of service, from 70*l.* to 250*l.* (in exceptional cases), the average being nearly 120*l.* Of the 324 teachers of this class only 7 are receiving as little as 70*l.* The student teachers, who are completing their own education and learning how to teach, pay a small fee in some cases for their training, and in others receive free instruction or a small remuneration.

During the year 1896, 70,557*l.* was paid in salaries in the Company's schools to the teachers, who are nearly all women. The total amount paid to teachers by the Company up to December 1896 was 1,099,780*l.*

On the whole, it may fairly be claimed that the Girls' Public Day School Company has done much to provide well-paid appointments for women, and will compare favourably in this respect with similar institutions.

WILLIAM BOUSFIELD.

(Chairman of the Council, Girls' Public Day School Company).

March 16, 1897.

GOETHE AS A STAGE MANAGER

WHAT are the qualities of a good stage manager? What purpose in the cosmic scheme ought to be served by the drama? Is the theatre nothing more than a place of mere solacement and amusement, or should it be all this and yet help us to 'a most blessed companionship of wise thoughts and right feelings'? Is that country sage which allows the great majority of its playwrights to make appeal to the meanest level of an uneducated taste, or should it really follow the course of the drama with as much interest and anxious care as it now lavishes on the management of its free schools? For may not that education which the State fosters so generously and subjects to such wise discipline be rendered worthless by the simple act of leaving both the theatre and the music-hall altogether at the mercy of the people, who in all matters, ranging from their conduct in a public park after dusk up to the treatment of their little children, need to be controlled by watchful societies, by stern regulations, or by laws of State?

In some form or other these questions have long been the subject of much controversy, and it is the purpose of this essay to show, in a short and direct way, how Goethe answered them, not merely in theories as a writer, but actually in practice as a stage manager.

'With a mere change of emphasis,' says Lowell, 'Goethe might be called an old boy at both ends of his career.' The truth of this remark is confirmed by the fact that Goethe was stage-stricken from the beginning to the end of his laborious and eventful life. He said of himself that in his childhood a puppet-show kindled his imagination, and we learn from Eckermann how, at the age of six-and-seventy, he designed a new theatre for Weimar. The lad was only ten when he first became acquainted with the singular customs and manners ruling in those days behind the scenes. It was then that the French troops swaggered into Frankfort, bringing with them a rabble of comedians, and the worthy Germans, true to their national character, turned even their humiliation to good advantage, for, by going to the theatre regularly, they gained freedom and mastery over their conquerors'

language. Little Goethe sat in the pit, listening eagerly to his French lessons, but Chance willed that he should learn a great deal more about the actors themselves than about the plays in which they all looked so well and spoke so finely. For Chance introduced him to Darones, a small braggart belonging to the French company, and the two boys soon found their way into forbidden parts of the house, and particularly into the uncomfortable room where all the women and the men dressed and undressed together, with fixed blushes of rouge on their cheeks.

This early intimacy with the stage and its ways Goethe continued at college, and thus he was well aware that the life of the wings was usually a demoralising life. He had seen, too, like Lessing, that to manage any company of players, whether amateur or professional, was a task requiring infinite patience and tact. Yet all this knowledge never discouraged him; he believed always in the possibility of transforming the artisan-actor into a genuine artist, and the degraded theatre into an elevating and instructing agency. Even in his old age, as he looked critically back upon his six-and-twenty years of theatrical management, the poet was very well pleased with himself, and could honestly set before Eckermann a most inspiring ideal of the high office of the Playwright. Consider this passage: 'A great dramatic poet, if he is at the same time productive, and is actuated by an unwavering noble purpose that gives character to all his work, may succeed in making the soul of his plays the soul of the people.' Thus, for example, 'the influence exercised by Corneille was capable of forming heroes. This was something for Napoleon, who had need of an heroic race; and hence he said of Corneille, "*S'il vivait encore, je le ferais prince!*"'

Like a wise general, Goethe the stage manager took just account of all the difficulties and dangers hanging about his first tentative steps; and ever afterwards thought and action went hand in hand together. In the beginning, as he told his Boswell in after years, two troublesome enemies lurked within his own character and temperament:

The one [said he] was my ardent love of talent, which might easily have made me partial and indiscreet. The other I will not mention, but you will guess it. At our theatre there was no want of ladies, all beautiful and young, and with winning graces of mind. I felt toward many of them a passionate inclination, and sometimes I was met half way; but I held myself back and said, 'No further!' If I had involved myself in any love affair, I should have been like a compass, which cannot point aright when under the influence of a magnet at its side.

But in the meantime, whilst Goethe was thus triumphing over the Don Juan part of his nature, a host of financial difficulties had nearly thwarted his talents as a man of business. Weimar was a very small town, and its scattered inhabitants had had no chance of learning to appreciate good plays; hence Goethe could not expect that his theatre would support itself. The Grand Duke, it is true, had

promised not only to defray all the expenses of the orchestra, but even to endow the playhouse itself with 7,000 thalers a year. And yet, how was Goethe to rely with confidence on the treasury of a prince who had sometimes to pawn his ancestral snuff-boxes? The only thing was gratefully to accept, year by year, what the Grand Duke could afford to give; and Goethe cheered himself with the reflection that even Molière and Shakespeare wished, above and before all things, to make money by their playhouses, and that the insecurity of his own financial position would serve to keep all his faculties wide awake. For nothing, said he, is more disastrous to the well-being of a theatre than the want of shaping energy in a director who is not personally affected by a failing treasury. Nevertheless, in an age of sensational newspapers and mean ideals, all self-supporting theatres must sink to the level of the popular taste. They cannot be great and generous. It is only in such times as Shakespeare's, lusty times, heroic and spacious, that the drama flourishes, and flourishes nobly, without any assistance from the State. Goethe was keenly alive to this truth; and we ourselves should do well to contrast the native greatness of those illiterate London apprentices, whose groats found their way into Shakespeare's pocket, with the quite natural stupidity of our own journalistic playgoers, who prefer Miss Louie Freear to Falstaff, and Mr. Penley to Touchstone.

In short, if it is my happy lot to speak here of a very wonderful success, even more admirable than were Phelps's fine doings at Sadler's Wells, it is because Goethe, by making wise use of the capital invested annually in the playhouse was able to force good things upon his audience. Unlike ourselves, he set but little store by magnificent scenery and a brilliant wardrobe, the mere pageantry and upholstery of the art of stage-management. It was upon noble music, fine singing, uniform good acting in every part, and the best plays in all kinds, from tragedy to farce, that Goethe depended for the success of his enterprise. Although he never said, like Lessing, that the drama is pre-eminent among the arts, yet he rated it, as we have seen, at a very high level. To him, for example, there was a close practical bond between the ancient dramatists and the modern; and for this reason, and no other, he made his *répertoire* a connecting-link between Christendom and Pagandom—a comprehensive history in little of the world's greatest plays. In six-and-twenty years—i.e. from the 7th of May, 1791, to the 14th of April, 1817—he rehearsed and saw enacted no fewer than 175 highly important comedies and tragedies, in addition to a great many operas, like Mozart's, and to a long array of musical and other pieces, all of merry, wistful, or heroic temper. In this unique *répertoire* there were ten plays by Shakespeare, two by Molière, and three each by Lessing, Calderon, Terence, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Sophocles, Euripides, Plautus, like Gozzi, Kleist, and Sheridan, were represented by one play apiece.

Then there were sixteen of Goethe's own, twelve of Schiller's, thirty-one of Iffland's, sixty-nine of Kotzebue's, eleven by Schröder, and two each by Werner, Racine, and Voltaire. Those by Kotzebue, after having been carefully revised by Goethe at rehearsal, were seen 410 times. Iffland delighted the public on 206 occasions; Schiller, on 169; Calderon, on nineteen; and Shakespeare on fifty. Voltaire drew twenty curious houses; Racine amused twelve, like Terence. Lessing held his own on forty-two evenings, Schröder on 105, and Goethe himself on forty-three. Euripides was played twice, and Sophocles four times; while Plautus, like Kleist, was heard only once. Poor Kleist! He longed to bleed Goethe in a duel.

These pieces, magnificent in their variety of appeal, were, on the whole, completely successful, as may be gathered out of the writings of such trustworthy eye-witnesses as Schlegel, who hated Goethe personally, and Mr. Crabb Robinson. Then there is the volunteered testimony of Madame de Staël. I will copy down a passage, a very short one, from her book on Germany. The great chatterer is speaking of Goethe and his audiences:—

Le public allemand qu'il a pour spectateur à Weimar ne demande pas mieux que de l'attendre et de le deviner; aussi patient, aussi intelligent que le chœur des Grecs, au lieu d'exiger seulement qu'on l'amuse, comme le font d'ordinaire les souverains, peuples ou rois, il se mêle lui-même de son plaisir, en analysant, en expliquant ce qui ne le frappe pas d'abord; *un tel public est, lui-même artiste dans ses jugements.*

But the townsfolk of Weimar were not the only playgoers to whom Goethe and his company appealed with success. Erfurt, with its 50,000 inhabitants, and Lauchstädt, that pretty inland watering-place near Merseburg, and the universities of Jena, Halle, and Leipzig often received them with that warm applause and candid criticism without which the drama cannot thrive. Nothing, I think, proves more surely how effectual Goethe's efforts were than the fact that peasants living in distant villages often flocked to the theatre and followed serious plays with a keen, intelligent interest. The actor Genast, who has left us an admirable history of Goethe's career as stage manager, calls attention pretty frequently to this circumstance, and I cannot do better than let him describe for us the enthusiasm stirred by the opening of the Lauchstädt playhouse in the summer of 1802:—

From Leipzig [says he] and Halle, indeed from miles round, people streamed to the theatre to witness the first performance, and the house, alas! could not hold them all. The doors that opened on the passage-ways, and even the outside doors, could not be shut, so great was the crowd and crush. Naturally the unlucky ones who had contrived to find room there *saw* nothing; but, thanks to the thinness of the theatre walls, they heard every word spoken on the stage, and so did the throng outside in the open air. To prevent meddlers from joining and annoying this *al fresco* audience, the authorities of the neighbouring town of

Schaafstedt had been prevailed upon to send down twenty Saxon dragoons, who with drawn swords now surrounded the theatre. . . . The prices of the various seats were 16, 12, 8, and 4 good groschens.

Popular prices indeed!

We need not pursue this part of our subject any farther. Enough has been said concerning Goethe's audiences.

II

Turn we now to his methods of work at rehearsal, which were determined by the fact that in Germany then, as in England now, there was no dramatic school, and hence the stage manager had to perform the office of such a school. In fact, it was his teaching alone that either marred or made young players. He was THE UNSEEN ACTOR, as I have said elsewhere, for every movement, every gesture, every inflection of voice, owed its origin to his intelligence. Now, as a rule, the rehearsing of a play is a disgracefully slipshod piece of artifice, but in Goethe's strong hands it became a splendid art, so difficult and onerous that it taxed to the utmost all his powers. His first insight into this art, now so neglected here in England, he obtained whilst in the act of re-casting *Götz von Berlichingen*, a play which had been thrown off at a white heat in the course of six weeks. The written words, Goethe soon perceived, were but a flat insipid reflex of the life stirred within him by the conception of the piece. But all at once, as he plodded along, that life was renewed. Then Goethe said to himself that the actor, also, must be taught 'to bring us all back to that first creative fire, by which the poet himself was animated.' In other words, the actor must put away his habit of trying to outshine the entire company; must scout the traditional belief as to 'things being right enough at night'; and again, must lay imaginative hold on the inner essence and the life not merely of his own little part, but of the entire tragedy or comedy. But can he be schooled to do all this? It is a staggering enterprise, truly; for it requires united in one person all the tact of a finished diplomatist, all the patience of a subdued husband, all the talents of a man of business, and all the qualities which we usually assign to the shaping imagination. Such, indeed, is the ideal stage manager as he is pictured for us in the first five books of *Wilhelm Meister*. Here it is that Goethe represents himself as something of a visionary who is above the world, and something of a sycophant who humours the world. Meister himself is the visionary, while Serlo is the sycophant. The one sounds the innermost heart of every play, thinks only of the demands of Art, and has a deep distrust of any popular taste whatever. The other, believing that high ideals have no place in practical affairs, is content to give the vulgar public its vulgar

food. Whilst these two men are arguing, each true to his own temperament, it is now to Goethe the Poet, then to Goethe the Man of Business, that we listen. In very truth we turn with every page a complete author of *Faust*.

Strongly as the Serlo and the Meister in our poet's character are antagonistic to each other, there is just one point, and that a most important point, where they cannot be discordant. They both agree that rehearsals on the stage are a drawback to the players, and as a consequence a danger to the piece, unless every one is syllable-and-letter perfect, and all the parts have been rightly conceived and made to dovetail neatly and artistically with one another. For the actor who studies his 'lines' in solitude is invariably led astray by his vanity. Instead of viewing the representation of a play as in some sort an orchestration of sounds, eloquent movements, and harmonious gestures and colours, in which every performer cannot be, so to speak, the first violin, he sees nothing but himself in those scenes in which he has to appear, and thinks only of the artifice whereby he may 'make a hit.' That is why unity of action is so rare upon the stage; and it was for the purpose of frustrating this overweening egotism in the actor's shallow character that Goethe forced all the members of his company to study their rôles together, at the same time, by reading them aloud under his watchful, helpful guidance. In these orchestral rehearsals—there were usually fourteen or fifteen of them—every cue was taken up smartly; every scene was acted thoughtfully and repeatedly, albeit without movement or gesture; 'business' was suggested, matured, and noted down; and over all Goethe spread the great harmonising light of his splendid imaginative genius. Thus rehearsed, everybody was spared the indescribable fatigue of loitering away six or seven hours daily in the 'wings,' and all the parts and personages of the drama hung together, if I may employ an art phrase. Here was no 'chaos of many independent intellects acting and reacting on each other,' for 'the collective force of many minds had been brought to bear upon the same subject-matter.' Well might A. W. Schlegel say that, although Goethe could 'neither create genius nor reward it fittingly,' yet 'he accustomed his actors to discipline, teaching, and order, and thereby gave to his representations a unity which was never seen in larger theatres, where every individual acted as his own fancy prompted him.' And then we learn from other eye-witnesses, as from Steffens and the Chancellor von Müller, how 'Schiller perceived with astonishment and delight that the players whom Goethe had trained gave him back his creations in a purer form.' Steffens heard him cry, at the first performance of the *Piccolomini*: 'It is by such acting as this that a man is taught to know what his piece really is! It is ennobled by such playing, and the words when spoken are better than when I wrote them!'

Let us add to this another point of view, in which the social and intellectual interest of Goethe's attitude toward his company is brought vividly before us. His great aim, as he told Eckermann, was not only to round the histrionic abilities of his actors, whom he set to impersonate characters altogether unlike their fireside selves, but also to better the social position of the whole company, and to make translations of the classics familiar to each and to all. Every afternoon several of the players visited him for the purpose of discussing their work over a bottle of wine; and every Sunday an actress and two actors dined with him, as we are told by Goethe's brother-in-law, the little deformed poet, Vulpius. Schiller was not less friendly, and the Grand Duke Karl August followed the rising fortunes of the theatre with an unflagging interest that is still brilliantly alive in all his published letters. Nothing escaped his notice, and sometimes his remarks were not less keen than curt. Thus, of a new singer: 'He is a sound musician, and his utterance is rapid and always correct. But you can see at once that he has had a music-stand before him hitherto. Mind, Morelli must give him some dancing lessons.' These royal admonitions strengthened Goethe's hand; and, on the whole, despite the bickerings of Kotzebue and his friends, the turbulence of the Jena students, and the quarrels of the actresses, which were frequent and violent, our stage manager enjoyed his delicate and difficult work. Nor must we forget that he was beloved.

Nowhere [says the Chancellor von Müller] did Goethe more freely exercise the spell of his imposing person and air than among his dramatic disciples; rigorous and earnest in his demands, unalterable in his determinations, prompt and delighted to acknowledge every successful attempt, attentive to the smallest as well as to the greatest, he called forth in every one his most secret powers, and achieved in a narrow circle, and often with slender means, what appeared really incredible. His encouraging glance was a rich reward; his kind word an invaluable gift. Everybody felt himself at home in the part which Goethe had assigned to him, and the stamp of the poet's approbation seemed in some sort a blessing for life. Indeed, no one who has not seen and heard with what pious fidelity the veteran actors of those times treasured every recollection of Goethe and Schiller can possibly form a just idea of the veneration and affection inspired by these their heroes.

III

I wish to lay great stress upon this eye-witnessing testimony, the truth of which is confirmed by Genast, because Mr. G. H. Lewes, in his *Life of Goethe*, portrays our stage manager as a dastardly bully.

'Any resistance,' says he, 'was at once followed by punishment: Goethe sent the man to the guardhouse, and had sentinels placed before the doors of the women, confining them to their rooms.' And then, suddenly remembering an inconveniently well-known story in Eckermann, the erratic and irresponsible Mr. Lewes contradicts him-

self in the plainest terms. 'With the leading actors Goethe employed other means: once when Becker refused to play a small part in *Wallenstein's Camp*, Goethe informed him that if he did not undertake the part, he, Goethe, would play it himself—a threat which at once vanquished Becker, who knew it would be fulfilled.' This true story, you will notice, is not told with the ease and directness by which the picturesque slander is marked. In connection, indeed, with Mr. Lewes's swift, nervous style nothing is more noteworthy than his journalistic fondness for sensational points, and he is never so truthful, so well worth reading, as when he is dull and tame. During those days when he was interviewing the oldest folk in Weimar, for the purpose of turning the waste products of their freakish memories into copy for his biography, Mr. Lewes was acting not as a wise man of letters, but as a mere penny-a-liner. It was then, I believe, that he was cheated into error by an absurd incident misrelated. For the Grand Duke Karl August actually did send one man to the guardhouse for hissing during the first and only performance of Kleist's *Broken Pitcher*—an exasperating play. In the Weimar Court theatre hissing, shouting, cheering, and stamping were not allowed; first, because party spirit ran high in the little capital, and each player had his or her own set of noisy admirers; next, because it was necessary sternly to maintain such regulations as would keep the riotous Jena students somewhat in hand; and last, because clapping was thought to be praise enough for the best play, while those who were vexed with a dull one could leave the theatre. On the evening in question, Karl August, already irritated by Kleist's efforts to amuse him, jumped suddenly to his feet and bawled: 'Who dares to hiss in the presence of my wife? Hussars, remove the impudent fellow!' So, whilst the Duke's mistress, Caroline, Yagemann, was acting in the presence of the slighted Duchess, this command was carried into effect, and the unlucky offender passed three whole days under arrest. Goethe in no way took part in the ridiculous affair. Indeed, he confessed to Genast that he would have been tempted himself to hiss so wearisome a play.

However, Mr. Lewes sinned in another way besides that of turning Goethe into a stupid and hateful bully. Misrepresentation of well-known matters of fact is pretty common in his pages, particularly when he touches and glances upon Goethe's theatrical career. But he could not help it; he was, after all, the victim of ludicrous theories on the drama, and inconvenient facts would mirror themselves oddly in his whimsical, restless mind. It was his opinion, for instance, that the intrinsic merit of a play is in great measure determined by the size and resources of the town in which the dramatist lives and labours; and he refused to believe that Weimar, being so small, could have been of any use to the drama in Germany.

It is a venerable theory, and we find in our common-sense a convincing proof of its absurdity. Is Mr. Pinero of a piece with Schiller? or does Mr. Henry Arthur Jones impress us by a more than Shakespearian grandeur, quite in keeping with the enormous difference in extent and population between our London of to-day and Elizabeth's small, wise, great-hearted capital? Mr. Lewes might have asked himself similar questions, but he preferred to tell his too trustful readers that Goethe appealed only to 'the dilettantism of courtiers;' that his actors were 'mediocre' and 'miserably paid,' and that 'there was no audience to stimulate them by enthusiasm and criticism, the life, the pulse, the stimulus of acting:' for the good critic wished it to be understood that mediocre players who were bullied by their stage manager, who appeared in pieces which rarely interested them, and whose nerves never tingled whilst large audiences applauded, were naturally ineffective. 'Twas a daring way of trying to give point to a laughably foolish theory.

Yet there is always a suspicion of perverted truth in what Mr. Lewes tells us. It is quite true, for instance, that in the beginning Goethe had very poor material to model into shape. The very servants of the theatre, the tailor, the fencing master, and the 'property man,' were pressed at times into active service, and even the principal actors—Becker, Benda, Einer, Krüger, Demmer and his wife, and Fräulein Rudorfaudt—sang in the choruses of the operas—choruses formed of the pupils of the *Gymnasium*. But it is in the nature of great enterprises to grow from small beginnings, like oaks from acorns; and Goethe soon hit upon the best means of testing the worth of the many stage-stricken youths who were drawn to Weimar by the magic of his name. Just as Plotinus, by a single glance, is said to have detected the thief, a servant, who had stolen a piece of jewellery from one of his fair pupils, so Goethe saw the matured actor in a lad's bearing and manners. The timid aspirants, who stammered in his presence as Heine did, he sent homewards at once, with many kind words of good advice; for it requires an intrepid self-confidence to appear in public as Hamlet, as Macbeth, as King Lear, and the stage is certain to emphasise the defects incident to extremely sensitive temperaments. Goethe wanted young men who could look him boldly in the face, and recite before him with as much passion and courage as would eventually mark their efforts as sexagenarian Romeos.

Then, again, if we forget how wonderfully cheap living was throughout Thuringia, we shall say with Mr. Lewes that Goethe's actors 'were miserably paid.' But when we remember that Genast, on his own showing, gave for his board and lodging a little less than two thalers a week; and when we remember, besides, that ten guineas was the yearly rental of a suite of three rooms good enough for Schiller in his bachelor days, I do not see what fault we can find with the salaries of the Weimar company, for they rose from four to nine

thalers a week. In other words, a novice could live as well as Genast did, and yet save half his wages. Moreover, many of the players united their salaries at the altar. Little Christiana Neumann captured the giant Becker; Amalie Malcolmi married Goethe's favourite pupil, Pius Wolff; and that pretty little woman Vohs, a brunette, had in Schiller's favourite an exceptionally clever husband with a violent temper. Then they were all feasted by their stage manager, fêted by the best society in the town; sometimes the Grand Duke gave them valuable presents, and from Weimar they leapt into remunerative positions in great towns and cities. Grüner, for instance, became eminent as an actor manager in Vienna, whither he carried Goethe's methods; Wolff and his wife, in 1816, took the Berlin public by storm; Genast went to Hamburg, and even St. Petersburg tried to secure the services of Herr and Frau Vohs! Thus we really must not be deluded by Mr. Lewes's random statements.

Those statements are all the more deserving of regret because several Englishmen of note have taken them quite seriously. Even Sir Henry Irving, instead of consulting good authorities at first-hand, has made Mr. Lewes's old offences new. His essay appeared in the *Theatre*, some years ago, and it contains the following passage:

The popular desire for amusement Goethe regarded as degrading. The ordinary passions of human nature he sought to elevate into a rufed region of transcendental emotion (*sic*); and the actors, who naturally found some difficulty in soaring into this atmosphere, he drilled by the simple process of making them recite with their faces to the audience, without the least attempt to impersonate any character. His theory, in a word, was that the stage should be literary and not dramatic, and that it should hold the mirror not up to nature, but to an assemblage of noble abstractions.

Readers of Genast will remember how, during one of the stage rehearsals of *King John*, Goethe became vexed with his Hubert, who, in the scene with Prince Arthur, failed to give expression to Shakespeare's intentions. The fellow would not act, and Christiana Neumann could not make the scene effective by herself. Presently Goethe jumped to his feet and impersonated Hubert's character with such intensity of feeling that Christiana fainted away from fear. She was, it is true, an exceedingly sensitive little child of genius, but the story shows us, at least, that Goethe quite forgot 'to hold up the mirror to an assemblage of noble abstractions.' And somehow, anyhow, he forgot to do so throughout his whole career as stage manager. How profoundly he was always influenced by Hamlet's advice to the players every one may read for himself in Genast's amusing and instructive books. The truth of the matter is that Goethe hated caricature in acting with a deadly hatred, and was never weary of trying to win over his intelligent company to the side of simplicity and repose of style. Then, as his theatre, which Mr. Crabb Robinson describes very well, was of the bijou kind, it was necessary to reconcile

breadth and freedom of effect with a wise minuteness of finish. In our own day Goethe's representations would, one thinks, be looked upon as too refined, too simple, too artistic; for the coarse methods of the music-halls intrude themselves everywhere, as into the popular Lyceum version of *Robert Macaire*.

A great deal more might be said here; but the limits of my space force me to come at once to the ending of Goethe's great theatrical enterprise. It was a ludicrous ending, brought about by Caroline Yagemann, the mistress of the reigning Duke, and the only woman whom Schopenhauer is said to have loved. She had long been wildly jealous of Goethe because of his ascendancy over Charles Augustus, and she had tried on three occasions, and almost with success, to make his life in the theatre an intolerable humiliation. Hitherto all her schemes had been frustrated by her lover; but at last, in the spring of 1817, the actress won a complete victory all along the line. Hearing that Karsten with his performing poodle was delighting town after town with his own adaptation of *The Dog of Aubry*, and knowing that Goethe's Shakespearian dislike of dogs would show itself very plainly if Karsten came to Weimar, Caroline Yagemann induced the Grand Duke to prove to the town that women and men were not the only successful players in the world. When Karsten arrived with his dog, Goethe retired to Jena, where he received on the 14th of April, and not on the 1st, a moderately polite letter of dismissal.

About a year later Mr. Crabb Robinson returned to Weimar. 'I went to the theatre—no longer what it was under Goethe and Schiller,' he wrote in his diary. 'I saw *Julius Cæsar*, and thought the actors bad.' Yet the very same actors, seven years later, when they must have lost still more of Goethe's discipline and training, were the nightly wonder and delight of Eckermann, whose dramatic criticisms are always well worth reading. Perhaps, then, by merely contrasting Mr. Crabb Robinson's disappointment with Eckermann's unfeigned delight, we may form for ourselves some idea of the greatness of the Weimar theatre at its very best. It was then, as we read in Eckermann, that the tedious period of the French taste had not long gone by; that the renewed influence of Shakespeare was in all its first freshness, like the music of Mozart; and last, but not least, that Schiller's most famous tragedies, with their strong grip upon the human spirit, were written and rehearsed and acted under the wise guidance of Goethe the stage manager.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

SOME CHANGES IN SOCIAL LIFE DURING THE QUEEN'S REIGN

I do not contemplate touching on the scientific progress, the literary achievements, or other higher matters of the Victorian epoch, but the recollections of one who saw the Coronation procession from Lord Carrington's house in Whitehall, which exists no more, and who, when six years old, ran a race with the great Duke of Wellington from Walmer Church to the Castle, may afford amusement to those of a younger generation, who may be interested in noting the changes that have crept almost imperceptibly into our social life.

On one occasion, when present with a contemporary at a pretty little play at the Princess's Theatre, called *Sweethearts*, I remarked to my friend on the out-of-date costume of the hero, and wondered why he was so dressed. 'Cast your mind back,' he said, 'only to 1850, or thereabouts, and you will find that that was the way you and I used to dress at that time.' And it was true. A pair of dove-coloured trousers with two fluted stripes down the sides, and buttoned under the foot with broad straps of the same material; the boots, of course, were wellingtons, which were *sine quâ non* with a man of fashion in those days; a coat so high in the collar that the back of the hat rested on it. Indeed, every hat had a crescent of cloth on the back of the brim, to prevent the rubbing of the beaver, or imitation beaver, of which the hat was made, for silk hats were not then invented. The scarf, never folded less than twice round the neck, like a waterfall; bulged out from a double-breasted waistcoat, cut very low, and was ornamented with two pins joined with a gold chain. In the evening we wore a blue coat with tight sleeves and brass buttons, and a waistcoat of flowered or brocaded silk. Black trousers, fastened by straps under patent leather pumps, had just then achieved a final victory over light coloured kerseymeres or nankin pantaloons. As lately as 1862 Lord Derby insisted upon his sons dining with him in pantaloons and black silk stockings. A folding *chapeau bras*, for opera hats had not been invented, was always carried under the arm, for nobody but an apothecary or a

solicitor would have dreamt of leaving his hat in the hall of the house where he was calling or dining.

White gloves were always worn by men at a party, but those who dined of course took them off, and Dicky Doyle used to say that it endowed them with a conscious superiority, which prevented the desired amalgamation between those who had dined and those who had come in in the evening to form a tail to a dinner. Men wore their hair much longer in those days than now, falling over their collars, and their whiskers drooped, or were bostrakised, according to the fancy of the wearer. But no man, unless an officer in H.M. cavalry, ever ventured in pre-Crimean days to wear a beard or moustache. The Duke of Newcastle was the first man of any note who wore a beard; and Lady Morley used to say the advantage of it was that you could tell all the courses he had eaten at dinner in consequence.

I will not attempt to deal with the ever-changing fashions of female attire, which in the Queen's reign have varied from the poke bonnet and the spoon bonnet, the white cotton stockings and the sandalled shoes, through the cage period to the pretty fashions of the present day. A vision arises before me of what we considered the seductive beauty of ringlets, the side combs and plaits, then the hair parted in the middle and plastered tightly over the forehead and ears, then the hateful chignons, then the hair torn rudely from the forehead, then the fringes 'by hot irons falsely curled or plaited very tight at night.'

In the early days of Her Majesty's reign Peers drove down to the House of Lords in full dress, with their orders and ribbons, and Bishops wore episcopal wigs; Bishop Blomfield, who died in 1857, being the last to do so. Lord Strafford recollected seeing his uncle, the famous George Byng, M.P. for Middlesex, going down to the House of Commons dressed in tights and black silk stockings; and Disraeli tells us how Lord George Bentinck on one occasion attended in boots and breeches, his red coat partially hidden under what was called a surtout. Hessian boots were common: the last man to wear them was Mr. Stephenson, a commissioner of Excise, well known in London society, who wore them to the day of his death in 1858. It was not till 1867 that members came down, to the horror of Mr. Speaker Denison, in pot hats and shooting coats. And now, in 1897, Cabinet Ministers ride to their parliamentary duties on bicycles in anything but full dress. In a charming sporting book published in 1837 I find all the sportsmen dressed in blue or brown frock coats and high hats.

As all the pictures of the Coronation show, the Life Guards wore bearskins on their heads, till these were superseded by the Roman helmet, with red horsehair tails over their necks. At a dinner party once an argument arose as to whether the Blues did or did not wear

pigtails at the Battle of Waterloo. One elderly gentleman said they did, and quoted himself as a good authority, because as an Eton boy he had seen that famous regiment reviewed at Windsor by the King on their departure for Dover. Another of the guests said he ought to know, because he was a midshipman on board the transport which conveyed them across the Channel, and he was positive that they did not wear them. The argument grew so warm that the host wisely turned the conversation; but, being interested in the question, he went the following day to an old friend of his who had served in the Blues at Waterloo, and told him of the dispute that had arisen the previous evening at his table. 'Both your friends were right,' he said. 'We were reviewed at Windsor by the King on our departure with our pig-tails on, and at Dover we had them cut off before our embarkation.'

The Foot Guards wore swallow-tailed red coats with white facings, white pipe-clayed cross-belts, large white woollen epaulettes, and in summer white duck trousers. A black boy in scarlet pantaloons with a gold kicking strap, playing the cymbals, accompanied the Guards' bands. They were of course armed with the old musket called 'Brown Bess,' and were cleanly shaved. Then the tunic was adopted as the Infantry uniform. The Metropolitan Police, with their tall hats and swallow-tail coats, had been organised before the Queen's accession, but it was for many years after the old watchmen, with their rattles and drab great-coats, existed in provincial towns, and made night hideous by screaming out the hour and the state of the weather. Parish beadles, as depicted in *Oliver Twist*, still flourished in their large cocked hats, their gold embroidered coats, and plush breeches.

Orders, decorations, and medals were very few. The Peninsular medal was issued in the year 1849, and then only to officers, thirty-five years after the campaign had closed. When medals were first issued to private soldiers, it was denounced in the House of Lords as a prostitution of public honours. Queen Victoria has in her reign enlarged or instituted no less than fourteen orders. Of course the old Orders of the Garter, the Thistle, and the St. Patrick have existed from early times. The former was beloved by Lord Melbourne, because, he said, 'there was no damned merit connected with it.' The Order of the Bath has been changed from one grade to three, and the Statutes were extended, and Volunteers are now eligible for the honour. The Order of St. Michael and St. George, originally a Maltese Order, has been enlarged during the present reign.

1. The Victoria Cross,
2. The Star of India,
3. The Victoria and Albert,
4. The Empire of India,
5. The Albert Medal,

6. The Nurses' Medal,
7. The Distinguished Service Order,
8. The Jubilee Medal,
9. The Victorian Order,

are all the creations of this reign. Decorations and stars and medals have become very common, and the value set on them has naturally decreased. There are now twenty-seven medals. There is one for every campaign. Our Commander-in-Chief is a Knight of St. Patrick, a G.C.B., a G.C.M.G., has the Legion of Honour, the Medjidieh, the Turkish medal, the Osmanlieh, the bronze Star of Egypt, and seven medals, and, according to the present fashion, wears them at official parties. On such occasions I do not remember the Duke of Wellington wearing any order but that of the Garter or the Golden Fleece.

The late Lord Clanwilliam was one day struck by seeing a civilian decorated with a ribbon and star, and asked who he was. No one could tell him, until at last he ascertained the wearer was our ambassador at Paris. 'Then,' said Lord Clanwilliam, 'if all a man gains in diplomacy is that nobody should know him on his return, I shall resign my diplomatic career'—and he did.

Before the Queen came to the throne macaronis and bucks had vanished, and dapper men had made way for dandies.

Dandies, to make a greater show,
Wore coats stuffed out with pads and puffing.
But is not this quite *à propos*?
For what's a goose without its stuffing?

Grantley Berkeley till his death boasted of his pugilism, and in the fifties he delighted in wearing two or three different coloured satin waistcoats and three or four gaudy silk neckcloths round his throat. And as late as 1842, Lord Malmesbury tells us, Mr. Everett wore a green coat at a dinner party at Lord Stanley's. At this time Lord Cantalupe, Count D'Orsay, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, and Sir George Wombwell were essentially dandies and arbitrators of dress and fashion; Charles Greville and Frederick Byng, who was always called the 'Poodle,' were the police and the terror of the young men and the fashionable clubs. Now the reign of the dandies has succumbed to the aggressive inroads of swells and mashers. But, ah! those dear dandies of my boyhood, with their triple waistcoats, their tightened waists, their many-folded neckcloths, and their wristbands turned back over their coat sleeves—all have departed; the most beautiful, genial, and witty of them all, Alfred Montgomery, who was in the Queen's household at the time of her accession, passed away only the other day. How fresh seems to me the memory of his kindness, from the time when I first saw him as Secretary to Lord Wellesley at Kingston House, seated at breakfast at 11 o'clock in a

brocaded dressing-gown and slippers of marvellous work and design, to the last days of his life ! How often he and Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence took me to the play, and gave me oyster suppers after it ! How often he drove me through the Park in his cabriolet with its high-stepping horse, the tiny tiger hanging on by his arms behind ! All are gone now, and it does not do to look back too earnestly on the past ; the sunlight on it is apt to make one's eyes water. In those days, and down until the fifties, the Italian Opera House, which at the Queen's accession was called ' Her Majesty's,' was in its glory. The pit, which occupied the floor of the house, gave access to the boxes, and was appropriately called ' The Fops' Alley.' Here Rubini, Mario and Grisi, Lablache, and later on Cruvelli, Sontag, Alboni and Jenny Lind, delighted audiences as fashionable as those which now again fill the grand tier of Covent Garden ; and the ballet with Cerito, Taglioni, Fanny Ellsler and Rosati, adorned an art which, alas ! has now degenerated into a taste for vulgar breakdowns and tarara-boom-de-ayes. The theatres were at this time few and the prices low ; impecunious young men of fashion in my early days used to take advantage of half price and the dress circle, for stalls had not then destroyed the pit, to hear the Keans, the Keeleys, and Buckstone, while Rachel and Ristori satisfied the lovers of tragedy. Vauxhall, with its thousands of little oil lamps, was at its zenith, to be succeeded by Cremorne, and then by various reputable and dull entertainments at South Kensington. At this time there was no public place or club where a lady could dine, and I recollect a most respectable peer of the realm who, on expressing a wish to dine in the coffee-room of the hotel in which he was staying with his wife, was told by his landlord that he must get a third person to join their party !

The glory of Crockford's had departed before I came to London in 1851, and a restaurant doomed to failure had taken its place. But St. James's was full of fashionable ' Hells,' the Cocoa Tree Club being the best known. It was here that one Sunday morning the witty Lord Alvanley saw two mutes standing at the door. ' Is it true,' he said to them, ' that the devil is dead ? because, if so, I need not go to church this morning.' For in those, and even later days, pageantry pursued even the dead—mutes standing at the dead man's door for a week, hearses with black plumes of feathers, black cloaks and gloves, and long hat-streamers of silk or crape, according to the relation of the mourner to the deceased, and hatchments—properly spelled, achievements—hung over the door for a year.

Mr. Banderet, the old proprietor of Brooks's Club, recollected when the packs of cards used there were reckoned by scores a night. Now cards are not called for at all, except sometimes on the occasion of a rubber at the meetings of the Fox Club which are held there. In the early forties, long whist with ten points to a game was still

played ; and now I am told that even Short whist is being supplanted at the Portland and Turf Clubs by Bridge whist, écarté, and bézique.

Early in the reign, people at large country house parties used to go into breakfast arm-in-arm, and no lady ever walked with her husband except *bras sous bras*. Friends always walked arm-in-arm, and the country neighbour always made his entry into a party arm-in-arm with his wife and daughter. Now the fashion has disappeared, except at dinner, and there has sprung up an odious habit of indiscriminate handshaking morning and evening, in season and out of season, and another fashion, worthy of a *table d'hôte*, of assigning to each guest the place where he is to sit at dinner. I wonder why the bolder spirits of the younger and impecunious generation have not risen in revolt against this interference with individual liberty of choice which used to be theirs.

Lady Granville once remarked that, in her younger days, nobody in polite society ever mentioned their poverty or their digestion, and now they had become the principal topics of conversation ; and if Society was then vigilant in ignoring all allusion to money and commerce, we have now gone far in the contrary direction. Everybody quotes the prices of stocks and shares, and I have lived to see the day when a youthful scion of a noble and distinguished house produced from his pocket at dinner a sample bundle of silks to show how cheaply they could be bought at his establishment.

Wine circulars with peers' coronets pursue me weekly ; and I can buy my coal at 25s. a ton from wagons ornamented with a marquis's coronet.

Almack's flourished, where it was said that fashion, not rank or money, gave the *entrée*. Society was so small that Lady Palmerston used to write in her own hand all invitations to her parties, and Lord Anglesey used to have in his house in Burlington Gardens a slate, where anybody who wished to dine might write down his name ; and so circumscribed was the fashionable world, that there was always in each season one lady who was recognised by Society as *par excellence* the beauty of the year. The polka had just been introduced, about 1843, and Augustus Lumley and William Blackburn arranged the days of all the fashionable parties and balls in London, and provided lists of all the eligible young men in that small and exclusive ring. Lady Blessington's salon at Gore House, where D'Orsay, the 'Cupidon déchainé,' as he was called by Byron, Disraeli, Bulwer, Charles Dickens, and Napoleon the Third all met, came to an abrupt close, in 1848, by her leaving the country. The famous salon of the Miss Berrys in Curzon Street, to which as a boy of nineteen I had the honour of being invited, came to an end in 1851, and in the following year Miss Berry died. The salon she and her sister had established had been extraordinarily famous.

It still seems strange to me that I should have known a lady

whom Thackeray says had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who himself had been patted on the head by George the First. This lady had knocked at Dr. Johnson's door; had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgina Duchess of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig Society of the reign of George the Third; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the court of Queen Anne—Lady Ashburton, 'a commanding woman, before whom we all knelt,' entertained Carlyle, Hallam, and Thackeray at Bath House. Lady Jersey still held a salon for the Tories in Berkeley Square, and Lady Grey, the beautiful widow of Charles Earl Grey, entertained the Whigs in Eaton Square till 1889. Lady Granville in Bruton Street, Lady William Russell in South Audley Square, and Madame de Flahault in the house which was the Coventry Club, and is now the St. James's, held salons to the end of the eighties. I know that I should differ from all the memoirs I have read if I were to say that Lady Palmerston's parties owed their especial charm to the fact that they formed the certain rendezvous of all the people who made her 'world'—more than to her position and her charms, or Lord Palmerston's ready *bonhomie*. It was told of him that he used to greet all those whom he did not know with a 'How d'ye do?' and 'How is the old complaint?' which fitted all sorts and conditions of men. Lady Molesworth in Eaton Place, and Lady Waldegrave in Carlton Gardens and Strawberry Hill, were introducing more cosmopolitan gatherings, with Abraham Hayward and Bernal Osborne as standing dishes—the first a studied *raconteur*, the latter always requiring a butt for his wit and his sarcasm. Society was now becoming democratised, and the days of the *grands seigneurs* and the *grandes dames* were rapidly disappearing.

Hayward died in his lodgings at St. James's at the same time as Panizzi, the famous librarian of the British Museum, was dying within the walls of that building where he had immortalised himself by creating the splendid reading room we all know so well. Mr. Gladstone used to say that Hayward's death-bed was happy and Panizzi's miserable, because one lived where all his friends could drop in for a few minutes' daily talk, and the other required a pilgrimage which few were at the trouble to take. What a reflection on the friendship of the world!

Notorious wits like Sydney Smith, Jekyll, Luttrell, Bernal Osborne, have disappeared from the scene, the last survivor having been Dr. Quin, the advocate of homœopathy. I met him one night at Lady Craven's, where he and I were constant guests; I had a bad headache, and Lady Craven, much against my will, asked him what I should take. 'Advice,' he answered promptly.

Great changes in dinners occurred during the forties. Formerly a large turbot with red festoons of lobster was an inevitable dish at

a London dinner party; a saddle of mutton at the head of the table, which was carved by the host; and a couple of chickens with white sauce and tongue in the middle, was a necessity, and led to various conventional compliments as to whether the hostess or her neighbour should carve them. Sir David Dundas used to tell of a chicken being launched on his lap, and the lady with a sweet smile saying: 'Would you kindly give me back that chicken?' With six side dishes and two bottles of champagne in silver coolers the table was complete. The champagne was only handed round after the second course, and was drunk in homœopathic doses out of small tubes of glass which contained little but froth. Lord Alvanley was the first who had courage to protest, saying, 'You might as well expect us to drink our wine out of thermometers.' After dinner the cloth was removed, and the wine and dessert put on a shining mahogany table. The Bishop of Oxford at Cuddesdon used to drink the health of each candidate for holy orders; but as he did not like drinking so much himself, he always kept by him a bottle of toast and water. On one occasion a bumptious young man, on being asked what wine he would have, replied, 'A little of your Lordship's bottle, if you please,' thinking to get something of superior excellence. 'Take my bottle to him,' said the Bishop to his butler. But now the good old habit of the master of the house asking his guests to drink wine with him has passed away; yet in the early days of the reign it was so much the fashion that when the change began, on a host asking a lady if she drank no wine, she replied, 'Do you expect me to drink it with the butler?'

It was at Lady Sydney's hospitable table in Cleveland Square that I gained my first experience of what was then called *dîner à la russe*, when the viands were carved off the table, and the fruit, and probably flowers, were on the cloth which was not removed after dinner—tea always following coffee.

In country houses, luncheons consisted of cold meat, or the children's dinner; and the men who were going to shoot made themselves sandwiches from the cold meat which, with perhaps an egg, constituted the ordinary breakfast. Battues and hot luncheons were an innovation introduced by the Prince Consort.

Breakfasts used to be given by Rogers the banker and poet, who, in addition to the literary charm of his company, would delight his guests with the musical notes of an artificial nightingale, which sat in a cage outside his window. His poems of Italy were beautifully illustrated by Stothard, Turner, and Calcott—a novelty in those days. Luttrell said that his poems 'would have been dished but for their plates.'

Visitors to Holland House still may see on a seat in the garden that lovely tribute to his *Pleasures of Memory*:

Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
With me those memories which he sang so well.

He died at the age of 93 in 1858, having seen in his youth the heads of rebels on Temple Bar, and cartloads of young girls who had taken part in the Gordon riots, in dresses of various colours, on their way to be executed at Tyburn.

Notwithstanding Disraeli's assertion that to breakfast out was a plebeian amusement, Mr. Gladstone continued his breakfasts on Thursdays till he left Harley Street in 1880.

Smoking existed from the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, but only on sufferance, and many were the evenings in winter when the smoking brigade was sent across a sloppy yard to smoke in the harness room; or, when there were less bigoted hosts, we were allowed to remain in the servants' hall. No gentleman ever smoked in the streets till after the Crimean peace; and ladies never sullied their lips with tobacco, or even allowed men to smoke in their presence. It was not till the year of '45 that a smoking-room was first established in the Holy of Holies, 18 Dandydom, White's Club; and it was 1881 before smoking was allowed below the attics in Brooks's.

Thanks to the introduction by the Prince of Wales of smoking after dinner, wine drinking is now over. What it was in old days appears almost incredible. The late Lord Clanwilliam told me of one occasion when he had dined at a friend's villa near Putney. The dinner was extraordinarily late for those days—at eight o'clock. When they at last rose from the table and went up to their rooms, Lord Clanwilliam flung open his window, and saw the haymakers coming into the field. 'I wonder,' he thought, 'what hour they begin work,' and on consulting his watch he found it was 8.30. The haymakers were returning to work from their breakfasts! Mr. Gladstone recollects that on one occasion when a host put to a bishop who was dining with him the ordinary formula, 'Will your Lordship have any more wine?' the Bishop replied in a solemn voice, 'Thank you, not till we have drunk what we have before us.'

When I first entered the Admiralty as a boy, about every three weeks the chief clerk used to come into the room where I sat with a 'jabot frill' and entirely dressed for the evening, and say, 'Mr. Jesse, I shall not be here to-morrow, for I am going to dine out to-night.' And this was not meant as a joke, but was considered quite a natural thing. At other times, J. H. Jesse, who was my immediate chief, used to tell us stories too well known to repeat, of the wild freaks of Lord Waterford and Charles and Frank Sheridan, which would now be impossible. Imagine such an occurrence as this: A mad party were on their way back from dinner 'bear-fighting' in Pall Mall. One of the party threw Frank Sheridan's hat over the area rails. At that inauspicious moment a bishop issued from the classical portico of the

Athenæum and in an instant his hat was transferred to Frank Sheridan's head, and the others making common cause with the Bishop vainly pursued the thief down the street. The next morning Frank Sheridan calmly went down to his clerical duties at the Admiralty in the ecclesiastical hat!

I once asked Mr. Charles Villiers how he compared the morals of his early days with those of our time. He answered with a touch of cynicism that he supposed human nature was human nature at all times, but one difference was manifest. In his golden days, every young man, even if he was busy, pretended to be idle; now every young man, if he was idle, pretended to be busy; and that meant a good deal. The stricter sabbatarianism of the early years of the reign existed side by side with a lamentable laxity, and perhaps the looser morals of those times were a reaction against the too Puritanic restraints of the dreary Sundays. I think of the weary services of my youth, when, with a properly pomatumed head, I was taken to the high pews, where I had to listen to the fatuous and lengthy sermons of a curate in a black gown and bands, and the refined music of Tate and Brady. What a debt we who live now owe to the movement which has emancipated us from that melancholy view of our religious duties; though there may be danger of going too far in the opposite extreme, of paying too little regard to the scruples of others, and letting our Sunday amusements rob some of needed rest. Cock-fighting, which was illegal, flourished at a farm near Harrow till the fifties. Prize-fights were still fashionable, and there was a great fight, which excited the sporting world, between Tom Sayers and an American, J. Heenan, called the 'Benicia Boy,' at Farnborough in 1860. A subscription for the English champion was started by Napier Street, to which the House of Commons, headed by Lord Palmerston, contributed. Early in the reign oaths were an ordinary ingredient in polite conversation. The Queen's favourite Prime Minister was more than an ordinary sinner in this way. Archdeacon Denison once complained to him that on going to his brother, Lord Beauvale, on the subject of some Ecclesiastical Bill, he had damned him, and damned the Bill, and damned everything. 'But, damn it, what could he do?' said Lord Melbourne. Count D'Orsay once called on the publishers, Messrs. Saunders & Otley, on Lady Blessington's behalf, and used very strong language. A beautiful gentleman in a white neckcloth said he would rather sacrifice Lady Blessington's patronage than stand such personal abuse. 'I was not personal,' said D'Orsay. 'If you are Saunders, then damn Otley; if you are Otley, then damn Saunders.'

At regimental messes coarse acts and coarse language were common, and at private dinner tables the departure of the ladies from the room was the signal for every sort of loose and indecent conversation. That is rarely the case now.

Sir Frederic Rogers in 1842 tried hard in the columns of the *Times* to kill duels by ridicule, and they were forbidden in the army in 1844, but they still existed. I well recollect Lord Cardigan's trial in the House of Lords, where, in consequence of a legal technicality, he was acquitted of the murder of Captain Tucker in a duel. Ridicule, however, gave the *coup de grâce* to duels. In 1852 George Smythe, the representative of the Young England party, and Colonel Romilly were going to fight in consequence of an electioneering quarrel. When they got to the Weybridge Station there was only one fly to be had, so both combatants, thirsting for each other's blood, and their seconds had to drive over in it to the chosen spot, George Smythe sitting on the box, and Colonel Romilly, with both the seconds, inside. At the fateful moment a pheasant rose out of a copse, as in Leech's famous caricature, and a pistol went off. The combatants exchanged shots, and the foes returned as they came. The incident was dealt with in a witty article in the *Times*, and so ridicule did more than morality to kill duelling. *Solvuntur risu tabulæ.*

One of the most remarkable changes of manners has been that familiarities have taken the place of formalities. In my early days few elderly ladies addressed their husbands by their Christian names in public. I never heard my mother call my father by his Christian name. I recollect that Lady ——'s fame was imperilled because, after some great man's death, a letter from her to him was discovered beginning with his Christian name. I think I am right in saying that at Eton we never recognised the existence of such a thing. Even boys who 'knew each other at home' never divulged them. Letters between friends often began 'My dear Sir,' and many boys in my time addressed their fathers always as 'Sir.' A friend of mine, Gerald Ponsonby, dining with Lady Jersey, heard her say that she never recollected her father, Lord Westmorland, though specially attached to his sister, Lady Lonsdale, call her anything but Lady Lonsdale; and Henry Greville, who was present at the same dinner, said he remembered his mother, Lady Charlotte, and her brother, the Duke of Portland, meeting in the morning at Welbeck and saying, 'How is your Ladyship this morning?' and her replying with all solemnity, 'I am quite well, I am obliged to your Grace.'

All shopkeepers are now 'young gentlemen' and 'young ladies.' The Duchess of Somerset, on making inquiry about something she had purchased at Swan & Edgar's, was asked if she had been served by a young gentleman with fair hair. 'No,' she said meditatively, 'I think it was by an elderly nobleman with a bald head.'

Photography was in its infancy early in the fifties, and had just begun to be common in the hideous daguerreotypes and talbotypes of that time. The witty Lady Morley used to say in reply to any complaint of the dulness of the weather, 'What can you expect when the sun is busy all day taking likenesses in Regent Street?'

Before 1860 there were games but no crazes. Tennis, cricket, and rowing existed, but created no enthusiasm. The boat races were watched by rowing men and the friends of the crews, and that was all. I well recollect the great public school matches at Lord's, where the Winchester men, as they always called themselves, wore tall white hats. They were attended only by some schoolboys, their relations, and those who were really interested in cricket. In all athletic sports there has been a marked development. Men row better, run faster, leap higher, gain larger scores at cricket than the men of the days gone by. In 1860 women first entered the field as competitors with men in outdoor games. Croquet could be played by men and women; and in 1870 women, leaving '*les grâces*' and embroidery frames, found they could compete with men in lawn tennis, as they do now in bicycling, golf, fishing, and hunting. The present generation of splendidly developed girls shows how useful these athletic exercises have become; but we must all recognise that the age in which we live is an age of emancipation. The swaddling clothes of childhood have been cast aside, and the limbs are unfettered.

This is the case in art, in music, which has come in the light of a new mode of expression for all the subtle and innermost experiences of modern thought, in dress, in furniture, and essentially in ideas and conversation.

Conventionalties and commonplaces have been supplanted by daring and originality, and who shall venture to say that the change is for the worse?

Following this movement a certain number of ambitious young women, whom envious people called the '*Souls*,' some clever by education, some by intuition, some from a sublime audacity, appeared about ten years ago on the stage of London society. By the brilliancy of their conversation, by their attractiveness and their personal charm,—and may it be said from a divine instinct which taught them how dear flattery is to the race of men?—they gradually drew into their society much that was distinguished, clever, and agreeable in social and political life. They soon succeeded in completely breaking down the barriers that had heretofore existed between men of opposite political parties, and included in their ranks everybody who, in their opinion, added anything to the gaiety of nations. Never having myself been admitted into the heart of this society, I have sometimes been allowed to feel its throbbings, and to be drawn into sufficient proximity to estimate the real effect its existence has produced in social life; and when I have compared the sparkle, dash, and vitality of its conversation with the stereotyped conventionalities of the ordinary '*Have you been to the Academy?*' sort of talk of my earlier days, I think that under whatever name they live on the lips of men we must take off our hats and make our bow to them with courtesy and admiration. No doubt women, by becoming

the companions and competitors of men in all their amusements and pursuits, have lost somewhat the old-fashioned respect and deference they received in earlier days. But '*la femme est toujours la femme, et jamais ne sera qu'une femme tant que le monde entier durera.*'

It cannot be denied that with the growth of education far greater latitude in conversation is now allowed in the presence of ladies; but we live in a time of introspection and self-analysis unknown to former generations, and the realistic tendencies of our modern novels have been imported into our modern talk; but we should bear in mind the wise words of Lord Bowen, who tells us that it is not the absence of costume, but the presence of innocence, which made the happiness of the Garden of Eden.

I cannot venture to describe the modern young lady of this *fin de siècle*, but shall take refuge in what Lucas Mallett says, 'that, compared with even a superficial comprehension of the intricacies of her thought and conduct, the mastery of the Chinese language would supply an airy pastime, the study of the higher mathematics a gentle sedative.'

Taking the morals of 1837 and the morals of to-day, and making allowance for Charles Villiers's dictum that 'human nature is human nature,' I believe that, notwithstanding the enforced absence of the restraining influence of a Court and its society, morals in the main have improved. I am amazed by the marvellous strides in the manners and education of young children; instead of the shy self-consciousness of my youth we see everywhere well-mannered, well-educated little folk, who can speak intelligently and answer when they are spoken to. When I think of the rough times of dear Eton, the sanded floor, the horrid food, the six o'clock school without greatcoats, the complete absence of any attempt at educating stupid boys like myself, I tremble at the pitch men and women have reached. Now there has come a very Capua of luxury, which indeed has not yet, but may later produce effeminacy—the early cup of tea in bed, the heavy luncheons with their liqueurs and cigarettes, the profusion of flowers, the blaze of diamonds, the costly dinners and champagne, the soft and luxurious furniture, the warmth and the comfort in travelling; but we may believe that men will not in consequence 'lose the wrestling thews that throw the world'—and every day we are reminded by some noble deeds of gallantry that this is not the case.

People's tongues have had their changes of fashion too. There were many old-fashioned folk who in my young days still pronounced gold as 'goold,' china as 'chaney,' Rome as 'Room,' James as 'Jeames,' cucumber as 'cowcumber,' yellow as 'yaller,' lilac as 'lalock,' Grosvenor as 'Grasvenor,' and Lady Jersey as 'Lady Jarsey.' My father told me that Byron when at Harrow was always called 'Byron.'

Fully to describe the changes in London during Her Majesty's

reign would be impossible. The new Houses of Parliament were just begun to be built when the Queen came to the throne; the Thames Embankment had not been begun. Nearly all the fashionable part of London has been rebuilt. The Marble Arch was removed to where it now stands in 1851, to make way for the new façade of Buckingham Palace; the bridge over the ornamental water was not built until 1857. In 1886 the Duke of Wellington's statue was taken down, and the position of the archway at the top of Constitution Hill was altered. Before this the drive used to be reserved for those having the *entrée*, and was only thrown open to the public then. Green Park was in my childhood surrounded by a high brick wall, inside of which was a house belonging to Lady William Gordon. A bit of water was by it. The mound on which a great sycamore now flourishes was Lady W. Gordon's ice-house, and the stags which were at the entrance were removed to Albert Gate, where they now remain. At the north-east corner was a large reservoir, which existed till 1856; and I can see now in my mind's eye the marks of women's pattens in the muddy tracks which did duty for paths in those days. It is only twenty years ago since one of the gatekeepers at the top of Portland Place used to tell of the days when he was a keeper, preserving game in the fields and coverts which are now the beautifully laid out grounds of Regent's Park. I do not recollect a turnpike at Hyde Park Corner, but it was 1865 before the tolls were abolished in Kensington and Bayswater, and tolls were exacted at the metropolitan bridges up to 1879. Tattersall's stood till 1865 at the top of Grosvenor Place, all of which has been rebuilt. Belgravia was in process of building when the Queen came to the throne—Belgravia where, as Lady Morley said, 'all the women were brave and all the men modest,' alluding to the new habit, which sprang up in the fifties, of women being allowed to walk alone in that district. Formerly no lady ever went out unaccompanied by a servant; young married ladies scarcely ever received men visitors or danced except on rare occasions. Late in the forties five o'clock teas were just coming into vogue, the old Duchess of Bedford's being, as I considered, very dreary festivities.

Swiss peasant girls with little brooms of wood shavings attracted the children in the streets with their song of *Who'll buy a Broom?* These have been replaced by shrill-voiced urchins yelling 'Winner! Winner!' and by the obnoxious whistle summoning a cab.

Up till the end of the forties the old hackney coaches, with straw in the bottom for the passengers' feet, with drivers clad in seven-caped coats, and with their miserable jades, still crawled about the London streets. It was told of a certain beau that he arrived at dinner with a straw hanging to his shoe: he apologised for this, saying his carriage had not returned from his wife's funeral, and he had been compelled to come in a hackney coach. The cabs were painted yellow, and the drivers were perched on little boxes at the

side, instead of, as now, at the back. These were not of long duration, and were soon superseded by the four-wheeler and the hansom cab. Mail coaches of course were still running to all places to which the railroads had not yet penetrated. In 1837, a year of great severity, the mails were carried from Canterbury to Dover in sleighs. Omnibuses were few, with straw in the bottom. The lowest fare was sixpence, and in them never was a lady seen. Ladies of fashion went out for a solemn drive round the Park on Sundays; but no lady went in a single-horse carriage till Lord Brougham invented the carriage which still bears his name. The victoria, the barouche or landau, appeared later on. No lady would willingly have driven down St. James's Street, or have dreamt of stopping at a club door. No lady of fashion went out to dinner except in a chariot, which was pronounced 'charrot,' with a coachman in a wig, and with one or two men-servants in silk stockings. Indeed, the yellow chariot and the tall footmen with long staves behind the old Duchess of Cleveland's chariot are fresh in the memory of even young people, and must still have been seen by the present generation, who can recollect Lady Mildred Beresford Hope's pony carriage with two outriders.

It is impossible, even in an article as frivolous as this, to pass by in absolute silence the glorious progress of the Queen's reign. In 1836 there were 52,000 convicts living in foreign lands in a state of bestial immorality. Now, notwithstanding the increase of population, there are only 4,000 undergoing penal servitude, and in this country. In 1837 4,000 debtors were lying in common cells, with damp brick walls, with no bedding, and herded with murderers and common malefactors. Now transportation and imprisonment for debt have been abolished. Just before the Queen's accession a little boy was condemned to death for breaking a confectioner's window and stealing sweets. Now no one can be hanged for a less crime than murder. Executions are not in public; the terrible scenes of witnessing them are done away with, and I hope the sensational hoisting of the black flag will soon be a thing of the past. A friend of mine told me how in his youth he used to witness the executions at Tyburn. And within a few years there existed—and may exist now, for all I know—on the top of the house near the Marble Arch, which, when I was young, belonged to the Dowager Duchess of Somerset, a bench from which the frivolous and fashionable world used to witness with indifference, if not amusement, these terrible executions. Reduction of sentences has been followed by diminution of criminals, the young are protected from the shame and cruelty of becoming gaol birds, and the whole system of prison discipline is now laid on wise and merciful lines.

Lunatics are treated with careful kindness, instead of being chained together on beds of straw, naked, handcuffed, and shown at twopence a head for each visitor. Factory Acts have been passed

by which children of four, five, and six have been saved from being harnessed to trucks in coal mines, and being forced to climb chimneys. Women have been protected in dangerous trades. We have public baths for health and cleanliness. Free trade has made food cheap, to the enormous advantage of the consumer. There is free education for the children of the poor, at a cost of 10,000,000*l.* per annum to the nation; cheap postage, cheap newspapers, cheap books, and free libraries are all aiding to fit the democracy for their duties.

In 1837 80,000 letters were posted; now there are 200,000,000 posted yearly. In 1837 hospitals were in a horrid state, and no nurses of a higher type than Dickens's Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris existed. Children's hospitals there were none. Now the health of the people is cared for, as it never was before, and it may almost be said, The dumb speak, and the blind receive their sight. Mortality has been lessened; pain has been mitigated by anæsthetics; surgical operations, once perilous or impossible, are now safely performed; and hospitals abound, and before the year is out will be nobly endowed. The old man of my early recollections, crippled by gout and disease, is no longer to be seen; and men of an age advanced beyond the experience of those days are overtaken by kindly Death on the bicycle track or on the golf links.

Picture galleries have been instituted, parks and museums and gardens thrown open, and the old pharisaical sabbatarianism, which closed them on the only days when artisans and workmen could enjoy them, has been banished to a certain degree. As lately as 1845 nobody could carry a bundle, sleep, or walk in a working dress in St. James's Park; and the Royal Parks, as compared with the present time, were a howling wilderness, without a flower bed or a shrubbery. The lovely park in Battersea, the scene of modern cycling, consisted of damp market gardens, where asparagus, which was called 'Battersea grass,' was cultivated.

I am aware that 'the wind that blows upon an older head blows no longer from a happy shore,' but, looking back over the long vista of forty years, I see improvements everywhere, with few exceptions. Men's morals, and certainly their language, have improved, excessive drinking has become unfashionable and almost unknown in the society of gentlemen, cigars and cigarettes have replaced the filthy habit of taking snuff, night-caps and stuffy four-posters and sweltering feather beds have been replaced by fresh air and tubs, and electricity has snuffed out cotton-wicked candles and rid us of tinder-boxes, and may ere long rid us of gas. Everybody is clean, and it would be difficult to find a man or a woman in society who is not engaged in some good and useful work, or some endeavour to help others in the sorrows and struggles of life.

Finally, in the language of Lord Brougham, the Queen can boast that 'she found law dear, and she will leave it cheap; she found it a

sealed book, she will leave it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, and will leave it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, and will leave it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence.'

And now I have done. I know that it is for the old only to dream dreams and the young to see visions; but having dreamt my dream, I indulge for a moment in the privilege of the young; and while humbly acknowledging that there are many social problems to be solved, and that, as Machiavelli said, 'a free government, in order to maintain itself free, has need every day of some new provision in favour of liberty,' I think I see a vision of the glories to be accomplished in succeeding generations, and cherish a faith 'which is large in time, and that which shapes it to some perfect end.'

This fine old world of ours is but a child
 Yet in its go-cart—Patience give it time
 To learn its limbs—there is a hand that guides.

ALGERNON WEST.

MR. LAURIER AND MANITOBA

THE appointment by the Holy See of an Apostolic Commissioner to go to Canada, with instructions, if possible, to bring about some tolerable compromise between the representatives of the Catholic minority in Manitoba and the Government of the province, is but one of the signs which show that the problem which now for seven years has troubled the peace of the Dominion is not yet laid to rest. Mr. Laurier's Government finds itself in a singular position. The whole strength of the Catholic hierarchy of Quebec, the province in which the Catholics command a majority of over a million, was thrown into the scale in favour of the educational policy with which the Conservative party was identified; and not the less the Liberals triumphed all along the line, and in Catholic Quebec carried fifty seats out of sixty-five.

Many things combined to bring about this astonishing result. The wish to see a man of their own race and faith for the first time Prime Minister of Canada led French Canadians in troops to the poll to vote for the party led by Mr. Laurier. Then, too, Quebec is ever sensitive to any threat of encroachment by the Parliament of the Dominion upon the rights of a province. It is impossible for the Catholic province to forget that in all that concerns religion and nationality it stands alone in a sisterhood of seven. So seldom had the Federal Parliament sought to coerce a provincial Government, and was it for Catholic and isolated Quebec to encourage the exercise of a power which under other circumstances might so easily be turned against herself? Finally, and above all, Mr. Laurier, the leader they had trusted so long, had pledged himself to find a more excellent way than that of coercion by which to give back to the Catholics of Manitoba the rights of which they had been robbed. And so, in defiance of the most strenuous efforts of many of the bishops, Catholic Quebec joined hands with Protestant Ontario, and returned the Liberal party, for the first time for eighteen years, to power in Ottawa.

The first task of the new Government was to try to come to an amicable understanding with Manitoba, by which the Catholics of the province should receive back at least some of the privileges of which they had been deprived by the legislation of 1890. Unfortunately

the extreme bitterness with which the late contest had been fought made it difficult all at once to secure that perfect co-operation and understanding between the Catholic authorities and the Federal Government which in the conduct of such negotiations was so eminently desirable. Mr. Laurier, and Mr. Greenway, the Prime Minister of Manitoba, quickly came to terms; but the settlement so arrived at, although at first proclaimed as final, was not of a kind which could be accepted by the Canadian bishops or ratified by Rome. Happily there is an earnest desire on all sides to lay this troublesome question to rest—a question which has already vexed the Dominion while a whole generation of children has been growing to manhood—and it is confidently anticipated that the mediation of the Apostolic Commissioner may be the means of bringing all parties together, and, while, perhaps, abating some of the extreme demands of certain well-meaning partisans, may win for the minority in Manitoba terms in which they can honourably acquiesce.

To understand the merits of a quarrel which has stirred the religious and political passions of the people of Canada as nothing else in its whole history has done, it is necessary to examine the conditions out of which the dispute first arose. When Manitoba in 1870 passed from the position of a Crown territory, managed by the Hudson's Bay Company, into that of a province of Canada, its area, which is considerably greater than that of England and Wales, was peopled by about 12,000 persons, whites and half-breeds. In religion this population was about equally divided into Catholics and Protestants. Previous to the Union there was no State system of education. A number of elementary schools existed, but they owed their foundation entirely to voluntary effort, and were supported exclusively by private contributions, either in the form of fees paid by some of the parents or of funds supplied by the Churches. In every case these schools were conducted and managed on strictly denominational lines. When the Act of Union was passed it was sought to secure the continuance of this state of things, and to safeguard the rights of whichever Church should in the hereafter be in the minority by the following sub-sections in the 22nd section, which gave to the legislature of the province the power to make laws in relation to education :

(1) Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law or practice in the province at the Union.

(2) An appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any act or decision of the legislature of the province, or of any provincial authority, affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education.

Those two clauses of the Manitoba Act, 1870, govern the whole situation.

The attention of the new provincial legislature was at once directed to the condition of the elementary schools. The Government decided to supersede the old voluntary system by one of State-aided schools, which, however, were still to be scrupulously denominational in character. The legislature simply took the educational system as it found it and improved it by assistance from public funds. Thus it was arranged that the annual public grant for common school education was to be appropriated equally between the Protestant and the Catholic schools. Certain districts in which the population was mainly Catholic were to be considered Catholic school districts, and certain other districts where the population was mainly Protestant were to be considered Protestant school districts. The arrangement by which Catholic parents were to be held exempt from contribution to the support of Protestant schools, and *vice versâ*, may be conveniently described in the words of the Judicial Committee in Brophy's case :

In case the father or guardian of a school child was a Protestant in a Catholic district, or *vice versâ*, he might send the child to the school of the nearest district of the other section; and in case he contributed to the school the child attended a sum equal to what he would have been bound to pay if he had belonged to that district, he was exempt from payment to the school district in which he lived.

The only important amendment to this Act was passed in 1875, and provided that the legislative grant, instead of being divided between the Protestant and Catholic schools as heretofore, should in future be distributed in proportion to the number of children of school age in the Catholic and Protestant districts. Already immigration had begun to upset the balance of numbers and power, and as the years went on it became evident that the Catholics were destined to be in a permanent minority in Manitoba. This trend of immigration, which in 1875 made legislation necessary, has continued ever since; and to-day the Catholics of the province number only 20,000 out of a total population of 204,000.

No further change was made in the educational system of Manitoba until the memorable year of 1890. In that year the provincial legislature boldly broke all moorings with the past, and, abolishing the separate denominational schools, introduced a system of free compulsory and unsectarian schools, for the support of which the whole community was to be taxed. Henceforward State recognition and all public assistance were to be denied to the denominational schools; it was an educational revolution. The representatives of the minority, which thus found itself suddenly robbed of the rights which it had so carefully sought to safeguard and fence around in the Act of Union, at once took action. The simplest thing would have been to call upon the Federal Government to disallow the new legislation, as it had power to do any time within a year. But the memory of a recent conflict between Manitoba and the Parliament of Canada about a

new line which threatened the monopoly of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in which the Federal authorities had found it prudent to give way, induced Cardinal Taschereau and the Catholic hierarchy to petition the Governor-General in Council not to disallow the Act of 1890, but, in general terms, 'to afford a remedy to the pernicious legislation above mentioned, and that in the most efficacious and just way.' It would be unprofitable to discuss here whether the local conditions were such as in fact to justify the bishops in declining to ask expressly for the disallowance of the Act, and in trusting instead in a plea at large for relief. Certain it is that if the Government had taken the simple and straight course of disallowing the Act of 1890 the remedy would have been swift and effective, and Manitoba would have had no choice but to modify its legislation in a way which would have respected the privileges of the separate schools. In the event, the Prime Minister of Canada, Sir John Macdonald, decided to refer the question to the courts of justice, and a test case was begun. For the Catholics the issues were very clearly defined. Before the legislation of 1890 they had enjoyed their own separate schools, appointed their own teachers, arranged their own hours for religious instruction, and received their proportionate share of the public grant for elementary education. The Act of 1890 sent the Catholic minority into the wilderness as outcasts from the public educational system of the country; they might indeed still conduct their own schools, but these could receive no sixpence from the public purse, and the Catholic population was to be taxed for the benefit of the unsectarian schools their children could never use. To test the legality of the change, what is known as Barrett's case was begun in Winnipeg. It was carried to the Supreme Court of Canada, and the Canadian judges by a unanimous decision declared that the Act of 1890 was *ultra vires* and void. The city of Winnipeg appealed to the Privy Council, and that tribunal in July 1892 reversed the decision of the Canadian Court and affirmed that the Act was valid and binding. The Catholics had built their hopes upon the sub-section of section 22 of the Manitoba Act, 1870, which said no law passed by the provincial legislature should 'prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons has by law or *practice* in the province at the Union.' It was obvious that most of the privileges of which the minority were deprived by the Act of 1890 had been acquired by post-Union legislation, and therefore could not be covered by this clause. After 1890, as before the Union, the minority were perfectly free, if they liked, to keep up their own schools at their own cost. Setting aside the happy period between the Union and 1890, the only difference between the position of the minority subsequently to 1890 and that which they held before 1870 was this, that while before the Union they had to keep up their own schools at their own expense, after 1890 they were

liable to be taxed for the schools of other people as well. It was strongly contended that, as Catholic parents could not conscientiously permit their children to go to the unsectarian schools established by the Act of 1890, yet were subject to a compulsory rate for their support, their power of subscribing and obtaining subscriptions in support of their own denominational schools was grievously reduced, and that therefore their rights were 'prejudicially affected.' That the minority were in a worse position than before the Union could not be disputed; but the question arose whether the legislation of 1890 could be held responsible for the change. The Privy Council thought not. They admitted that the lot of the minority became harder after the legislation of 1890 than it had been before the Union, but declined to say that that was a necessary consequence. After referring to the statement that the minority had now in fact to contribute to two sets of schools, the judgment goes on:

That may be so. But what right or privilege is violated or prejudicially affected by the law? It is not the law that is in fault. It is owing to religious convictions, which everybody must respect, and to the teaching of their Church that Roman Catholics and members of the Church of England find themselves unable to partake of advantages which the law offers to all alike.

The reasoning is not very conclusive. The position of the minority had admittedly been made more difficult in 1890 than it was in 1870. In other words, it had been 'prejudicially affected'; the conscientious convictions of the minority had certainly undergone no change, and the only new factor in the situation was the legislation of 1890. Is it possible to resist the conclusion that it was the Act of 1890 by which the position of the minority was affected? It is remarkable also that the judgment goes out of its way to refute the contention that the new unsectarian schools were 'in reality Protestant schools.' But, accepting the principles upon which the judgment is based, what could it possibly have mattered if the new schools had been avowedly Protestant? Surely in that case the Privy Council would merely have had to repeat the words they had just used, and say, 'It is not the law that is in fault. It is owing to religious convictions, which everybody must respect, and to the teaching of their Church that Roman Catholics find themselves unable to partake of advantages which the law offers to all alike.' However, it is unsatisfactory work criticising the equator; the decision of the Privy Council is final; the highest tribunal in the empire has spoken—and the rest is silence.

The news that the Manitoba legislation of 1890 had been thus irrevocably declared *intra vires*, and therefore entitled to the obedience of all concerned, was received with something like consternation by the Catholics of Canada. It was a rude reversal at once of their own hopes and of the unanimous decision of the judges of the Supreme Court of the Dominion. Nevertheless in a little while they took

heart again, and resolved that, although the protecting clause in the Act of Union on which they had built all their trust had so failed them, they would see if they could get help from the other clause, which in certain contingencies gave them a right of appeal to the Governor-General in Council. The second sub-section of the 22nd section of the Manitoba Act already quoted says: 'An appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any Act or decision of the legislature of the province, or of any provincial authority, affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education.' But if the legislation of 1890 was *intra vires*, and expressly declared to be so on the ground that it had not prejudicially affected the position which the minority held at the time of the Union, how could there be an appeal from it? It is interesting, in view of the curious distinction which the Privy Council subsequently drew in Brophy's case, to note that in the petition which the Archbishop of St. Boniface and others presented to the Governor-General, praying him to listen to an appeal, they never dreamed of asking him to do so because the legislation of 1890 had deprived the minority of the rights they had enjoyed after 1870, and which they owed to the provincial Parliament. They still persisted in contending that the Act of 1890 had put them in a worse position than they held at the date of the Union. In their heart of hearts they must have felt that that issue was decided already, and that they were courting defeat. The Governor-General, however, consented to refer the question as to his jurisdiction to the courts of justice. What is known as Brophy's case was begun, and in due course was carried to the Supreme Court of Canada. The decision of that tribunal, though not unanimous, was in accord with public expectation. The majority of the judges felt that the previous judgment of the Privy Council had settled the matter beforehand. The Act of 1890 had been declared *intra vires* on the ground that it had not interfered with the rights which the minority possessed before the Union, and therefore there could be no appeal from it. Mr. Justice Taschereau put this aspect of the case very clearly when he said:

The Manitoba legislation (of 1890) is constitutional; therefore it has not affected any of the rights and privileges of the minority; therefore the minority has no appeal to the Federal authority. The Manitoba legislature had the right and power to pass that legislation; therefore any interference with that legislation by the Federal authority would be *ultra vires* and unconstitutional.

Again:

It is conclusively determined by the judgment of the Privy Council that the Manitoba legislation does not prejudicially affect any right or privilege that the Catholics had by law or practice at the Union, and if their rights and privileges are not affected there is no appeal.

Still the undaunted Archbishop of St. Boniface went on, and for a last time appealed to that Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

which two years and a half before had so spoiled and disappointed the Catholic hopes. In January 1894 the final decision in Brophy's case was read by the Lord Chancellor. For a second time the Lords of the Council upset the ruling of the Supreme Court of Canada, and treated their reasoning as irrelevant. It will be remembered that both the appellant prelates and the Canadian judges had assumed that the clause in the Manitoba Act, which conferred the right of appeal to the Governor-General, was limited to one contingency, and could be invoked only if the minority were robbed at any time of the poor and elementary rights which they had enjoyed before the Act of Union. But was the clause necessarily so limited? Could it not be used to justify an appeal from legislation which affected rights acquired after the Union? In other words, was the second sub-section of section 22 of the Manitoba Act a substantial enactment, or designed merely as a means of enforcing the provisions which preceded it? In the words of the judgment:

The question arose: Did the sub-section extend to the rights and privileges acquired by legislation subsequent to the Union? It extended in terms to 'any' right or privilege of the minority affected by any Act passed by the legislature, and would therefore seem to embrace all the rights and privileges existing at the time when such Act was passed. Their lordships saw no justification for putting a limitation on language thus unlimited. There was nothing in the surrounding circumstances or in the apparent intention of the legislature to warrant any such limitation.

Again:

Bearing in mind the circumstances which existed in 1870, it did not appear to their lordships an extravagant notion that in creating a legislature for the province with limited powers, it should have been thought expedient, in case either Catholics or Protestants became preponderant, and rights which had come into existence under different circumstances were interfered with, to give the Dominion Parliament power to legislate upon matters of education so far as to protect a Protestant or Catholic minority, as the case might be.

Adopting this view, the court proceeded to inquire whether educational rights acquired by the minority by post-Union legislation had been in fact interfered with, and then, of course, it was all plain sailing. Before the Act of 1890 the Catholics had had their own separate schools, supported at the public cost; and after it they had to pay taxes for schools they could not conscientiously use, and at the same time had to keep up their own denominational schools out of their own pockets. Clearly a case for appeal to the Governor-General in Council was amply made out. At the same time the Lords of the Judicial Committee explained that it was not for them to intimate the precise steps to be taken:

It was certainly not essential that the statutes repealed by the Act of 1890 should be re-enacted. All legitimate ground of complaint would be removed if that system were supplemented by provisions which would remove the grievance on which the appeal was founded, and were modified so far as might be necessary to give effect to these provisions.

So we must now take it that while no right enjoyed by the minority before the Union has been affected, and while by consequence the Act of 1890 was *intra vires*, the Catholics were entitled to lay their case before the Governor-General and ask for relief because rights acquired after the Union had been infringed.

Unfortunately the real significance of the second judgment has been much obscured by the utterances of certain ardent partisans of the minority, who have written with more zeal than discretion, both here and in Canada, and so with the best of intentions have injured the cause they sought to serve. By many of these it has been hotly contended that the decision in Brophy's case was equivalent to a declaration that the Catholics of Manitoba are entitled to an immediate restoration of their old privileges. Thus *La Semaine Religieuse* has repeatedly urged that the minority are entitled to State-supported Catholic schools by the terms of the constitution, and that that right is now guaranteed to them by the judgment of the Privy Council. The same language has been echoed on our side of the Atlantic, and we have recently been told that violence has been done to 'a fundamental law,' and that 'a formal treaty (the Manitoba Act), involving the honour of the Federal Government and the word of the Queen, has been torn to shreds.' The absurdity of such language is apparent, when we remember that it has been decided that the legislation of 1890 interfered with no right secured by the Act of Union. That fact by itself suffices to dispose of all talk about violations of fundamental laws, or of rights which formed part of the constitution. In fact the judgment in Brophy's case had a very limited application. It established that the Governor-General in Council had jurisdiction to listen to an appeal. Because privileges conferred by the provincial legislature had been afterwards interfered with, the minority were entitled to ask the Governor-General, if he thought well, to secure them redress. If, after hearing the appeal, the Governor-General thought a case for remedial action had been made out, he was empowered to give such directions as he thought well to the provincial Government. But the Government of the province would be within its rights in declining to comply. In that case a power would be created in the Federal Parliament to make a remedial law for the execution of the Governor-General's decree. Here, again, however, in theory the Parliament of Canada would be entitled to exercise its discretion and to refuse to take action. As a matter of practice, as the Governor-General would act only upon the advice of his responsible advisers, the Ministers of the Crown, he could rely upon a majority in favour of enforcing the course he recommended.

Much stress has been laid upon the passage in the judgment quoted above, in which the court seems to intimate an opinion as to what should be done. On this point Mr. Blake, Q.C., M.P., who acted

as counsel for the Catholics in Brophy's case before the Privy Council, in a written 'opinion' says:

But this intimation is not a declaration or decision of what the authorities were to do, a matter which was confessedly beyond the province of the Judicial Committee, and which depended on numerous considerations not before the committee, some of them non-existent at the time, and all of them involving the elements of expediency, discretion, practicability, and constitutional power never argued before the committee, and upon which they would clearly have refused to hear argument or give a decision.

Mr. Joseph Walton, Q.C., in a letter to the *Tablet*, takes exactly the same view:

The judgment in Brophy's case does not indicate, except very vaguely, what is the nature or what are the limits of the jurisdiction which the Dominion Parliament can exercise upon such an appeal. It was stated in the argument in that case that the Privy Council was not asked, and it could not properly have been asked, to make any declaration as to the extent of the relief to be granted, but only to rule that there was jurisdiction to grant 'appropriate' relief.

On this point the statement of Mr. Ewart, Q.C., in the course of his argument before the Privy Council, was perfectly explicit:

We are not asking for any declaration as to the extent of the relief to be given by the Governor-General. We merely ask that it shall be held that he has jurisdiction to hear our prayer and to grant us some relief, if he thinks proper to do so.

It may be taken, therefore, that the second judgment of the Privy Council established the right of the Governor-General to hear the appeal of the minority.

The next step in this long struggle was one of the utmost importance to the Catholic party, and gave them a moral and equitable claim upon the good offices of the Parliament of Canada of which nothing can rob them. What they had so confidently regarded as their legal and constitutional rights had been whittled down and almost interpreted away by the Lords of the Privy Council; but at least they were allowed to unfold their griefs before the Governor-General, and he had jurisdiction to hear their appeal. In other words, the dispute was referred to a new tribunal, and one which was free to consider and give effect to the true equities of the case. The Governor-General and his responsible advisers, after considering all the facts, found in favour of the Catholic minority, and at once issued a remedial Order to the Government of Manitoba, which went far beyond anything suggested in the judgment in Brophy's case. The province was called upon to repeal the legislation of 1890, so far as it interfered with the right of the Catholic minority to build and maintain their own schools, to share proportionately in any public grant for the purposes of education, and with the right of such Catholics as contributed to Catholic schools to be held exempt from all payments towards the support of any other schools. In a word,

the Governor-General and Sir Mackenzie Bowell's Administration, exercising, as it were, appellate jurisdiction, decided that the minority were entitled to all they claimed.

The Government of Manitoba, however, had hardened their hearts against the minority in the province, and refused to obey the remedial Order. Among other reasons, they alleged that the establishment of a set of Roman Catholic schools, followed by a set of Anglican schools and, possibly, Mennonite and Icelandic and other schools, would seriously impair the general efficiency, and lower the standard of education.

It is enough to point out that the remedial Order concerned the Catholic schools only. The Anglican body had indeed been represented by counsel before the Privy Council in Barrett's case, but they had no share in the appeal to the Governor-General, and he had merely ignored them when he came to make the remedial Order. If the grievances of the Anglican body were considered too unsubstantial to deserve redress, the probability that coercive measures would be taken to secure separate schools for Russian Anabaptists was sufficiently remote. The refusal of the provincial Government 'to accept the responsibility of carrying into effect the terms of the remedial Order' for the first time brought the Parliament of Canada into the field, and empowered them to pass coercive legislation. A remedial Bill was accordingly, after an inexplicable delay, brought into the Federal Parliament to enforce the remedial Order. But there was a vast and a fatal difference between the Order and the Bill which purported to force it into effect. The Order was for the complete restitution of the former rights of the minority, and foremost among those rights was the right to share proportionately in the legislative grant for education. But the Bill in this essential point was helpless. The Cabinet recognised that the Federal Parliament had no power to spend the money of the province, and so all they could do was to exempt the minority from the obligation to contribute to the support of schools other than their own. This relief, from a constitutional point of view, was of doubtful legality, and in any case would have been a sorry substitute for the rights taken away in 1890. This is apparent when we remember that the Catholics of Manitoba, who are about a tenth of the whole population, are comparatively poor, and in the cities are drawn mainly from the working classes; so that even if relieved from the general school tax they would find it very difficult to keep their schools up to the level of efficiency required of the public schools—schools which would have the legislative grant at their backs. And, of course, any failure to keep abreast with the public schools would be immediately reported and punished by hostile officials in sympathy with the Government of the province. Whether Sir Charles Tupper ever intended really to prepare this

unequal conflict for the Catholics of Manitoba—in other words, whether he ever seriously expected 'to carry the remedial Bill—it is difficult to say. The Bill bristled with legal and constitutional difficulties; it concerned the coercion of a province; it contained no less than 116 clauses; it was introduced on the 2nd of March 1896, when all Canada knew that the life of the Federal Parliament must necessarily expire on the 24th of April. Some fifteen clauses had been considered when the Government admitted, what all men saw, the impossibility of the task, and abandoned the Bill. The remedial Bill, although it practically gave them so little, was warmly supported by the Catholic leaders on the ground that it recognised and enforced the principle of the separate schools.

Whatever may be thought of the dilatoriness of the Conservative Government in bringing in this remedial legislation—the reply of Manitoba was received in June 1895, it was known that Parliament must be dissolved on the 24th of April 1896, and the Bill was brought in on the 2nd of March—it is only fair to point out that they made one most loyal effort to induce the provincial Government to grant at least a substantial measure of justice to the minority. While the fate of the remedial Bill was still undecided, Sir Donald Smith and two others were commissioned by the Federal Government to go to Winnipeg and see if by direct negotiations some sort of tolerable terms could be arranged. The fact that coercion was in the air made the task of the Commissioners more difficult than it would have been, and one or two untoward incidents, which at the time seemed to lend colour to the suspicion entertained by the province as to the good faith of the Government at Ottawa, but which now seem too trivial to record, helped to bring to nothing this really well-meant attempt to secure a mutual understanding. The terms of settlement suggested by Sir Donald Smith are worthy of notice, because they were shaped upon the lines which must characterise whatever arrangement is ultimately to give satisfaction to the claims of both parties in the province.* The essence of 'what the minority are striving for is the separate Catholic school, as opposed to the non-sectarian or mixed school. Sir Donald Smith proposed that the principle of the separate school should be admitted wherever there were a reasonable number of Catholic children—thus, wherever in towns and villages there are twenty-five Catholic children of school age, and in cities where there are fifty such children, they should have 'a school-house or school-room for their own use,' with a Catholic teacher. It is unnecessary to go into the other terms of the proposed compromise, for if that provision for separate Catholic schools wherever the number of Catholic children warranted it had been accepted, all the rest would have followed.

In the event the negotiations failed; the baffled Commissioners

returned to Ottawa, and on the 24th of April 1896 Parliament was dissolved. The Government went to the country upon the policy of the abandoned Bill. On the other hand, many of the followers of Mr. Laurier in the province of Quebec pledged themselves to see justice done to the Catholics of Manitoba, and let it be understood that they objected to the remedial Bill only because it was not likely to prove effective in the face of the combined hostility of the legislature and the municipalities of the province.

The twelve bishops of the province of Quebec issued a common pastoral letter, to the terms of which no exception could be taken, though in many quarters it was wrested into meaning a positive command to vote for the Conservatives. The bishops declared it was the conscientious duty of every Catholic elector to vote only for candidates pledged to secure for the minority in Manitoba a restitution of their rights, but entered into no details as to the precise manner in which this result should be secured, whether by arrangement with Mr. Greenway or direct legislation from Ottawa.

Individuals among the bishops, however—notably Monseigneur Lafleche and Monseigneur Labrecque—went further, and, putting the dots on the I's in their own fashion, declared that it was absolutely unlawful for Catholic electors to give a vote in favour of the Liberal party.

Such directions, of course, presuppose a conviction that the Liberals could not be trusted to act fairly towards the Catholics of Manitoba. Events proved that the Catholics of Quebec, while no doubt sympathising entirely with the object put before them by the united hierarchy of the province, declined to accept the advice of individual prelates as to the means by which it might best be attained. Catholic Quebec gave Mr. Laurier his majority at Ottawa. The Catholic province took him at his word when he boasted that he would settle in six months a question which his rivals had left as an open wound after six years.

It may be asked why the bishops of Quebec, rather than the whole hierarchy of the Dominion, took public action in this matter. Quebec is 1,550 miles from Winnipeg, and the railway which unites them passes through the dioceses of several bishops who stood silent through the election, and this though the voice of Ontario was just as potent as that of Quebec for the ultimate solution of the difficulty. The more active attitude of the bishops of Quebec may be attributed partly to the fact that politically they are far more powerful than their colleagues in the Protestant provinces, and still more to the circumstance that Quebec is allied not only in faith but in race to the Catholic minority in Manitoba.

When the Liberal party for the first time for eighteen years found itself in power at Ottawa, Mr. Laurier at once opened negotiations

with Manitoba. The result was a settlement which, although it might work well in particular districts, could not be accepted as satisfactory by the Catholic authorities. It arranged that where in towns and cities the average attendance of Catholic children was forty or upwards, and in villages and rural districts the average attendance of such children was twenty-five or upwards, one Catholic teacher should be employed. There were various other provisions, but that was the central concession. In two respects this plan differs for the worse from the compromise suggested by Sir Donald Smith. 'Children in average attendance' is substituted for 'children resident in the district;' and, what is of more importance, 'a Catholic teacher' is substituted for that far more comprehensive thing, 'a school-house or school-room of their own.' It has been maintained in perfect good faith by some supporters of Mr. Laurier's Government that, owing to the way in which the Catholics in Manitoba are collected in particular districts, a Catholic teacher is really the only thing required to secure a genuine Catholic school. It is urged that a school attended almost exclusively by Catholic children, controlled by Catholic trustees and taught by a Catholic teacher, is practically a Catholic school. But though such a system might work well locally, accidentally, and temporarily, it is open to the fatal objection that it accepts the principle of 'the mixed school' which has so often been condemned by the Holy See. Besides, in a large school the presence of one Catholic teacher among several certainly would not constitute what is meant by a Catholic school. It must then be taken that the bishops are right in refusing to sanction the arrangement Mr. Laurier has made. Happily that is not the final word. Leo the Thirteenth, recognising the difficulties which beset Mr. Laurier's path, mindful, perhaps, also that it is not always easy immediately to resume friendly conference with those who have just done their best to defeat you, has sent to Canada an Apostolic Commissioner who may at once unite all the Catholics of the Dominion in the common cause, and then formulate their demands in the way most likely to win acceptance both at Ottawa and Winnipeg. Nor is the moment ill chosen. Indeed, everything seems to promise success to Mgr. Merry del Val in his blessed work as the peace-maker. In regard to the contumacious province, Mr. Laurier, as a Liberal who has strenuously opposed coercion, is necessarily, a *persona grata*. Mr. Greenway and his friends will not be anxious to imperil in his place at the head of the Federal Government the man who keeps out the party identified in the past with the policy of the remedial Bill. On his side Mr. Laurier must be, and is, most anxious to fulfil the hopes he willingly excited, and to help his followers to redeem the pledges they solemnly gave. It is no secret that the Prime Minister of Canada will be the first to welcome the coming of the Apostolic Commissioner and the

intervention of the reconciling hand of Rome. Even if that were otherwise, the governing factor of the situation is the knowledge of all men that the fate of the Federal Administration is absolutely in the hands of the Catholic electors of Quebec. Apart from the Catholic province, the electors of the Dominion at the recent election were almost equally divided, and Quebec, with its fifty Liberals and fifteen Conservatives, gives Mr. Laurier his majority at Ottawa. And let it be remembered that Quebec is asking for the Catholic minority in Manitoba only what she already gives to the Protestant minority within her own borders—a proportionate share in the public moneys devoted to education.

Mgr. Merry-del Val, then, goes out under the happiest auspices. Young and high-born, and accustomed to diplomacy, and speaking both English and French with an absolute fluency, he has shared, as no man alive has, in the daily companionship and sacred intimacy of the private life of the Sovereign Pontiff. Pope Leo could have given no stronger proof of the high importance he attaches to this mission than by the choice of the envoy he has chosen. It is not difficult to predict success when all the elements of it are assured; and it must be the earnest hope of every lover of Canada that when in June Mr. Laurier comes to stand by the steps of the throne, he may bring with him a message of peace from all the Dominion.

J. G. SNEAD COX.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above lines were written a step has been taken which does not make for peace. The 'settlement' provisionally arranged between Mr. Laurier and Mr. Greenway quite failed to satisfy the minority, and has been absolutely repudiated by the Catholic authorities. Mr. Laurier, accordingly, will take no further steps with regard to it, and, on the contrary, has since made himself a party to the request sent to the Holy See for an Apostolic Delegate, through whom other terms may be negotiated. Not the less the legislature of Manitoba has hastened to ratify this 'settlement' which settles nothing, and to give it the force of law. A Bill to that effect was passed on the 18th of March, almost unanimously. The apparent object of this step, which is just a move in the political game, is to strengthen the hands of Mr. Greenway, by enabling him to confront the Apostolic Delegate with a *fait accompli*. It is an ugly indication of the temper of Manitoba, but otherwise is not important. If this question had rested only with the local authorities it would have been settled against the minority any time these seven years. But the final word will be spoken not in Winnipeg but in Ottawa, and not by the legislature of the province but by the Parliament of Canada. Both the great political parties in the Dominion are now pledged to secure for the minority in Manitoba a

restitution of their educational rights. And assuredly, in the present condition of political parties in Canada, the men who have summoned Mgr. Merry del Val across the Atlantic, have burned their boats behind them. For if, after all, he fail, his failure at least will achieve one thing—he will leave behind him a united Catholic province; and Quebec to-day holds the scales at Ottawa.

J. G. S. C.

*'THE INTEGRITY OF THE OTTOMAN
EMPIRE' AS A DIPLOMATIC FORMULA*

I

LORD SALISBURY'S admirers, and they are to be found in both parties, have long been constrained to admit that, with all his great qualities, he suffers from one curious infirmity. It has pursued him from the very beginning of his distinguished public career, and it will apparently cling to him to his latest day. It is the infirmity which, nearly thirty years ago, was described by Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons with that biting sarcasm which he loved to employ against friends as well as foes. Stated in less severe language than Mr. Disraeli's, Lord Salisbury's weakness may be described as his habit of using rash and dangerous phrases. Its latest illustration was found in his astounding reply to Lord Kimberley two weeks ago, when he referred him to the statement of M. Hanotaux in the French Chamber as containing an exposition of the policy of Her Majesty's Government. It is very probable that when Lord Salisbury gave this unprecedented answer to a question addressed to him by his predecessor in the office of Foreign Secretary, he had not even read the full text of the speeches in the French Chamber, and based himself upon nothing more than the telegraphic summaries in the English newspapers. But even these summaries should have put Lord Salisbury on his guard against the indiscretion into which he fell. The principal statement which was made by M. Hanotaux and M. Méline was that the policy of France 'rested upon the integrity of the Ottoman Empire;' and it was to this statement that Lord Salisbury committed himself by his answer to Lord Kimberley.

It is not surprising that many Liberals, including Lord Kimberley himself, should have been stirred by amazement and indignation when they received this explicit declaration as to the character of the policy of their country in Eastern Europe. A reference to 'the integrity of the Ottoman Empire' ought not in itself to have disturbed Lord Kimberley, or any other man acquainted with the history of the Eastern question; for, as I desire to show in these pages, 'the integrity of the Ottoman Empire' is a phrase which has borne many different

meanings, and which may fairly be used by an English statesman without giving just cause of offence to anybody. But it is one thing to use this phrase in the sense in which it is now-a-days employed by most diplomatists, and quite another thing to refer to it as the principle upon which British policy rests, the very foundation-stone, as it were, of that policy, and of our duties and purposes in the East. British policy, in the belief of the great majority of the people of these islands, ought to rest, and does rest at this moment, upon the maintenance and advancement of human freedom throughout Europe; and, as everybody recognises the fact that the rule of the Sultan of Turkey is a standing menace to all freedom, it is difficult to reconcile Lord Salisbury's acceptance of the statement of the French Ministers with the popular conception of our national policy. ●

But did the Prime Minister really intend to convey the meaning which Lord Kimberley has read into his words, and is the phrase upon which the latter fastened, thoughtless and ill advised though it undoubtedly was, as mischievous as many of Lord Salisbury's critics profess to believe?

To both these questions the answer ought, I think, to be in the negative. No mistake can be greater than that which we shall make if we try to strain the language of the Prime Minister in order to find in it some excuse for fault-finding. Men are naturally of course prone to put the less rather than the more favourable interpretation upon the public utterances of their political opponents. But the temptation to do this is one that we are bound to resist with all our strength at moments like the present, when the Prime Minister stands not for a party only, but for the nation as a whole, and when he has it in his power, no matter what may be the wishes of his opponents, to commit the country to engagements of the most serious and, it may be, of the most disastrous kind. At such times the duty of a patriotic Opposition is not to imagine causes of offence on the part of the Prime Minister, but to make quite sure that real cause of offence exists before offence is taken. To some Liberals at all events (who are not less truly Liberals because they have not been able to join in the movement of 'the Forward Party' and similar bodies) it seems that this sound doctrine has been forgotten by many of their friends during the present crisis. Lord Salisbury has been accused of following a 'dishonouring policy,' when no proof that he has done so has been forthcoming; and the Government has been severely censured for its acts when we are still without any clear information respecting the nature of those acts. This, surely, is inconsistent alike with patriotism, common sense, and fair play. If Lord Salisbury really meant all that some persons assume by his references to 'the integrity of the Ottoman Empire,' it will no doubt be impossible to deny that the censures which have been heaped upon him by many Liberals are well deserved. But I contend that a

reference to the facts and to the best authorities must suffice to show that when the English Government uses this phrase, it does so in a sense which is far from justifying the angry protests that have been raised in many of our Liberal newspapers, and on all our Liberal platforms.

The first and greatest of the authorities who can be cited to dispose of the allegation that 'the integrity of the Ottoman Empire' means the maintenance of the rule of the Sultan wherever that integrity is respected, is Mr. Gladstone. Good service has been done in the present crisis by the untiring pertinacity with which the *Daily News* has presented its readers with copious extracts from the utterances of Mr. Gladstone in former years on the subject of the Concert of Europe and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Some of my fellow-Liberals must have been more than a little surprised when they found that the leader whom they revere so justly had ten years or twenty years ago used language so absolutely opposed to that which is now adopted as the shibboleth of the ardent spirits who have been leading the present agitation in favour of the Greeks. But even ten years is a space of time sufficient to justify a man in changing his opinions on many questions; and considering that ten years ago Mr. Gladstone was the Minister who used towards Greece the very measures of coercion against which he now declaims so eloquently, it may be unwise to trust in the present crisis to his utterances of 1886 on the subject of the integrity of Turkey. It will be simpler and more satisfactory to cite his declarations in the letter to the Duke of Westminster which deals with the existing crisis and is dated so recently as the 13th of March, 1897. Deploring the fact that what he calls 'the rent and ragged catchword of "the integrity of the Ottoman Empire"' should still be flaunted before our eyes, he proceeds:

Has it, then, a meaning? Yes, and it had a different meaning in almost every decade of the century now expiring. In the first quarter of that century it meant that Turkey, though her system was poisoned and effete, still occupied in right of actual sovereignty the whole south-eastern corner of Europe, appointed by the Almighty to be one of its choicest portions. In 1830 it meant that this baleful sovereignty had been abridged by the excision of Greece from Turkish territory. In 1860 it meant that the Danubian Principalities, now forming the kingdom of Roumania, had obtained an emancipation virtually (as it is now formally) complete. In 1878 it meant that Bosnia, with Herzegovina, had bid farewell to all active concern with Turkey, that Serbia was enlarged, and that Northern Bulgaria was free. In 1880 it meant that Montenegro had crowned its glorious battle of four hundred years by achieving the acknowledgment of its independence and obtaining a great accession of territory, and that Thessaly was added to free Greece. In 1886 it meant that Southern Bulgaria had been permitted to associate itself with its northern sisters. What is the upshot of all this? That eighteen millions of human beings, who a century ago, peopling a large part of the Turkish Empire, were subject to its at once paralysing and degrading yoke, are now as free from it as if they were inhabitants of these islands, and that Greece, Roumania, Serbia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria stand before us as five living witnesses that, even in this world, the reign of wrong is not eternal.

And all these triumphs for the great cause of freedom have been won under cover of the phrase 'the integrity of the Ottoman Empire!' Surely it is made clear, upon no less an authority than that of Mr. Gladstone, that the use of this phrase does not by any means imply that the hateful rule of the Sultan is to be maintained along with the 'integrity' of his Empire. But Mr. Gladstone might have gone further if he had been pleased to do so. In October 1881 I myself heard the herald in the porch of the palace of the Bey of Tunis proclaiming the fact that Tunis was and would for ever remain a portion of the Ottoman Empire. Yet at that very moment a French army was occupying Tunis, and the Bey was no better than a prisoner in the hands of M. Rôustan. Tunis, as everybody knows, is now virtually a French province; yet it is quite possible that the old proclamation is still made at sunset from the marble steps of the palace, and that the faithful still believe that they are in some mysterious fashion connected with the Caliph. 'The integrity of the Ottoman Empire' has not prevented Cyprus from being administered by officials of the British Crown, and did not enable the Sultan to carry out his intrigues against British supremacy at Cairo. In short, the fact remains beyond dispute that, whilst this phrase has been in the mouths of European statesmen and diplomatists during many decades, the work of reducing the power of the Sultan and the geographical extent of his rule—'consolidating' that rule it was called by the ingenious Lord Beaconsfield—has gone on almost without intermission, and certainly without any hindrance whatever from the employment of this formula.

It would be easy to cite in support of Mr. Gladstone's authority, and of the facts mentioned above, innumerable passages from the writings and speeches of eminent members of both political parties, living and dead, to show that the adoption of this phrase does *not* mean that the man using it thinks of bolstering up the blood-stained rule of the Sultan, or has in his mind any intention, however remote, of keeping within the power of that tyrant a single human being who is able to escape from it. But, after all, Mr. Gladstone is most deservedly the one supreme authority on this question, and his description of the practical effect of the phrase 'the integrity of the Ottoman Empire' ought to be conclusive. It ought certainly to prevent such a misconception of the use of the words by Lord Salisbury as that which unhappily seems to prevail at present in the minds of many of my fellow-Liberals.

'The integrity of the Ottoman Empire' is, I take it, a formula which is accepted by the diplomatic world as a convenient fiction under cover of which deeds may be done that would hardly be possible if it were to be dispensed with. In itself it means no more than is meant by the Norman-French phrase, familiar to frequenters of the House of Lords, which converts Acts of Parliament into the law of the Realm, and which does so avowedly because 'the Queen wills it.'

We do not live under an autocratic Government because this very autocratic phrase must be used before the decisions of Parliament can become law; and when men talk about the 'integrity of the Ottoman Empire' they do not, by doing so, commit themselves to the maintenance of the Sultan's rule.

But why use a formula which means nothing, and which is therefore calculated to mislead? I imagine that the answer to this question is that when the Great Powers use it they seek to convey to each other their resolve not to enter upon a sudden scramble for the spoils of the Turkish Empire in which each will consider nothing beyond his own selfish interests. It is intended, in other words, to attest the existence of a self-denying ordinance. We have seen how much has been done to reduce the Sultan's Empire in the past under cover of this phrase; and there is no reason why the phrase should not remain until that Empire itself has vanished from the sight of men. But if it does remain, it will mean that the final destruction of this colossal iniquity has been accomplished under the sanction of European law, and with the aid of that Concert of the Great Powers to which Mr. Gladstone alludes as 'an instrument indescribably valuable where it can be made available for purposes of good.' The petty formula which is despised by some, and to which others attach a grotesquely exaggerated significance, is after all the slender tie that holds together the Concert of Europe, and prevents, or at least delays, the dreaded struggle, not among the rightful heirs of the sick man, but among his jealous and covetous neighbours, for his inheritance. This being the case, it is surely a mistake to aggravate the suspicions with which this country is constantly regarded by her Continental rivals, by allowing the latter to suppose that we are trying to shake ourselves loose from the slight verbal restraint which diplomacy has imposed upon the selfish ambitions of the Great Powers. We shall not be less free to hate the blood-stained tyranny of the Sultan, and to put forth every effort to save his victims, whether they are to be found in Crete or in Asia Minor, if we abide by this particular fragment of diplomacy, than we should be if we were to cast it aside, and in doing so were to convert the sullen suspicions of our rivals into open hostility.

WEMYSS REID.

II

It is not often that a public question arises on which there is so much need for the exercise of self-restraint as that with which we are at present confronted in the East. Our sentiment all points in one direction, but no sooner do we allow it to shape our policy than reason suggests practical difficulties which compel us to pause and

reconsider our decision. Besides this, the incidents of the hour, especially as they are presented to us in the public press, increase the excitement, and probably cause us to vacillate in our own judgment. In the midst of the hurly-burly produced by the highly coloured rumours transmitted by correspondents who are probably themselves partisans, and who, under the influence of prejudice, often create impressions very far removed from the truth, and, to say the least, not diminished by the comments of rival editors or the heated and unsatisfactory discussions in Parliament, it is not easy for level-headed men to maintain a perfectly reasonable attitude.

Yet there seldom has been a crisis at which this was more necessary. It is appalling to think of the consequences which might result from one false step on either side. The tendency is to look too exclusively at the possibilities of some unguarded word or deed lighting the flames of war and involving all the peoples of Europe in untold misery. This danger cannot easily be exaggerated, but it would be folly to allow it to blind us to the peril, which is probably more remote, but certainly ought not to be left out of account, of purchasing present immunity at the cost of even more widespread and even more terrible evil in the future.

The Turkish Power is a curse to humanity which must sooner or later be removed. If it be possible, it must surely be much wiser, in view especially of the many vexed and thorny questions which must be raised by its overthrow, to bring that removal about by a process of sapping and mining rather than by a direct and violent attack. But in the adoption of this indirect method there is need for constant watchfulness and care, lest something be done which may serve to strengthen the system whose ultimate destruction is demanded in the interests of humanity and progress.

It is reassuring to think that the responsible leaders of political parties in this country are agreed as to the true objective of British policy. Lord Salisbury's not very dignified but extremely satisfactory confession that he had put his money on the wrong horse has done very much to clear the ground. He may make mistakes in his method; but there can be little doubt now that he is as sensible of the impossibility of maintaining the effete despotism at Constantinople and of the folly of Great Britain making any effort with that view as, say, Mr. George Russell himself. How far he carries his entire party with him may be doubtful, but, at all events, there is no reasonable ground for uncertainty as to his actual position on this question. It is not to be denied, however, that in some quarters there is considerable doubt, and it must be added that some of his own subordinates, especially his Under-Secretary, are mainly to thank for it. It is unfortunate that at a time like this Mr. Curzon should be the representative of the Foreign Office in the House of Commons. He is clever, some think extremely clever, and his clever-

ness is his snare. A conciliatory deportment is peculiarly necessary under the conditions, but it often seems as though his chief desire was to make all his questioners understand the impertinence of their conduct in seeking to pry into things too high for them. Possibly he suffers, like some of his colleagues, from the intoxication of power. With the great majority behind him, he fancies that he can afford to despise the party opposed to him. He can evade a question and he can snub the questioner, but he is unwilling to give a straightforward answer, which would in many cases remove all difficulties. Of course this is partly the result of the inconvenient arrangement by which the responsible Minister has no opportunity of meeting the responsible branch of the Legislature. Lord Salisbury has certainly suffered from it. Sometimes the Ministry have seemed to speak with two voices even on the same day, and more frequently there has been an appearance of mystery which, in its turn, has engendered suspicion.

Nor has Lord Salisbury himself been free from blame in this matter. Among the 'blazing indiscretions' with which he may be reproached, his criticism on Lord Kimberley's speech at Norwich must hold a conspicuous place. I have no desire to undertake the defence of the strong utterances of the Liberal leaders at the recent gatherings of the Federation, for any verdict upon them would need to be qualified, and to be preceded by a more lengthened examination than is possible in the space or time at my command. But, regarding them with tolerable impartiality (for, though a Liberal, I do not profess to be a follower of Sir William Harcourt), I cannot see why these speeches should have awakened such indignation in the Ministerial leaders in both Houses. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour alike showed that some arrow had pierced their armour. But it was unfortunate, in the very last degree, that anything should have been done to accentuate the difference between the two classes of statesmen, and to throw the subject into the cauldron of party strife.

Mr. Gladstone in that remarkable Letter to the Duke of Westminster which shows, as has seldom been shown before, how possible it is so to combine the mellowness of age with the fervid enthusiasm of youth as to develop more of the power of each, says that 'to infuse into this discussion the spirit or the language of party would be to give a cover and apology to every sluggish and unmanly mind for refusing to offer its tribute to the common cause.' It is the very opposite course to that which is here suggested that Lord Salisbury pursued when he brought a speech which had been made out of doors into the House of Lords, and arraigned the speaker at the tribunal of that august assembly. There was surely nothing in it which called for such hasty criticism or justified such imperious denunciation. Of course, an Opposition will oppose, and it is pretty certain that its leaders will look at the Ministerial policy from an en-

tirely different standpoint from that of the Ministers themselves. But surely there is room for independent criticism even from statesmen who have a certain measure of responsibility both to their own country and to Europe. If it was rash or foolish, above all if it was unpatriotic, so much the worse for the critics themselves. Indeed, the less convincing it was, the more safe was the Prime Minister to leave it absolutely unnoticed. Under any conditions it was impossible that it could have any practical result. Mr. Balfour challenged his opponents to bring forth a Vote of Censure, but a Vote of Censure on a Government for its foreign policy would be a measure so extreme and perilous that no patriotic statesman would venture upon it except under circumstances so critical as to make it imperative. Of course any Minister is responsible for his foreign policy, and if its results be disastrous in themselves or be contrary to the will of the nation, he must be prepared to pay the penalty.

But the objects at which Lord Salisbury aims at present are approved by the great majority of the Liberal party. The question between them is really whether the methods he is adopting are calculated to secure the object he has in view. There may be those (I believe they are few) who would be prepared to make a dash in order to reward Greece and to secure the liberties of Crete by handing the island over to the Government at Athens. But the great mass of opinion on the Liberal side would be content with a settlement which emancipated Crete from Turkish despotism, and left the question of the annexation to Greece to be determined by the course of events. If they have been uneasy as to the conduct of affairs, this has been due to a fear lest the Anti-Hellenic, if not positively Philo-Turkish, sympathies might be allowed to have too much play in the counsels of the Ministry. But while this might necessarily provoke criticism, it was far too slight a basis on which to ground a vote of censure. It is extremely doubtful whether the idea of making such a proposal has ever been entertained, and it is hardly wise policy on the part of the Ministry to turn the question into the battlefield of party by throwing out a challenge on their side.

But this was unquestionably the effect of Mr. Balfour's taunts, and of Lord Salisbury's reply to Lord Kimberley. Passing over all its other points, the attack on the latter for his protest against the integrity of the Turkish Empire being made the basis of our foreign policy exaggerated the significance of that declaration: 'A graver statement could not have been made, and I repeat that it should have been made in some more formal manner, and with some fuller reasons.' But what is the offence that has so provoked the ire of the Prime Minister? It is not easy to discover, for when Lord Kimberley's view is compared with his there is no such grave difference as the sternness of the rebuke suggests. 'I do not,' says Lord Salisbury, 'by any means hold to the doctrine.

that the integrity of the Turkish Empire will not be modified.' What is the view of Lord Kimberley on the opposite side? 'I say there is nothing in the treaty or in the present situation of the world which should preclude anyone in my position from announcing, as I did announce and as I wish to announce and to repeat, that I believe it is for the interest of this country and it is for the interest of European peace that we should be disconnected for ever from regarding the integrity of the Turkish Empire as the basis of British policy.'

There is no doubt a distinct difference in these two statements, but it is to be found rather in the spirit which underlies them than in the statements themselves. The two statesmen would probably differ little in practical policy, opposed though they may seem to be on the definition of their own guiding principle. But even that may be greater in appearance than in fact, and is due largely to the elasticity of the phrase 'integrity of the Turkish Empire.' If it were to be strictly interpreted, it would be absurd to talk of giving autonomy for Crete, while still holding fast by the idea it expresses. But if it be only the maintenance of a suzerainty, such as we are supposed to have over the Transvaal Republic, it assumes a very different aspect.

'It shows,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'an amazing courage or an amazing infatuation that, after a mass of experience, alike deplorable and conclusive, the rent and ragged catchword of "the integrity of the Ottoman Empire" should still be flaunted in our eyes. Has it, then, a meaning? Yes, and it had a different meaning in almost every decade of the century now expiring.'

If the phrase be understood thus and the qualification which it introduces into the declaration of the autonomy of Crete mean nothing more than in the case of the other great provinces which are really independent, or, as in the case specially mentioned by Mr. Gladstone, of Cyprus, even the strongest Liberal may be satisfied with such an arrangement. It is a curious use of language if province after province can be practically set free and those who help to effect the severance still pose as defenders of the integrity of the Turkish Empire. This diplomatic language certainly has no great attraction for strong and honest minds. But if it tide us over difficulties we may well bear with it.

On one point, however, even the most moderate Liberals may well be prepared to insist. We have exercised a good deal of confidence in Lord Salisbury, and personally I am prepared to give him full credit for righteous purpose in his statesmanship. The biting sarcasm of which he is a master, and in which he still occasionally indulges, and the singularly unwise taunts upon the Greeks in his recent speech frequently lay him open to suspicions which, if not altogether undeserved, may be greatly exaggerated. But I believe he works for peace, and to a large extent for that

righteousness which is an essential condition of an enduring peace. Nevertheless, we may reasonably desire that if the European Concert is to exist, our representative were of a less compliant temper. About one point in particular there ought to be no mistake. The nation feels much more deeply than the dwellers in the political circles of London understand an intense sympathy with Greece. It is not confined to one political or ecclesiastical party, to any church or any class, and it certainly cannot safely be defied. How far it may be possible for the Government to overcome the prejudice already created by their joining in the blockade, it is not easy to say. But assuredly the idea of coercing Greece will arouse a storm of indignation which will not easily be appeased. It is idle to tell the people that the European Concert must be maintained at all costs. There is a cost at which the nation will not allow it to be maintained. We as Liberals have a special interest in the maintenance of peace, though I for one do not believe that the perpetuation of the European Concert is either an essential or the best condition of the attainment of that end. But whatever be the result, Great Britain cannot submit to be the tool of the despots of the Continent. We are content to wait for the gradual development of a Cretan policy. But we are not satisfied that in the meantime Greece should be humiliated and that we should be made the chief instruments in that humiliation.

I end as I began, by urging the supreme importance of well-considered action on the part of all the friends of Greece. This is an occasion when hasty or intemperate speech may work great mischief not easily repaired. It is necessary that the opinion of the country have free and full expression, and the force of our Minister will be immensely increased if it is felt that the nation is not only behind him, but that a large section of it is impatient of the concessions he thinks it wise to make. But Lord Salisbury has pledged himself to the liberation of Crete, and with this those who, like myself, look forward not only to the union of the island with Greece, but to the final overthrow of Turkish despotism, may well for the present be content. It would be folly for those who know nothing of the internal workings of the Concert to mark out a line of policy. All that we have to do, for the present, is to insist that the end be secured. If there be a failure on that point assuredly the waywardness of the ruling Powers in the Concert will not be accepted as sufficient apology and excuse.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.

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THE POWERS AND THE EAST IN THE
LIGHT OF THE WAR

WHAT was bound to happen has in fact happened. The limited liability war, the raids of the so-called free-lances of the Greek and foreign bands, have brought up the official national war. Edhem Pasha, tired of suffering the assaults of the *Ethniké Hetairia*, has at last given the word of command and begun the fray. He has brilliantly put into execution a design well ripened and sagaciously conceived. He has displayed, as commander-in-chief, strategical qualities of the first order. His soldiers have exhibited, on their part, not only that rather passive gallantry which is the natural product of fatalism and which has been willingly granted to the Turk behind earthworks or trenches, but also the most active and *offensive* bravery. The struggle, begun by artillery cleverly put to use, has been decided at the point of the bayonet. After bloody and obstinate fighting for four days, the pass of Maluna fell into the power of the Turks. From this high tableland, which commands the fertile plains of Thessaly, that granary of ancient and modern Greece, just as the Alps command the fields of Lombardy, Edhem was able to launch his soldiers on the lowlands with the accompaniment of the same proclamation as Napoleon Bonaparte issued to his ragged heroes.

Meanwhile the diversions tried in the east, between the slopes of the Olympus and the sea, and in the west—on the pass of Reveni—have not produced the expected results, in spite of the bravery of the Greeks and of their first successes. The movements begun further off

seem rather to dissipate and scatter the action than to be troublesome to the Turks. Prevesa has been shelled by a squadron with perhaps more noise than mischief. Colonel Manos does not find the way to Janina opened by those multifarious insurrections—the trust, not only of the secret societies, but of sober statesmen in Athens. As for the fleet, to the creation of which Greece has offered so many sacrifices—including the sacrifice of the solvency of her Treasury—in it are centred the best hopes of the nation. Athenians, now as before Salamina, are tempted to confide in their wooden walls. They flatter themselves to have over the Turkish squadron—which lay so long a time rotting in the Golden Horn, the departure of which was so theatrical and so carefully prepared a stroke, and which Admiral von Hofe Pasha does not care to command, because he does not know at all if the ships, or how many of them, are sea-going—just the same superiority as Athens had over Sparta at the beginning of the Peloponnesian War, before that naval battle of Rhion, so well narrated by Thucydides, and so amply commented on by Grote. However, there are many illusions. Greek patriots see everywhere in fancy Greek ships sailing mysteriously under sealed orders, going with destructive artillery fire to every port of Turkey, ubiquitous and all-powerful.

All this does not much change the military situation. Notwithstanding official telegrams and bulletins of victory, the first week of the war has more than realised the gloomy predictions of impartial men. Greece is not strong enough by far to accomplish what she has rashly undertaken. Larissa is practically in the hands of Edhem Pasha. And then? A rally may be tried at Pharsala; a desperate resistance may once more be made at the Thermopyles. But where is, in the name of all that is reasonable, the guarantee that things shall take there a better turn? Truth to say, if between Edhem and Athens there was no other defence than the army of the Diadochos or the strongholds of the country, Athens would be in a trice a devoted prey for the Turk.

But there is something other. Though the Powers have taken up the strangest attitude of aloofness and pretended indifference, since they met with the obstinate disobedience of small Greece, it is impossible to believe their inertness has no bounds. They have solemnly notified to the two would-be belligerents that the aggressor would be treated as responsible for the consequences of the war, and that he would not be allowed to reap the smallest gain from an eventual victory. This decree of the European Areopagus, of the six Great Powers who have claimed the right to act as the supreme tribunal in international matters, does not, I apprehend, exhaust the whole possibilities of the case. It defines beforehand the action of the Western diplomacy in the eventuality of a victory obtained before Europe has been able or willing to interfere. It tells Greece that her hopes, even in case of a triumph, are doomed to disap-

pointment, while another and a more strict law forbids Turkey, in the name of the conscience of mankind, to reconquer or to put back under the shadow of the Crescent any part of God's earth which has been liberated and which has taken back its place in Christendom.

To my mind, there is no great interest in the discussion raging about the question of the priority in the declaration of war. In the first place, Turkey is quite sure, in any case, to be out of court when it shall come to the distribution of spoils. In the second place, Greece, who cannot obscure by special pleadings and technical subtleties the true facts of the case, knows perfectly well that, even in the improbable event of a victory, Europe will not stultify herself by giving to her unruly charge the benefits of the bloody game. However, this legitimate and necessary warning does not sufficiently illuminate the policy of the Powers.

Here I must try to speak my mind, even if by so doing I displease some of my readers or scandalise some others. It seems to me that just now we have absolutely no reason to be proud of our quality as Europeans or as members of the Concert of Western nations.

Those of us who have the most strongly silenced either their natural feelings of sympathy for Hellenism and its legitimate aspirations, or their natural forebodings of ill to come, in order to give, according to the measure of their power, their support to the policy of the European federation, of *peace in the West and freedom in the East*, of the Cretan autonomy and the strict subordination of everything to the prevention of war, are the most entitled to express their wonder, their resentment, and even their anger at the miscarriage of this policy and at the cynical coolness of the Powers. What!—we are told two things, they are incessantly dinning in our ears, we accept them *bona fide*, and we take them for the basis of all our thoughts, words, judgments, and acts: first, that the preservation of peace in the East is the supreme interest and the primary obligation of everybody, including the subjects of the Sultan and their brothers of the neighbouring States; secondly, that the postulate of all peaceful and acceptable solutions of the Eastern problem is the high supervision, the control of the Great Powers, to the absolute exclusion of the immediately interested quarters.

And then, when war breaks out and when the pretenders to the succession of the sick man begin to solve by brute force and without the participation of the European Areopagus this same Eastern problem, we are calmly told that war does not matter just now, that it is better to let things unroll themselves, and that after all there will always be time enough for their High Mightinesses to interfere and to say their word in the final award!

In all seriousness, who is here the intended dupe? Where is the devoted gull, the artless, weak-minded *Ignoramus*, who is able to swallow and to digest such wholesale lies and to forgive such monstrous

contradictions? The European Concert has not ceased to picture the war as the most dreadful spectre, as the one unforgivable sin and crime, as the source of every ill the flesh is heir to. And here comes Count Muravieff, with a smile on his lips, with a new circular in his hands, and chiefly careful to take precautions, not against the undue lengthening of the war, but against this fearful danger of the offer of a mediation, by one or two Powers instead of the whole *sacro-sanct* body of the Concert, and spontaneously instead of waiting for a regular request!

I dare say diplomacy will discuss conscientiously this proposal, will peck holes in such and such a phrase or a word, will end by giving its assent and by rubbing its hands with glee as if the whole duty of statesmen were to observe forms, to follow precedents, and to shun any contact with the brutal realities of life and history. During that time Greeks and Turks will continue to struggle; the fanaticism of the Islam will be powerfully stirred up by victories and even more by defeats; the subject races and even the neighbour States will want more and more to come into the infernal round; in short, all the perils so strongly depicted in advance by diplomats when they wished to prevent war will come to pass.

That this is not a fancy picture is sufficiently witnessed to by the new attitude taken by Bulgaria. If it was universally felt that the key to the maintenance of peace was in the dispositions and the state of mind of the Slavonic States of the Balkan Peninsula, it was also seriously hoped that just at present the powerful influence exercised at Sofia, Cettigne, and Belgrade by Russia was acting for peaceful projects. It was rumoured that a kind of new *triple alliance* on a smaller scale had been framed between Prince Ferdinand, King Alexander and Prince Nicholas under the high wardship of Tsar Nicolas, and that the new system was an element of stability in the Eastern Hemisphere. In fact, there are many reasons for the indisposition of the south Slavs to make the little game of Panhellenism in Macedonia or elsewhere, and to hasten the opening of the succession of the sick man. I am very far from believing or stating that Bulgaria does not remain on this ground and has really veered round to a kind of underhand co-operation with Greece.

However, it is certain that the representative of the principality in Constantinople had received orders to present a kind of *ultimatum* and to threaten with the mobilisation of the army, and even with the proclamation of the independence and the erection into a kingdom, if the Sultan did not at once send out the *berats* for the five new bishoprics in Macedonia. Serbia, too, has an ecclesiastical grievance, and asks for the restoration of the ancient and autonomous Patriarchate of Ipek. I do not insist upon these facts. I have only taken them as witnesses to the innumerable dangers of all and every kind lurking in the prolongation of the present crisis.

The Powers ought to take to heart such lurid warnings. But that is not all. It is not even the most important consequence of the unexplained and inexplicable attack of paralysis which has seized the European Concert for some weeks past. If among the Powers there are some who pursue really, under the cover of a simultaneous action and a decorous mutual consultation, peculiar and egoistical ends; if some among them expect to find their interest either in pushing Turkey in the path of obstinacy or in hindering a prompt and efficient mediation, they may be left to their own conscience and to that nemesis of human affairs which generally manages to chastise breaches of faith and other sins against the light. But if, as I believe with my whole heart, there are, too, Powers, liberal Powers, sincerely attached to the cause of freedom and progress and justice in mankind, penetrated with the conviction that the only way to prevent a formidable war and to preserve to the world the inestimable good of peace is to maintain and to consolidate that new international being, the European Concert; if they have made painful sacrifices to this end, specially in relation with their peculiar and hereditary traditions of policy in the East, and of friendship with the Christian nationalities of the Ottoman Empire—then they must reflect on the incredible madness of their present conduct.

They are engaged in breaking the instrument they had just created at such expense. They are not only compromising gravely the peaceful issue of the present crisis, but rendering absolutely nugatory beforehand the endeavours they are going to make again for the reform, that is to say for the salvation, of the Ottoman Empire, when the time comes. They are playing the sorry part of dupes in a company of subtle statesmen, little troubled by over-scrupulousness. To my mind, the present situation is one of the most critical, I do not only say in the history of the Eastern Question, but in the fate of the fabric of modern Europe.

At the end of last century there was, too, put before the States and the statesmen of the period a difficult and redoubtable problem. I dare to say the partition of Poland—that is to say, the suppression of a legitimate, living, historical State, with a nation full of life and wanting to remain free—was for the Powers who took part in it, or who allowed the crime to be consummated under their eyes, something of a trial and a judgment. The old order of things was put to the touch of a terrible temptation; it was unable to meet it as it ought; it was condemned to disappear.

The French Revolution, under its international aspect, was, as my friend M. Albert Sorel has so well shown, in its way a trial work, rather a link in a chain than a first beginning. It was the execution of the sentence, and France, revolutionary France, not less than the monarchical and reactionary Powers, was only in fact applying the principles of the old diplomacy and following the path of the ancient

policy. For the Nineteenth century, in its death throes it seems the Eastern Question is fated to play the part of the Poland business for our forefathers.

I fear greatly that until now modern Europe has not grown up to the level of the problem she must resolve or die. I fear the new or even the newest contrivances of diplomacy have been put in the scales and found wanting. The Armenian affair, the Cretan business, and now this Greco-Turk war, have been, one and all, lamentable miscarriages. It is high time for the Western Powers to redeem their faults and their error. To my mind, the only way to do so is not to wait until it is too late in order to mediate efficiently between the two belligerents. The occupation of Larissa by Edhem Pasha, and the withdrawal of the Duke of Sparta and of the remainder of the Greek army behind Pharsalus, are only reasons the more for the immediate interference of Europe. Turkey has brilliantly demonstrated the vitality of her military power in the midst of the decomposition of the State. Edhem has given a necessary, beneficent lesson to Greek arrogance. However, everybody knows, as I have said before, that the conscience of mankind can neither allow the Crescent to reconquer an inch of God's earth given over to freedom and the Cross, nor permit the wholesale destruction of Greece. It is high time for the so-called Areopagus to put forth its verdict, and to begin again, where it has left it off, the work of the reformation—that is to say, of the salvation—of the East. Any pedantic scruple, any tardiness, any miserable waiting on the occasion, will only make the Powers the laughing-stock of mankind. Now or never! The hour has struck when Europe must either justify by her action her high claims, or abdicate for ever, and write once more in the Book of History *un gran rifiuto*.

FRANCIS DE PRESSENSÉ.

Paris: April 25, 1897.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE CRÉTAN INSURRECTION

ENGLISH newspapers and periodicals have recently been flooded with speeches, articles, and letters in connection with the Cretan Question. Indignation meetings have denounced in most unmeasured terms the tyranny of Turkey and the incapacity of the Powers. The question at issue has been invested with a religious character by the public utterances of Nonconformist and Anglican divines, whose main line of argument seems to be that, as Christians we are bound to sympathise with and assist other Christians, whatever be the nature of their political aims and objects.

A careful analysis of this excited rhetoric and literature reveals the fact that when it gets beyond the stage of mere *a priori* assumption, it is based almost entirely upon the telegraphic information furnished by correspondents. The messages dispatched by a number of comparatively obscure individuals in Crete, to the effect that a church has been desecrated, or some insurgents killed by English shell-fire—these are enough to furnish the data for a ‘special prayer’ or a determination to secede from one’s political party. The readers of some of our leading European newspapers must often be puzzled when they find that the leading articles before them discuss Cretan affairs with impartiality and moderation, while the telegraphic communications printed in another column seem generally to ignore the possibility of there being more than one side to the question. Some few days ago Mr. Labouchere with his usual acuteness laid stress upon this very discrepancy in the House of Commons.

The expulsion from Crete of the Greek consuls and correspondents aroused great indignation at the time, but anyone who has had any experience of Greek journalistic methods must realise the ample justification which existed for such a step. Juvenal’s estimate of Greek veracity is as valid to-day as that of his Apostolic contemporary with regard to the Cretans. The best endeavours of the representatives of the Powers to restore order in Crete were continually hindered by telegrams which were a *mélange* of falsehood and exaggeration. A perusal of Greek newspapers, and still more of the Athenian telegrams

which are sold broadcast in Greece for five *lepta* each, will convince anyone of the truth of this assertion. Our excellent Consul at Canea, Sir Alfred Biliotti, who has acted throughout the struggle with perfect justice to Turks and insurgents alike, is, because of this very impartiality, accused by every Greek one meets in the interior of the island, from Colonel Vasos downwards, of deliberately sending false reports to the British Government and being in the pay of Turkey!

Even after the departure of these Hellenic journalists the taint of one-sidedness still seems to infect a great deal of the correspondence dispatched from Crete. The European correspondents live in the towns; they cannot, with rare exceptions, speak either Greek or Turkish; they seldom seek for any information from the Ottoman authorities, and depend largely on the news brought to them by Christians whose natural untruthfulness is not minimised by the destruction of their property. The interpreters who are employed in Crete are almost exclusively Christians, and one may be certain that no fact detrimental to the cause of the insurgents will be communicated by these persons if they can possibly avoid it. Further, the great majority of the correspondents in Crete are Philhellenic to begin with. One important telegraphic agency in Canea is under the absolute control of a Cretan Christian, who is, very naturally, devoted entirely to the interests of the Philhellenic party. Partisanship in such a case as this is, of course, natural; but the matter is very different when one finds European correspondents going out of their way to frame telegrams which will show up the Turks and, one may add, the Powers in an unfavourable light. Incidents which might tend to lessen our sympathy for the cause of the insurgents are purposely omitted, and alleged facts are sometimes telegraphed home in spite of reliable information to the contrary brought from the interior of the island. At other times any statement made by a Christian which may serve for the contents of an *ad misericordiam* telegram is at once dispatched without apparently any attempt to personally verify the details.

Take, for example, the stories of Turkish cruelty, outrage, and breach of faith which figure so prominently in the speeches of gentlemen who attack the conduct of the Government. Stress was laid in the House of Commons and elsewhere upon the unprincipled conduct of the Turkish officials who had, according to Colonel Vasos, re-armed the refugees from Selinos in direct violation of their pledges to the contrary. This story was telegraphed home without any scruple or question; it has, nevertheless, since been proved to be absolutely groundless by a commission of European officers, who expressly exonerated the Turkish officers from the charges brought against them. Another indignant telegram recently announced that the Turks at Kissamo Kastelli had demolished some Christian houses while the Europeans looked on. Yet the destruction of these houses

was perfectly justifiable, as the insurgents were endeavouring under cover of the buildings to mine the fortifications. On the 2nd of April we find a Cretan Bishop speaking as follows in 'an Appeal to the civilised Peoples of Christian Europe': 'The plundering of sacred temples and their vessels, the massacres of innocent Christian women and children, the countless destructions of property, the robberies which are still practised against Christians by the unbridled Turkish mob and soldiery are indescribable.' The exaggeration of this paragraph is so great that it amounts practically to a tissue of falsehoods. Let us turn our attention to concrete facts which are carefully ignored by the Bishop. The story of the desecration of the Catholic church at Candia by the Turkish soldiery has been disproved absolutely by Admiral Canevaro after a searching inquiry. A telegram about the desecration of the church of ἁγίος Ἰωάννης near Canea was sent off by a correspondent without any attempt on his part to verify the alleged facts, which were greatly exaggerated. At Candia I visited the large Greek church, the priest of which informed me, like a second Elijah, that he alone was left of all the Christian clergy, the rest of his colleagues having literally obeyed the scriptural injunction and fled from the city. Here was a church deserted by its worshippers in the midst of thousands of Moslem refugees and unprotected by soldiers. How easy it would have been to set fire to it any dark night! Yet no injury whatever had been done to the building, not even a pane of glass broken. How many Mohammedan mosques are left standing outside Candia, Canea and Retymo? None. Even amongst ourselves how long in, say, an Ulster village would a Roman Catholic chapel deserted by its congregation keep its doors and windows intact? To state that Christian women and children are being massacred by unbridled Turks is sheer rhodomontade. Nothing whatever of the kind takes place. During a recent visit to Candia, information was brought me by three Christians, that a party of Bashibazouks had just returned from a foray on the village of Elea and had brought with them two Christian heads. I hunted high and low for these heads, but they were not forthcoming, and a little cross-examination revealed the fact that the whole story was a pure fabrication. As to robbery, the pillage of a Christian house in the outskirts of a town is about as productive an operation as the pillage of a defunct bonfire. I have occasionally seen a few men and women wading amongst the charred *débris* of the houses, and picking up odd pieces of scrap iron, fragments of bedsteads and so on. As to the Christian houses still standing in the towns, these are now efficiently guarded by patrols of European troops who have taken over all police duties. But even before the arrival of our troops I stayed two evenings at Candia, where I was informed that every night the Moslems looted the empty houses of the Christians; yet I certainly saw no sign of this, though I walked

about the streets for hours. The Christians had ample time to escape, and took good care to leave little of any value behind them. The town is crowded with thousands of Moslem refugees who have escaped with their lives and nothing else from the Christians, who burnt their houses and slaughtered their friends. These unfortunate refugees are always on the verge of starvation, for the authorities find it impossible to provide them with bread, and up to the 18th of March the total amount of food which had been distributed was $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour to each person! If these starving families do occasionally help themselves to the almost worthless contents of the deserted houses, one cannot feel greatly surprised or shocked. On the other hand, the damage done to Moslem property is infinitely greater than that inflicted upon the Christians. The insurgents have long since made a resolve, so one of their leaders informed me, to spare no Moslem property whatever, and a very slight acquaintance with the interior of the island is enough to indicate how thoroughly this resolution has been carried into effect. In the House of Commons, the Bashibazouks—who, by the way, are continually confounded with the Turkish regulars—are represented by Mr. Dillon and others as blood-thirsty ruffians who are perpetually sallying out from the towns for loot and massacre. But, as a matter of fact, there is in the space between the Turkish outposts and the lines of the insurgents practically nothing to loot and certainly nobody to massacre. It is quite true that these Turkish irregulars do sometimes burn an olive tree belonging to a Christian in the outskirts of the town, and sometimes cut one down for firewood; but this is quite exceptional, at any rate in the neighbourhood of Canea, as I saw for myself during several rides beyond the Turkish outposts; and we must not forget that the vineyards and crops of the vast majority of the Moslem population are at present in the possession of their enemies. As far as shooting is concerned, the aggression comes almost entirely from the Christians. They are perpetually firing at the Turks, who rarely reply, partly because the Powers have requested them to abstain from this as much as possible, partly because it is almost impossible to hit a Cretan, who lies well concealed behind a rock and takes pot-shots at any Turk he can see. Mr. Melton Prior and myself, accompanied by a Turkish officer, went to the top of a house at Nerokouri; almost instantly three bullets whizzed over our heads from the insurgents on the ridge above. Mr. Labouchere has described as a 'disgrace to war itself' the conduct of some Bashibazouks who fired on a party of insurgents and Europeans carrying a white flag. I hold no brief for the ethics of these irregulars, but I know also from personal experience that a white flag is no absolute security from the bullets of the Christian sharpshooters.

Almost all the acts of aggression which have taken place recently

have come from the insurgents. Some weeks ago they deliberately fired upon the Austrian warship *Sebenico*, which was struck by more than forty bullets. I went in a boat to Rothia, the scene of this incident, and asked the Christian leaders why they had committed this act of provocation. They replied that they thought that the *Sebenico* was a Turkish cruiser. As the Turkish flag is well known to the insurgents, and the Austrian ensign was visibly displayed on the warship, which was close inshore, I am afraid there was more ingenuity than truth about this answer. The series of attacks upon Malaxa, Keratidi, Izeddin and Kissamo Kastelli have all been acts of direct and unprovoked aggression. Immediately upon the receipt of the Admirals' note, to the effect that they insisted on the revictualling of the blockhouses being permitted by the Christians, Colonel Vasos at once despatched his three field-guns from Alikianou to Kontopoulo to be ready for the attack on Malaxa next day. Political capital has been made of the fact alleged by several correspondents that the insurgents were not aware of the contents of this Collective Note. I believe this statement to be groundless; it is quite certain, at any rate, that the insurgent leaders, Moazzi, Kalogeris, Manos and the others, knew of the Note in question, for I was present when the artillery arrived, and they told me the reason for its sudden appearance. If the rank and file of the Christians were not informed of the Admirals' message, the responsibility for this rests entirely upon Colonel Vasos and the insurgent leaders. It was intended to attack Keratidi on the day after the Malaxa fight, but at three o'clock in the morning we were awakened at Kontopoulo by the news that during the night the Turkish garrison had evacuated the blockhouse. The attacks upon Izeddin and Kissamo Kastelli have since followed.

The European Admirals have been placed in a position of exceptional difficulty, in which their general mission to keep order in the island, pending the settlement of the Cretan question, has been hampered by international jealousy and the vacillation of home Governments. But any impartial resident in Crete must acknowledge that the commanders of the European squadrons have acted throughout with the utmost moderation. Yet they are frequently represented by correspondents as incapable officers, who fire upon the Christians without provocation, and invariably meet with failure in their negotiations with the insurgents, because they take upon them work which ought to be entrusted solely to the Consuls. No one who was not blinded by prejudice could possibly condemn the shelling of the Christians on the road from Candanos. But for one well-placed shell, and a single volley of Lee-Metford bullets which dropped fifteen of the ruffians who were threatening the defenceless refugees and their escort, it is almost certain that a much greater amount of bloodshed would have occurred. Again, the determination to prevent the insurgents from breaking through the defences of

Canea, and thus endangering the water supply of the town, was the expression of the best naval and military opinion available in Crete. Full and timely warning of their intention to maintain the *status quo* with respect to these defences was sent to the insurgents, and after this the Admirals could not allow their reasonable precautions for the security of the town to be openly set at defiance. They had made themselves morally responsible for the safety of the garrisons which held the outlying forts and blockhouses. Nevertheless, their action in shelling the insurgents at Malaxa has been severely criticised. One telegram in a leading English newspaper stated that 'the reason of the sudden European bombardment was utterly inexplicable to the insurgents.' Yet, as has been said above, the attack on the blockhouse was Colonel Vasos' direct reply to the collective Note of the Admirals, of which the insurgent leaders also were fully aware; for when I was dining with them on the evening before the fight, one of them remarked to me, 'We hear that we shall have some of your shells amongst us to-morrow.' The actual shelling was intended not to kill the Christians, but to make it clear to them that they would not be permitted to occupy Malaxa. For this purpose ordinary percussion shells were used instead of shrapnel or time-fuse shells, which would probably have played great havoc with the insurgents. As only three Christians, at the outside estimate, were killed during the whole engagement, which continued from 5.30 A.M. to 4 P.M., and the European bombardment lasted for ten minutes only, the damage done by these shells was not overwhelming.

Another favourite topic in the Philhellenic utterances which have flooded our newspapers and magazines is the alleged starvation of the insurgents. 'The Government,' we are told in the House of Commons, 'is now blockading Crete with the deliberate intention of starving it into submission.' At a recent meeting in London, a well-known member of Parliament denounced 'Lord Salisbury's attempt to starve the people of Crete' as an 'abominable outrage on humanity.' One of the proclamations of the Central Cretan Committee complains of 'the decision of the Powers to compel the population of Crete to submit by famine.' In short, this alleged starvation of the Christians is the *crambe repetita* of indignation speeches and political harangues against the action of the Powers. As a simple matter of fact, no starvation whatever exists among the Christians, at any rate since the liberation of the small body who occupied Akrotiri, nor indeed is likely to exist. Wherever one rides in the interior of the island one finds abundance of food. Meat, *galetta* (a kind of ship's biscuit), vegetables, fruit and wine are plentiful everywhere, and there is a very fair supply of excellent brown bread. At Kontopoulo, Alikianou and other places where the insurgents or Greeks are massed, canteens and eating-houses are in full swing, and do a roaring trade. At Alikianou four friends

and myself enjoyed an excellent *déjeuner* of meat, bread, wine and fruit for something like four francs between us. Milk costs next to nothing, and a large fowl can be bought for little more than a franc. Surely these are not famine prices! Further, while the houses of their Moslem neighbours have been systematically looted and burnt, the Christians have had the good sense to spare for subsequent use their crops and vineyards. The insurgents themselves assert that, even if they were driven by a thoroughly effective blockade to rely entirely on their own resources, they would still possess an adequate food supply for two years. But, in reality, the difficulty of blockading a coast like that of Crete is so great that, despite any amount of vigilance, blockade-running will always be more or less feasible. At present small Greek vessels, whose crews know every inch of the coast, frequently, at night, slip through the loose cordon of warships and land their cargoes: A few weeks ago, *e.g.*, a successful disembarkation took place in the south of the island of 500 volunteers, 110 cases of cartridges, 100 sacks of *galetta*, beans, potatoes, &c., and 96 bags of salt; and on the 27th of March, 50 mule-loads of *galetta* were actually landed at a spot close to Alikianou, and within six or seven miles of Canea.

In short, the fearful pictures which are drawn for our edification by Philhellenic enthusiasts of Christians reduced to the verge of starvation by the tyranny of the Powers—these accounts are as ludicrous as they are pernicious. Even if scarcity of food did exist in the interior of Crete, the responsibility for such a state of things would rest entirely on Colonel Vasos and the Greek Government which supports him. As long as the Powers demand the withdrawal of the Greek forces, they cannot with any show of reason at all calmly permit these forces to be supplied with munitions of war. No doubt the existence of the blockade is a source of extreme irritation to Greeks and insurgents alike, but the sufferings inflicted by it are sentimental only, not physical. None of the ordinary conveniences and commodities of bivouac life are absent, as far as I could see, from the camp of Alikianou. The postal connection with Greece is necessarily of a somewhat desultory and uncertain character at present, but Colonel Vasos can always communicate with the mother-country by a system of heliograph messages to Athens *viâ* Cerigo. The other day I read with amazement in one of our leading newspapers a telegram from Alikianou, which stated that 'the wounded insurgents lack even absolutely necessary medicaments, owing to the blockade, and sufferers must mainly trust to time and nature.' Yet a doctor on the Greek medical staff in Crete distinctly informed me that the hospital at Alikianou was fully equipped with every kind of surgical appliance and medical requirement! No, the people who are suffering from scarcity of food and will soon be reduced to starvation unless assistance is rendered by the

authorities, are not the Greeks and Christians, but the Moslem refugees who have fled from their ruined homes into the towns. Up to the present the Turkish officials have done their best for these miserable refugees, who are, for the most part, quite penniless; but they state that they cannot continue to feed them, as they are destitute of funds for the purpose. It would be a good thing if a little of the sympathy which is wasted on the imaginary sufferings of the Christians were directed towards the unhappy Mohammedans, who have lost all they possessed, and have the prospect of starvation daily before their eyes.

In order to secure the sympathy and support of the English people, many appeals have been made by Greek and Cretan Christians for help in the name of our common religion. At home the phrase 'oppressed Christians' has figured *ad nauseam* in discussions upon the Cretan insurrection. It is an infinite pity that the subject of Christianity should be introduced into this question at all; for, apart from other reasons, it is almost a desecration of the word 'Christian' to apply it to the Cretans as a means for securing sympathy. These so-called 'Christians' slaughter helpless women and children in cold blood, and are led to such infamous acts by their own priests, veritable wolves in sheep's clothing. On the pretext that they cannot afford food for the support of prisoners, they have made a resolution to spare neither the lives nor property of Mohammedans. The outrages inflicted by our 'co-religionists' upon the helpless population of Sitia and Daphne were of a hideous description. It is true that the captain of one of our warships paid a flying visit to Sitia and reported that the details of the massacre had been exaggerated. But this officer was accompanied, I hear, by an interpreter, and by the time he arrived the visible signs of the outrages had largely disappeared. From my own inquiries among the insurgents, coupled with information supplied by an acquaintance who had visited Sitia, I feel certain, after full allowance for exaggeration, that at any rate the greater part of the incidents recounted by the survivors of the massacre did actually occur. The most probable account seems to be that the Christians of Sitia demanded of the Moslems the surrender of their arms. The Moslems very naturally refused to part with their guns, the only protection they possessed for themselves and their families, and were, therefore, attacked by the Christians and compelled to take shelter in a mosque, about 150 in all, men, women and children. The Christians began to fire at them through the doors and windows, and to bring faggots together in order to burn them out. The Moslems then surrendered four rifles, but the Christians were not satisfied, and attacked the imprisoned crowd with greater ferocity than ever. They broke a hole in the roof of the mosque and threw in sulphur, petroleum and burning sticks. The women cried out that they were willing to do anything and accept

any form of government if their lives were spared, but their prayers for mercy were disregarded. Many were suffocated, and the rest determined to leave the mosque, as the bullets and knives of the Christians were preferable to a slow death by fire. Outside a general massacre took place. Of those who escaped, some took refuge in a cave, where they were discovered twelve days afterwards. The Christians at once brought fresh supplies of brushwood in order to burn out the remaining Moslems, and succeeded in suffocating some of them. Three days afterwards, three insurgent leaders, Michaelis, Alexias, and another, arrived and persuaded their comrades to extinguish the flames and liberate the survivors. Thirteen of these were kept as hostages, and I was told on good authority that some of the wives and daughters of the Moslems who were captured were violated by the Christians. In the hospital at Candia, where a number of the wounded refugees are under treatment, I saw for myself how these Christians behave to helpless women and children when they get the upper hand. One beautiful girl of twenty was there with three hideous knife wounds—two in her head and one in her side; another woman had her ears cut off, and a little boy of five had been so shamefully mutilated that he died. When I afterwards accused the insurgents of these atrocities, they replied that it was the Mohammedans who had wounded their own wives and children in order to make the Powers believe that this was the work of the insurgents! One wonders if they seriously expected this tale to be believed. Many of the accounts given me by the weeping women—some of them the sole survivors of an entire family—were heartrending. The President of the Penal Court at Candia informed me that he had himself lost twenty-four relatives in the massacres of Sitia and Daphne. Thanks to the exertions of one or two officers, the lives of the gallant defenders of Malaxa were spared, but the prisoners had to be continually guarded by Italians and Greeks, to keep the Cretans from shooting them down in cold blood. If the Powers do not grant Colonel Vasos full permission to send his prisoners to Greece or elsewhere outside Crete, the blockade will continue to furnish an excuse for the slaughter of any subsequent prisoners, which is confessed by their leaders to be the usual practice of the insurgents. My bestowal of a few cigarettes and oranges on some Turkish prisoners at Kontopoulo was employed by the Christians as one of their pretexts for openly insulting me and detaining me as a prisoner. They afterwards fired two bullets at my head on the absurd ground that I was attempting to escape, because the Greek soldier who guarded me insisted that I should accompany him about fifty yards from the village as a measure of precaution against the shells which were falling about us. In short, the less said about Christianity as a political factor in the Cretan question the better.

- The Turkish troops in their struggle with the insurgents are at

present outnumbered by about thirty to one, but I doubt very much, even if the combatants in Crete were left to fight it out, whether the Christians would do more than they have hitherto succeeded in doing—viz. invest the towns. We have heard a great deal of the heroism of these Cretan patriots, but one sees very little of this in the actual fighting which takes place in the island. The Cretan insurgents never come to close quarters unless in overwhelming numbers; hence, they carry no bayonets. Rifle fire from behind rocks is their favourite method of warfare. Take, for instance, the engagement at Malaxa. The correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*, who only witnessed the fight from Suda Bay, stated that 'about 4 o'clock the insurgents rushed the building in really gallant style.' This account is altogether wrong. I was present on the field and saw the fighting. The forty-three Turks who still remained in the blockhouse defended it with the utmost gallantry from daybreak till 2.45, against hundreds of insurgents. They had had no water for three days—so an officer told me—and very little food. Yet exhausted as they were, and scarcely able to reply to the terrific rifle and artillery fire of their assailants, they held the wretched blockhouse till they could do so no longer, when they raised the white flag and admitted the Cretans. The insurgents did not rush the building at all; on the contrary, for hours before its surrender they crept about it amongst the rocks, shouting out, like curs yelping round a wounded quarry they dare not touch, 'We've got you now! Wait till night comes! When it is dark we will come back with dynamite and blow you up!' The insurgents are, in fact, an undisciplined rabble who would be routed by the Turkish regulars if they met on anything like equal terms. Troops like those who made the thirteen desperate attacks up the slopes of the Shipka Pass would, if they were present in sufficient numbers and allowed a free hand, speedily sweep this Cretan *canaille* from the Malaxa ridge.

Everyone who has mixed with the insurgents must be struck by the fact that their demands are invariably formulated by Greeks or Italians. It is almost hopeless to seek for any intelligent comment upon the political questions at issue from the Cretans themselves, who have the haziest notions of anything except that they are fighting against the hated Turk as their fathers fought before them. In fact, I suspect very strongly that the ignorant villagers are purposely kept in the dark by the Greeks as to the real *raison d'être* of the international fleet in Suda Bay. A body of them at Rothia evidently believed that England intended shortly to seize Crete for herself. There is a story in one of the German papers which, I believe, is quite true, that at a recent conference between some European naval officers and the insurgents, the latter were represented by six gentlemen, of whom two appeared in gold-rimmed spectacles, two wore silk hats, and two were Italians! Again, can anyone be deceived into believing that

the majority of the so-called 'Proclamations of the Cretan People' really issue from other than Greek sources? In one of these productions the Cretan refugees in Greece are made to speak as follows: 'Why did they (*i.e.* the Powers) not let us die at the hands of the Turkish assassins and incendiaries rather than that we should come to await here the effects of the cruel sentence of the Admirals against our compatriots, against our relations—a sentence which does not allow us even to go and share with them the Dantesque anguish to which they are condemned without pity?' There is an unmistakably Hellenic flavour about this inflated nonsense.

I was on one occasion fortunate enough to find myself in the midst of a considerable body of insurgents entirely free from the Greek or Italian element. I asked them what they considered the best form of government for Crete. They seemed to have no very definite conception of what was meant by either autonomy or annexation, though they were apparently unanimous in desiring the latter. At the same time there was about these Cretans, pure and simple, a lack of that frenzied enthusiasm for *ἐνωσις*, which one finds in places where the leaven of Vasos and his friends has been more fully at work, and they confessed that a short time previous to my visit there had existed among them some differences of opinion on the question of Hellenic annexation. The insurgents are always represented by the Greeks as determined to die rather than accept autonomy. 'If you give us autonomy,' said one of these rhetorical warriors to me, 'you will find nothing but trees to give it to.' All this is very fine and melodramatic, but on the face of it rather absurd. Is it credible that a people would rather die with their wives and families than be permitted to govern themselves in their own way? I was informed that a resolution had been arrived at that anyone who proposed the acceptance of autonomy should be shot. So much for the free discussion of this question in the interior of the island!

The Cretans are not 'fighting for the liberty of their fatherland,' which has already been amply guaranteed to them by the Powers. They are fighting now, whether they know it or not, simply in order to satisfy Hellenic greed for additional territory. Enthusiasm for the freedom of Crete is a very thin veneer upon the schemes of Greek ambition.

The delay experienced in the solution of the Cretan question is quite intelligible to anyone who recognises its enormous difficulty and complexity. What an object lesson in international jealousies is presented to us in Suda Bay at present! Then, again, all attempts to formulate some generally acceptable form of government for Crete are continually hampered by the unwillingness of the insurgents to abstain from military action until the question is settled. The active sovereignty of Turkey over the island has of course come to an end, without any very poignant regret on the part of the more

enlightened Turks, who fully recognise that the Sultan has never received any benefit from the possession of the island, which has rather been a constant source of anxiety and expenditure. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand how any form of autonomy could succeed in Crete, for a people less capable of self-government it would be difficult to find. Hellenic annexation is perhaps the worst proposal which could be made. Greece is practically bankrupt, and without the generous assistance of private individuals the frontier armies could never have been equipped and dispatched from Athens. Anyone who has lived in Greece and experienced the dingy squalor of Greek provincial life, even in the most fertile parts of the Peloponnese, can realise how utterly incapable the Greeks would be of adequately developing the resources of Crete. Nor, indeed, could Greece afford the troops and gendarmerie, which would certainly be required, after the glamour of annexation had worn off, to compel these antinomian Cretans to pay taxes, five times as heavy as those which have been demanded of them, with or without success, under the Turkish *régime*. In the absence of such adequate military protection, no security whatever would exist for the lives and property of the Moslem minority.

The real salvation of this island, full as it is of manifold possibilities, would be its annexation by one of the Powers. If Lord Beaconsfield had asked the Sultan for Crete instead of the useless Cyprus! In case mutual jealousies and conflicting interests prevent the acquisition of Crete by some one of the Powers, then let them at any rate guarantee the establishment of a firm and just government. To hand over the island to Greece would be to commit one of the gravest political mistakes, not to say crimes, of the century.

It is certainly high time that this beautiful island enjoyed some measure of peace and prosperity. Its history throughout the present century has indeed been 'written in blood and tears.' Revolution after revolution has left its cruel memories behind it, and the peasants often speak of the awful tragedies of former years, like that terrible night in 1866 when hundreds of women and children fled from their burning homes and were frozen to death on the snow-clad slopes of the White Mountains. An aged priest who was talking to me of the many calamities of his country quoted pathetically enough the complaint of the Psalmist :

Thou hast shown Thy people heavy things,
Thou hast made us to drink the wine of staggering.

How heartily one sympathised with his prayer that the reign of bloodshed and anarchy would speedily cease and the sun of righteousness at length arise upon this unhappy island with healing in his wings!

• ERNEST N. BENNETT.

AMONG THE LIARS

ALTHOUGH the names of Canea and the surrounding villages have become household words, and are now important factors in contemporary history, it is only during the last few months that they have sprung into such prominence. At the time I visited the country, about two years ago, very few people knew anything about Crete at all, except that St. Paul suffered shipwreck there or thereabouts, and that the population were liars and otherwise undesirable acquaintances. Accounts of revolutions in the island were occasionally given in the newspapers, but they excited little interest.

Canea is not an easy spot for the ordinary traveller to reach. The writer was away from England a little over a month, and during that time travelled on no less than *seven* different steamers and passed through *thirteen* custom houses. Boats run twice a week from Athens, *viâ* Candia and Retimo, on uncertain days and at a very moderate speed, and this is the only way of reaching the island.

My companion was one well known in the world of sport and a frequent contributor to these pages; yet with all his experience to assist us we were doomed to return empty-handed—indeed, without firing a shot. The attraction for us in the island lay in the reputed existence of the Cretan ibex (*Capra aegagrus*) or ‘agrimia’ in the precipitous mountains on the south coast. We were unable to get any information with reference to the animal except from the pages of Pliny and vague references by other travellers of less antiquity. We were unable to find that any European had ever shot them, and it was not until we landed at Candia and found the horns and hide of a young buck hanging on the back of an old ‘fakir’ that we felt really sure of the existence of our quarry. On our arrival two days later at Canea, however, Mr. (now Sir Alfred) Biliotti, H.B.M. Consul, gave us a most encouraging account: the agrimia were said to be fairly plentiful in a certain locality and were frequently shot by shepherds; there was a mule track right across the island, and there would be no difficulty in keeping ourselves supplied with provisions.

Thanks to Sir Alfred's courtesy and assistance, we were able to leave for the interior on the day following that of our arrival. Some little difficulty was experienced in clearing our baggage at the custom house, ostensibly because it was Friday and Turks could not work on that day ; but the time-honoured remedy of baksheesh salved the consciences of the douane, and we got our boxes and men on the road by eleven, we ourselves following three hours later, mounted on a sorry-looking trio of mules.

As we passed through the high street of Canea we were struck by the number of shops which sold nothing but long yellow Wellington boots, and could not understand why this particular industry should hold such a prominent position. After two or three days in the mountains this feeling of surprise was entirely supplanted, as we inspected our own footgear, by one of wonder that there were anything but boot shops in the country. A pair of thick new tennis shoes (the only shoes suitable to these hills) were in pieces within the week, and our servants' thick native boots were torn to ribbons. Next to the boot trade, the most flourishing industry appeared to be that of the greengrocer—endless varieties of salad being exposed for sale throughout the town. A great number of skins of light-coloured gennet or pine-marten were hanging in one doorway, but we never ran across the animal himself. A Frenchman, living in the town, told us that he had shot hares, quail, woodcock, snipe, and partridges ; but, with the exception of a few partridges and rock-doves, we saw neither fur nor feather during our visit.

Riding out of the gates of the town, we passed through the inevitable 'leper farm,' the poor creatures being under the care of Dr. Joannitis, a Cretan gentleman educated in England and holding a British medical diploma, who has devoted his life to the study of leprosy. He was much pleased to meet Englishmen and to have the opportunity of talking English, a luxury he only enjoys when the fleet is at Suda Bay.

A rough road running between aloe hedges and olive groves led up to the valley of the Platanos river towards Lakhos, about twelve miles distant. The hill sides were studded with small villages of from fifteen to forty white houses, a small minaret or tiny church tower proclaiming the prevailing religion. They looked very bright and smiling as they nestled in the sun among their olive and orange groves, and it was only on looking higher that one saw the ridges studded at intervals with 'pyrgi,' or blockhouses, and could realise that this peaceful agricultural country was not always so placid, and that civil war had devastated and would again devastate this most productive district. The tracts of land on the north coast which have been thrown out of cultivation also tell their tale of Turkish tax-farming ; the more inaccessible interior being the only portion of the island where agricultural produce can be grown at a profit, owing to

the disinclination of the tax-collectors to visit these out-of-the-way localities !

Twelve miles from the coast the path left the river-bed and wound in a steep ascent up the hill-side. As we mounted this acclivity a more extended view was afforded, and we were able to observe the ingenuity of the natives in utilising every corner of ground, the most inaccessible-looking patches being planted with vines or olives. We reached Lakhos, 2,000 feet above the sea, long after dark, and with difficulty found the house where the cook had prepared dinner. To reach it was a feat of no small danger, as the village is pitched at an inclination of about forty-five degrees : the houses standing out, one above the other, like steps. Conversation with the next-door neighbour is carried on up or down the chimney, as the case may be. The first object encountered on going out of a door is the open chimney of the house below, and it was a marvel to us why these good people did not sometimes find an unexpected addition to their meals, in the shape of a junior member of the neighbour's family who had made an involuntary descent into the pot !

The house where we dined was that of the chief inhabitant. The room was a good big one, about 8 feet high, clean, with 'dope' walls. A large bed with clean coverlet and a hand-loom stood in one corner, the rest being bare. An interested crowd watched and discussed us with respectful attention till we finished an excellent repast : the only good one, by the way, that the cook ever prepared for us, and on the strength of which he got royally drunk and gave away all our cigarettes and tobacco. Then the crowd closed in, and we endeavoured, with the assistance of a slender Cretan vocabulary and a cast-iron English pronunciation, to interview our hosts. We met with but slight success, the only portion of the conversation worthy of note being an endeavour, on the part of the mayor, to demonstrate the habitat and habits of the agrimia by means of an orange, the cups, and the table cutlery. From this we gathered that they fed in the open and then retired to the bush, which was plentiful. This, alas ! was amply demonstrated by our subsequent experience. After an hour or so of this very fatiguing conversation we were conducted to the spot where our tents were pitched ; a most alarming walk it was, in the dark, up a very narrow path along the side of the hill. Soon after we got to bed we discovered that the mayor, in mistaken kindness, had honoured us with a double sentry over our tents. These two good people chatted, smoked, stumbled about, and laughed in such a way as to banish all chance of rest, until at about midnight they and we dropped off simultaneously to sleep.

Next morning we were up at cock-crow, hoping to make an early start. In this we were disappointed. The muleteers mostly had relations in the village and showed a disinclination to load up and go ; while the cook was lying among the débris of his kitchen

utensils in a semi-comatose state, gradually recovering from his excesses of the previous evening. His name, by the way, was Polyzoës Pikodopoulos, and it is too much to expect of anyone to own such a name without having any compensating disadvantages! The villagers were anxious to be of assistance and were most civil. These highlanders are tall, handsome, jolly fellows, looking more like Englishmen than any other race I ever saw. They were neither arrogant nor cringing, but treated us as honoured guests of their own standing.

It was nine o'clock before we had sobered 'Poly' and collected the men, and we then rode on in front of the caravan to the elevated plain of Omalos. About five hours' steady ascent, partly over unrideable masses of rough boulders, brought us to our destination: a little cluster of shepherds' huts lying at one end of the plateau. To our disappointment these were inhabited. They are used by the shepherds in the summer while their sheep are feeding on the Omalos pastures, and in the winter snows are deserted, the flocks being taken to the lower ground. The snow was only just gone, and reached down the surrounding mountain sides to within a few hundred feet of the plain. As we were now at an altitude of about 4,500 feet we were glad of the thick clothes we had taken the precaution of bringing, and even under piles of bedding and waterproof sheets suffered very much from the cold at night.

In the neighbourhood of Omalos there are several similar elevated plateaus having a number of streams running into them and no outlet for the water but a subterranean one. The outlet or 'katavothron' of Omalos was close to our camp, and I made a short expedition into it. It was a huge cavern, the opening at the mouth being about forty feet in diameter, completely lined with ferns. I penetrated about a hundred yards into the interior, but the increasing darkness and steepness made further progress almost impossible and I returned.

As soon as the baggage came up and we had had some food we started to spy out the land and get some idea of the lie of the country, with a view to making plans for the following day. The direction I went in was evidently not that in which the ibex lay, as we saw no signs of them either on or below the snow. My companion on his side saw two lots with the glass, in what looked practicable country, so next morning we went off together in the direction where he had seen them.

A three-mile walk brought us to a small dismantled 'Martello' tower commanding an abrupt descent into a deep gorge. Looking over the edge it seemed impossible that a path should be able to find its way down such a precipice to the torrent roaring along the bottom some 2,000 feet below us. Not three years ago this path, which is known as the 'Xiloskala' or 'Wooden Stair-case,'

was absolutely impracticable for mules, and it is only since the Turkish Government spent a lot of money in restoring it, that the connection in this portion of the island has been re-established between the north and south coasts.

The gorge into which the Xiloskala descends is about ten miles in length, with a right-angled bend in it, at which point the path is situated. It is in no place more than a mile in width at the top, and seldom less than 2,000 feet deep. The mountains on each side tower to an altitude of from 6,000 to 8,000 feet. The views in all parts are magnificent and can be compared to nothing but the Yosemite Valley, though of course on a smaller scale vertically. The sides of the gorge are of limestone, the bare rock alternating with tracts of rough scrub and coniferous trees. Along the bottom grow some splendid cypresses, the trunks being about six feet in diameter.

Halfway down the path we stopped and spied for an hour or more, during which time we saw no ibex but noticed three men lying under a rock on the opposite face. When they saw us, they filled the valley with their shouts and came clattering after us. To our annoyance they were only the precursors of several more parties of sportsmen (for such they were) who turned up from every direction.

Whether these people were out for their own amusement or whether they had come out to kill the agrimia *for us*, it is impossible to say. I myself lean to the latter opinion, and believe that they imagined they were doing us a civility and that the demise of ibex was the surest way to our hearts. In any case the ground was now thoroughly disturbed, and there was no help for it but to organise a drive, the last refuge of the destitute sportsman. We accordingly sent the natives round to drive a face of the hill and climbed up to a point where we made sure the ibex would pass.

Thinking we had plenty of time we were quietly lunching when there was a sudden clatter of stones and I saw three ibex trotting towards us. I threw myself on to my rifle, loaded and drew a bead on the leader, which was by this time not eighty yards away, standing looking at us. I then noticed that this was a female followed by two young, so refrained from firing in the hopes that a buck might not be far off. No further beast appeared, however, and after a few moments' examination of us the three ibex turned up the hill with a bark from the mother and disappeared. Whether I was right in sparing her may be open to discussion. Had I fired, we should have had *something* to show for our trip, as this was the only time either of us got within shot of a goat during the whole time. As against that, the gain of self-respect in upholding, under trying circumstances, the principle of never shooting females more than compensates, to my mind, for the disappointment at returning trophyless. We waited another hour in the sleet and cold without any further event.

Then we saw a thin pillar of smoke curling up through the trees in the valley some two miles away, and through the glass recognised our beaters sitting round a fire warming themselves! With feelings too deep for words we retraced our steps to camp.

For several successive days we tramped the hills without seeing a single agrimir. The climbing *looked* easy, but it was not until we had been taken in a few times by the crumbling away of an apparently secure hold that one realised the necessity for extreme caution. The frost had got behind the projecting lumps of friable limestone, and they needed but a touch to send them clattering to the depths below, as a warning of what would be one's fate in the event of a false move.

We now considered that a change of quarters might bring with it a change of luck, especially as it would throw more country open to us. So the decision was come to that camp should be moved to a little church in the bottom of the valley, called San Nikolaus. My companion having accordingly started off while I was packing, sent back a note, when he had gone a mile, asking me to discharge the cook. As he was an unscrupulous ruffian and dangerous in his cups, this was far from a pleasant job. He took it well, though, and was, I fancy, glad to get back to the coast, being rather frightened of the local brigands. The matter having ended satisfactorily, no quarrel resulted from the cowardly desertion to which I had been subjected!

We were glad to get away from Omalos, and it was pleasanter to eat under the shelter of one of the glorious cypresses than in a mud hut tenanted by a dozen natives and a couple of horses which were liable at any moment to take a fancy to one's food or to step in a cup. We took no tents down the Xiloskala, being short of horses, Poly having previously taken on himself to send most of them back to Lakhos. The camp was in a beautiful spot twenty yards from the stream, which provided excellent water and a bathing pool, besides lulling us to sleep when we rolled up in our blankets under the trees. The little church close by was visited. A most humble place of worship, the only adornment being three small willow-pattern plates let into the plaster over the doorway. It is only used on certain occasions, and we never discovered any parson attached to it, but it was scrupulously clean, and might hold twenty people with crowding.

Our present camp lay well within the limits of the Sphakia district. The Sphakiotes are a splendid race, and have often fought for and always preserved their liberty. They are tall, fair-haired, cheerful ruffians, in face very like the typical Eastern counties man—by nature, brigands and fighting men. Every man carries a rifle of sorts and is always prepared to render a good account of himself with it. Crossing the bottom of the valley at intervals are

sangars, bearing witness to the fighting that took place here against the Turks in 1820.

About this time I attached to my personal staff an individual called Vassili, said to be a mighty hunter. He may have been only unlucky during these days, but his method of circumventing the ibex in no way commended itself to me. It was as follows: He would start off to walk at top speed up and down hill, talking volubly but incomprehensibly at the top of his voice. Having walked me off my legs, he would leave me to rest on a *mamelon* and start off alone to some distant peak, occasionally pausing to fire a random shot down a gorge or into a patch of bushes. At the top of the hill he would light a fire, presumably to show that he had been there, and then stalk off to another hill-top and repeat the operation. If this is the universal method, it would fully account for the *agrimia* still existing in such a limited area.

Although we were often able to hear the goats clattering along the rocks, evidently in full view, we were never able to pick them up with the glass. Their colour is identically that of the rocks, and the ground is so broken that the moment they lie down they are lost to sight. On one occasion we thought that we had really circumvented a buck that had been skipping along an apparently impassable face of rock to a bush in the middle of it, where he lay down. We posted ourselves so that escape for him seemed impossible, and sent the men round. They drove the ground carefully, eventually reaching a spot immediately above his lair and hurling down rocks from the top. He, however, showed no signs of life, and the only result of the manœuvre was to nearly frighten one of the party out of his seven senses. He had taken up a position straight below the ibex, and the stones hurled down by the beaters gathered other stones in their course, and by the time they reached my friend had formed small avalanches which hurtled over his head, and it was only by flattening himself against the rock that he avoided instant annihilation.

After this last disappointment we decided to abandon the pursuit and to leave for home after an expedition down the valley. The lower portion of the valley is even more majestic than the upper; the walls of rock close in till they form a canyon not more than a hundred yards wide. This runs right down to the sea where lies the little village of Rumeli. The mouth of the valley is just opposite to the island of Gavdo, well-known to all who have travelled by the P. and O. The south coast has no harbours, only open roadsteads with bad anchorage, and the fishing industry is *nil*.

Turning our backs on the valley, we again faced the Xiloskala and reached Omalos in the evening, to find that someone, presumably the discharged cook, had broken open different articles of baggage and helped himself to various useful trifles and food. The men

left behind denied any knowledge of the theft, but it was difficult to reconcile their statements with the fact that on our unexpected entry into the hut they were discovered in the act of eating 'Sardines de luxe.'

Next morning we had great difficulty in getting started, what with refractory mules and exorbitant demands on the part of the men. One mule pannier could not be locked, and we noticed that the man in charge hurried on in a most unaccountable manner. This aroused my suspicion, so I hurried on and caught him up suddenly in a hollow way, where he was in the act of unloading the mule with the evident object of helping himself. The men showed a strong inclination to stop at Lakhos, which was overcome with some little trouble—after which every wine-shop on the road claimed their attention, and it was late before they got into Canea. We walked down in a leisurely way, stopping at a little village called Fourné for some excellent coffee and oranges. Here we hired horses and jogged into town in the evening.

It is a mistake for anyone travelling in Crete to take a lot of supplies from home or from Athens. A few tinned provisions for an emergency are sufficient. Wine costs about three-halfpence a bottle and is very drinkable and wholesome, though light. Vegetables can always be got, also lamb, very cheap. Eggs are a drug in the market, as the villages abound with fowls. Tea, coffee, and sugar (which will always be stolen if left open) must be taken out. The rustic natives, both Moslem and Orthodox Church, are not so black as they are painted; it is the town-dwellers, of whom our servants afforded a fair type, who are the black sheep and who have gained for this fertile and beautiful little island the reputation earned by it in the days of St. Paul and sustained without intermission to the present day.

H. C. LOWTHER.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN QUESTION AND ITS PLACE IN HISTORY¹ •

[The subjoined article has been submitted to and approved by the highest possible authority upon the facts, who vouches for the correctness of this version of them.—Ed. NINETEENTH CENTURY.]

THE Schleswig-Holstein question, after being for many years the bugbear of newspaper writers and newspaper readers, has now entered into a new phase. It has become an important chapter in the history of Europe, which can never be neglected by any historian, for there can be no doubt that without the initiative taken by Duke Frederick and the people of Schleswig-Holstein the great events of the second half of our century, the war between Prussia and Austria, and the subsequent war between Germany and France, would never have taken place, at all events not under the very peculiar circumstances in which they actually took place. The name of *Zündhölzchen*, lucifer match, given at the time to Schleswig-Holstein, has proved very true, though the conflagration which it caused has been far greater than could have been foreseen at the time. A well-known English statesman, of keener foresight than Lord Palmerston, said in 1878, 'If Germany were to awake, let us take care that it does not find so splendid a horse ready to ride as the Holstein grievance.'

The facts which constituted that grievance, which at one time seemed hopelessly involved, are now as clear as daylight. The most recent book on the subject, *Schleswig-Holsteins Befreiung*, by Jansen and Samwer, 1897, leaves nothing to be desired as to clearness and completeness. It is entirely founded on authentic documents, many of them now published for the first time. It furnishes us with some new and startling information, as may be seen from a mere glance at the table of contents. • We find letters signed by King William of Prussia, afterwards German Emperor, by his son the Crown Prince, afterwards Emperor Frederick, by the Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, and by some of the leading statesmen of the time. Some

• ¹ *Schleswig-Holsteins Befreiung*. Herausgegeben aus dem Nachlass des Professors Karl Jansen und ergänzt von Karl Samwer (Wiesbaden, 1897).

of these documents admit, no doubt, of different interpretations, nor is it likely that the controversy so long carried on by eminent diplomatists will cease now that the whole question has entered into the more serene atmosphere of historical research. Historians continue to differ about the real causes of the War of the Spanish Succession, or of the Seven Years' War, and it is not likely that a Danish historian will ever lie down by the side of a German historian of the Schleswig-Holstein war, like the lamb by the side of the lion. The Schleswig-Holstein question is indeed one which seems expressly made for the exercise of diplomatic ingenuity, and it is but natural that it should have become a stock question in the examinations of candidates for the diplomatic service. What was supposed to be, or at all events represented to be, an insoluble tangle, is now expected to be handled and disentangled quite freely by every young aspirant to diplomatic employment, and many of them seem to acquit themselves very creditably in explaining the origin and all the bearings of the once famous Schleswig-Holstein question, and laying bare the different interests involved in it.

These conflicting interests were no doubt numerous, yet no more so than in many a lawsuit about a contested inheritance which any experienced solicitor would have to get up in a very short time. The chief parties concerned in the conflict were Denmark, the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, of which Holstein belonged to the German Confederation, the German Confederation itself, and more particularly its principal member and afterwards its only survivor, Prussia, nay as a distant claimant, even though never very serious, Russia, and as one of the signatories of the Treaty of London (May 8, 1852) England also.

This Treaty of London gives in fact the key to the whole question. It seemed a very simple and wise expedient for removing all complications which were likely to arise between Denmark and Germany, but it created far more difficulties than it removed. It was meant to remove all dangers that threatened the integrity of the kingdom of Denmark. But what was the meaning of this diplomatic phrase?

The kingdom of Denmark in its integrity comprised the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, because in 1460 Count Christian of Oldenburg, who had been raised to the throne of Denmark, was chosen by the Estates of Schleswig and Holstein to be their Duke—by which act Denmark came into direct personal union with the Duchies; these latter were never to be separated from one another. In 1660, Frederick the Third of Denmark upset, with the help of the burghers and by force, the constitution of his country. Instead of the *right of Election* continuing as heretofore, Denmark became a *Hereditary Kingdom*, and it was left to the King to form a constitution and settle the *Law of Succession*. In consequence of this the *Royal Edict* (the *Lex Regia*) of the 15th of November, 1665, was published by Frederick the Third of Denmark. It secured to the descend-

ants of that King (*not* of those of the other branches of the House of Oldenburg) the succession in Denmark and Norway. If the *male* descendants of Frederick the Third became extinct, then the *female* descendants of this King were called upon to succeed in *Denmark and Norway*; whilst in *Schleswig-Holstein* the *rights* of succession remained to the *male* descendants of Christian the First. As all female descendants were thus excluded from the ducal throne of Schleswig-Holstein, it was evident that after the death of King Frederick the Seventh, who had no sons, the two Duchies would inevitably be lost to Denmark and fall to the nearest male agnate—that is, to the Duke Christian August of Schleswig-Holstein Augustenburg—and thus become, under a German prince, part and parcel of the German Confederation. Danish statesmen deemed it expedient to retain the Duchies for Denmark—above all to separate Schleswig from Holstein, and incorporate it into the kingdom—although the Act of Union of 1460, and documents such as the ‘Letters of Freedom’ of Kiel and Ripen, pronounced any such step to be the greatest injustice towards the Duchies and the princely House of Augustenburg. Even should these old documents be regarded in the nineteenth century as mere mediæval curiosities, still the Salic Law has hitherto been recognised in all civilised states—for instance, in England. In Hanover the Salic Law prevailed; in England it did not. What would the world have said if after the death of William the Fourth the English Parliament had declared that for the sake of preserving the integrity of the United Kingdom it was necessary that Hanover should for ever remain united with England? Such an act would have constituted a breach of the law, a defiance of the German Confederation of which Hanover, like Holstein—for Schleswig did not form a part of the German Confederation—was a member, and spoliation of the Duke of Cumberland as the legitimate successor to the throne of Hanover. Exactly the same applies to the act contemplated by the King of Denmark in 1848, and no amount of special pleading has ever been able to obscure these simple outlines of the so-called Schleswig-Holstein question. The claims of the other Oldenburg line were second only to those of the Schleswig-Holstein Augustenburg line, and Russia was hardly in earnest in urging them at a later time in the development of the actual crisis. Besides, the Oldenburg claimant put forward by Russia would never have accepted the two Duchies except as a German sovereign. Schleswig did not belong to the German Confederation.

Whatever Bismarck's views and the views of the Prussian Government may have been in later times, at that early stage the King of Prussia, King Frederick William the Fourth, declared in the clearest words, in a letter addressed to the Duke Christian August of Schleswig-Holstein Augustenburg, that he recognised the two Duchies as independent and closely united principalities, and as the right-

ful inheritance of the male line. Nothing has ever shaken that royal utterance. Unfortunately Prussia in 1848 was not prepared to step in and support the claims of the Duke Christian August and of the inhabitants of the Elbe Duchies. These defended the rights of their country by force of arms—at first supported by Prussia—but were finally subjugated by Denmark with the help of Austria and Prussia. The two Duchies were then considered, or at all events were treated, as conquered territory. The story of the tyrannical government of the half-annexed German provinces during the following years has been so often and so fully told that it need not be repeated here. It showed utter blindness on the part of the party then in power at Copenhagen, but it does not touch the vital points of the question, for neither the armed resistance of the Schleswig-Holsteiners, nor what the Danes called the felony of the Duke of Augustenburg, who had joined it, would affect the rights of the Duchies and their House. This is the point that must always be kept in view, though later events have obscured it to a certain degree, and have in the end changed what was originally a pure question of right into a question of might.

Denmark could be under no misapprehension as to the right of Germany, and therefore of the male branch of the Ducal family, having always been reserved; and it was for that very reason that its leading statesmen tried by any means at their disposal to persuade the Great Powers of Europe to come to their aid by recognising the so-called integrity of the Danish monarchy as essential to the peace of Europe. Russia, France, Sweden, and Denmark signed the First London Protocol on the 2nd of June, 1850, and England was persuaded by what turned out to be false representations to accept the same on the 4th of July. Whatever right these Powers had to proclaim the principle of the integrity of the Danish monarchy, they could have no right to deprive the Ducal line of its lawful inheritance, or the German Confederation of its protectorate over Holstein. Holstein only was part of the German Confederation, and this latter could only interfere in Schleswig in such matters as touched the rights of Holstein. The recognition of the integrity of the Danish monarchy, however well that name sounded at the time, was therefore neither more nor less than an act of violence, and the secret history of it is well known by this time. Though even Prussia was induced to sign the Treaty of London, in April 1852, the German Confederation never did, and Bunsen, who was then Prussian Minister in London, though he was ordered to sign the document in the name of the King of Prussia, declared with prophetic insight that the first cannon shot fired in Europe would tear that iniquitous document to tatters. Even the Emperor Napoleon called it a mere *œuvre impuissante*.² But in following the history of the Schleswig-

² See p. 697.

Holstein question this phase does not concern us much, for even the Great Powers cannot make an unlawful act lawful. As to England, it was induced to sign the protocol by misrepresentation—that is, by being assured that the representative of the Augustenburg line, Duke Christian August, had sold his right of succession for a sum of 337,500*l.*, the fact being, as we know now, that he had been forced to sell his landed property in Denmark, which was valued at 619,794*l.*, for about half its value; and that, though he himself had promised to remain inactive towards Denmark, he had never given such a promise, nor could he have done so, for his children or for his brother. Least of all could he have sold the rights of the German Confederation and of the Duchies. How strongly even Bismarck held that view is shown by some notes taken by Duke Frederick of a conversation with Bismarck as late as the 18th of November, 1863, when the Prussian Statesman, afterwards so hostile to the Augustenburg family, declared that the Duke was entirely in his right, and that he, Bismarck, would have acted exactly like him. At that time he only regretted that Prussia had ever signed the London Protocol, and he held that, having signed it, it was bound by it, and could not take any active steps against Denmark, even though Denmark had broken some of its promises.

Everybody knew that the decisive moment would come when the King of Denmark, Frederick the Seventh, should die. After the death of Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia in the beginning of 1861, and even during the last years of his reign, when his brother the Prince of Prussia governed in his name, the tone of Germany had become much more decided, and the Danish Government could hardly flatter itself that the German Confederation would quietly look on while one of its members, if only the Duchy of Holstein, was taken from it by an act of violence. In England the feeling was very strong at the time, and in Parliament a very influential voice was raised in favour of sending a few thousand red-coats into the Duchies to frighten away the army of Germany. Another element came in. The most charming and justly popular Princess of Wales was the daughter of the German prince who had been chosen by the Great Powers as King of Denmark, not so much on account of his being a Prince of Schleswig-Holstein Glücksburg, as on account of his being the husband of a German princess who, after the resignation of several relations, was in the direct line of succession to the throne of Denmark.

In any other country this sentiment of chivalry might possibly have carried the whole nation into a war with its oldest ally; in England the memory of Waterloo was not yet quite extinct, and some, at all events, of her statesmen had not allowed themselves to be blinded as to the real state of the case, the rights of the German Confederation as the protector of every one of its members, and the rights of Holstein, and indirectly of Schleswig, as inde-

pendent principalities, united to Denmark by a personal union only, which must cease with the extinction of the male line. England has been much blamed by Danish and other publicists for having left Denmark in the lurch; but it should never be forgotten that, though England in the London Treaty had recognised the integrity of Denmark as a European necessity, it had never promised any material aid to the old or to the new king, and could not be expected to rush in where the other signatories of the London Protocol dreaded to go. Hence what happened afterwards when the new King of Denmark maintained the Danish claims on Schleswig and part of Holstein was exactly what might have been foreseen in spite of the troubled state of the political atmosphere of Europe. The Germanic Confederation did not abdicate its rights or its duties in obedience to the wishes of the Great Powers, or even of some of its own members, but ordered a military execution against Denmark. When that military execution was entrusted in the end to Austria and Prussia, the result could hardly be doubtful. The brave Danish army after a valiant resistance was defeated, and Austria and Prussia then occupied the two Albingian principalities in the name of the German Confederation.

What followed afterwards, however important in its consequences, is of no interest to us in studying the question of the rights of Denmark and Germany in their contest over the principalities of Schleswig and Holstein. The German Confederation as such never doubted the rights of the Augustenburg line. Prussia, however, soon began to take a new view. It saw that there was only one remedy for the weakness of Germany as a European Power, only one way of preventing the repetition of a Treaty of London, in which Germany, in reality the strongest Power in Europe, had been openly treated as a *quantité négligeable*, namely a real unification of Germany with the exclusion of Austria, and under the hegemony of Prussia. Prussia staked her very existence on the realisation of this ideal, and naturally, as in a struggle for life or death, disregarded all obstacles that stood in her way. Bismarck with his enormous personal influence on the King persuaded him to disregard the rights of the Augustenburg line, because he considered the addition of a new independent principality in the north of Germany, and in possession of the harbour of Kiel, as a source of weakness and possible danger to that United Germany of the future for which he had laboured so long, and for which he was ready to sacrifice everything. Fortune was on his side, he played *Va banque!* and he won. Well might he say *Audaces fortuna juvat*, and well did he say *Inter arma silent leges*, and not only *leges*, but also *jura*. No one was more fully convinced of the rights of the Ducal line of Augustenburg than he was. We know now from his own letter on what terms he was ready to recognise these rights, and to allow to the Duke Frederick, eldest son of Duke Christian

Augustus, an independent sovereignty. But events were marching too fast for carrying out these smaller arrangements, and at a time when kingdoms like Hanover were simply annexed by force of arms, it was not likely that better terms would be granted by victorious Prussia to the small principalities of Schleswig-Holstein and their legitimate Duke.

In the book before us, which has been very carefully compiled, and against which we have but one complaint to make, namely that it contains 800 closely printed pages, the events which followed the execution as ordered by the German Confederation against Denmark, and the occupation as carried out by Prussia and Austria, are fully detailed. Austria and Prussia soon began to quarrel over the administration of the two principalities, Prussia in Schleswig, Austria in Holstein, and when Austria, against the wish of Prussia, actually summoned the Holstein estates to assemble and to settle their constitution under the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein Augustenburg, the die was cast. Prussia, however, had at the time 12,000 men in Schleswig, Austria but 5,200 in Holstein, so that when an outbreak of war between these two Powers seemed imminent, nothing remained but to withdraw the Austrian *corps d'armée* as quickly as possible, and to leave Prussia in military possession of both Duchies. How well Prussia was prepared for war was shown by the events that followed in rapid succession. In June 1866, Austria brought forward a motion in the already expiring Diet of Frankfort to issue a decree of military execution against Prussia. But on the day after this motion was accepted, on the 15th of June, 1866, Prussia declared war against Hanover, Electoral Hesse, and Saxony, conquered them, and after having thus secured its safety in the rear marched boldly into Bohemia, and in seven weeks broke the whole power of Austria, while, by an agreement with Bismarck, Italy declared war at the same time against Austria.

When we consider that the battle of Sadowa, which left Prussia the sole master in Germany, had its natural sequence in the battle of Sedan, which left the French Emperor prostrate before the armies of Germany, we shall be better able to understand the deep historical importance of the long ignored and long ridiculed Schleswig-Holstein Question. No one who wishes to understand the history of Germany, and afterwards of the whole of Europe from the year 1848, can dispense with a careful study of that question, which, as we hope to have shown, is by no means so intricate as it has been represented. With all respect for our diplomatists we cannot help feeling that any English solicitor would, after a very few days, have been able to place the true aspect of that question in the clearest light before any English jury at the very time when the greatest English statesmen and the greatest English newspapers went on declaring day after day that it was a question

far beyond the reach of any ordinary understanding. No lawyer would be forgiven for declaring his incompetence to form an opinion on the facts placed before him, and on the rights and grievances of the different claimants of the throne of Schleswig-Holstein after the death of Frederick the Seventh of Denmark.

It is this purely personal question which is evidently very near to the hearts of the two authors of the book, *Schleswig-Holsteins Befreiung*, and it is for that very reason that this publication will always retain its historical value. Though it is free from the spirit of mere partisanship, its authors do not wish to conceal their strong feelings of sympathy and admiration for the chief sufferer in the liberation of Schleswig-Holstein, namely the Duke Frederick, whose beautiful portrait adorns their volume.

There are historians who look upon the great events which we have witnessed in our time as the inevitable result of forces beyond the control of individuals. To them all political convulsions such as the violent collision between Prussia and Austria, and the subsequent intervening struggle between Germany and France, are like earthquakes long foreseen by seismological politicians, and impossible to be retarded, accelerated, or warded off by any personal efforts. They would scout the idea that if Lord Palmerston's heart had been less of a *cœur léger*, or if he had not felt himself hampered by the Don Pacifico affair, or if the Protocol of London had not been signed by him, the conflict between Denmark and Germany would not have reached its acute stage, and the battles of Sadowa and Sedan would never have been fought. Everything in history, as in nature, takes place, according to them, in obedience to laws which allow of no modification by the hand of man. Yet they should not forget that even an avalanche is sometimes set rolling by the flight of birds, and that a lucifer match carelessly trodden on by a sentinel may cause the explosion of a powder magazine. It may be quite true that when a great avalanche is once set in motion, overwhelming whole forests and destroying village after village, we cannot expect that one single tree or one single chalet should be able to arrest its course. But the true historian, however much he may feel inclined to see in history, as in nature, a process of evolution, cannot and ought not to forget the individuals who act or who suffer in the birth and death struggles of humanity. If he did, he would deprive history of all its human interest, of its dramatic character, and its moral lessons. Could we really understand the events of the second half of our century without a study of such personal characters as Queen Victoria, the Emperor Napoleon, the German Emperor, Moltke, Bismarck, and Mr. Gladstone? In one sense every private soldier of the German army who left house, home, and family, to die at St. Privat may be said to have decided the fate of Germany and of Europe. If the German army, as drilled by Moltke, was the horse

that won the race, it was Bismarck who was the jockey and knew how to ride it and to make it win. •

If, then, in the Schleswig-Holstein struggle also, we want to know its authors, its martyrs, and its heroes, the name of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein ought never to be forgotten. He was born to a ducal throne in one of the most delightful and prosperous provinces of Germany. He was, if any German prince, convinced of the necessity of a real union of Germany, and of a union, as he thought, under the auspices of Prussia. He, more than any other German prince, was ready to give up any of his princely rights and privileges that might conflict with the requirements of a strong central power wielded by Prussia. Under the most trying circumstances and at a time when many a German patriot hesitated between Austria and Prussia, he never seems to have swerved in his loyalty to Prussia and in his personal devotion to King William the First, afterwards the first German Emperor, to the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess, afterwards the Emperor and Empress Frederick. There is only one voice among those who knew him best as to his noble character and the high principles by which he himself was guided through life. Sybel, the great historian, who knew him well and who seems to have long suspected that Bismarck wished to incorporate the Duchies in Prussia rather than to support their independence under their own Duke, said in the Prussian Chamber :

And who is that Duke of Augustenburg? He is the living expression of the rights and of the inseparability of the Duchies. His name is to a brave German race in the north the bearer of all that makes life worth living, the bearer of freedom and nationality. He is strong in his very weakness, because his own people desire him, so that whether an appeal were made to the estates or to universal suffrage in Schleswig-Holstein, his title would be unanimously proclaimed between Eider and Königsau. . . . So long as this state of things continues he will be invincible, for the freedom of a united and determined people is invincible. I know that the Schleswig-Holstein people reckon among their rights—and these rights the Duke has declared that he will respect—as the first and most precious right the claim of the male line to the succession in the principalities. They do not wish to become Prussian. They wish to remain German, and they will follow Prussia with their warmest and grateful sympathies so long only as Prussia itself moves forward in the road of a truly German policy.

All over Germany the Duke was trusted and loved, and we have the strongest testimony of his numerous friends as to the straightforward, unselfish, and truly noble character shown by him throughout all his trials. The very names of his friends enable us to judge what kind of man he was. His best friends were the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia, the unfortunate Emperor Frederick, and his eminent and high-minded wife, the late Prince Consort, the Grand Duke of Baden, and such men as Baron Roggenbach, George von Bunsen, and many others whose names are less known in this country but highly respected in their own. He had no enemies

except at Copenhagen and at Berlin. Bismarck knew that the Duke had powerful friends, and that even in his weakness he was a power that had to be reckoned with. What part the young Duke formed in the old statesman's political calculations Bismarck has openly stated himself. He declared in the Prussian Chamber on the 20th of December, 1866: 'I have always held to this climax, that personal union with Denmark would be better than the existing state of things; that an independent sovereign would be better than such personal union, and that union with Prussia would be better than an independent sovereign.' The Duke was not strong enough to cope with such an antagonist, but even when after the battle of Sadowa all his chances of succeeding to his rightful throne were gone, he was able to rejoice in the liberation of his Duchies from a foreign yoke. He joined the Bavarian contingent of the German army in the war against France, and assured the German Emperor in a letter of the 28th of July, 1870, that in the national war against France all other questions must stand aside, and that every German had but one duty to fulfil, to defend the integrity of Germany against her enemies! No attempt was ever made by the deposed Duke and his family to disturb the peace of Germany by a new assertion of their old rights. The Duke felt that he had done his duty to his country and his family to the very utmost, and that he might retire with honour from an impossible contest.

By a kind of poetical justice, this self-denial on the part of the Schleswig-Holstein family has met with a great reward. Prince Christian, the brother of Duke Frederick, married a daughter of Queen Victoria, the kind-hearted and beloved Princess Helena, and has found a new sphere of usefulness in a country so closely akin to his native land; while his niece, the daughter of Duke Frederick, was actually chosen by the present German Emperor as his consort. So that in future the blood of Schleswig-Holstein, blended with that of Hohenzollern, will run in the veins of the Kings of Prussia and the German Emperors. Let those who like call all this mere accident; to a thoughtful historian it cannot but convey a lesson, even though he may hesitate to put it into words.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

Villa Floridiana, Naples.

ON BANK HOLIDAYS AND A PLEA FOR ONE MORE

DURING the Middle Ages there were in England, as in other European countries, a large number of Saints' days, which were more or less religiously kept as holidays. These were probably too numerous; but, on the other hand, at the Reformation we went certainly into the opposite extreme, and 'Merrie England,' at the bidding of the Puritans, gave up holidays altogether, excepting indeed Christmas Day and Good Friday, which were retained as especially sacred.

Gradually, however, the common-sense of the people rebelled against this state of things, and Easter Monday, Whit Monday, and Boxing Day were kept, at any rate partially, as holidays. I say partially, because those who really needed them most, those whose avocations were sedentary, derived little advantage from them.

It was impossible for bankers or merchants to close, because they were bound, during business hours, to meet all claims legally made upon them. Any bill due and not paid would have been, and must have been, protested, and as a matter of fact all commercial offices were open. Excepting for a week's or a fortnight's holiday once in the year, the only days on which a clerk could reckon were Christmas Day and Good Friday. Even if he was kindly given one or two ~~more~~, he probably did not know long beforehand, and could therefore make no arrangements. Moreover, it was improbable that other members of his family or his special friends would be free on the same day.

When I was invited in 1865 to stand as one of the Liberal candidates for West Kent, I naturally asked myself what I should do if I were elected, and one of the reasons which influenced me was the hope of securing, on behalf of our people, a few days for rest and recreation.

The holidays already in existence were all of religious origin. It is remarkable that the Bank Holidays created by the Act of 1871 were the first ever instituted by any Legislature for the purposes of rest and enjoyment; all previous were either religious fasts or festivals. The Act also authorises the Queen in Council to proclaim any other day to be a holiday under the Act. Previously a holiday might be proclaimed, but only as a fast or day of national humiliation. There was no power to proclaim a holiday for thanksgiving or rejoicing.

It has often been asserted that the Bank Holidays were originally

intended for bank clerks only. This is entirely a mistake. The Act expressly provides that 'no person shall be compellable to do any act on a Bank Holiday which he would not be compellable to do on Christmas Day or Good Friday;' and I always believed that, coming as it does in the splendid summer weather, the August holiday would eventually become the most popular in the whole year.

It may be asked; then, Why did we call these days Bank Holidays?

The reason is rather technical. According to immemorial custom the payer of a 'bill' in England has three days' grace, so that an acceptance which comes due nominally on the first of the month is really payable on the fourth. If, however, the third day of grace should fall upon Christmas Day, Good Friday, or a Sunday, then it is not thought fair the payer should have a fourth day's grace, and such bills are due the day before, that is to say they are due on the Saturday or the day before Good Friday or Christmas Day.

Now, in considering the Bank Holidays it was thought that it might act unjustly if a person were called upon to provide for his bills the day before they would otherwise have fallen due. And after some consideration, therefore, we suggested that bills falling due upon these days should be payable not the day before the last day of grace but on the day after; so that a bill falling due on a Bank Holiday becomes really payable a day later than would be the case if it were due on a Sunday, Good Friday, or Christmas Day.

Under these circumstances it was necessary to use some special name for the new holidays in our Bill. If we had called them National Holidays or General Holidays this would not have distinguished them from the old holidays, and, moreover, we thought that it would perhaps call too much attention to the proposed change. They were therefore called 'Bank Holidays,' and this is the real origin of a word which has now become so familiar. But it was never intended that these holidays should be applicable exclusively to banks.

Bank Holidays have not, indeed, escaped criticism. A writer in the March number of this Review has attacked them with much severity. 'Let Parliament,' he says, 'abolish Bank Holidays altogether. . . . The institution has been tried. It has signally and disastrously failed.'

Is this the case? It must be remembered that except as regards banks the holidays are purely permissive. In many places they were at first almost ignored. In London and some other towns they were partially availed of from the first, but everywhere they have gradually become more and more popular and generally adopted.

Describing the last August Bank Holiday the *Times* told us that 'cyclists of both sexes covered the roads. River steamers and pleasure boats carried their thousands to Kew and the upper reaches of the Thames. The London parks were crowded. The Botanic Gardens and the Zoological Gardens formed great attractions, and the flowers

of Battersea Park drew large crowds all day. The India and Ceylon Exhibition was visited by an enormous crowd.'

The numbers carried by the railway companies from their London stations, as far as I have been able to ascertain them, were:

Great Eastern	130,000
South Eastern	81,000
London and Brighton	30,000
London, Chatham, and Dover	41,000
South Western	35,000
Great Western	41,000
North Western	14,000
Midland	22,000
Great Northern	18,000
North London	20,000
London, Tilbury, and Southend	22,000
City and South London	26,000
The visitors to Kew Gardens were	73,000
To the British Museum and National Gallery	25,000
To the Crystal Palace	80,000
To the Zoological Gardens	22,000
To Windsor Castle	17,000
To Madame Tussaud's	27,000
Those on Hampstead Heath were estimated at	120,000

In other cities also the holiday was very generally observed.

But then the same writer makes this very fact the basis of his attack.

Four times in every year [he says] do . . . people set themselves to look for amusement, and find it usually in the public house. Four times in every year . . . the various police magistrates dispose of interminable lists of more or less serious offences arising out of the efforts of the State and Sir John Lubbock to procure rest and recreation for the people. . . . Since on Bank Holiday from a fourth to an eighth of the adult poorer classes of England are drunk before the end of the day, it is not astonishing that the following morning should display a goodly number of broken heads and beaten wives. . . . The women are generally at least as drunk as the men on St. Lubbock's festal days.

I was at first indignant at this attack on our poorer countrymen and countrywomen; but it is really so extravagant and absurd as to be beneath contempt.

The writer does not bring forward a tittle of evidence in support of his assertion that 'from a fourth to an eighth' of our poorer fellow countrymen and countrywomen get drunk on Bank Holidays, nor indeed could he prove his assertion. Sir Matthew White Ridley has been so kind as to give me the number of charges in the whole metropolis for the last August Bank Holiday and the days which immediately preceded and followed. They were as follows:

Saturday	202	Tuesday	240
Sunday	107	Wednesday	140
Monday	214		

It will be seen, therefore, that the charges on the day after the Bank Holiday were very slightly above the average.

Most of the cases, moreover, are said to have been trivial, and the number is infinitesimal in a population of 5,000,000. Indeed, Sir John Bridge, the late senior magistrate for London, who speaks of course with unrivalled authority, authorises me to say that in his experience 'the days after Bank Holidays are days on which we have remarkably few charges.'¹

People in fact quarrel and break the law not when they are happy and enjoying themselves, but when they are suffering and miserable.

The writer of the article in this Review goes on to say that

If everybody did things at different times we should all get twice the value out of life; . . . but this unhappily is impossible. Man is a gregarious animal, and as the school holidays must take place in August, the parents' holiday must take place in August too. . . .

Is it absolutely necessary that everybody's Bank Holiday should fall on the same day? That is the real problem. Would it be possible to alter the present arrangement, and spread the four public holidays over other days in the year? This seems the only conceivable solution. . . . We might divide up our poorer classes by trades, and assign different days to each trade for its holiday. . . . But there are probably practical difficulties in the way of such an arrangement.

The State might abolish the present Bank Holidays, . . . and content itself with enacting that every employé should claim from his employer four separate days.

But this would probably be found extremely inconvenient.

As he admits that one of his alternatives would 'probably be impracticable, and the other 'extremely inconvenient,' it is unnecessary to discuss them. But the suggestions show that he has not grasped the conditions of life of those for whom Bank Holidays were specially designed. He is evidently not a father, or he would not assert that we should 'get twice the value out of life' if we did not take our holidays with our children. Bank Holidays are popular because every one knows when they are coming and can make arrangements beforehand. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, and friends are, in thousands of cases, engaged in different businesses, but under the Act they can reckon on getting four holidays at any rate all together. To withdraw this benefit would deprive the holidays of half their advantage.

But the writer denies the advantage altogether, and says that they have entirely failed.

So far from this, as I have shown above, the evidence is conclusive and overwhelming that they are immensely popular; that they are being more and more wisely used, and that in the opinion of those

¹ Speaking of last Easter Monday Bank Holiday the *Times* (April 21 1897), says:

At most of the police courts the Bank Holiday charges were below the average in number, and very few of them were serious.'

for whom they were intended, they have splendidly fulfilled the purpose for which they were established.

The question, indeed, arises whether one more at any rate might not be granted with advantage. Easter Monday, and even Whit Monday, come generally somewhat early in the year, when the weather is uncertain and often unpropitious. The Christmas holiday falls of course in the depth of winter.

The new August holiday is therefore the only one which enables our people to enjoy the 'pageant of summer.' It is the only break between Whit Monday and Christmas Day. A day about the end of June would be an inestimable boon.

We are looking out for the best way of commemorating the deep debt of gratitude we owe to our Queen. June 22 is to be constituted a Bank Holiday for this year. But why for this year only? I have suggested that it should be added to our short list of red-letter days.

By many of those most concerned the idea has been enthusiastically welcomed. For instance, the Scottish Shopkeepers' and Assistants' Union, the most important representative of the Scotch shopkeeping community, with branches all over Scotland, and the West Yorkshire Federated Chamber of Trade, have passed and sent me unanimous resolutions in its favour. I ought, indeed, to admit that two Working Men's Associations in Sheffield and Birmingham have sent me resolutions in the opposite sense. It must be remembered, however, that artisans do not need another holiday so much as others less fortunately situated. They have secured for themselves short (I do not say too short) hours and a weekly half-holiday. The so-called working man in fact works less than almost any other class of the community. He is employed say fifty hours per week, shopkeepers and shop assistants work in many places over eighty. Clerks, of course, are not employed so long, but their duties are sedentary, and a greater strain on the nervous system.

Moreover, as these holidays are not compulsory it would still be open to the artisans of Birmingham and Sheffield to go on working if they wished. I doubt, however, if they would wish long.

In any case a Bank Holiday in commemoration of the Queen's reign at the end of June would be received by thousands as an inestimable boon; it would increase, not diminish, the national output; it would probably be adopted in the Colonies, and would be another link binding the Empire together.

It would be difficult, I believe, to propose anything which would add more to the health and happiness of our people or more contribute to preserve the memory of Her Majesty's long, wise, and glorious reign, than the institution in the middle of our beautiful summer weather of a 'Victoria Day.'

JOHN LUBBOCK.

MAY CAROLS

And green leaf and blossom and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together.

ALL over Europe the songs of May-time and their melodies are to be found celebrating the brightest time of the whole year, when all is anticipation in nature, the wondrous Spring feeling communicating its exhilaration to everything. Winter's ramparts are broken down; indeed, this marvellous unbinding of Winter is Spring's first herald; the loosening of icicle-bound streams, the sudden crackle of the sod with its dormant life, the frozen ivy tendrils holding together fell-side ramparts, all give way, shouting 'Spring is coming!' Such sounds are Spring's first herald of May music.

Another blow of the trumpet—for all Spring's voices are music—and from every cranny and corner of the world life speaks: life in the air, in that mysterious rapture of exhilaration which is Spring's alone; life in the distant green of the larches which one only sees as a bloom from afar; life in the voices of the birds with their sweetest notes of May music, for the song of joy is widening, the herald blast is fuller, 'Spring is coming!'

Then a week of heavenly beauty, of still calm, the sunshine of fairyland and the awakening of blossom. This is the herald of flowerland. The larches proudly carry their pink buds, the wild cherry trees follow with the rose-hued bells of foam, the daffodils are here in all their lustre of green and amber, and 'the shafts of blue fire,' the hyacinths, are the world's carpet, and earth's song of joy is at its fullest, for 'Spring has come!'

Small wonder is it that this feeling which Spring imparts to the whole world should express itself in special verse, music, rites, and ceremonies, with which no other season of the year is honoured. In England we celebrated the festival in May, and some authorities declare its origin to have been a goddess's festival that fell then; but in Greece Spring ceremonies were held in March, and in all warmer countries than our own they naturally fell earlier in the year. Such being the case is more than sufficient testimony that these rites and ceremonies merely followed the dates of Spring according to nature's geography, and that wherever or whenever they appeared their

derivation was simply the necessity in all times of some symbolic utterance for the ecstasy of joy with which men hail the Spring.

Inasmuch as the ceremonies of 'Flora' and 'Maia,' and the famous Druidical rejoicings represented Spring, without doubt they have been honoured with her; but Spring herself antedates them all. Long before their day the hearts of men and women grew glad with the sunshine, and delighted to do it honour. 'Now the leaves come back to the trees, the sap-filled bud swells with the tender twig, and the fertile grass that long lay unseen finds hidden passages and uplifts itself in the air.' Now is the field fruitful, now is the time of the birth of cattle, now the bird prepares its house and home in the bough,' and therefore now some link must be established between the children of men and the returned glory of the earth.

So the May carols and songs really represent an unconscious nature worship, curiously mixed up with the faiths and the follies of other days. They include superstitious observances, as in the May plays of the Tuscans with their curious monotonous chant, where 'grief or joy, love or hate, are all expressed upon one and the same note,' and they include also the frolicsome revels, not always of a very harmless character, of the old English May-day celebrations.

So connected is all May music with the ceremonies for which it was written, that it is impossible to treat of the carols separately from their surroundings; also, before looking back upon authentic statements regarding 'mayings' in England, it must not be forgotten that these celebrations on the then so-called 1st of May (calendar old style) was in reality what we (calendar new style) call the 11th of May. Nowhere in England is hawthorn in bloom on the present 1st of the month, but eleven days make a surprising difference at this wondrous time of year, and it is often quite possible by the 11th 'to bring in the may.' It has often been suggested that 'bringing — ~~in~~ the may' really meant blackthorn; this however is a supposition no true 'mayer' would accept!

The verses and melodies of these songs seem to divide themselves into carols proper, morris-dance carols (which were rarely separated from the games and festivities of May), and musicians' May-day carols, which, though coming under widely different lines to the others, are still tributes to Spring's celebrations, and were used at what one might call the imitation May-day festivities of lords and ladies in the masques and pageants which were at one time the fashion of May.

In the time of Henry the Eighth May-day celebrations existed throughout England; furthermore, in his reign and Elizabeth's they were by no means confined to the lower classes, and from this period they can be traced here and there in a reduced but somewhat similar form up to the early part of the present century. In Cornwall they still hold a mild sway. Among other counties where they are most

recently to be traced is Lancashire, which heads my list with seven carols—four with music, but to the other three I have been unable to trace tunes; they were probably sung to some well-known air usually associated with other words. Then there are two from Cornwall, another from Devonshire, two from Hertfordshire (one the well-known Hitchin May song), one from Sussex, one from Essex, two from Oxford. Many are referred to in the *Bardic Museum* as to be traced in Wales, but they do not appear to possess original music.

To follow May-day customs separately throughout these counties would be unnecessary, as with certain varieties the surroundings of May music are really the same everywhere; here and there are varieties of custom to be found, which may be noted in their special localities. So then we need merely recall generally that it was an ancient practice throughout England, on the eve of May, for young folk to go out into the woods, where they remained all night, gathering boughs of may, preparing to preserve their complexions by bathing in the morning May dew, and finally 'to bring home the may' in order to decorate the village or town to which they belonged, which by 4 A.M. was changed into a sort of hawthorn Birnam Wood! This was succeeded by holiday-making, dancing, and revelling throughout the livelong day.

Spenser's famous description of this going out for the may puts the jocund days when the world was younger most freshly before us of all the beautiful verse its joy has called forth:

Siker this morrow no longer ago
 I saw a shole of shepherds out go
 With singing and shouting, and jolly cheer:
 • Before them rode a lusty Tabrere
 That to them many a hornpipe played,
 Whereto they dancen each one with his maid.
 To see these folks make such jouissance
 Made my heart after the pipe to dance.
 Then to the greenwood they speeden them all
 To fetchen home may with their musical:
 And home they bring him in a royal throne
 Crowned as king; and his queen alone
 Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
 A fair flock of fairies and a fresh bend
 Of lovely nymphs—O that I were there
 To helpen the ladies their may-bush bear!

In all the numerous poetical descriptions of the May-time ceremonies from Chaucer downwards, the music comes next in importance to the may itself. Without pipe and carol May-day had not half its charms, and curiously enough the tunes endure, though few and far between, long after the ceremonies to which they belonged have ceased to be.

As a general observation on this music, before considering the tunes individually, it is to be noted that many partake somewhat of

the character of hymns, the morris dances only representing the lighter revelling part of May-day pastimes, which seems curious, as the words of all the carols are of a very mixed character, their serious vein being evidently only of Puritan date. But though the tunes do not sound like dance tunes to us, they probably may have been so; the old word 'carole' was used by the trouvères invariably to mean a song which was sung and danced to, 'the performers moving slowly round in a circle, singing at the same time.' For a slow dignified dance these airs would have been feasible, and their solemnity is not in any way unusual as representing secular airs, for from the thirteenth century in the first preserved English May song of all, *Summer is a-coming in*, to the present time, English melody when it is not patriotic is very apt to be hymnlike. In the case of these carols, Puritanism added to this effect by invading their words (part of which are often of a semi-sacred character), and making a very curious mixture in some of the other verses. The more recent performances of them, in Lancashire at any rate, and probably elsewhere, used to be given by five or six men singers, with fiddle, flute, and clarionet accompaniment. No doubt the performers added more or less fancy harmonies of their own. But the dancing part of the entertainment no longer existed there in the early part of this century.

I cannot but think that the reason why Lancashire is so rich in carols is that, at a time when probably many were lost in other counties, the county had the advantage of these songs being noted down by Mr. Harland, who probably knew more about Lancashire poetry and legend than any one has done since. If every county in every fifty years possessed such an enthusiast, the collection of folk-song would indeed be easy! The seven sets of verses are carefully preserved: would that such had been the case with their tunes, of which only three seem to be forthcoming. Two are to be found in the late Mr. Barrett's interesting folk-song collection, the old and the new May songs; the remaining melody, as far as I know, is not in print at all, but has been kindly supplied to me by Miss Broadwood, the joint editor with Mr. Fuller Maitland of *County Songs*.

The old Lancashire May song, *All in this pleasant evening*, possesses the most attractive and probably the most ancient of the carol verses that survive. It comes from Swinton in the parish of Eccles, and consists of a kind of call or serenade to 'master, mistress, and children of the house' to 'rise up for the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay.' Of course the poet of the gang fits the song to suit any particular case. The last verse seems to indicate that this and other songs of like character had a simple superstition for one of their objects, and that the country folk held that they were innocent charms, as the last line expresses it, 'to draw (or drive) the cold winter away.' The melody is a simple air (as are all these carol tunes), not specially striking except for its flattened seventh in the fourth bar

and the pauses in the seventh and eleventh bars which give it a quaintness of its own.

The second Lancashire ditty is known as *The new May Song*; it has a pretty refrain to each verse,

And the baziers are sweet in the morning of May,

the bazier being the Lancashire name for auricula, which is usually in full bloom in April and the beginning of May. Both these airs as originally sung had pauses on the seventh and eleventh bars, something in the way chorales have in other places. This is effective in giving point to the words, specially after the eleventh bar; the pause here lends distinctive character to the refrain contained in the following four bars.

The third Lancashire May tune comes from Stockport; this song, however, is a variant of the Hitchin May Song, or *vice versa*, and from many references to them both which one comes across in songs from different parts of the country, it is natural to think that these are the original bases of many more recent May carols. The Stockport song contains a reference to the northern climate in its first verse, not without meaning, as May is often a very rainy month in Lancashire. The poor mayer is forced to confess that

I got wet and very very wet,
And can no longer stay!

This carol, whether we find it in Lancashire or Hertfordshire, is without doubt a very ancient medley, dating probably from the time of Elizabeth. The Puritans later left a very distinct mark on its verses—a mark belonging to the spirit in which a certain Philip Stubbs, Puritan, published a long invective against maying customs in 1595. He disapproved strongly of the night spent in pleasure, which no doubt was not always employed in gathering may. But he even more strongly dissents from the veneration shown by the people to it in bringing home the maypole. He says, ‘And then ~~fall~~ they to leape and daunce about it as the Heathen people did at the dedication of their Idolles, Whereof this is a perfect pattern, or rather the thyng itself.’ Probably the second verse of the song was its original commencement and subject, and the rest has been added by people of the Stubbs pattern, who, as they could not altogether eradicate the ancient custom, strove to impart a different flavour to it.

The fourth Lancashire carol is called the *Song of the Mayers*, beginning, ‘Remember us poor mayers all.’

The fifth song is evidently of much later date:

Come, lads, with your bills,
To the wood we'll away,
We'll gather the boughs
And we'll celebrate May;

We'll bring our load home
 As we've oft done before,
 And leave a green bough
 At each pretty maid's door.

Then there was, in addition to these, *The May Eve Song*, which is merely a hymn of simple rough order :

If we should wake you from your sleep,
 Good people, listen now,
 Our yearly festival we keep,
 And bring a maythorn bough;
 An emblem of the world it grows,
 The flowers its pleasures are,
 And many a thorn bespeaks its woes,
 Its sorrow and its care.

Finally comes the song to be sung after bringing in the may, called *The Mayer's May-day Song*, one verse showing how the earnings of the singers were disposed of, according to ancient custom; for, we are told,

John and Jane the whole shall have,
 They're the last new married pair.

So much for the carols of Lancashire, which county certainly contributes no ignoble share to carol verse and melody.

Perhaps the most celebrated carol is the Cornish *Helston Furry Dance*, which takes place on the 8th of May. In the same way as before described do the youths and maidens go into the woods and return dancing through the streets of Helston to the quaint carol belonging to the day, entitled the *Furry Dance*. The word 'furry' is derived from the old Cornish word 'feur' or 'foir,' a holiday, and the song is full of quaint allusions to bygone days. One verse speaks of the Spaniards and the 'grey goose feather.' The Spaniards burned Paul's Church in Mount's Bay in 1595, which would seem to fix that fragment as originating about the end of the reign of Elizabeth, while the use of the 'grey goose feather' points also to an ante-gunpowder period. Some authorities consider 'furry' to be a perversion of 'fadé,' which meant 'to go' into the country. At any rate, the country folk went, and on their return at each door the singers placed their branch of may, while the dancing appears to have continued more or less throughout the day, being by no means confined to the streets alone. Certain eccentricities of May-day observances existed here that are not to be found elsewhere; for instance, the house doors were thrown open and the dancers danced through the house, into its garden, and out again into the street. Instead of this proceeding being considered of a somewhat free and easy character, the residents in any house that was omitted from it would consider themselves slighted indeed! This dance and its tune is a distinct relic of part of the old May games, reference being made in this carol to two portions

of them—the important bringing in of the may and the Robin Hood play, which, in connection with the morris dances and the hobby horse, were so celebrated a part of these festivities forming the four portions of the May games. This *Helston Furry* dance is perhaps the most celebrated of May-day carols.

The second Cornish carol is known as the *Padstow May Song*. As given by Mr. Baring-Gould in his *Garland of County Song*, two tunes connected with Padstow have been utilised as solo and chorus; but they are undoubtedly two separate tunes, the one comparatively modern, the second probably an old air. A great deal of this ballad is of local and somewhat confused character,* but Mr. Fleetwood Sheppard has cleverly eliminated five verses from a confused mass which have an interest outside that of May time, for here it seems we have a ballad and a tune probably of the time of and containing references to Agincourt. The allusions seem unmistakable.

I

Awake for St. George, our brave English knight O!
God grant us His grace by day and by night O!

II

O where is St. George? O say where is he O!
He is out on his long boat all on the salt sea O.

III

O where are the young men that here now should dance O?
Some they are in England and some they are in France O!

IV

The young men of Padstow they might if they wold O!
Have builded a ship and gilded her with gold O!

V

O where are the French dogs that make such a boast O?
They shall eat the grey goose feather and we will eat the roast O!

These verses, Mr. Sheppard says, 'seem plain references to undeniable facts that we have embedded in this *Padstow May Song* remains of a genuine folk song; an historical ballad of the battle of Agincourt, written in all likelihood not later than 1417, quite unknown elsewhere, but still after nearly 500 years of probably unbroken use, sung by the country in a remote part of the kingdom.' Undoubtedly this is a most interesting and valuable ballad, as is also its melody.

Mr. Baring-Gould, who gives the *Devonshire May Carol* in his *Songs of the West*, speaks of it as 'a very early and rude melody' to be found throughout England: there is certainly a connection between it and the Sussex carol (even if they are not different versions of the same tune), in which case the Devonshire melody is much the older. Several verses of this carol bring very suggestively

before us one of May-day's most attractive customs usual in England prior to Puritanism. Not only were most houses decorated, but it was usual for the lover on May morning to serenade his sweetheart and to leave at her door a special bunch of may. If she took it in it was tantamount to acceptance of his addresses; if it was left hanging, woe betide that luckless wight! This custom is still prevalent in the Tyrol and in Swabia. Herrick referred to it when he wrote:

A deale of Youth ere this is come
Back and with white thorn laden home;
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream.

And the carol flows along on somewhat similar lines:

Awake, ye pretty maids, awake,
Refreshed from drowsy dream,
And haste to dairy house and take
For us a dish of cream.

If not a dish of yellow cream,
Then give us kisses three;
The woodland bower is white with flower,
And green is every tree.

Awake, awake, ye pretty maids,
And take the may-bush in,
Or 'twill be gone ere to-morrow morn,
And you'll have none within.

Then comes a verse which is to be found, it seems to me, in nearly all May-day carols, a relic of Puritan days which somehow sounds strangely out of its place here, in a frame of cream and kisses:

The life of man it is but a span,
He blossoms as a flower;
He makes no stay, is here to-day,
And vanished in an hour.

- The rude form of the tune convinces one that this is one of the oldest of these May carols.

The *Sussex Carol*, given in *Sussex Songs*, might almost be as applicable to Christmas as to May, were it not for one verse, of which the first line is 'The fields so green, so wondrous green, as green as any leaf.' This tune is one of the most beautiful of carol tunes; the words tend more towards a sacred than a secular character.

One May carol hails from the far North, the Island of Orkney, and is contained in a most interesting collection of Orkney airs collected by the late Colonel Balfour of Balfour. This air is a regular formal carol tune, and is generally known as a Christmas carol, but strange

to say the one verse still extant of the old version proclaims differently:

The early cock, the guid gray cock,
Crawed clear when it was day;
He waked me in a May morning
My prayers for to say.

The May-day doings at Hitchin in Hertfordshire were still in full swing in 1823, with all the ancient customs: the houses decorated by 4 A.M., the people singing the *Mayers' Song* meanwhile; but an amusing little variation in these customs, took place here at that time. If the mayers had, during the past year, some fault to find or some tiny quarrel with any one, instead of the accustomed 'bunch of may' the poor offender would discover a large bunch of nettles and a piece of elder attached to her knocker, which was of course considered a terrible disgrace. The 'Lord and Lady of the May,' the dancing and festivities were all at Hitchin as elsewhere, and the customs seem to have lingered longer there than in most places. One verse of this *Mayers' Song* is common to many of the carols, and is singularly quaint in its allusions, which by no means represented undue familiarity with sacred things:

A branch of may we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout,
But it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

Two carols hail from Oxford, of widely different character, one supplied to me again through the kindness of Miss Broadwood—a simple little tune without any special distinction about it. Sung to it, among other verses, is a variant on the verse just quoted, which illustrates the fact of its belonging to several otherwise distinctive carols:

A bunch of may I offer you,
And at your door I stand;
It is but a sprout, we couldn't spread it out,
The work of our Lord's hand.

God bless you, ladies and gentlemen,
And send you a happy May;
I come to show you my garland
Because it is the day.

Then comes the relapse into the old carolling strain, possessing small connection with the earlier verses:

The rose is red, the rose is white,
The rose is in my garden;
I would not part with my sweetheart
For twopence-halfpenny farden.

The second Oxford carol holds a distinct and unique position of its own among May carol music, and thus may stand midway between the national and artistic carols, allowing for the morris dances as interlude. This carol consists of the ancient piece of music sung every May-day on Magdalen Tower at 5 A.M. to a Latin hymn. Some writers have admitted that the purpose of this too was originally 'to usher in Spring;' others give its history as connected with a requiem said for the soul of Henry the Seventh, who had a distant connection with Magdalen College. It is however far more probable that some far earlier rites, perhaps even connected with the ancient sun worship, gave this beautiful and impressive May-day ceremony to Oxford, which in its present form seems destined to flourish and outlive all other May customs and traditions.

The history of singing the hymn as it now stands originated as follows. There was held on Magdalen Tower formerly, on the same day and early hour, a secular musical entertainment of appropriate May-time glees and madrigals. Quaint old Anthony à Wood gives us a description of the ceremony in his time, the reign of Charles the Second, and most surely his version comes nearer its true origin than any tale of requiem or mass for Henry the Seventh, which did not at any rate exist then. He says 'the Choral Ministers of this Home do, according to an ancient custom, salute Flora every year on the first of May, at four in the morning, with vocal music of several parts, which, having been sometimes well performed, hath given great content to the neighbourhood and Auditors underneath.'

Later, when good madrigal singing fell into disuse, those of the choir who still thought fit to continue something of the ceremony used to mount the tower and sing the hymn out of the college grace as giving them the least trouble in performance. The present religious aspect of the ceremony is of comparatively recent date, though the hymn itself and its music are by no means modern, the former being written by Dr. Thomas Smith, who lived in the days of James the Second, and the very interesting music composed by Dr. Benjamin Rogers, dating between 1625 and 1695. Such was, and in different form is, the unique custom of Oxford. Long may it be ere the commonplace influences of the present age cause this beautiful remembrance of the eternal Spring to pass away; for, whether hailing from sun worship or requiem, or expressing itself by means of madrigal or hymn, the upshot of all this May-day homage, no matter its form, has its root in Spring alone.

The morris-dance portion of May music must be dismissed shortly. Its dancing and mummery have disappeared, but the music with other words lives in all our collections of national music. Many and delightful are these carols, forming a most important part of May music. The air known as the morris dance is the one we now call *The girl I left behind me*. Then there was the fine tune known as

Staines Morris. *Sellenger's Round*, the oldest country dance extant; the *Bell Dance*, from a collection of English tunes printed at Haarlem in 1626, and so called because bells attached to the dancers formed an essential part of the performance; the *Derbyshire and Lancashire Morris-dance*, the attractive old tune of *May Day*, and many another were all specially May morris-dancing songs. The delightful song known as the *Jovial Tinker* is another morris-dance tune. The morris dance as a performance of course consisted of a number of dances, forming as it were one rustic ballet. The tunes are of many and varied *tempo*. Of course also, 'a morris, a morris,' to use the old cry, really meant a simple masque, including other interests besides the dances, though perhaps they were its most important feature. When the more sober carols were over and the revelry waxed louder, then with bells and shouts the morris dancers in their many-coloured fantastic costumes, with hobby horse and pipe, would dance through the fair Spring day with unflagging steps and jocund merriment.

But it was not only among the rustics that our May music held its own in olden days. Great and wonderful indeed were the famous 'Mayings' of both Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth. The account of Henry and his queen going in the seventh year of his reign to a famous 'Maiyinge' at Shooter's Hill is too quaint to be omitted from any May chronicle. Drawn up one after the other for royal inspection came the representatives of Spring. 'On the first courser sat Humidite, on the second rode Lady Vert, on the third sat Lady Vegetable, on the fourth sat Lady Pleasaunce, on the fifth sat Swete Odour, and in the chair sat the Lady of the May, accompanied with Lady Flora richly appparelled, and they saluted the King with songs, and so brought him to Greenwich,' when

Nights were short, and daies were long,
Blossoms on the hawthorn hung.

For such 'Maiyings' as these it is only fair to conjecture the musicians wrote their carols—to wit, Morley's *Now is the month of maying*, and many many others. Where the music was an artistic function and great preparations were made for the entertainment of noble guests, the musicians of the age were not likely to be behind-hand in celebrating Spring. Probably among the oldest musicians' carols must be reckoned *Oh lusty May*, mentioned in Wedderburn's *Complaynt of Scotland*, and therefore well known before 1548. Its first printed version occurs in *Forbes Cantus of Aberdeen*, the curious and unique Scottish musical publication of the seventeenth century. Here we find the fascinating verses and their attractive music in three parts, for two trebles and a bass. The melody seems to me much more melodious than those of many scholarly productions, and boasts quite a graceful little refrain to pipe to the chorus of *Through giad-*

ness of this lusty May. Two verses must suffice to show the joyful buoyance of the song :

O Lusty May with Flora Queen,
The balmy drops from Phœbus sheen
Prelusant beams before the day
By thee Diana groweth green
Through gladness of this lusty May.

All lovers hearts that are in care
To their ladies they do repair,
In fresh morning before the day
And are in merthé more and more
Through gladness of this Lusty May.

Weelkes, Este, besides Morley aforesaid, and later Lawes, Dr. Rogers, and many another all tell in musicians' carols

How in gathering of their may
Each lad and lass do kiss and play,
Each thing doth smile, as it would say,
This is love's hole, love's holy day.
And while love's kindly fires do sting,
Hark! Philomel doth sweetly sing.

What to-day have we in exchange for these fascinating May-day revels? May is still the same, granted that we must keep her festival a fortnight later. Still does the hawthorn riot in sweetness, still do the cherry blossoms and the hyacinths cover the earth with their opal and sapphire hues. But the spirit of May-time seems to have left the country folk that not so long ago almost worshipped it, and innocently blissful revellings no longer 'make country houses gay.'

If it is too late to recall them in all their glory, at any rate let us not allow them to pass into complete oblivion; but yet,

While time serves and we are but decaying,
Come, my Cominna, come, let's goe a-maying.

A. M. WAKEFIELD.

THE HOME OF THE CABOTS

EARLY in May, 1497 a little vessel with some twenty persons on board set sail from Bristol on a voyage of discovery. It is intended to celebrate this year the four hundredth anniversary of that event at the place where it occurred. Such celebrations have been much the fashion of late on both sides of the Atlantic, owing no doubt to the great advance in historical knowledge and to the increased interest in history which this century has witnessed. Among all the events thus celebrated, however, there is perhaps hardly one which more deserves commemoration than the sailing of the little Bristol vessel 400 years ago. 'We derive our rights in America,' said Edmund Burke, 'from the discovery of Sebastian Cabot, who first made the Northern Continent in 1497. The fact is sufficiently certain to establish a right to our settlements in North America.' On that voyage of the Cabots and its results rested the English claim to North America. Under that claim, successfully maintained, Englishmen planted the colonies which reached from Georgia to Maine, and which by their growth finally enabled the mother country to drive the French from Canada and make the continent from Mexico to the North Pole a possession of the English-speaking race. From those early colonies have come the United States and the Dominion of Canada. The daring voyage of discovery which made these things possible, and gave a continent to the English race, certainly deserves to be freshly remembered.

Burke really stated the whole case in the sentence just quoted, but he made one error. The commander of the ship and the leader of the expedition was not Sebastian but John Cabot. That Sebastian accompanied his father is probable, although not absolutely certain; but there is no doubt whatever that John Cabot was the originator, chief, and captain of this famous expedition, so small when it sailed away from Bristol, so big with meaning to mankind when it returned a few months later.

The following year there was another voyage made by the Cabots, with larger results in the way of exploration and information as to this new world, which they thought part of the country of the 'Great Cham.' Into the story of their memorable voyages, about which

volumes have been written, or the subsequent career and long life of Sebastian Cabot—for John Cabot disappears from our ken after the second expedition—I do not propose to enter. • My only purpose is to try to show who these men were who rendered this great service to England and to the world, and from what race they sprang.

On this point there have been much expenditure of learning, manifold conjectures, many theories, and abundant suggestions, but the upshot has been one of those historical puzzles or mysteries in which the antiquarian mind delights. As a matter of fact the explanation is very simple, and possibly that is the reason it has been overlooked. This does not mean that any one can tell where John Cabot was born, for no one knows, nor has any evidence on that point been produced. If some inquirer were to search among the records of a certain outlying portion of the United Kingdom, as has not yet been done with this object in view, something might be found which would throw light on John Cabot's birth and parentage. So far, however, there is no positive evidence whatever in regard to it. The case is hardly better in regard to Sebastian, for when he was trying to leave the service of Spain for that of Venice, he told Contarini that he was born in Venice but brought up in England. On the other hand, when he was an old man he told Eden that he was born in Bristol, and carried to Venice by his father at the age of four years. The conflict between Sebastian's own statements is hardly more instructive than the absence of all information in regard to his father. But, although it is impossible to fix the birthplace of either of these men, it is possible to do that which is perhaps quite as important—determine where the family or the race to which they belonged originated.

John Cabot is always spoken of as a Venetian, and quite properly and correctly, but he was a Venetian by naturalisation. The first mention of his name in history occurs in the Venetian archives, where we find his admission to citizenship in 1476. Before that there is absolutely nothing, and the Venetian archives simply prove that John Cabot was not born in Venice, and was a Venetian only by adoption. We know that he married a Venetian woman, and from Sebastian's contradictory statements about his own birthplace, we also know that his father had connections of some sort in England, and passed much time in that country long before the famous voyage; for on that point both Sebastian's versions as to his own nativity agree. Therefore it was not by accident that John Cabot went to England and received from Henry the Seventh in 1496 the patent granted to himself and his three sons, Louis, Sebastian, and Sanctius, for the discovery of unknown lands in the eastern, western, or northern seas, with the right to occupy such territories. The recent authorities speak of John Cabot as probably born in Genoa or its neighbourhood, resting apparently only on Pedro de Ayala's

reference to him as a Genoese and Stowe's loose statement that Sebastian was 'Genoa's son.' All this is mere guesswork. We know nothing about John Cabot except the not very illuminating fact that he was not born in Venice.

Let us now turn from the particular to the general. The Cabots were a numerous race. We find them scattered all over Europe; the name varied a little here and there, but is always easily identified. If it can be shown that people of that name have a home where they have lived for many generations, then the problem is solved. In Ireland and Scotland there have been sept^s or clans all bearing a common name, and, in tradition at least, going back to a common ancestor. It needs no inquiry to tell us where the O'Donnells came from, although some of them have been Spaniards for several generations. We know the origin of the MacMahons and Macdonalds of France without much research. Wherever one meets a Cameron or a Campbell, one may be sure that his genealogy, if duly followed up, will take us back sooner or later to Scotland. The same law holds good very often in regard to families which have no pretence to a tribal origin or to the dignity of a clan or sept, especially if they come from some island or some sequestered spot on the mainland.

Such is the case with the Cabots or Chabots. The island of Jersey is their place of origin, and the residence there of men of that name goes back to a very early period. In Stowe's list of those who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, we find the name Cabot spelled as it is to-day. The bearer was no doubt one of the many Normans who followed William from the land which their Norse ancestors had swooped down upon a century earlier. Whether the particular adventurer who, according to Stowe, came over with the Conqueror was from the island of Jersey, we have no means of knowing. But men of that name must have settled in the island at a very early period, soon after it was granted as a fief to Rolf the Ganger by Charles the Simple. Down even to the present time most of the people in two Jersey parishes are named Cabot or Chabot. The word 'Chabot' means also a kind of fish and a measure, and seems to be peculiar in this way to the island. On the bells of some of the churches, on the tombstones, and in the Armorial of Jersey the name and arms are found, and go back to very early times. The arms prove the antiquity of the race in the island. They are 'armes parlantes,' three fishes (chabots), with the pilgrim's scallop shell for a crest, indicating the period of the Crusades. The motto is one of the ancient punning mottoes, 'Semper cor, caput, Cabot.' These peculiarities of name and arms indicate the antiquity of the family and also its identification with that particular spot. We find the name widely diffused in France, where it is found in many noble families, including the Rohans, owing to the *mésalliance*, so criticised by St. Simon, of the heiress of the Rohans with Henri de Chabot.

In the French dictionaries it is usually said that the family is ancient and comes from Poitou, where it has been known since 1040, and no doubt many of the name who afterwards reached distinction came from that part of France. The use of the word in common speech for a fish and a measure indicates, however, very strongly that the original seat of the race was on the Channel island of Jersey. The people there were of Norse descent, for the first settlements of the Normans were made along the coast of Normandy. It was from that northern coast that the Normans spread over England and Europe, going much further afield than Poitou. But, however this may be, it is clear that the Cabots were of Norman race, and that they settled first on the coast of Normandy with the rest of the adventurers who came down in the wake of Rolf the Ganger. The name has remained unchanged, Cabot or Chabot, for many centuries. In the letters patent it is spelt exactly as it is to-day—John Cabot. The name is not Italian nor is it anglicised, but is the Norman-French name as it has always been known both in the Channel Islands and in Poitou for more than eight hundred years. Tarducci, the latest biographer of the Cabots, in his zeal to prove that they were Italians, produces names from Siena and elsewhere which in sound have a resemblance more or less distant to that of Cabot. But this is labour wasted. The name in Henry's patent was too plain and familiar to have been an anglicised version of some Italian patronymic. The variations on the names of the discoverers in the various contemporary authorities are merely efforts to make the name Cabot conform to the language of the writer, whether he used Spanish, Italian, or Latin, and nothing more.

There is, however, much better testimony than the name to identify the navigators with the race which multiplied in the Channel island, and which had such numerous representatives in Poitou. In the *Armorial de la Noblesse de Languedoc*, by Louis de la Roque, it is shown that Louis, the son of the navigator, settled at St.-Paul-le-Coste in the Cevennes, and had a son Pierre, from whom the family is traced to the present time. Pierre left a will, in which he stated that he was the grandson of the navigator John. The decisive point is that the arms of this family are those of the Jersey Cabots precisely—three fishes, motto, and crest, all identical. Therefore the arms of Louis, the father of Pierre, and son of John the navigator, are the Jersey arms, and unite them with the island race. These same arms, with their fishes, are found among all the French Chabots quartered with those of Rohan and the rest. They exist unchanged in the American family, which came directly from Jersey to New England in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The same name and the same arms constitute a proof of identity of race, before which the contradictory accounts of contemporaries of the discoverers, void as they are of any affirmative evidence, or the guesses of modern

investigators, are of little avail. The arms also are important as showing that the family started from the island and not from Poitou; for the chabot was a fish caught in the neighbourhood of the islands, a very natural emblem to take there, but not at all a likely device to have been adopted in Poitou.

Just where John Cabot was born, as was said at the outset, no one now can tell, for he was a wanderer and adventurer like his remote Norse ancestors, and left no records or papers. But that he drew his blood from the Norman race of the Channel islands his name and arms seem to prove beyond doubt. It seems most probable also that it was not by chance that he got his patent from an English king, and sailed on his memorable voyage from an English port. England was not then a sea Power, nor was she numbered among the great trading and commercial nations of Europe. Venice or Genoa, Portugal or Spain, offered much larger opportunities and greater encouragement to the merchant or the adventurer than England. Yet John Cabot came to England for his letters patent and set out from Bristol on his voyage of discovery. We know from Sebastian Cabot's statement that his father had relations with England, and was much and often in that country. It is not going too far to suppose that, when he had made up his mind to enter upon his voyage of discovery in the New World, he came back to the land of which the home of his fathers, and perhaps his own birthplace, was a part. It is certain that no other reason is given in any contemporary evidence.

So long as the Cabots performed successfully the great work which it fell to them to do, it perhaps does not matter very much where they were born or whence they sprang. Yet there is a satisfaction in knowing that the strongest evidence we have shows that the men who gave England her title to North America, and made it the heritage of the English-speaking people, were of that Norman race which did so much for the making of England, and sprang from those Channel islands which have been a part of the kingdom of Great Britain ever since William the Conqueror seized the English crown.

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THE PROGRESS OF MEDICINE DURING THE QUEEN'S REIGN

NOT many months ago the Duke of Cambridge, speaking at St. George's Hospital on the occasion of the opening of a new operating theatre, said :

I do not believe that amid all the improvements, the advantages, and the additions that have occurred during the prolonged reign of Her Majesty, anything has made so much progress as medical and surgical science. Whether we look at what has been or is going on in this country, or whether we turn to foreign lands, it strikes me that there has been an advance made which has been of such enormous advantage to the human race that that alone would mark this period to which I am alluding.

His Royal Highness, with the practical sense of a man of affairs, in a few plain words expressed the exact state of the matter. It will be my purpose in the following pages to show how fully justified he was in making the statement which has been quoted.

It is no idle boast, but the simple unvarnished truth, that medicine—in which term I include the whole art of healing, and the scientific laws on which its practice is based—has made greater progress during the last sixty years than it had done in the previous sixty centuries. The medical knowledge of the Egyptians, though considerable compared with that of other ancient peoples, was, as may be gathered from the fragments of their nosology and therapeutic formularies that have come down to us, but little above the traditional lore in such matters with which old women have in all ages been credited. The practical mind of Greece began by trying with Hippocrates to see things as they really were, but later fell away into the making of systems and the spinning of cobwebs of theory instead of observing facts. The Romans had for medicine and its professors a robust contempt, akin to that which Squire Western had for French cooks and their kickshaws. In the later days of the Republic, indeed, the *Græculus esuriens* brought his physic as well as his philosophy to the great market of Rome, and under the Empire medicine men flourished exceedingly. Medicine itself, however, was at its best a mere empiric art, and in this condition it remained practically till Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood in 1628 laid the corner-stone of modern physiology,

and thus prepared a foundation for a scientific medicine. From the seventeenth till the early part of the nineteenth century, though many improvements were made in the details of the art of healing, there was no great advance either in the conception of disease or in the principles of treatment. The discovery of vaccination itself, though one of the greatest practical importance, was merely the observation of a fact, not the enunciation of a law.

When the Queen came to the throne in 1837, it is hardly too much to say that the average medical practitioner knew little more about the diseases of the heart, lungs, stomach, liver, and kidneys than was known to Hippocrates. Auscultation had indeed been introduced some years before, but long after the commencement of Her Majesty's reign elderly gentlemen might be seen, when a stethoscope was offered to them at a consultation, to apply the wrong end to their ear. Fevers were classified with a sweet simplicity into 'continued' and 'intermittent,' and as late as in the 'Fifties an eminent professor of surgery complained that his colleague, the professor of medicine, had invented a number of new-fangled varieties. Of nervous diseases nothing was known. The larynx was a *terra incognita*; of the ear it was said by the leading medical journal of the day, many years later than 1837, that the only thing that could be done in the way of treatment was to syringe out the external passage with water. The diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the skin had advanced little beyond John Hunter's famous division of such affections into those which sulphur could cure, those which mercury could cure, and those which the devil himself couldn't cure. Pathology was a mere note-book of *post-mortem* appearances—a list of observations as dead as the bodies on which they were made. The New World of bacteriology had not yet found its Columbus.

In the domain of surgery progress had been far greater, and as regards operative skill and clinical insight Astley Cooper, Robert Liston, Dupuytren, and Larrey were certainly not inferior to the men of the present day. Anæsthesia was, however, unknown, and the operating theatre was a place of unspeakable horrors. Wounds were dressed with wet rags, and suppuration was encouraged, as it was believed, to be an essential part of the process of healing.

Broadly speaking, it may be said that the advance of the art of healing during the last sixty years has been along two main lines—the expansion of the territory of Surgery, and the development of Pathology, which concerns itself with the causes, processes, and effects of disease. It will probably help the reader to a clearer understanding of the present position of medicine if each of these two lines of evolution is considered in some detail.

The progress of surgery in the present age is due to two discoveries of an importance unequalled in the previous history of the healing

art—*anæsthesia*, or the artificial abolition of pain, and *antisepsis*, or the prevention of infective processes in wounds. The former discovery was not made until Her Majesty had been nearly ten years on the throne; the latter nearly twenty years later. Let us take a brief glance backwards at what surgery was before the introduction of these two far-reaching improvements.

Of the horrors of operations before the discovery of anæsthesia there are men still living who can speak. Not long ago Dr. B. E. Cotting, ex-President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, contributed some personal reminiscences of pre-anæsthetic surgery to the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*. Speaking of the first case in which he was called upon to use the knife, in the very year of the Queen's accession, he says :

Our patient (a woman) writhed beyond the restraining power of strong and experienced men, and groaned to the horror of the terrified household, and afterwards to the day of her death could not think of the operation without convulsive shudders. Often did she hold up her hands, exclaiming, 'Oh, that knife! that awful knife! that horrible knife!'

Dr. Cotting sums up his recollections of such scenes as follows :

No mortal man can ever describe the agony of the whole thing from beginning to end, culminating in the operation itself with its terrifying expressions of infernal suffering.

A distinguished physician, who himself came under the surgeon's knife in the days before anæsthesia, has left on record a vivid account of his experience. Speaking of the operation, he says :

Of the agony occasioned I will say nothing. Suffering so great as I underwent cannot be expressed in words, and thus fortunately cannot be recalled. The particular pangs are now forgotten; but the black whirlwind of emotion, the horror of great darkness, and the sense of desertion by God and man, bordering close upon despair, which swept through my mind and overwhelmed my heart, I can never forget, however gladly I would do so. . . . Before the days of anæsthesia a patient preparing for an operation was like a condemned criminal preparing for execution. He counted the days till the appointed day came. He counted the hours of that day till the appointed hour came. He listened for the echo on the street of the surgeon's carriage. He watched for his pull at the door-bell; for his foot on the stairs; for his step in the room; for the production of his dreaded instruments; for his few grave words and his last preparations before beginning. And then he surrendered his liberty, and, revolting at the necessity, submitted to be held or bound, and helplessly gave himself up to the cruel knife. The excitement, disquiet, and exhaustion thus occasioned could not but greatly aggravate the evil effects of the operation, which fell upon a physical frame predisposed to magnify, not to repel, its severity.

The pain caused by operations prevented their being undertaken except as a last resource, and many patients preferred death to the surgeon's knife. Sir Charles Bell used to pass sleepless nights before performing a critical operation; and men like Cheselden, John Hunter,

and Abernethy had an almost equal dislike of operations. It is related of one distinguished surgeon that when a patient, whose leg he was about to cut off, suddenly bounced off the operating-table and limped away, he said to the bystanders, 'Thank God, he's gone!' Men otherwise well fitted to advance surgery were prevented from devoting themselves to it by their inability to inflict or witness pain. Sir James Young Simpson in his student days was so distressed by the sufferings of a poor Highland woman, on whom Robert Liston was performing excision of the breast in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, that he left the operating theatre with his mind made up to seek employment in a lawyer's office. Fortunately for mankind he did not carry out his intention, but set himself to grapple with the problem how sensibility to pain in surgical operations could be abolished.

The solution of the problem came from America. On the 30th of September, 1846, W. T. G. Morton, a dentist of Boston, U.S.A., who had previously experimented on animals and on himself, made a man unconscious by breathing sulphuric ether, and extracted a tooth without the patient feeling any pain. On the 16th of October of the same year Morton administered ether, in the Massachusetts General Hospital, to a man from whose neck a growth was excised without a groan or a struggle on his part. The doctors who came to scoff remained to praise, and the operator, Dr. John C. Warren, who had at first been sceptical, said, when all was over, in a tone of conviction, 'Gentlemen, this is no humbug!' A distinguished physician who witnessed the scene said on leaving the hospital, 'I have seen something to-day that will go round the world.' It did so with a rapidity remarkable for those days, when as yet the telegraph was not, and the crossing of the Atlantic was not a trip but a voyage. On the 22nd of December, 1846, Robert Liston, in University College Hospital, London, performed amputation through the thigh on a man who was under the influence of ether, and who knew nothing of what had been done till he was shown the stump of his limb after the operation. The 'Yankee dodge,' as Liston had contemptuously called ether anæsthesia before he tried it, was welcomed with enthusiasm by surgeons throughout Europe. In January 1847, Simpson of Edinburgh used ether for the relief of the pains of labour. Not being entirely satisfied with it, however, he sought for some other substance having the property of annulling sensation, and in November, 1847, he was able to announce that he had found 'a new anæsthetic agent as a substitute for sulphuric ether' in chloroform, a substance then unknown outside the laboratory, and within it looked upon as only a chemical curiosity. Chloroform for a long time held the field in Europe as the agent for medicining sufferers to that sweet sleep in which knife, gouge, and cautery do not hurt and the pangs of motherhood are unfelt. With characteristic

courage the Queen submitted to what was then a somewhat hazardous experiment, allowing herself to be made insensible with chloroform at the birth of the Duke of Albany, and at that of Princess Henry of Battenberg. The late Dr. John Snow, who administered the anæsthetic on both these occasions, described Her Majesty as a model patient, and her example had a powerful effect in dispelling the fears and prejudices as to the use of such agents which then existed in the minds of many.

These feelings were by no means confined to the non-scientific public. There was strong opposition from some surgeons who held that pain was a wholesome stimulus; on this ground the use of chloroform was actually forbidden by the principal medical officer of our army in the Crimea. In childbed, too, pain was declared by one learned obstetrical professor to be 'a desirable, salutary, and conservative manifestation of life force;' another denounced the artificial deadening of sensation as 'an unnecessary interference with the providentially arranged process of labour;' a third condemned the employment of an anæsthetic 'merely to avert the ordinary amount of pain which the Almighty has seen fit—and most wisely, we cannot doubt—to allot to natural labour.' The clergy naturally bettered the instructions of these enlightened professors of the art of healing. I need only quote one philanthropic divine, who anathematised chloroform as 'a decoy of Satan apparently offering itself to bless women,' but 'which will harden society, and rob God of the deep earnest cries which arise in time of trouble for help!' Simpson answered those fools according to their folly. He quoted Scripture to prove that the Almighty Himself performed the first operation under anæsthesia, when He cast Adam into a deep sleep before removing his rib. He fought the battle of common-sense with such convincing logic and such an overwhelming mass of evidence—chemical, physiological, clinical, and statistical—that he finally shamed his opponents into silence.

It does not fall within the scope of this article to consider the advantages and drawbacks of the various agents that have at one time or another within the last half-century been employed as anæsthetics, general or local; or to discuss the dangers attending their use. It need only be said that the ideal anæsthetic—that is to say, one that shall render the patient absolutely insensible of pain while leaving him fully conscious—still remains to be discovered. This is the dream of those—and they are steadily increasing in number—who devote themselves to a special study of the subject; and it would be rash to prophesy that it will not be realised.

Even with its admitted inconveniences and possible risks, however, anæsthesia has not only been in itself an immense step forward, but has been the most powerful factor in the rapid development of surgery during the last fifty years. Without it the marvellous

victories of the knife, on which modern surgeons legitimately pride themselves, would have been impossible. Nor is it surgery alone that has been revolutionised by this splendid discovery; medicine, therapeutics, pathology, and physiology—which are the foundations on which the treatment of disease rests—have all been immensely advanced by it; as without *anæsthesia* the experiments on animals, to which we owe much of the knowledge that has been acquired, could not possibly have been carried out.

The other chief factor in the modern development of surgery has been the application of the germ theory of putrefaction to the treatment of wounds. It had long been a matter of common observation that very severe injuries were dealt with successfully by the *vis medicatrix naturæ* when the skin was unbroken, whereas open wounds even of a trivial character often festered and not seldom gave rise to blood-poisoning. Thus while a simple fracture of a bone was practically certain to heal without trouble, a compound fracture, in which there was a breach of the skin covering the wounded bone, was looked upon as so sure to be followed by evil consequences that immediate amputation of the limb was the rule of surgery in such cases. The discoveries of Pasteur and his followers furnished a key to these facts. It was shown that the process of putrefaction is a fermentation dependent on the presence of vegetable organisms belonging to the lowest class of fungi. These bacteria, as they may for the sake of convenience be termed collectively, are often present in greater or less abundance in the air; and in places where are many persons with wounds the discharges from which are in a state of decomposition, the atmosphere swarms with these invisible agents of mischief. They find their way into the body through any breach of surface or natural opening, and they are carried into wounds, abscesses, or other cavities by the hands of those who minister to the patient, and by instruments, dressings, clothing, and by water, unless means are used to destroy them. The vital importance of doing this, and the way in which it could be done, were indicated by Joseph Lister, a man who is justly venerated by the whole medical world, and whom his Sovereign has delighted to honour in a manner hitherto without precedent in this country. His work forms, without excepting even the discovery of *anæsthesia*, the most conspicuous landmark in surgical progress; indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the history of surgery now falls by a natural division into two distinct eras: Before Lister and After Lister.

Modern surgery dates from the introduction of the antiseptic treatment of wounds. Thirty years ago the idea was just beginning to settle itself into clearness in the mind in which it was conceived; twenty years ago it was still regarded by many 'practical men' as a figment of the scientific imagination; but as the evidence became irresistible, unbelievers one after another found salvation. Now the

doctrine finds virtually universal acceptance. Some years ago a doctor in Germany was prosecuted and punished for some breach of the antiseptic ordinance in an operation; and though we have not yet reached that perfection of medical discipline in this country, the deliberate and persistent neglect of surgical cleanliness by a member of the staff of a public hospital would be certain to give rise to strong protests on the part of his colleagues.

The cardinal point in Lister's teaching was that wounds will in the absence of any disturbing influence, constitutional or accidental, remain sweet and heal kindly, if contamination from without be prevented. The theory is that such contamination is caused by micro-organisms; in practice, it matters nothing whether it is held to be due to germs or to dirt. It is certainly caused by something foreign, something in the nature of what Lord Palmerston called 'matter in the wrong place'; and this something it is the aim of modern surgery to keep out, whereas to the men of only a generation ago it was an unconsidered trifle. The elaborate ritual of purification by sprays of carbolic acid and the manifold dressings, as complicated as My Uncle Toby's fortifications, by which at first it was sought to exclude the enemy from the living citadel, have been discarded as cumbrous and unnecessary; but whatever change may be made in the details of Listerism, the Listerian principle of safeguarding wounds from every possible source of contamination will stand for ever as the foundation stone of scientific surgery.

The results of the application of the principle are seen in every department of surgical practice. The risks of surgery have been lessened to such an extent that the statistics of most of the greater operations before the antiseptic treatment came into general use are now valueless for purposes of comparison. A few figures will serve to show the difference. Till a comparatively recent period the proportion of cases in which death followed amputation of a limb in the large city hospitals of Great Britain was at least 1 in 3; in a series of 2,089 cases collected by Simpson it was as high as 1 in 2.4. In the Paris hospitals about the middle of the century the death rate after amputation was nearly 1 in 2; in 1861 it was 3 in 5, and a few years later it was estimated at 58 per cent. In Germany and Austria things were not much better; the published statistics of one most skilful surgeon show a proportion of deaths following amputation of 43 to 46 per cent. Nowadays such figures in the practice of any hospital surgeon would probably lead to an inquiry by the proper authorities.

A very large number of these fatalities was caused by septic diseases—that is to say, different forms of blood-poisoning due to contamination of the wound, leading to constitutional infection. The terrible frequency of such diseases a few years ago may be judged from the fact that among 631 cases of amputation collected from the

returns of some London hospitals between 1866 and 1872, there were 239 deaths; and of those deaths no fewer than 86 were caused by pyæmia, a number of others being due to septicæmia, cellulitis, and erysipelas. Conservative surgery in hospitals was out of the question. Sir Charles Bell has left a vivid description of attempts in that direction in military practice in the pre-antiseptic era:

In twelve hours [after the infliction of a gunshot wound of a limb] the inflammation, pain, and tension of the whole limb, the inflamed countenance, the brilliant eye, the sleepless and restless condition, declare the impression the injury is making on the limb and on the constitutional powers. In six days the limb from the groin to the toe, or from the shoulder to the finger, is swollen to half the size of the body; a virulent phlegmonous inflammation pervades the whole; serous effusion has taken place in the whole limb; and abscesses are forming in the great beds of cellular texture throughout the whole extent of the extremity. In three months, if the patient have laboured through the agony, the bones are carious; the abscesses are interminable sinuses; the limb is undermined and everywhere unsound; and the constitutional strength ebbs to the lowest degree.

It was no wonder therefore that military surgeons as late as in the Crimean War went largely by 'the good old rule, the simple plan' of amputating for all wounds of the limbs involving injury to bone at once, 'while the soldier was in mettle.' In recent wars, by the use of antiseptic 'first field dressings' and by subsequent treatment with jealous regard for surgical cleanliness, it has been found possible to save a large proportion of limbs. In civil hospitals pyæmia is now almost unknown, and hospital gangrene, formerly a justly dreaded scourge, is extinct.

As illustrations of the improvement which has taken place in the results of amputations it need only be mentioned that the average mortality rate after amputations in a London hospital which from a structural and sanitary point of view leaves much to be desired, fell from 27 in 1871 to about 11 in 1890. Of 687 cases of amputation performed in a hospital in the North of England from 1878 to 1891 there was only 8 per cent. of deaths; in the uncomplicated cases, taken separately, the mortality rate was no more than 4 per cent. In a series of cases operated on by several German surgeons of the first rank, in the pre-Listerian era, the average death rate was between 38 and 39 per cent.; in a corresponding series, in which the antiseptic method was used, the mortality was 17 per cent. I have taken these statistics because they happen to be ready to my hand. A more brilliant array of figures in favour of the antiseptic treatment could, I have no doubt, be made by careful selection of cases. The facts which I have quoted, however, probably represent the plain truth.

In the operation for the radical cure of hernia the results have been even more striking. Twenty years ago this procedure was, on account of its fatality, considered to be almost outside the pale of

legitimate surgery ; now it is one of the most successful of operations. One English surgeon has performed it seventy-two times, with two deaths ; another 137 times, with five deaths. 'An Italian operator has a record of 262 cases, with one death ; a French surgeon one of 376, with two deaths. Quite recently an American surgeon has reported a series of 360 antiseptic operations for the radical cure of hernia, with only one death ; and in that case the fatal result was found to be due, not to the surgical procedure, but to the anæsthetic. In the operative treatment of cancer of the breast Lord Lister's disciple, Professor Watson Cheyne, not long ago published a series of cases showing a measure of success in dealing with that formidable affection altogether unparalleled. Taking the received limit of three years without recurrence of the disease as the standard, he has been able to show a result of not less than 57 per cent. of cures. Old statistics give the proportion of 'cures' after these operations as 5 per cent., and even ten or twelve years ago it was no higher than 12 or 15 per cent. Part of Mr. Cheyne's remarkable success is doubtless due to his very thorough removal of the disease ; but when due allowance is made for this, a large part remains to be placed to the credit of the antiseptic treatment as making such drastic measures feasible. It may here be stated that, generally speaking, operations for cancer are more successful now than they were in the earlier part of Her Majesty's reign ; this is due not only to the rigid observance of surgical cleanliness, but to a better understanding, and in particular an earlier recognition, of the disease, which gives the surgeon the opportunity of interfering while there is yet time to prevent its spreading.

In no department of surgery has greater progress been made than in the treatment of diseases of the abdominal organs, and here, too, the way was prepared, and the advance has been powerfully helped, by the doctrine of surgical cleanliness. The development of abdominal surgery is, however, directly due to the late Sir Spencer Wells more than to any other man. Wells began his professional career as a surgeon in the navy, and during the Crimean War he had opportunities of seeing men recover from injuries caused by shot and shell which, according to the canons of surgery then generally received, ought to have proved fatal. Till that time and for several years afterwards surgeons had an almost superstitious dread of wounding or handling the peritoneum, the membrane which invests the organs contained within the abdomen. Wells saw, as others had seen, men who had been stabbed in the abdomen so that their bowels gushed out brought to the hospital, where their intestines were washed and replaced, and the wound stitched up, and in a short time all was well again. He, however, saw what others had not seen—namely, the true significance of these facts. They taught him that the peritoneum was much more tolerant than it was believed to be, and in particular that a clean incised wound of that membrane was

as simple a matter and as free from danger as a like wound of any other tissue.

This simple observation had far-reaching consequences. Wells took upon himself the task of bringing the operation of ovariectomy, which, owing to its terrible fatality, had fallen into utter discredit, within the sphere of orthodox surgery. Not long before he turned his attention to the subject a well-known surgeon had been threatened by a colleague with a coroner's inquest on any patient of his that should die after the operation. Wells's first ovariectomy was performed in 1858, and the patient recovered. During the ensuing six years he operated 100 times, with thirty-four deaths—a rate of mortality that would now be thought appalling. He succeeded, however, in placing the operation on a firm basis, and as he gained experience he perfected his procedure, so that his mortality rate fell steadily till it almost reached the vanishing-point. It has been estimated that by this particular operation alone he added ten thousand years in the aggregate to the lives of women who had the benefit of his skill. By his teaching and example, moreover, he did much more than this. He proved that the abdomen could, with proper precautions, be opened freely without fear, and thus laid the foundations of abdominal surgery in its modern development. The success of ovariectomy opened men's eyes to the feasibility of operations on other abdominal organs, and to the possibility of dealing with injuries which before were believed to be beyond the resources of surgical art. Soon the peritoneum, which had aforesaid been held in such awe, came to be treated with familiarity—sometimes, it is to be feared, with contempt. One celebrated operator is said to have declared that he thought no more of opening the peritoneum than of putting his hand into his pocket. At the present time no abdominal organ is sacred from the surgeon's knife. Bowels riddled with bullet-holes are stitched up successfully; large pieces of gangrenous or cancerous intestine are cut out, the ends of the severed tube being brought into continuity by means of ingenious appliances; the stomach is opened for the removal of a foreign body, for the excision of a cancer, or for the administration of nourishment to a patient unable to swallow; stones are extracted from the substance of the kidneys, and these organs when hopelessly diseased are extirpated; the spleen, when enlarged or otherwise diseased, is removed bodily; gall-stones are cut out, and even tumours of the liver are excised. The kidney, the spleen, and the liver, when they cause trouble by unnatural mobility, are anchored by stitches to the abdominal wall; and the stomach has been dealt with successfully in the same way for the cure of indigestion. Besides all this, many cases of obstruction of the bowels, which in days not very long gone by would have been doomed to inevitable death, are now cured by a touch of the surgeon's knife. The perforation of the intestine, which is one of the most formidable

complications of typhoid fever, has in a few cases been successfully closed by operation; and inflammation of the peritoneum, caused by the growth of tuberculous masses upon it, has been apparently cured by opening the abdominal cavity. Among the most useful advances of this department of surgery must be accounted the treatment of the condition known as 'appendicitis,' which has been to a large extent rescued from the physician, with his policy of *laissez faire*, and placed under the more resolute and more efficient government of the surgeon. A New York surgeon not long ago reported a series of 100 cases of operation for appendicitis, with only two deaths. In the development of the surgery of the appendix and the intestine generally, a prominent part has been taken by Mr. Frederick Treves, whose researches on the anatomy of the abdomen shed a new light on a region that was thought to offer no room for further investigation, and thus showed the way to new methods of dealing with its diseases. To him, Mr. Lawson Tait, Mr. Harrison Cripps, and Mr. Mayo Robson in this country; to Czerny and Wölfler in Germany; and to Senn and Murphy in America, it is largely owing that the abdomen, which but a few years ago was the territory of the physician, has been transferred to the surgeon—to the great advantage of mankind.

That surgery could ever deal with the abdominal organs in the manner just described would have seemed to our predecessors in the earlier part of the Queen's reign the baseless fabric of a vision. But the modern surgeon, clad in antisepsis, as the Lady in *Comus* was 'clothed round with chastity,' defies the 'rabble rout' of microbes, and dares things which only a short time ago were looked upon as beyond the wildest dreams of scientific enthusiasm. It is scarcely twenty years since the late Sir John Erichsen declared in a public address that operative surgery had nearly reached its furthest possible limits of development. He pointed out that there were certain regions of the body into which the surgeon's knife could never penetrate, naming the brain, the heart, and the lung as the most obvious examples of such inviolable sanctuaries of life. Within the last fifteen years the surgeon has brought each of these organs, which constitute what Bichat called the 'tripod of life,' within his sphere of conquest. In the brain the researches of physiologists such as Broca, Hitzig, Hughlings Jackson, and Ferrier made it possible in many cases to determine the exact seat of abscesses and tumours, and it was found that with the use of antiseptic precautions the brain substance could be dealt with as freely as any other structure. In 1883 Professor Macewen of Glasgow operated with success in two cases of paralysis and other nervous disorders caused by pressure on the brain. A tumour was removed from the brain by Mr. Godlee in the ensuing year. Since then portions of the brain have been removed, and growths have been excised from its substance by Mr. Victor Horsley, who has done much to develop this branch of surgery, and Professor

von Bergmann and other foreign surgeons have been busy in the same field. It must, however, be admitted that the results of brain surgery, though brilliant from the operative point of view, have so far been somewhat disappointing as regards the ultimate cure of the disease. In certain forms of epilepsy, in particular, which at first seemed to be curable by removal of the 'cortical discharging centre' in the brain which is the source of the mischief, the tendency to fits has been found to return after a time, and the last state of the patient has been worse than the first. Still, the mere fact that the brain has been proved to be capable of being dealt with surgically with perfect safety is in itself a very distinct progress; and as our means of recognising the situation, nature, and extent of disease in that organ improve, there is ground for hope that the results of operative treatment will be more satisfactory. It is by no means impossible that some forms of apoplexy may yet come within the province of the surgeon.

Other parts of the nervous system have been brought within the range of surgical art. The vertebral column has been successfully trephined, and fragments of bone pressing on the cord have been taken away in cases of fractured spine; tumours have also been removed from the spinal cord by Mr. Horsley and others. There is a steadily increasing record of cures of intractable neuralgia, especially of the face, by division or removal of the affected nerve trunks; the Gasserian ganglion has been successfully extirpated in desperate cases by Mr. William Rose, Professors Thiersch, Angerer, and Krause, M. Doyen, and others. The ends of cut nerves have also been re-united, and solutions of their continuity have been filled up with portions of nerve taken from animals.

In the lung, tumours, including localised tuberculous masses, have been removed, but these achievements can hardly be counted among the legitimate triumphs of surgery. Wounds of the lung can, however, be dealt with successfully on ordinary surgical principles. Tuberculous cavities in the lung substance have been laid open for the purposes of drainage, but the results have not so far been particularly good. In a series of one hundred cases of which a report is before me, five of the patients died as the immediate result of the operation, seventy died within two weeks, and fifteen more in the next fortnight; 'only in ten of the cases was any benefit derived,' and as to these the judicious reader will probably conclude that the principal 'benefit' was that the operation was survived. In cysts and abscesses of the lung and in pulmonary gangrene surgical treatment is more successful. It does not seem likely, however, that the surgeon will ever be able to annex the lung to his dominion, however far he may extend his territory in other directions.

The heart naturally cannot be made so free with, even by the most enterprising surgeon, as the brain or the lung. Yet within the past

twelve months a Norwegian practitioner has reported a case which encourages a hope that even wounds of the heart may not be beyond surgical treatment. A man was stabbed in the region of the heart, the weapon entering the substance of that organ, but not penetrating its cavity. The wound in the heart wall was nearly an inch in length. The patient was almost at the last gasp, but he was revived. The heart was then exposed by an operation which involved the removal of portions of the third and fourth ribs, and the wound was stitched. The patient lived for two days and a half. On examination after death the wound was found to be healing. It is clear, therefore, that in more favourable circumstances the man might have recovered.

Of the advance in some other departments of surgery, only a passing mention can be made here. Thus 'cutting,' which sixty years ago was the only means of dealing with stone, has now, thanks to Bigelow, Thompson, and others, been almost superseded by milder methods. Tuberculous and inflammatory diseases of bones and joints, formerly intractable except by the *ultima ratio* of the amputating knife, are now cured without mutilation. Deformities are corrected by division of tendons, the excision of portions of bone, and the physiological exercise of muscles, without complicated apparatus. The healing of large wounds is assisted by the grafting of healthy skin on the raw surface; wide gaps in bones and tendons are filled up with portions of similar structures obtained from animals. The labours of Bowman, Critchett, von Graefe, and Donders have made ophthalmology one of the most scientific departments of surgery. The treatment of affections of the nose, ear, and windpipe has been improved and extended to a degree that makes the scanty literature on these subjects which existed in 1837 mere medical antiquarianism.

Enough has been said to show that in the vast progress of scientific discovery, and in the immense development of the arts that have taken place during Her Majesty's reign, surgery has for a considerable number of years been in the van. It is a matter of legitimate satisfaction to all men of English speech, that both the memorable discoveries which have done most to further progress were made by men of Anglo-Saxon race; and the fact that so large and important a part in the advancement of surgery has been played by subjects of the Queen is not the least among the many glories of the Victorian age.

In the domain of obstetric medicine, a very great diminution has taken place in the mortality of child-bed. Lying-in hospitals used to be hotbeds of septic disease; now puerperal fever is actually less common in properly conducted institutions of the kind than in private practice. This, too, is a result of the application of the anti-septic method of treatment to midwifery, and it was in recognition of this fact that the late Dr. Matthews Duncan dedicated his work

on 'Puerperal Fever' to Joseph Lister. The following figures, which I take from an address delivered some years ago at St. Thomas's Hospital by Dr. Cullingworth, show in a striking manner the effect of the antiseptic treatment in reducing the death rate among parturient women :—

Until the year 1877 this hospital [the General Lying-in Hospital] was scarcely ever free from puerperal fever, and the mortality, always high, occasionally became fearful. In 1838, of 71 women delivered 19 died; in 1861, 14 died out of 165; and in 1877, 9 out of 63. On several occasions the hospital had to be closed for long periods, and thousands of pounds were spent on the sanitary improvement of the building. In October 1879, this institution, having been closed for two years, was reopened, and has since been conducted on antiseptic principles, the details varying from time to time as increased knowledge and experience have dictated.

The result is shown in the table here appended :—

Period	Deliveries	Deaths	Average death rate from all causes
1833 to 1860 . . .	5,833	180	1 in $32\frac{1}{2}$ = 3·088 per cent.
1861 to 1877 . . .	3,773	64	1 in $58\frac{1}{2}$ = 1·696 "
1880 to 1887 . . . antiseptic period	2,585	16	1 in $161\frac{1}{2}$ = 0·618 "

Similar testimony is borne by Dr. Clement Godson as to the City of London Lying-in Hospital. In an address delivered before the British Gynæcological Society in January of the present year he stated that in 1870, when he took over the medical charge of that institution, the patients were dying in the proportion of one in nineteen. The hospital was closed several times in the course of the ensuing sixteen years for sanitary lustrations of one kind or another, but still the fiend of blood-poisoning was not exorcised. In 1886 a fresh start was made under antiseptic auspices. The result was that from the 1st of July, 1886, to the 30th of September, 1887, there were 420 confinements without a single death. From the 1st of July, 1886, to the 31st of December, 1896, there were 4,608 deliveries with 11 deaths, a mortality of one in 419 or 2·387 per 1,000. During the five years from the 1st of January, 1892, to the 31st of December, 1896, there were 2,322 confinements, with three deaths, all of them from causes absolutely unconnected with blood-poisoning. The conclusion is irresistible that, as an eminent authority has put it, 'the hygiene of a maternity depends less upon its construction and its age than upon the hygienic principles upon which it is directed, and upon the perseverance with which these principles are carried out in daily practice.'

Passing to medicine proper, of what used to be called distinctively 'physick,' the advance in knowledge, if less striking than in surgery, has been not less real. Unfortunately in this particular department of the healing art, knowledge is not power to the same extent as in

those which deal with outward and visible disease. Hence the improvement in medicine, which deals mainly with internal diseases, has been chiefly in the direction of increase of precision in diagnosis. This has been largely promoted by the invention of numerous instruments for the examination of parts beyond the ken of the unaided eye and for recording movements and changes in the size and position of organs by graphic methods. The ophthalmoscope, invented by Helmholtz in 1851, not only revolutionised the study of eye disease, but gave physicians a valuable means of diagnosis in relation to affections of the brain and other parts of the nervous system and the kidney. The laryngoscope, which the medical profession owes to the celebrated *maestro* Manuel Garcia, who in 1855 solved a problem which had baffled Babington and several others, not only made effective treatment of the upper part of the windpipe possible, but enabled physicians to recognise certain serious affections of the chest and nerve centres, and sometimes to detect signs of impending tuberculosis. The stethoscope, though introduced by Laennec some years before the accession of Her Majesty, has been greatly perfected during the last sixty years; and the diagnosis of diseases of the heart and lungs has reached a degree of refinement undreamed of by the inventor of auscultation. The pulse and the heart beats are made visible by the sphygmograph and cardiograph. The clinical thermometer has given definiteness to our conception of fever, and the changes in the body temperature which it registers supply most useful indications for treatment; not in medicine alone, but in surgery and obstetrics, the thermometer is the doctor's most trustworthy danger signal. The interior of the stomach, the bladder, and other hollow organs have been explored with suitable varieties of electric searchlight. The spectroscope and the hæmatocytometer—an instrument by means of which blood corpuscles can be counted—enable the condition of the blood to be exactly appreciated. The microscope has revealed the secret of many diseases of which our happier forefathers knew nothing. For years after the Queen came to the throne this instrument was looked upon by the bulk of the medical profession as a toy; now a physician without a microscope would be a more incongruous figure than the captain of an Atlantic liner without a telescope. The analysis of the various secretions of the body furnishes information of the most valuable character as to the functional imperfection of the several organs, and as to forms of constitutional unsoundness which may be quite unsuspected by the patient. Now both the hospital ward and the private consulting-room are in constant touch with the laboratory. This application of chemistry to medical diagnosis has been found of the greatest use in life insurance business, particularly in regard to the detection of Bright's disease and diabetes. The Röntgen rays, though, as far as the healing art is concerned, they have hitherto found their

principal field of usefulness in surgery, have been employed with some success in the diagnosis of diseases of the lungs and other internal organs. Of many other aids to diagnosis which are being introduced every year, and indeed almost every day, this is not the place to speak.

Another powerful factor in the advancement of medicine has been the development of specialism. The rapid growth of knowledge which has taken place, particularly during the last thirty years, made specialisation inevitable. In the last century medical and surgical cases were mingled together in the same hospital wards, and surgeons like John Hunter and Abernethy treated diseases of the heart and stomach as well as wounds and fractures. Nowadays it would be simply impossible for any man, however gifted, to take all medical learning to be his province. Hence one practitioner gives himself to the study of diseases of the nerves, others to that of the affections of the eye, the throat, the skin, and so on. Moreover, there are few physicians or surgeons who are not more or less acknowledged specialists in some particular class of diseases. Twenty-five years ago there was a strong feeling in the profession, not only in this country, but almost everywhere, against specialism. This feeling had a retarding influence on the general progress of medicine, contributions from special fields of practice being received with suspicion, like to that of those who asked 'Can any good come out of Nazareth?' This distrust hindered the development of abdominal surgery; and had not Spencer Wells been made of stern stuff, morally as well as intellectually, he would have given up the battle against the public opinion of his profession in despair, and a vast amount of human suffering would have gone unrelieved. The prejudice has not even yet entirely died out, but it is no longer active.

Another direction in which medicine has undergone very great expansion during the last half-century is in the knowledge of the nature and causes of disease. To the growth of this knowledge the development of physiology has most powerfully contributed. The experimental study of the healthy organism naturally led to the application of similar methods in the investigation of disease. Pathology, in the strict sense of the term, did not exist in 1837, and for many years after that date it was little more than an inventory of the dilapidations caused by disease. Such investigations, though useful in their way, could not have influenced medical practice to any appreciable extent. Now not only medicine but hygiene is built on the knowledge that has been gained of the processes of disease and the causes which set them in operation, and the circumstances which modify the intensity of their action and the nature of their effects. The foundation of a scientific pathology was laid by Virchow, who looked for the starting point of disease in a perverted activity of the living cells of which the organs and tissues of the body are composed.

The most fruitful, as it is the most striking, development of our knowledge of the causes of disease has been the discovery of the infinitesimal organisms which go up and down the world seeking whom they may devour.

The 'germ theory' of disease is no longer a theory, but a body of established truths. Bacteriology in its application to the healing art is the creation of Pasteur, though Davaine was the first to prove the causal relation of a particular micro-organism to a specific infectious disease (anthrax or woolsorter's disease). This was in 1863. Davaine's experiments were not, however, accepted as conclusive, and it was not till 1877 that Pasteur proved beyond all doubt that the tiny rod-like bodies which Davaine had found in the blood of animals dying of anthrax were the exciting cause of the disease. Since then bacteriology has revealed to us the organisms which cause relapsing fever, leprosy, typhoid fever, pneumonia, glanders, tuberculosis, cholera, diphtheria, tetanus, and bubonic plague, the microbe responsible for the production of the last-mentioned scourge having been discovered so recently as 1894 by a Japanese pathologist, Dr. Kitasato. The elucidation of the origin of tuberculosis and cholera is the chief among Robert Koch's many services to science. A micro-organism of animal nature has been shown by Laveran to be the cause of malarial fever. The agents which cause other infectious and suppurative processes, and certain kinds of skin disease, have also been positively identified; others are with confidence assumed to exist, though they have so far eluded the search of our scientific detectives; others are with more or less reason suspected. Indeed, the doctrine that every disease is a kind of fermentation caused by a specific micro-organism is so fascinating in its simplicity that it is in danger of being treated by some enthusiasts as if it were a master-key which unlocks all the secret chambers of pathology. It is becoming clear, however, that if microbes are necessary causes of a large number of diseases, they are sufficient causes of very few. The living body itself and its environment must be taken into account. Hence there are signs in various quarters of a reaction against the exaggerated cult of the microbe, and the minds of some of the most advanced investigators are turning once more to the cellular pathology, which till quite recently was spoken of as a creed outworn. It is recognised that the living cell itself is an organism varying in form and in function, and thus presenting an analogy with the different species of microbes. Like these, the cell secretes products that have a decided influence on the economy of which they form part. It has been shown by MM. Armand Gautier, Charrin, and Bouchard that the organism in its normal state manufactures poisonous substances, and that those products may under certain conditions be hurtful to itself, causing an 'auto-intoxication,' which may manifest itself in various forms of disease.

The change in our conception of disease is naturally bringing about a change in our notions of treatment. The fact that a specific disease is produced by a specific poison—for the poison is the morbid agent, whether it be manufactured by a microbe or secreted by a cell—inevitably suggests the idea of an antidote. Such antidotes or 'antitoxins' have been discovered for tetanus, diphtheria, and some forms of blood-poisoning. The exact nature of these antitoxins is still obscure, but they are extracted from the blood of animals into which cultures of the microbe of the disease which it is desired to neutralise have been injected till they have ceased to have any effect. Artificial immunity having thus been established, the neutralising substance in the animal's blood is expected to be an antidote to the same poison when at work in the human system. Theoretically the method appears to be rational; but practically it must be admitted that it has not yet fulfilled the hopes that were excited by the first reports of its effects. Still, there is already ample evidence that in diphtheria it is of very real service, and on this ground alone Drs. Behring and Roux must be numbered among the benefactors of the human race. Again, Dr. Yersin's success in the treatment of plague with antitoxic serum in China was little short of marvellous. The cases, however, were few in number, and the results of the method when tried on a large scale at Bombay are awaited with the greatest interest by the medical profession. Although the results in the treatment of tetanus and other diseases have not been particularly brilliant, there can be little doubt that as our knowledge of antitoxins grows their field of usefulness will increase.

Another new method of medication, which has come into use in the last few years, is the introduction into the system of certain animal juices and extracts of various organs to supply the want of similar substances, the manufacture of which is suppressed or diminished by disease. The pioneer in this therapeutic advance was Dr. George Murray of Newcastle, who has proved that myxœdema and cretinism, diseases dependent on atrophy or imperfect development of the thyroid gland, can be cured by supplying the economy with extract of the corresponding organ of a sheep. The success of this treatment has led to what the profane might be disposed to call a 'boom' in animal extracts; the brain, the heart, the lung, the kidney, the spleen, the pancreas, and every gland and nearly every tissue in the body are used in the treatment of disorders supposed to be in any way connected with improper working of these organs. In spite of present extravagance it is possible that we are on a track that may lead to the transformation of medicine.

We are very far now from the blue pill and black draught which—with the lancet—were the chief weapons in the therapeutic arsenal of the practitioners who bled and purged and physicked Her Majesty's lieges in 1837. Sir William Gull is reported to have said:—'One thing

I am thankful Jenner and I have together succeeded in doing. We have disabused the public of the belief that doctoring consists in drenching them with nauseous drugs.' Nevertheless, a good deal of faith in drugs still survives, not only in the public, but in the profession, as is shown by the ceaseless introduction of new remedies. Several hundreds were introduced in 1896. It is true, however, that there is much less drugging than there used to be; moreover it is better directed. Pharmacology is now a science, and is able to place in the hands of the doctor the active principles of drugs, which can thus be administered in forms at once more convenient and more effective.

Among the principal additions to the resources of the physician in dealing with disease may be mentioned the use of salicin and salicylate of soda in rheumatism as suggested by Dr. Maclagan, who has by this means robbed that terrible disease of its worst terrors; the use of nitrite of amyl in angina pectoris, which we owe to Dr. Lauder Brunton; the use of digitalis in heart disease, which was established on a scientific basis by Dr. Wilks; the cold bath treatment of fever; the treatment of heart disease by graduated exercises and by baths; the open-air treatment of consumption; the manifold applications of electricity; and the great and ever growing number of chemical products having power to lower the temperature, to deaden pain, to prevent decomposition, and to antagonise poisons generated in the alimentary canal and elsewhere. Reference may also be made of improvements in the manner of administering remedies, as by injection under the skin, into the veins, &c.

The greatest triumphs of all, however, in the realm of medicine in the Victorian age have been achieved in the prevention of disease and the maintenance of a high standard of public health. This subject would require an article to itself, even if handled only in the most general way. To those interested in it, I would earnestly recommend a study of Sir John Simon's standard work on 'English Sanitary Institutions,' a record which in itself will remain as one of the noblest monuments of Queen Victoria's glorious reign. There may be read the history of a long struggle against the powers of insanitary darkness, with the result that typhus fever, which used to be a scourge of large towns, is now practically unknown; that the mortality from 'fevers' in general has been very greatly reduced; that cholera, which several times invaded these realms in the earlier years of Her Majesty's reign, has for a long time been prevented from gaining a footing on our shores; that consumption is being brought more and more under control; that several years have been added to the average of human life, and that it is not only longer, but more comfortable and more effective.

Further possibilities of checking the ravages of communicable diseases appear to be opening out before us. Haffkine's inoculations

for the prevention of cholera in India are founded on a rational principle, which is that of vaccination—namely, the protection of susceptible individuals by the injection of an attenuated virus, which gives the organism the power of resisting the effects of the poison in its natural state. This method of prophylaxis has also been used in regard to typhoid fever, and will doubtless find further application in other directions.

Time and experience alone can decide whether these means of protection against disease are efficient. It is certain, however, that medicine, which had wandered for so many centuries through quagmires of speculation after *ignes fatui* of one kind or another, is now at last on the right path which leads through the discovery of the cause to its removal or to the prevention of the effect.

MALCOLM MORRIS.

GOREE :

A LOST POSSESSION OF ENGLAND

IN the year 1663 Captain, afterwards Vice-Admiral, Sir Robert Holmes, during a time of profound peace, attacked and captured the Dutch possessions on the West Coast of Africa. Sailing across the Atlantic, he reduced the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam, and rechristened it, in honour of the Duke of York, New York. On his return to England he was denounced by the Dutch as a freebooter, and thrown into prison, but on the outbreak of hostilities was released and restored to his rank, in which he long gave his country the benefit of his eminent abilities.

Of these two losses—Goree and New Amsterdam—Goree was thought at the time to be the more serious. The news reached Holland in May 1664. Secret instructions to proceed for its recovery were immediately issued to the Dutch admiral in the Mediterranean, Michael de Ruyter. He sailed to Cadiz, and put in there for a pilot for the West Coast. Here he most inopportunately fell in with the English admiral, Sir John Lawson, who was very inquisitive as to the Dutchman's destination.

In the conversational fencing-match that ensued De Ruyter was at a disadvantage, for he really wanted to ask a question. But the question—whether he could get a pilot for the West Coast—would have precipitated a fleet action, in which he had no instructions to engage; so he had to rest content with concealing his instructions, and finally sailed without a pilot. Sir John crowded all sail for England, and reported that he had left De Ruyter sailing south-west, but had been unable to discover his destination. The British ambassador at The Hague was at once ordered to find out.

The British ambassador at The Hague was Sir George Downing, an official whose strong point was his secret service. His weak point was that he was given to bragging of his performances. He had been known to boast that he knew everything that passed at the Council of State, and that he could have the Grand Pensionary's pocket picked whenever he chose. On being instructed to find out De Ruyter's instructions, Downing was annoyed to find himself completely at sea. As the matter was marked 'Urgent,' he took the desperate resolve of asking De Witt point-blank where De Ruyter

had gone, and thus laid himself open to a very fair rebuff. 'Personally,' said De Witt, 'I am not clothed with any capacity to communicate the admiral's instructions; and as for what goes on at the Council of State, I am sure your Excellency is quite as well informed as I am.'

The object of so much diplomatic perturbation and such extensive military preparations was the island—or, rather, the rock—of Goree, about two miles in circumference, and the centre of a considerable trade which was sometimes described as gold and sometimes as gum, but which was always and substantially slaves.

It had been acquired peacefully by the Dutch in the year 1617; but the first hostile attack of 1663 was the prelude to a century and a half of ceaseless conquest and reconquest. Being unapproachable from one side, and on the other side only by a beach, one-half of which was hopelessly surf-beaten if there was any weather at all, Goree was a place of considerable strength, and could be held by about 150 men against a much larger force. Being, however, a mere rock, the extent to which it could be fortified was strictly limited, so that a hostile expedition might exactly calculate whether it was worth while to attack, and the garrison could equally determine whether, in any case, bloodshed would be useless or not. Nevertheless, several brisk encounters took place on the various occasions when the rock changed hands, and the opportunity for making a stout resistance was never fairer than when De Ruyter cast anchor before the island on the 22nd of October 1664. For it happened that a week before eight vessels of the British West African Company, mounting 128 guns, with 266 men, under convoy of a British man-of-war, had put in at Goree. But De Ruyter, who was a man of the most eminent capacity, diplomatic as well as naval, found means to divide the sea service from the land service, and deal with each separately. The details of this negotiation have been carefully preserved; they all hinged on the question of divided commands; and the end of it was that the garrison were allowed to depart to the British colony of Gambia with the honours of war, and the Dutch marched in. When once inside they admitted that if it had come to blows they would never have got in at all. However, the place was now once more Dutch, and remained in their hands unchallenged for a period of twelve years.

Goree was the principal loss endured by Holland in the course of the war that closed at the Peace of Nimeguen. It was captured by D'Estrées in the year 1677, and its possession was confirmed to France by the seventh article of the treaty signed on the 10th of August in the following year.

From this date the maritime supremacy of Holland began to wane, and as regards Goree she dropped out of the running, having held the post, with a single interruption, for exactly sixty years.

Thus 1678 found England in the colony of Gambia, and France

watching her from the island of Goree. Fourteen years later an enterprising governor of Gambia, James Booker, captured Goree, but he was unable to hold it against a superior force despatched from France six months later; and in 1693 Goree once more became French ground. This second French occupation lasted without interruption for sixty-six years, until the 'year of all the glories,' 1759. During this long period the French interests on the West Coast were watched over by really able men. They were all of opinion that Goree was the key to the West Coast: not only because it was conveniently situated, but because it was a very healthy place. Consequently, when Pitt came into power Goree was marked out for capture. Commodore Keppel sailed from Kinsale on the 12th of November 1758, and made Goree on the 29th of December, having lost one man-of-war cast away on the coast of Barbary on the 29th of November, when 130 men were drowned. This was the most substantial loss sustained by the expedition, for though the French made a good show of resistance, the English expedition was too powerful for them, and we captured the place with 300 French prisoners and the usual stores and ordnance.

This, the third English occupation, lasted five years, and Goree was handed back to the French by the Treaty of Paris in 1763. We retained Senegal, on which transaction Lord Chesterfield makes this comment: 'Goree is worth four times as much as Senegal.' From this date onwards we have to consider the mainland politics a little. The ancient British colony was Gambia, with its capital at Bathurst; the ancient French colony was Senegal, with its capital at St. Louis. Goree lies between the two. Obviously Goree is the key of the situation. To leave the French Goree was to give them a standing invitation to return to the mainland, an invitation of which they soon availed themselves. However, the British Ministry was fired with the idea of amalgamating the newly won French province of Senegal on the mainland with the ancient English province, and making one large West African State, which they imagined would be strong enough to make the possession of Goree a matter of secondary importance. This policy was symbolised by the word Senegambia, which first saw the light in an Order in Council dated the 1st of November 1765, settling among other details the salary of the governor of the new province at 1,200*l.* a year. Senegambia was originally written Sene-Gambia, and is, of course, a compound of Senegal, the former French river, and Gambia, the English river.

Colonel Worge, governor of Senegal after its capture in 1757, had written to Pitt on the 11th of January 1762: 'The island of Goree is so situated that I should imagine it cannot possibly be of any use to the English nation,' a most extraordinary view, certainly. But this strong opinion from a local man gave great strength to the com-

plaints of the African merchants against the French on the mainland. The city was all in favour of a large province on the mainland, and of letting Goree alone. The merchants thought that, by getting rid of the French as neighbours, they would avoid all embarrassments. They did not see that the French were just as much their neighbours at Goree as on the Senegal, and infinitely better placed for plaguing us on the mainland if they wished to do so.

Of course, the inevitable commenced immediately. Goree was a trading basis with the mainland; to store their goods the French required factories on the mainland; the factories must be guarded against depredations by the natives, and they rapidly took on the appearance of forts. Naturally, French forts flew the French flag; equally naturally, the men under the Union Jack resented such a neighbour. They called the French poachers: the French retaliated by calling us pirates. This was a miserable state of things, but it was made much worse than need have been by the appointment of incapable and rather inferior men to the new settlement.

When we remember what life on that coast is even now, with telegraphic communication with Europe, frequent mails, high pay regularly touched, and abundant leave to Europe, we can form some notion of what life must have been in those days of complete isolation. Existence must have been appallingly sombre. It does not require a double dose of original sin to explain occasional lapses from rectitude in such a situation. Rather it would require a double dose of virtue to keep men even moderately straight; and the officers there, almost without an exception, were quarrelsome, corrupt, and cruel.

St. Louis was the capital of the new British province, Fort James (named after the Duke of York) having sunk to the position of a provincial capital. It is at Fort James that we first hear the name of Wall, who was governor there in the year 1777. This officer is remarkable in history as being, so far as I am aware, the only governor of a British colony hanged for murder. Wall's latest crime was perpetrated in the year 1782; but although he was in hot water throughout his official career, it is only fair to recall that in his first brush with his superiors he was in the right. We need not enter into the sordid details of that squabble further than to note that the new governor of Senegambia simply reported to the Secretary of State, on taking over his office, that he found 'a very complicated state of public fraud, embezzlement, and perjury.'

When one remembers the scanty pay, often withheld, the pestiferous climate, and the complete isolation from Europe, one is hardly surprised to hear that in January 1779 a mutiny broke out in the garrison of St. Louis. The garrison had been dying at the rate of one man every other day, and was reduced to a total force of twenty-one privates and one officer, who could not leave his bed.

Across this murky arena of miasma and crime and disease there rings like the fanfare of a herald the resounding name of Louis-Armand Gontaut de Biron, Duc de Lauzun. According to French authorities, this nobleman wrought wonders on the coast. As governor of Goree he put the place in fine order; he swept down on the extensive British province of Senegambia, reduced it after an obstinate resistance, and put Fort St. Louis in so good a state of defence that it resisted for forty-eight hours and finally beat off the attacking squadron of Admiral Hughes. No doubt it gives an author writing under the Republic an additional pleasure to recount how, under the bad old days of the Monarchy, this gallant soldier was coldly received at Versailles and obtained no reward for his considerable services.

We are to remember that Hughes, with this same squadron, held his own in the East Indies in five fleet actions with Suffren, the greatest admiral of France. The defences of Senegal must indeed have been metamorphosed to beat him off in forty-eight hours. We are also to remember that the obstinate resistance of the English to Lauzun himself could only have been offered by one officer, who was ill in bed, and twenty-one sickly and mutinous privates. In point of fact, the fort fired one shot from a thirty-two pounder and then hauled down the flag. The garrison were conveyed to France, and landed at La Rochelle.

The English official accounts of these events state that Admiral Hughes convoyed Lord Macleod and two companies of the 73rd Highlanders to Goree, which place they made on the 8th of May 1779. They found the place in ruins and defenceless, it having been shortly before evacuated by the French. It was quietly reoccupied by the English, who held it until its restoration to France at the Treaty of Versailles in 1783. As regards Senegal the records are somewhat confused, but it appears that the French blew up the fortifications with mines. During the fourth English occupation of Goree the French reoccupied Senegal in force, and made one unsuccessful attempt to recover Goree. Hughes proceeded to India, where he was to fight his famous naval duel with the fleet of Suffren.

Lord Macleod appointed a governor of the island, Adams. In doing this he was acting under his commission and was within his rights. Lord George Germain, the Secretary of State, did not, however, confirm the appointment; and he despatched Wall with a commission as governor of Goree, without revoking Adams's commission or even informing him of what he had done.

This appears to be officially irregular and personally discourteous. But this curious situation resulted that on the 8th of July 1780, there was anchored in Goree harbour a ship, bearing Wall, holding a valid commission from the Crown, while in the fort on shore was Adams in precisely the same position. We need not go through the hostile correspondence that ensued: it is easy enough to imagine. On the

one side a demand to land and take possession, on the other a flat refusal. Then followed an intimation from Governor Wall that he would land and put Governor Adams in irons; to which Governor Adams rejoined that if Governor Wall attempted to do anything of the kind he would blow his ship out of the water. Finally, Wall sailed away for Senegal, which place he had been instructed to retake. After he had been some days at sea he raised the hulls of three vessels making north, and on running them down he captured Governor Adams, who was eloping with all the food, money, arms, and ammunition that he had been able to carry away from Goree.

Up to this moment Wall had behaved with propriety: from this time his conduct was that of a maniac. He carried Adams back to Goree, and tried him by a court-martial over which he himself presided, and where he also appeared as chief witness. But this trifling irregularity was nothing to what ensued. If Adams had chastised Goree with whips, Wall chastised it with scorpions. Adams, it is true, was a swindler, but then the entire garrison shared the plunder; he was a pirate with a pirate's crew—a sort of Captain Kidd in miniature. But Wall took all the men's pay, and handed over beads, cloth, and cheap looking-glasses instead, ordering the men to trade for their pay, and accompanying his orders with foul abuse and mis-handling. On the day before he left the island he ordered Benjamin Armstrong, a non-commissioned officer, to receive 800 lashes with a rope one inch in diameter, from which punishment Armstrong died. The punishment was administered by relays of blacks, who relieved each other when they were exhausted. The governor stood by and hounded them on in language which was duly sworn to twenty years after, when Wall was in the dock at the Old Bailey. The villain had the effrontery to return to England on the cession of Goree to France, and report himself to the Secretary of State; but on the details of his conduct becoming known he fled the country.

He remained abroad for nineteen years. In 1801 he returned and gave himself up to justice. He was a man of decent birth and well connected by marriage. He had spent his years of exile at Pisa, Florence, Rome, and Paris, and appears to have flattered himself that after a lapse of nineteen years the witnesses to his murderous atrocities would probably be dead. He was tried by Special Commission at the Old Bailey on the 20th of January, 1802. The Lord Chief Baron, Sir Archibald Macdonald, presided, with Mr. Justice Laurence of the King's Bench, and Mr. Justice Rorke of the Common Pleas. Abbott, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, held the junior brief for the Crown; the Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, led him. The case was perfectly clear, the two chief points of the defence being, first, that there was a mutiny impending, which was not proven; and, secondly, that Armstrong was sentenced after a fair

trial. The trial, however, was reduced to this: that Wall called out Armstrong on parade, told him that he was a mutinous fellow, and asked him what he had to say for himself; and on Armstrong replying what he had previously alleged, viz. that he preferred his pay in cash rather than in glass beads, the lashes were laid on.

It is a strange and repulsive story, this life on the West Coast a century ago; and Wall's crime is the most horrible incident of the story. As a rule, crimes of violence were not frequent; irregularities ran mostly on the lines of extravagant swindling of Government and revolting intoxication. But Wall was exceptional in every way. Socially he was rather above the average of men appointed to the West Coast; personally he was a good soldier, and had shown most distinguished courage at the siege of Havana. During his exile, whether because he was removed from the temptations of authority or for whatever reason, he showed himself an agreeable and more than an agreeable man. At the trial his witnesses to character testified that he was 'a man of distinguished humanity, a good husband and father.' Another witness said: 'I never knew a man of more benign disposition in my life, a gentleman brimful of the nicest feelings of philanthropy.' It may have been so, but he was convicted of the capital crime, and hanged on the 28th of January 1802.

The nineteen years of Wall's exile nearly corresponded with the French occupation of Goree, from 1783 to 1800. In the latter year Sir Charles Hamilton retook the island. He simply appeared before the place, which, after a verbal summons, capitulated with the honours of war. It is to be noted that there is no more talk of Goree being useless to England, after the fashion of Colonel Worge. Sir Charles Hamilton assumes, as a matter of course, that 'my Lords' will appreciate the strength and importance of his conquest. 'Goree by its natural situation is a thorn in our side;' 'the only way to serve this colony is to take Goree immediately;' these are the views of the contemporary governor of Senegambia. Colonel Fraser, the new governor of Goree, held similar views about Senegal. 'Senegal is a thorn in the side of Goree,' he wrote to Henry Dundas on the 5th of January 1801. He had just been repulsed with a loss of eleven killed and eighteen wounded in an attempt to capture Senegal, so he wrote with more than customary bitterness.

Thus the balance of opinion, official and commercial, had by this time settled down to this view—that whatever was settled on the mainland, Goree ought to be held along with the mainland colony. This conclusion was arrived at after an experience of a century and a half, during which time we had held Goree by itself, Gambia by itself, Goree and Gambia, Goree and Senegambia.

We have now reached the most critical moment of this century. Napoleon had made his famous dash on the East and had failed; he

was now pushing on swiftly, and as secretly as might be, his preparations for the conquest of England by sea or land. The Treaty of Amiens had been signed in March 1802. It gave Napoleon time, and he never intended that it should serve any other end. He felt himself gradually falling into the grip of the great Sea Power; and the struggle of the Titan to set himself free raised the billows the distant ripples of which were felt even on the rock of Goree. Everything turned on Malta. England, nervously anxious for peace, welcomed even the designedly cumbrous provisions of the Treaty of Amiens relating to that island, and honestly endeavoured to carry them out. Still clinging to the hope that France would preserve the peace, our Ministers nevertheless grew every day more anxious and perturbed. We can trace this painful tension even in the home correspondence with the little island of Goree. On the 30th of June 1802, Henry Dundas directed Colonel Fraser to evacuate the island, in accordance with the Treaty of Amiens, and take his troops to Sierra Leone. On the 26th of October 1802, Lord Hobart, Mr. Dundas's successor, in a despatch marked 'Most Secret,' revokes the last order, and commands Fraser to hold on; already the Cabinet is growing uneasy. On the 15th of November 1802, in a secret despatch which shows signs of reassurance, Lord Hobart once more enjoins the evacuation of Goree. Ten days earlier the French had invited Fraser to retire. He had at once consented, but alleged the sound excuse that he had no transports. It does not appear that this was a subterfuge, and the French were quite polite and even contented with the situation. But although the evacuation was demanded by the French on the 5th of November 1802, Fraser was still in command a year later, and receiving Hobart's orders to put in hand the conquest of Senegal forthwith. Apparently the French had made no move. This is the more remarkable in that Sebastiani's famous Report had been published in January 1803, and by May Lord Whitworth had already left Paris. Nevertheless, the year closed at Goree in profound peace.

The blow, when it fell, came from an unexpected quarter—from French Guiana. Louis the Sixteenth had accorded to the Royal Company of Guiana, the exclusive privilege of trafficking in slaves with Goree. Hence there were in Cayenne numbers of desperate men already familiar with the cross-Atlantic voyage, partly ruined by the presence of the English on the West Coast, and perfectly acquainted with the island of Goree and—most important of all—with its geography. The French authorities call these men corsairs: we need not be more particular. It was, in any case, a private undertaking, and not a Government expedition.

The garrison of Goree, who soon had to resist the assault of these daring slavers, is thus described by their commandant: 'They were the sweepings of every parade in England; for when a man was

sentenced to be flogged he was offered the alternative of volunteering for the Royal Africans, and he generally came to me.'

Those who were not recruited in this way were deserters from continental armies or from other English corps. 'They were not a bad set of fellows when there was anything to be done, but with nothing to do they were devils incarnate.'

We must not confuse the commandant with the ruffians his predecessors. Sir John Fraser was a remarkable man, honest and courageous; he had been twice wounded, one wound costing him a leg, and was soon in the thick of the hardest fighting ever seen at Goree.

The attacking force consisted of 600 men, including some soldiers of the regular army picked up at Senegal, and was led by an officer of the French Navy, Chevalier Mahé. The fleet that conveyed them carried sixty guns. Fraser's garrison numbered fifty-four men, all told, including the sick. This considerable disparity of forces becomes yet more formidable when we remember that the great strength of Goree was that, unless the attacking party were familiar with the geography of the island, there was only one place where they could land, and that place was covered by the guns of the fort. There was a possibility of landing on another part of the beach, but only if the attacking party knew exactly where to take the beach in the boats and so avoid the surf.

Fraser was deprived of this advantage, because the Guiana men knew the beach of Goree better than he did himself. He was therefore compelled to divide his diminutive army into two detachments. But, like all remarkable commanders, he had materially increased his scanty strength by the enthusiasm he had inspired in all around him—not only in his soldiers, but also in the civilian population of the island. When all is said, the enemy numbered rather more than four to one, for they landed 240 men from their ships on the 18th of January 1804.

We have seen what Fraser's men were like: they were 'devils incarnate,' and like devils incarnate they fought. For twenty-four hours the battle raged all over the island. The main guard was captured and recaptured, and Fraser did not surrender until he had only twenty-five men left who could bear arms. But though seventy-five of the French had fallen—or half as many again as the entire force of the garrison—the French could afford their losses, and remained in a preponderance of seven to one, without counting the 360 men still on board the ships. Surrender was no dishonour under these circumstances; so the British flag was hauled down, and for the fifth time in 127 years Goree passed over to the French. The remainder of the English garrison was despatched to Senegal, and thence to England.

But this French occupation lasted a very short time. Although won at so great expense, it only endured for six weeks. Moreover, it

seems to have been held with some timidity; for English colours were kept flying, and sentinels clothed in red paced the walls of the fort in order to mislead any passing British squadron. They did not mislead Captain Dickson, who appeared before the place on the 7th of March 1804. Two days later, after a slight brush with the enemy and the exchange of some communications by letter, the English entered Goree, and commenced an occupation which, though their last, was destined to be their longest, for it endured till the conclusion of peace in 1814. The island, however, was not actually handed over to the French until the year 1817, exactly two hundred years after its first occupation by the Dutch.

Although we had been capturing and restoring Goree at intervals ever since the year 1663, the total period of our occupation did not exceed twenty-eight years. The record of the various occupations runs as follows :

1617-1663, Dutch	1763-1779, French
1663-1664, English	1779-1783, English
1664-1677, Dutch	1783-1800, French
1677-1692, French	1800-1804, English
1692-1693, English	1804, French
1693-1758, French	1804-1817, English
1758-1763, English	1817-1897, French

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE NOVEL UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA

Let us leave it to the reviewers to abuse such effusions of fancy at their leisure, and over every new novel to talk in threadbare strains of the trash with which the press now groans. Let us not desert one another; we are an injured body. Although our productions have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporations in the world, no species of composition has been so much decried. From pride, ignorance, or fashion, our foes are almost as many as our readers; and while the abilities of the nine-hundredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collects and publishes in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope, and Prior, with a paper from the *Spectator*, and a chapter from Sterne, are eulogised by a thousand pens, there seems almost a general wish of decrying the capacity and undervaluing the labour of the novelist, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them.

So wrote Miss Austen, a woman of spirit as well as a woman of genius, at the commencement of the expiring century. Nobody could write so now. The eighty years which have elapsed since Jane Austen was laid to rest in Winchester Cathedral have brought no intellectual or moral revolution more complete than the apotheosis of the novel. Sir Walter Scott seriously, and with good reason, believed that if he had put his name to *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering* he would have injured his reputation as a poet, and even his character as a gentleman. If a novel is published anonymously nowadays, it is in order that the public may be subsequently informed whose identity it is which has been artfully, and but for a moment, concealed. The novel threatens to supersede the pulpit, as the motor-car will supersede the omnibus. We have a new class of novelists who take themselves very seriously, and well they may. Their works are seldom intended to raise a smile. They are designed less for amusement than for instruction, so that to read them in a spirit of levity would be worse than laughing in church, and almost as bad as making a joke in really respectable society. The responsibilities of intellect are now so widely felt that they weigh even where there is no ground for them. Imagination, if it exists, must be kept within bounds. Humour, or what passes for it, must be sparingly indulged. The foundations of belief, the future of the race, the freedom of the will, the unity of history, the limits of

political economy, are among the subjects which haunt the mind without paralysing the pen of the latter-day novelist. The 'smooth tale, generally of love,' has been developed into a representation of the higher life with episodes on ultimate things. I dare say that it is all quite right, and that to read for amusement is a blunder as well as a sin. If people want comedy, they can go to the play. If they want farce, they can turn to politics. The serious novel is for graver moods. But those who love, like Horace, the golden mean may look back with fondness to the beginning of Her Majesty's reign, when novelists had ceased to be pariahs and had not become prigs.

Perhaps few of us realise the extent to which the novel itself is a growth of the present reign. If we put aside the great and conspicuous instances of Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding, of Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, and Walter Scott, there is scarcely an English novelist now read who died before Her Majesty's accession to the throne.

I am told that superfine people, when they wish to disparage art, or literature, or furniture, or individuals, describe the objects of their contempt as 'Early Victorian.' In other words, they consign them to the same category as Dickens, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë. The immense and almost unparalleled popularity of Dickens has, as was inevitable, suffered some diminution. The social abuses which he satirised are for the most part extinct. The social habits which he chronicled have largely disappeared. The taste for 'wallowing naked in the pathetic' is not what it was. A generation has arisen which can be charitable without waiting for Christmas, and cheerful without drinking to excess. But these are small points, and it is impossible to imagine a time when Dickens will not be regarded as one of the great masters of English fiction. The late Master of Balliol, a keen and fastidious critic, a refined and delicate scholar, regarded Dickens as beyond comparison the first writer of his time. When the Queen came to the throne, *Pickwick* was appearing in monthly parts. The first number was issued in April 1836, the last in November 1837. It is a curious coincidence that in June 1837, when the crown actually passed from William, the Fourth to Victoria, the death of the author's sister-in-law suspended the publication. *Pickwick* had burst upon the world as an entire novelty. No other English novelist who was then writing survives now except Disraeli and Bulwer, as different from Dickens, to say nothing of their inferiority, as chalk from cheese.

The imitators of Dickens, so numerous and so tiresome, are apt, illogically enough, to make people forget that he was among the most original of all writers. It is the language of compliment and not of detraction to call him the Cockney's Shakespeare. In Shakespeare he was steeped. His favourite novelist was Smollett. But his art was all his own. He was the Hogarth of literature, painting with a broad brush, never ashamed of caricature, but always

an artist, and not a dauber. There is little or no resemblance between Falstaff and Sam Weller. But they are the two comic figures which have most thoroughly seized upon the English mind. Touchstone and Mr. Micawber may be each a finer specimen of his creator's powers. They are not, however, quite so much to the taste of all readers. They require a little more fineness of palate. Sam Weller is, and seems likely to remain, the ideal Londoner. We cannot hear his pronunciation. We get his humour without its drawbacks. The defects are absent from his qualities. He has not even the appalling gluttony which distinguishes Mr. Pickwick and his friends. It seems strange to realise that *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist* were actually coming out at the same time. *Oliver Twist* began to run in January 1837, and continued till March 1839. *Oliver Twist*, again, was overlapped by *Nicholas Nickleby*, which lasted from April 1838 to October 1839. Three such books in little more than three years is a feat which no other British novelist has achieved, except Sir Walter Scott. They proved to the benighted 'Early Victorians' that in the days of effete Whiggery and Bedchamber plots a genius of the highest order had appeared. Miss Martineau could never forgive Dickens for having in *Oliver Twist* confounded the new Poor-law with the old. That is not literary criticism. But it must be admitted that Dickens, though not intellectually a Socialist, was a very sentimental politician. He hated political economy, and he coupled with it the name of Sir Robert Peel. A gushing and impulsive benevolence, which in Dickens's case was thoroughly genuine, is often offended by the cold-blooded temper and cautious methods of parliamentary statesmanship. When Dickens began to write, public affairs were on rather a low level, and were conducted on rather a small scale. Dickens's early work was a more or less conscious revolt against fashionable lethargy and conventional shams. His novels, unlike Thackeray's, were in a sense a part of politics. They were meant to affect, and they did affect, the political temper of the nation. I sometimes wonder that the Independent Labour Party do not make more of Dickens. For Dickens, though he did not trouble himself much about abstract propositions, was possessed with the idea that both political parties were engaged in preying upon the public.

To Dickens as an historical novelist imperfect justice has been done. The *Tale of Two Cities* is said to be most admired by those who admire Dickens the least. A similar remark has been made of *Esmond*. The *Tale of Two Cities* is founded upon Carlyle's *French Revolution*. It has no humour, or next to none. But it is a marvellous piece of writing; the plot, though simple, is excellent, and, whatever may be thought about the genuineness of the pathos in *Dombey and Son*, or the *Old Curiosity Shop*, the tragedy of Sidney Carton is a tragedy indeed. The use of Christ's words, especially of

words which occur in the Burial Service of the Church of England, is always a dangerous experiment. But at the end of the *Tale of Two Cities*, Dickens has justified it by the reverence and the dignity of his tone. *Barnaby Rudge*, the story of Lord George Gordon and his riots, is, I cannot help thinking, an underrated book. The execution of the executioner may be melodramatic. But nobody who has read the passage can ever forget it, and the rant of Sim Tappertit deserves immortality as much as the name of Dolly Varden. Of course Dickens's historical knowledge was neither wide nor deep. His most popular history is *David Copperfield*, the history of himself, his own favourite among his own books, and a remarkable exception to the rule that an author is the worst judge of his own performances. I take it that the key to a proper understanding of Dickens and his work is to be found in the master-passion of the man. Dickens was a born actor. When he was not performing in private theatricals himself, he liked best to be at the play. The famous soliloquy of Jaques expressed his philosophy of life far more thoroughly than it expressed Shakespeare's. To Dickens all the world was a stage, and all the men and women merely players. When he wrote, he had in his mind not so much the way in which things would have happened as the way in which they would act. There is no 'realism' in Dickens, if realism means the worship of the literal. He drew, no doubt, as everybody must draw, from his own experience. He had the keenest eye for outward facts. Nothing on the surface eluded his observation or escaped his memory. He made ample use of his early opportunities as a reporter in the House of Commons and the courts of law. The famous debate in the Pickwickian Club, when Mr. Pickwick in his controversy with Mr. Blotson of Aldgate would not put up to be put down by clamour, was taken from a parliamentary duel between Canning and Peel. *Bardell v. Pickwick* is a travesty of *Norton v. Norton* and *Lord Melbourne*. I am afraid there is some truth in the tradition that Mr. Pecksniff was intended to express the sentiments of the illustrious Sir Robert. The family of the Tite-Barnacles might be easily identified, if the process were worth the trouble. But Dickens's dramatic instinct was the strongest of his qualities, so strong that it overmastered all the others, except his humour, which was, perhaps, a part of it. For his humour hardly any praise can be too high. It has every merit except the depth and subtlety which are found only in the greatest masters of all. About his pathos there always have been, and probably there always will be, two opinions. It differs in different books, and even in the same book. It differs, I should say, in kind as well as in degree. Little Nell and Sidney Carton scarcely seem to have a common origin. When the old washerwoman denied that one person could have written the whole of *Dombey and Son*, she perhaps only meant to express enthusiastic admiration. But people sometimes mean more than they know. If anyone will com-

pare the death of Mrs. Dombey with the death of little Paul, he must be struck by the impressive beauty of the one scene and the harrowing extenuation of the other. It is hardly strange that there should be controversy when evidence can be produced on both sides. Dickens had a singularly simple and straightforward character. When he meant to be funny he was rollicking. He was irresistible even to Sydney Smith, who held out against the new humorist as long as he could. When he meant to be pathetic he piled up the agony with vigour. He kept the two things apart. There is no humorous element in his pathos, and no pathetic element in his humour. He could not have drawn a Mercutio if he had tried, and he knew better than to try. He has been reproached with not understanding the upper classes, or uppermost class, or whatever the proper term may be. The point is not very important, though a man of genius ought, perhaps, to know everything and everybody. Lord Frederick Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk are not creations worthy of the master. I remember a discussion in which it was said broadly that Dickens could not draw a gentleman, and the negative instance of Sir Leicester Dedlock was produced from *Bleak House*. The reply was, 'You forget Joe Gargery in *Great Expectations*,' and to my mind the answer is conclusive.

Dickens has been called the favourite novelist of the middle classes. If the statement be true, it is creditable to their good taste and freedom from prejudice. He certainly did not flatter them. He disliked Dissenters quite as much as Matthew Arnold, whereas Thackeray gave them the Clapham Sect, to which they are not entitled. But the popularity of Dickens in his lifetime was in fact universal. Everybody read his books, because nobody could help reading them. They required no education except a knowledge of the alphabet, and they amused scholars as much as crossing-sweepers. No man ever made a more thorough conquest of his generation. Indeed he was only too successful. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery. It is the most dangerous form of admiration. And if even there was an *exemplar vitiis inevitabile*, it was Dickens. His influence upon literature, apart from his contributions to it, has been disastrous. The school of Dickens, for which he cannot be held responsible, is happily at last dying out. Their dreary mechanical jokes, their hideous unmeaning caricatures, their descriptions that describe nothing, their spasms of false sentiment, their tears of gin and water, have ceased to excite even amusement, and provoke only unmitigated disgust. With their disappearance from the stage, and consignment to oblivion, the reputation of the great man they injured is relieved from a temporary strain. The position of Dickens himself is unassailed and unassailable. In this or that generation he may be less read or more. He must always remain an acknowledged master of fiction and a prince of English humorists.

The great glory of Thackeray is that the spread of education has continually widened the circle of his readers. Dickens wrote for everyone. Thackeray wrote for the lettered class. He cannot quite be said to have made the novel literary. Fielding, with his ripe scholarship and his magnificent sweep of diction, was beforehand with him. But he is essentially and beyond everything else a literary novelist. He was also a popular preacher. He preached many sermons on the same text, and that a text much older than the Christian religion. Not being in holy orders, he could not, like Sterne, incorporate one of his own professional discourses in a secular narrative, though indeed Bulwer Lytton was guilty of the interpolation without the excuse.* The constant appearance of the novelist in person, the showman in charge of his puppets, is intolerable unless it be managed with consummate tact. Thackeray, of course, had tact in perfection. He was every inch an artist, and he justly felt that he was incapable of boring his readers. His alleged cynicism is only skin-deep. It is chiefly the mask of sentiment or the revolt against insincerity. Thackeray was a moralist to the backbone. He was no votary of art for art's sake, no disinterested chronicler of human folly or crime. He had, or thought he had, a mission to redeem the world from cant. Unless melancholy and indignation are cynicism, there never was a less cynical writer.

It was said of Charles the Second that he believed most people to be scoundrels, but that he thought none the worse of them for being so. Thackeray, like La Rochefoucauld, had a very high standard, and was shocked at the contrast of worldly practice with religious theory. The shipwrecked mariner on an unknown shore who, at the sight of a gallows, thanked God he was in a Christian country, is a typical example of the satire running through all Thackeray's works. His crusade against snobbishness requires no justification, because it produced the *Book of Snobs*. Its moral utility may be doubted. To dwell upon snobbishness is to run the risk of promoting it, because it consists in a morbid consciousness of things which have only an imaginative existence. A famous Oxford divine is reported to have put into the minds of undergraduates ideas of wickedness which would never have occurred to them spontaneously. The more people think about social distinctions, the more they think of rank. There are vices which may be spread and encouraged even by satire. Until a man has grasped the truth that there are no classes, but only individuals, he will be all his lifetime subject to bondage. Thackeray sometimes seems to have understood the truth almost as little as his victims.

Thackeray died in 1862, at the age of fifty-one, nearly eight years before Dickens, who did not himself live to be sixty. With these two great men, superior to them in some respects if inferior in others, must be ranked Charlotte Brontë, a writer of commanding

and absolutely original genius. Miss Brontë had a great admiration for Mr. Thackeray, and she dedicated the second edition of *Jane Eyre* to him. But she had written it before *Vanity Fair* appeared, and there is not a trace of his influence in any of her books. She and her sisters are unaccountable. They derived their power, as Burns derived his patent of nobility, straight from Almighty God. Anne Brontë would hardly now be remembered if it had not been for the others. But Charlotte and Emily were prodigies. Although their father's name seems to have been beautified from Prunty, it marvellously fitted the girls. They were indeed the daughters of thunder. Emily's poems, the best of which are among the finest in the language, do not fall within the limits of my task. Her novel, *Wuthering Heights*, with its grim force, its weird intensity, and its flashes of imaginative splendour, is like a solitary volcano rising from a dull flat plain. That love is strong as death we owe to the wisdom of Solomon. But the passion which alone redeems the inhuman ruffian Heathcliff is no more affected by death than by the weather, and the overmastering strength of his feeling for his dead wife is not to be matched in literature. In the history of the human mind there is nothing more wonderful than Emily Brontë, who died before she was thirty. Charlotte Brontë's trilogy of novels has been the subject of as many comparative estimates as the number three admits. Mr. Swinburne, and perhaps most critics, put *Villette* first. It is certain that all three belong to the very highest order of merit. Miss Brontë and her sisters, though well grounded in the beggarly elements, had few books, and saw little of the world. Charlotte Brontë's style, though sometimes scriptural, is emphatically her own. On small occasions it is apt to seem grandiloquent. On great occasions it is superb. People in her books always request permission. They never ask leave. Her style is, therefore, not a good one to copy. But in her hands it can do wonders. The intense earnestness and glowing ardour of her mind infused themselves into everything she wrote. She could not be trivial, flippant, or dull. Yet she had little or no humour. Her satirical description of the curates is effective, not to say savage. But it is hardly amusing. In one of her published letters there is a most interesting criticism of Jane Austen. It is admirable so far as it goes. But then it does not go so far as the humour, and without their humour what would Miss Austen's stories be? Miss Brontë brought the fervour of romance, the fire of her own heart, into the common lives of common folk. Common, but never commonplace. There was plenty of rough and strong character among her neighbours in the West Riding, such men as Mr. Yorke and Robert Moore in *Shirley*. Probably she exaggerated their peculiarities. No story she told can have lost in the telling. She had the nature of a poet and an enthusiast. Nothing is uninteresting when she deals with it. *Jane*

Eyre was too interesting for the decency and self-restraint of some critics, who denounced it as an immoral book. It is impossible to imagine a moral standard more lofty than the standard of *Jane Eyre*. This friendless governess, for whose fate and conduct there is no one in the world to care, leaves her home and the man she loves, faces starvation and almost starves, rather than break the seventh commandment. The success of the book and of the author was due to the public more than to the critics. George Henry Lewes, one of her most friendly reviewers, advised her to study the novels of Miss Austen, which, however admirable, were uncongenial to her, and from which she had nothing to learn. Her hero in real life, as ladies' albums used to say, was the Duke of Wellington, and she took the singular liberty of putting him into holy orders as Mr. Helstone in *Shirley*. The 'intense and glowing mind,' of which Wordsworth speaks, was Miss Brontë's by nature, and she wrote by inspiration rather than by effort. Sex has nothing to do with novel-writing, except that there are a few men who have never tried to write a novel. But Thackeray and Miss Brontë present a curious contrast. About Miss Brontë's men, even the immortal curates and the irresistible Paul Emmanuel, there is always something a little unreal. Her women, on the other hand, are as true to nature, and as perfect in art, as were ever coined by the human imagination. Thackeray cannot have seriously thought that every decent woman was a fool. Miss Brontë cannot have really believed that all men were unconventional. But each of these great writers feels too much the power of sex. I remember a witty lady exclaiming, in reference to the various arguments that Shakespeare must have been a soldier, a lawyer, a statesman, a sportsman, and what not, 'Shakespeare must have been a woman.' Perhaps in the highest genius there are elements of both sexes, and the fable of Tiresias had a serious meaning. Emily Brontë understood men better than her sister. Yet Charlotte Brontë put into her books her whole mind and soul. They were not so much compositions as parts of herself. Her life was a tragedy. Her brother was a physical and moral wreck. She and her sisters struggled against the most insidious of all diseases, while the mind

Fretted the pygmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.

The Brontës had no models, and they have had no imitators. Nature broke the mould. They came from mystery, and to mystery they returned. They are not apparently the product of any specific age, nor is their style marked by the characteristics of any assignable period. They belonged, indeed, to Yorkshire, and were racy of the soil. The scene of *Shirley* is laid in the French War, and there are allusions to the Orders in Council. But the accidental setting had very little to do with the story. It is a story of love and hate, of

passion and prejudice, of roughness and sentiment, of gentleness and pride. Charlotte Brontë built firmly and deeply upon the great primary truths of existence.

In 1857, two years after Charlotte Brontë's death, appeared *Scenes of Clerical Life*. To compare the two women would be a futile task. Mr. Swinburne has contrasted them, very much to the disadvantage of George Eliot. George Eliot has now been dead nearly seventeen years, and it may be not without interest to inquire how the interval has affected her reputation. Her fame has, I think, perceptibly, even considerably, declined. Her books are neither so much read nor so much quoted as they were twenty years ago. As regards some of her work this is not surprising. *Theophrastus Such*, with its amazingly foolish title, was, in spite of the beautiful chapter called 'Looking Back,' a failure, and is dead. Nor is there much life left in *Daniel Deronda*. Miss Gwendolen, with her 'dynamic glance,' and Daniel, with his hereditary impulses, are scientific toys. But that the *Sorrows of Amos Barton*, *Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story*, *Adam Bede*, *Silas Marner*, and the *Mill on the Floss* should be obsolete is almost incredible. George Eliot does undoubtedly suffer from having been too much the child of her age. She lived in intellectual society; she was immersed in current controversies; she picked up the discoveries, and even the slang, of science; she introduced into her stories allusions which only professors could understand. One can hardly say with truth that, as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so a novel is not more durable than its most perishable part. But it is dangerous to put anything into works of fiction except human nature. The charm of George Eliot's early writing is its directness and simplicity. She was from the first a learned woman. She had translated Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity* and Strauss's *Life of Jesus* before she published anything of her own. But she had studied also the country neighbours of her youth in Warwickshire and the atmosphere in which they lived. The wit, the wisdom, and the tenderness of her early tales are hardly to be surpassed. In real life she seems, like many a comic actor, to have had little or no humour. But that the creator of Mrs. Poyser should have been devoid of it is a paradox too glaring to be admissible. Vicarious humour seems to be a possibility, however difficult to conceive. George Eliot may be said to have culminated in *Middlemarch*. After that there was perceptible decline. I cannot agree with those who find a falling off in *Middlemarch* itself. It is surely a great book. There are two plots, which is an artistic blemish. But the characters of Lydgate and Rosamond, of Mr. Casaubon and Dorothea, of Caleb Garth (said to have been her father), of Featherstone the miser and Mrs. Cadwallader the wit, of Mr. Brooke and Mr. Bulstrode, are skilfully sketched and admirably finished. *Middlemarch* is divided into books, and in one of the introductory chapters the author

laments the leisurely days of the last century, when people had time to read the prefaces of Fielding. Time could hardly be better employed than in reading Fielding's prefaces, which as a matter of fact are not long. But they are pure literature, and George Eliot's are not. That gifted woman had great dramatic power, as well as a singular command of lucid and dignified English. But she was not content with them. She wanted to preach her gospel of humanity. With the merits of that gospel I am not here concerned, except to point out that they do not readily lend themselves to the purposes of fiction. George Eliot's broadly feminine sympathies, which inspired *Adam Bede*, are in *Middlemarch* mixed with less manageable elements, and have in *Daniel Deronda* almost wholly disappeared. Her work is like Robert Browning's, in a process of being sifted. That much of it, including *Middlemarch*, will survive one cannot doubt. *Romola* and *Felix Holt* may be too ponderous to come up again. Hetty Sorrel and Dinah Morris, Tom and Maggie Tulliver, Silas and little Effie, are immortal.

The name of Charlotte Brontë will always be associated with the name of her biographer, Mrs. Gaskell. Mrs. Gaskell's first novel, *Mary Barton*, appeared in 1848. She had not quite finished *Wives and Daughters* when she died in 1865. If in creative power and imaginative range she hardly ranks with Dickens or Thackeray, with George Eliot or Charlotte Brontë, she is one of the most charming and exquisite writers of English fiction that have ever lived. In the grace of her style and the quaintness of her humour she reminds one of Charles Lamb. She treated with almost equal success two classes of subjects. In *Mary Barton*, already mentioned, in *North and South*, and in *Ruth*, she handled with rare insight and peculiar delicacy burning questions of political and social interest. The intellectual difficulties of the clergyman in *North and South* are an anticipation of later and more pretentious efforts. In *Cranford*, in *Sylvia's Lovers*, and in *Wives and Daughters* she depicted domestic and individual life with a beauty and a fascination all her own. Although *Mary Barton* appeared two years after the repeal of the Corn Laws, it embodies the facts and theories which led to the adoption of that great reform. It is, among other things, a most thrilling picture of life among the operatives of Manchester in the days of Protection, riots, and dear bread. It revealed Mrs. Gaskell to the world as a master of pathos and graphic art. *Ruth* is a passionate presentment of the case for a woman who has been deceived and betrayed. But Mrs. Gaskell's admirers, including the whole educated portion of the English-speaking world, usually prefer her still life to her scenes of action. *Cranford* is in their eyes a pure and perfect gem. Perhaps no story ever written, not even *Persuasion*, is more exactly what it professes to be. It aims merely at describing the 'Early Victorian' society of a small country

town. But this it does with so consummate and so beautiful a touch that for the reader *Cranford* becomes the world. Just as there are some historians who make the struggles of nations look like tavern brawls, so there are novelists who dignify the humblest stage with the counterfeit presentment of human nature in its purest forms. The doors of *Cranford* open on the street. The windows open on the infinite. Who can be indifferent to the death of Captain Brown? The realities of life were ever in Mrs. Gaskell's mind. She was always humorous, and never frivolous; if, indeed, it is possible to be both. Most boys have been in love with Molly Gibson, and those who have not are to be pitied. Her father the doctor is, perhaps, Mrs. Gaskell's finest character. It is a portrait lovingly drawn. His originality, which is never eccentric, his sentiment, which is never mawkish, his irony, which is defensive and not aggressive, his depth and simplicity of nature, make his one of the most fascinating figures in fiction. The reader is almost inclined to share Molly's idolatry of 'Papa.' Mrs. Gaskell's popularity, never of quite the widest sort, has not waned. With the numerous novel-readers whose single desire is to kill time she does not rank high. For these she did not paint in sufficiently glaring colours. To appreciate Mrs. Gaskell one must have a real love of literature. To care about her at all one must have some liking for it. But that is almost the only limit upon the circle of her readers. The art is never obtruded, though it is always there.

Two remarkable novelists, who were also remarkable in other ways, great friends and great contemporaries, must be comprehended in any survey of Victorian novelists, although they had both published novels before the Queen came to the throne. I mean, of course, Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, and Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. The first Lord Lytton—Bulwer Lytton as he is commonly called—was already a notable personage in 1837. *Pelham* was nearly ten years old, and for sheer cleverness *Pelham* would be hard to beat. It was written before the author took to preaching and became a bore. Bulwer Lytton was one of the most intolerable preachers that ever lived. He was tedious, pompous, affected, and insincere. He was what Thackeray was not—a real cynic. The delicious impertinence of *Pelham*, the frankly free love of *Ernest Maltravers*, whatever else may be thought of them, are genuine. The rant of *Night and Morning*, of *Alice*, or of *What will he do with it?* is on the intellectual level of a field preacher without his genuineness of conviction. It is probable that Bulwer Lytton's novels have been assisted to a reputation they do not deserve by the excellence of his plays, which still keep the stage, by his fame as a parliamentary orator, by his versatility, which is always a popular thing, and by his social celebrity. *The Caxtons*, like the sermon in *My Novel*, is a bad imitation

of *Tristram Shandy*. At the end of his life Bulwer Lytton reproduced some of his youthful vigour in fiction. *The Parisians*, which came out after his death, is a good deal above his average, and *Kenelm Chillingly* is in his best style. Mr. Chillingly Mivers, the editor of *The Londoner*, may rank with Pelham the puppy himself. But as a novelist Bulwer Lytton belongs to the second class, and does not stand very high in that.

Among the more or less literary products of the Victorian age is the political novel, and the chief of political novelists is of course Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Disraeli's earliest efforts, such as the astonishingly clever and slightly ridiculous *Vivian Grey*, do not fall within the reign of the Queen. But *Coningsby*, *Sybil* [*sic*], and *Tancred* are Early Victorian. They are all political novels, and they are the work of a man who knew politics thoroughly from the inside. The year of the Queen's accession was the year of Mr. Disraeli's entrance into Parliament. He made himself famous by his attacks upon Peel, and two years after the great minister's death he published a dispassionate estimate of him in the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*. Partly, perhaps, by reason of his race, partly from the texture of his mind, Mr. Disraeli could always detach himself from the influence of the political opinions which he held, or professed to hold, and examine either an institution or an individual in the calmest spirit of scientific analysis. The principles of Young England, which made Wordsworth ask indignantly what had become of Old, are indeed to be found, Maypoles and all, in the book with the name which Mr. Disraeli could never spell. How far was he serious in propounding them? England is always young, and Mr. Disraeli neither discovered nor exhausted the affinity of Socialist doctrines to Toryism. His novels can hardly be said to have any definite purpose. They are none the worse for that. Their value, apart from *Henrietta Temple*—a smooth tale, chiefly of love—lies in their political criticism. In *Lothair*, which appeared after he had been Prime Minister, and had, therefore, an enormous success, Mr. Disraeli predicted, with a foresight unusual in a practical politician, the future prominence of secret societies in Russia and in Ireland. But *Coningsby*, which would be generally regarded by his admirers as his best book, is mainly critical, and only controversial in the second place, if at all. The political novel may be considered as a variety of the historical. Politics, as Mr. Freeman used to say, are the history of the present; history is the politics of the past. How far is either class of novel, or both, legitimate or desirable? I must confess to thinking that a novel should be a work of the imagination, and that it must stand or fall upon its own merits, without reference to any external standard whatsoever. A novel which only interests those who are interested in the subject of it does not, if this view be correct, belong to the highest class. Putting *Henrietta Temple* and her lover, whose emotion makes him foam at the mouth

like a horse, again aside, I never heard of anyone who did not care for politics and yet admired the novels of Mr. Disraeli. I do not say that there are no such people. I do not say that, if there are any, they cannot justify their existence. Their existence, if they do exist, justifies itself. But they must be very few. They might say on their own behalf, that Mr. Disraeli's political musings contain truths or half-truths of what Kant called universal extent, and catholic obligation. For man, as an older philosopher than Kant says, is a political animal, just as some animals are very like public men.

Mr. Disraeli's epigrams are too well known for quotation. The purely political nature of his books may perhaps best be illustrated from *Endymion*, which contains, by the way, the most famous of them all. The 'transient embarrassed phantom of Lord Goderich' is a phrase which occurs in the opening pages of that work. *Endymion*, though published at the close of Lord Beaconsfield's career, was written many years before it came out. It contains much curiously interesting reminiscence, and one absolutely perfect piece of caricature. Waldershare, a rising young politician of the livelier sort, is only an under-secretary. But 'his chief is in the Lords,' and that is the pride of his life. An under-secretary whose chief is in the Lords he considers, anticipating Mr. Curzon, to be at the summit of human greatness, and he has a picture-gallery hung with portraits of under-secretaries whose chiefs were in the Lords. This is perfectly intelligible, and most amusing, to the initiated. But for the general it needs interpretation, and, when it is interpreted, it does not amuse them in the least. In *Lothair* Mr. Disraeli introduced religion, and appealed to Protestant feelings, which he cannot be supposed to have shared. He thus secured a wider circle of readers, and it is the most popular of his books. Religion in a novel seems to be sure of the same permanent success as a comic incident in church. It is, or it seems, incongruous, and for many people that is enough. We come back to the question how far reality is admissible in fiction. Everyone must have observed that if a bit of real life is put straight into a novel, all the critics pounce upon it as the one absolutely incredible event. Instances of this are quoted to the confusion of the critics. But if, instead of saying that the thing could not have happened—which, except in the case of physical impossibility, is dangerous—they said that it ought not to have happened, they would usually be right. Truth is no excuse for fiction, and real life in a novel is apt to be out of scale. The story is not constructed on that basis, and the reader is expecting something else. I remember being told of a methodical man who every night opened a bottle of seltzer water for himself. Once, in the course of a long life, the cork fell back into the bottle. If such a portent were embodied in a novel, most readers would probably feel that an insult had been

offered to their intelligence. A man of genius like Mr. Disraeli can do anything he pleases, because whatever he does will strike and perplex the world. But if he had confined himself to writing novels, I doubt whether they would have been read. Macaulay said of Lord Chesterfield that his reputation would stand higher if he had never written a line. That cannot be said of Lord Beaconsfield. But he tried a dangerous experiment, and one in which inferior artists would do well not to follow him. A man, said Swift, according to a doubtful authority, should write his own English. A man, or a woman, should write their own novels. If they have not fancy enough for the purpose, they should let it alone. Even Mr. Disraeli mixed a little mysticism with his politics when he treated his politics fictitiously. The Asian mystery, or the Semitic secret, was almost always in the background. Perhaps there is no Semitic secret. Perhaps there is no Asian mystery. But they have vitality enough to colour Mr. Disraeli's political novels, and to distinguish them from the prose of the House of Commons.

Among political novelists—happily a small band—Mr. Disraeli occupies a place by himself. Next to him, but next after a long interval, is Anthony Trollope. Trollope was, of course, a good deal more than a political novelist, and his political novels are not in my opinion his best. But they are extremely clever, they are full of good things, and the statesman whom he calls by the rather absurd name of Plantagenet Palliser is a masterpiece of generic portraiture. Trollope knew very little of political history. He was under the strange delusion that Peel supported the Reform Bill. He was an inaccurate observer of things political, even in his own day. In *Phineas Finn* he makes the debate on the address begin on the first day of a new Parliament, heedless of the fact that a Speaker has first to be elected, and that members have then to be sworn. But these are trivial blemishes. Trollope was never in Parliament himself, although he would have very much liked to be there. But he had a passion for politics, as for hunting, and he thoroughly grasped the more obvious types of public men. His attempt to depict the philosophic Liberal in Mr. Monk was a failure. But his conception of Disraeli was excellent, and that eminent performer's imaginary conversion to Disestablishment is an admirable bit of satire. Mr. Daubeny, as Trollope calls him, told his constituents that the time had come when the relations between the Crown and the Mitre ought to be reconsidered. His rustic audience thought that he was referring to the rival inns in the county town. But some clever fellows—the epithet is Mr. Trollope's, not mine—scribbling in London that night informed the public that Mr. Daubeny had made up his mind to disestablish the Church. Trollope made a mistake in grouping his political scenes round Phineas Finn, an uninteresting and even then hardly possible type of colourless Irish member. Both in *Phineas*

Finn and in *Phineas Redux* the dulness of the plot is redeemed by amusing incidents and ingenious episodes. Trollope has not, perhaps, had justice done him as a caricaturist. Reference has already been made to Mr. Daubeny's Barsestshire speech. Less known, perhaps, though even funnier, is the case of the obscure member of Parliament who has the misfortune to shorten his grandmother's life. His 'personal explanation,' with the frank acknowledgment that he had in a moment of frenzy raised his hand against the old lady, earns him a popularity he never enjoyed before. Of course Trollope does not put this grotesque idea into the form of a narrative. It professes to be caricature, and very good caricature it is. Mr. Justin McCarthy, with fifty times Trollope's knowledge of politics, is only a political novelist among other things. For although in *Waterdale Neighbours* he gave a capital description of a Tory Democrat long before anybody had heard of Lord Randolph Churchill, politics play in his novels a very small and subordinate part. The political life of an Australian colony is vividly sketched in Mrs. Campbell Praed's *Passion and Politics*, and in Mr. Anthony Hope's *Half a Hero*.

Trollope was in his lifetime more popular than any of his contemporaries. Twenty years ago it would hardly have been an exaggeration to say that half the novels on the railway bookstalls were his. Now his books are never seen there, and seldom seen anywhere else. Why was he popular? Why has he ceased to be so? It may be doubted whether his political stories had much to do either with his rise or with his fall. If his surviving admirers were asked to name his best book, there would probably be a majority for *Orley Farm*, which is a smooth tale, chiefly of forgery. If I myself were invited to pick out from all his books the best bit of writing, I should put my hand without hesitation upon the character of the ideal master of hounds in *Phineas Redux*. But there can be no doubt that the volumes which made him a public favourite were the famous Barsestshire series, beginning with *The Warden*, and ending with *The Last Chronicle of Barset*. These, as it may be necessary to inform the younger generation, are all descriptive of country life, and especially of the country parsonage. With the exception of Mr. Slope, a canting hypocrite, and Mr. Crawley, whose character is rugged, lofty, and dignified, Trollope's clergy are worldly divines of the old school, Erastian in principle and lethargic in temperament. When he was congratulated upon the success of his Archdeacon Grantley, he said that he felt the compliment the more because he had never known an archdeacon. No man in after-life could have associated less with parsons than Mr. Trollope of the Post Office. But he was a Wykehamist, and as a Winchester 'man' must have seen a good deal of life in a cathedral close. It is to be feared that Trollope's books are dead. But it is a pity. He never wrote anything on a level with *L'Abbé Tigrane*, the best clerical story in the

world. But *Barchester Towers* is one of the most readable of books, and I do not envy the man who preserves his gravity over Bertie Stanhope or Mrs. Proudie. Conversation in Trollope's books seldom reaches, and never maintains, a high level. 'O Nature and Menander' exclaims an ancient enthusiast; 'which of you copied the other?' 'O Mr. Trollope and second-rate society,' asked a modern joker; 'which of you copied the other?' His popularity was due partly to his cleverness, liveliness, and high spirits, but partly also to his never overtaxing the brains of his readers, if, indeed, he can be said to have taxed them at all. The change in the position of his books produced, and produced so rapidly, by the death of the author may, I think, be thus explained. He stimulated the taste for which he catered. He created the demand which he supplied.

The novel with a purpose is a product of the Victorian age. All novels should have the purpose of interesting and amusing the reader. In the best novels no other purpose is discernible, though other and higher effects may be, and often are, produced. Dickens may be said to have begun the practice of combining a missionary with a literary object when he ran a tilt at the Poor-law in *Oliver Twist*, and to have continued it when he attacked the Court of Chancery in *Bleak House*. But Dickens was too full of his fun to be a missionary all the time. While his fame and influence were at their height, in 1850, appeared the first of Charles Kingsley's novels, *Alton Locke*. Kingsley—Parson Lot as he used to call himself—was a Christian Socialist and a disciple of Carlyle, who was neither. In 1850, before he became tutor to the Prince of Wales, he was rather a Chartist than otherwise. He was a real poet, and it is probable that his ballads will outlast his novels. In *Yeast*, perhaps his most powerful book, which contained that striking poem, 'The Poacher's Widow,' he held up to hatred and contempt the game laws and the unhealthy cottages of the poor. Kingsley had this advantage over Dickens, that he did not wait until abuses were removed before he denounced them. His novels undoubtedly had a great practical influence in the promotion of sanitary improvement. But their earnestness, often judicious earnestness, was not conducive to literary perfection. Kingsley was a keen sportsman, and, unlike many keen sportsmen, had a passionate love for the country in which he hunted or fished. His descriptive passages are always impressive and often splendid. His dramatic power was very great, as *Hypatia* shows, and still more the death of the old game-keeper in *Yeast*, which is worthy of Scott. Charles Kingsley never wrote a story for the sake of writing a story, like his brother Henry, so undeservedly forgotten. The belief, which he never lost, that something tremendous was going to happen about the middle of next week kept him always on the stretch, and half spoiled him for a man of letters.

Another novelist with a purpose, or rather with purposes, was

Charles Reade: His purposes were in every respect benevolent and praiseworthy. In *Never too late to mend* he exposed the cruelty which prevailed in prisons. *Hard Cash*, perhaps his most exciting story, was designed to effect the reform of lunatic asylums. He understood better than Kingsley how to combine a moral with a plot. He is melodramatic. He never loses sight of the narrative in his endeavour to improve the occasion. If novels with a purpose are to be written at all, they could hardly be written more wisely than Charles Reade wrote them. Although he was for half a century, or thereabouts, a Fellow of Magdalen, his style was the reverse of academic. He carried sensationalism to the verge of vulgarity, and he was no purist. He was a scholar, however, and not at all a bad one. Indeed, his best book, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, shows not only a thorough acquaintance with the Colloquies of Erasmus, but a warm sympathy with the spirit of the Renaissance. In *Peg Woffington* he went for a subject to the stage of the eighteenth century, behind the scenes of which Dr. Johnson, for well-known reasons, felt reluctant to go. But Charles Reade did not make an idol of propriety. Nevertheless, he seems to have fallen into oblivion, along with two of his contemporaries who made a good deal of noise in their day, Whyte Melville and Wilkie Collins. Whyte Melville was the delight of many a boyhood. He seemed to be showing one life. Digby Grand, the fascinating guardsman (if that be not tautology), and Kate Coventry, who was so terribly fast that once she 'almost swore,' made one feel what infinite possibilities lurked in a larger existence. Fancy knowing a girl who almost swore! And Digby Grand was a perfect gentleman, who always made his tailor and his bootmaker pay his debts of honour. Whyte Melville was great in the hunting-field, where he died, and nobody could describe a race better, except Sophocles and Sir Francis Doyle. But in one book he aimed higher. He produced an historical novel, a novel of classical antiquity. In my judgment, and in the judgment of better qualified critics, the *Gladiators* is a most successful book. I should put it far above the *Last Days of Pompeii*, and not far below *Hypatia*. Whyte Melville, like Esaias, was very bold. He touched a period covered by Tacitus, the greatest historical novelist of all the ages. But people do not go straight from the classics to the circulating library, and Whyte Melville could describe the character of Vitellius, which he did exceedingly well, without fear of invidious comparisons. It is a striking testimony to the permanent power of Latin literature that it should have absorbed a modern of the moderns like Whyte Melville. Wilkie Collins has been called an imitator of Gaboriau. He wrote of crimes and their perpetrators from the detective's point of view, and he fell at last into a rather tiresome trick of putting his characters into the witness-box. But he had neither the strength nor the weakness of Gaboriau. The first volume

of *Monsieur Lecocq* was altogether beyond Wilkie Collins. He never wrote anything half so dull as the second. Gaboriau could not stop when he had exhausted the interest of his story. He had to go back and explain how it all came to happen, which nobody wanted to know. In the *Woman in White* and the *Moonstone* the excitement is kept up to the end. But it never rises quite so high as in *L'Affaire Lerouge* or *Le Dossier Numéro Cent-treize*. Nevertheless there are precious moments for the reader of Wilkie Collins, such as Laura Glyde's sudden apparition behind her own tombstone, and the discovery of Godfrey Ablewhite in the public-house. Are these books and others like them literature? Wilkie Collins deliberately stripped his style of all embellishment. Even epithets are excluded, as they are from John Austin's *Lectures on Jurisprudence*. It is strange that a man of letters should try to make his books resemble police reports. But, if he does, he must take the consequences. He cannot serve God and Mammon.

I have now arrived at a part of my task which is peculiarly difficult, and which would, on the scale hitherto adopted, be impossible. I have finished, save for one brilliant exception, with those

Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

The number of living novelists is beyond my powers of calculation, and indeed the burden of proof rests with every wholly or partially educated woman to prove that she has not written a novel. The beneficent rule of Her Gracious Majesty has proved extraordinarily favourable to the fertility of the feminine genius. All women cannot be like Mrs. Humphry Ward. This kind cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting. They cannot all have the circulation of Miss Emma Jane Worbóys. But others may do what Edna Lyall has done, and there are reputations which show that there is hope for all. It is too late, says the Roman poet quoted above, to repent with one's helmet on. But I think I will begin with my own sex. Mr. George Meredith has long stood, as he deserves to stand, at the head of English fiction. An intelligent critic, perhaps a cricketing correspondent out of work in the winter, said that the *Amazing Marriage* was by no means devoid of interest, but that it was a pity Mr. Meredith could not write like other people. I presume that such critics have their uses, or they would not be created. If Mr. Meredith wrote like other people, he would be another person, with or without the same name, and perhaps almost as stupid as his censor. His style is not a classical one. But it suits Mr. Meredith, as Carlyle's and Browning's suited them, because it harmonises with his thought. Nobody says that Mr. Meredith's strong point was the simple and perspicuous narrative of events. He is not in the least like Wilkie Collins. He is not like anybody, except perhaps Peacock. But he is a great master of humour, of fancy, of sentiment, of imagination, of

everything that makes life worth having. He plays upon human nature like an old fiddle. He knows the heart of a woman as well as he knows the mind of a man. His novels are romances, and not 'documents.' They are often fantastic, but never prosy. He does not see life exactly as the wayfaring man sees it. The 'realist' cannot understand that that is a qualification and not a disability. A novel is not a newspaper. 'Mr. Turner,' said the critical lady, 'I can never see anything in nature like your pictures.' 'Don't you wish you could, ma'am?' growled the great artist. Mr. Meredith has the insight of genius and of poetical genius. But he pays the reader the compliment of requiring his assistance. Some slight intellectual capacity and a willingness to use it are required for the appreciation of his books. They are worth the trouble. There are few more delightful comedies in English literature than *Evan Harrington*. We must go back to Scott for a profounder tragedy than *Rhoda Fleming*. The *Egoist* is so good that everybody at once puts a real name to Sir Willoughby Patterne. The male reader is lucky if he can give one to Clara Middleton, that most fascinating of heroines since Di Vernon. Not that Mr. Meredith's women are in the least like Scott's. They are rather developments of the sketches, which one cannot call more than sketches, in *Headlong Hall* and *Crotchet Castle*, and *Nightmare Abbey* and *Maid Marian*. The *Ordeal of Richard Feverel* is the favourite with most of Mr. Meredith's disciples, and the character of the wise youth, Adrian, cannot be overpraised. But the same could hardly be said of the Pilgrim's Scrip, and Lucy is not equal to Clara. Besides, there is Mrs. Berry, who has not Mrs. Quickly's humour, and for whom all stomachs are not sufficiently strong. A word may be put in for Mr. Meredith's boys, who are natural and yet attractive. There is one of the jolliest of boys in the *Egoist*, and the school in *Harry Richmond* is quite excellent. It is a pity that Mr. Meredith did not always write his own story. He does not, save perhaps in the *Tragic Comedians*, gain by incursions into history. The anecdote which plays so large a part in *Diana of the Crossways* is not true, and would not be pretty if it were. In *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*, and in the *Amazing Marriage*, Mr. Meredith has incorporated historic fact or legend. They are not among his best books. It is his imagination by which he will live. He had, like Mr. Disraeli, to educate a party. But politics are ephemeral, and literature is permanent.

Among the strangest vagaries of criticism which I can remember was the attribution of *Far from the Madding Crowd* to George Eliot in a journal of high literary repute. *Far from the Madding Crowd* was not Mr. Thomas Hardy's first novel, nor yet his second. But it established his fame as an original writer of singular charm, with a grace and an atmosphere of his own. Anybody less like George Eliot it would be difficult to find. But at that time there

prevailed an opinion that George Eliot was more than mortal, and that she might have written the Bible if she had not been forestalled. If that illustrious woman had a fault, she was a little too creative. With all one's enjoyment of them and their sayings, one cannot help sometimes feeling that there never was a Mrs. Poyser or a Mrs. Cadwallader, as there was a Mrs. Norris or a Miss Bates. Mr. Hardy's country folk are real, and yet not so real as his country. His peasants, who seem to talk like a book, are such stuff as books are made of. Their conversation is genuine. Nobody would have dared to invent it. But whether it be the pagan worship of nature, which is the strongest sentiment Mr. Hardy allows them, or the author's own passion for England in general and Dorsetshire in particular, the human element in Mr. Hardy's stories is 'overcrowded' by the intensity of the inanimate, or apparently inanimate, world. I am not, I hope, underrating the tragic power of *Tess* or *Jude*. The *Hand of Ethelberta* is a delightfully quaint piece of humour. But Mr. Hardy's typical book is the *Woodlanders*, where every tree is a character, and the people are a set-off to the summer. There is plenty of human nature in the *Woodlanders*, some of it no better than it ought to be. But it is the background. The foreground is the woods and the fields. Perhaps nobody is quite a man or quite a woman. The feminine element in Mr. Hardy is his love of the country, which is neither the sportsman's love, nor the naturalist's, nor the poet's, but passion for the country as such, and that may be found in a hundred women before it will be found in one man. Mr. Hardy feels the cruelty of nature. He feels it so much that, as may be seen in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, he can hardly bear to contemplate the country in winter. But he loves it, and his inimitably beautiful form of adoration is the secret of his power. In his later works Mr. Hardy has done what only the French nation can do with impunity. Much of the abuse lavished upon *Jude the Obscure* was foolish and irrelevant enough. The pity of it is much more prominent than the coarseness. It is, like *Tess*, a powerful book, and no other living Englishman could have written it. But it is far below the level of the *Return of the Native* and the *Mayor of Mesterbridge*.

Mr. Hardy's short stories, such as *Wessex Tales*, and *Noble Dames*, and *Life's Little Ironies*, are very clever, all the cleverer because they are quite unlike his long ones. Short stories came from America. Was it *Daisy Miller* that set the fashion, or the *Luck of Roaring Camp*? To claim either Mr. Bret Harte or Mr. Henry James as a British novelist would be an insult to the Stars and Stripes. They have shown, and so has Mr. Anthony Hope, that the English language is suitable to short stories, as indeed to every other form of human composition except pentameter verse. But the English people do not take to them. Louis Stevenson, that 'young Marcellus of our tongue,'

tried his genius on them. But the *New Arabian Nights*, though I am not ashamed to confess that I would rather read them than the old, do not reveal the author of *Kidnapped* and the *Master of Ballantrae*. Stevenson is one of the very few really exquisite and admirable writers who deliberately sat down to form a style. He was singularly frank about it. He has told the public what he read, and how he read it, and a very strange blend of authors it was. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand the result would have been a disastrous failure. In Mr. Stevenson's case it was a brilliant success. Of course, every critic thinks that he would have found out the secret for himself. Certainly, Mr. Stevenson's books are the most studiously elaborate works of art. But the art is so good that, though it can hardly be said to conceal, it justifies and commends, itself. The reader feels as a personal compliment the immense pains which this humblest of geniuses has bestowed upon every chapter and every sentence of all the volumes he wrote entirely himself. It is said that his warmest champions belong to his own sex. For while he does, like Falstaff, in some sort handle women, and while Miss Barbara Grant, or the girl in the *Dynamiter*, would have been the delight of any society it had pleased them to adorn, his writings teach that it is not the passion of love, but the spirit of adventure, which makes the world go round. The question whether the two influences can be altogether separated does not belong to a review of Victorian romance. There have been novels without women, even in French. Victor Hugo wrote one. Ferdinand Fabre has written another. But it is a dangerous experiment, or would be if it were likely to be repeated. *Weir of Hermiston*, in which, the eternal element of sex was revived, is surely one of the greatest tragedies in the history of literature. It is far sadder than *Denis Duval* or *Edwin Drood*. Thackeray and Dickens had done their work. We know the full extent of their marvellous powers. But that cannot be said of Stevenson. *Weir of Hermiston* is a fragment, and a fragment it must remain. But there is enough of it to show beyond the possibility of doubt that the complete work would have been the greatest achievement of that wonderful mind. The sleepless soul has perished in his pride.

Mr. Barrie, like Dickens, has had the unavoidable misfortune to found a school. One result of *Margaret Ogilvie* is that another Scottish man of letters has been asked by an enterprising firm of publishers what he would take for an account of his mother. Mr. Barrie is entitled to be judged on his own merits, and not on the demerits of his imitators. No sketch, however imperfect, of the Victorian novel would pass muster without him. He has done what greater men have failed to do. He has added a new pleasure to literature. I am not among those—it is my fault—who fell in love with 'Babby the Egyptian.' Nor was I so deeply shocked as some of Mr. Barrie's

admirers when the *Little Minister* reappeared in *Sentimental Tommy* as a little and trivial minister indeed. Babby and Gavin Dishart should, of course, have both been drowned, and Mr. Barrie incurred a serious responsibility in allowing them to be rescued by the editor of *Good Words*. It is not a case where humanity should be rewarded. Mr. Barrie is hardly at his best in the construction of a plot. Perhaps it is the vice of the age to abhor finality, as it is the vice of nature to abhor a vacuum. Most novels now begin well. A good beginning has become a bad sign. Few, very few, have, from the artistic point of view, a satisfactory end. Mr. Barrie is a child of old age, the old age of the nineteenth century. He has written as yet no great book, though *Sentimental Tommy* is very nearly one. His pathos and his humour, his sympathetic portraiture and his exquisite style, are best appreciated in single episodes, in short stories, and in personal digressions. The art of description Mr. Barrie has almost overdone. It was said of a disciple of Dickens that he would describe the knocker off your door. If there were ever any knockers in Thrums, there cannot be many left now.

Mrs. Oliphant, who was a popular and successful novelist before Mr. Barrie was born, continues her wonderful activity. Few writers in any age have maintained so high a level over so large a surface. The *Chronicles of Carlingford* have for the modern novel-reader an almost mediæval sound. But the author of *Salem Chapel* and *Miss Marjoribanks* is still supplying the public with stories which are always full of interest and often full of charm. Miss Broughton has produced a great deal of work since *Cometh up as a Flower* impressed the hall and the parsonage with a vague sense that it was dreadfully improper. The imputation of impropriety without the reality is an invaluable asset for an English novelist. It is not, of course, Miss Broughton's sole capital. The 'rough and cynical reader,' always rather given to crying over cheap sentimentalism, has shed many a tear over *Good-bye, Sweetheart*, and *Not Wisely but too Well*. The very names are lachrymatory. Then, Miss Broughton is witty as well as tragic. She first discovered the possibilities of humour which had so long been latent in family prayers. She is an adept in the comic misapplication of scriptural texts, as well as in other forms of giving vent to high spirits. If there were no Miss Broughton, it would be necessary to invent one. The fertility and talent of Miss Braddon and Mr. Payn, who aim at giving amusement, and succeed in what they aim at, are obnoxious to no censure more intelligible than the taunt of being 'Early Victorian.' Sir Walter Besant and Mr. George Gissing are Victorian without being Early. For a novelist to be made Sir Walter is a hard trial. But Sir Walter Besant has not cultivated the Waverley method, and his capital stories can afford to stand upon their own footing. Mr. Gissing's books are not altogether attractive. They are always rather cynical.

They are often very gloomy. They do not enable the reader to feel at home in fashionable society. But their literary excellence is not far from the highest. They are complete in themselves. They are perfectly, sometimes forcibly, actual. There is an unvarnished truth about them which compels belief, and an original power which, once felt, cannot be resisted. A little more romance, a little more poetry, a little more humour, and Mr. Gissing would be a very great writer indeed.

At nos immensum spatiis confecimus æquor,
Et jam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.

It is impossible to attempt an exhaustive catalogue of contemporary novelists. The time would fail one to tell of Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Stanley Weyman, Lucas Malet also, and Mr. Anstey and Mr. Zangwill. Their thousands of readers testify to their popularity, and their praise is in all the newspapers. Mr. William Black, if he does not write so often, still occasionally delights the many admirers of *A Daughter of Hath* and *A Princess of Thule*. Mrs. Clifford has shown in *Mrs. Keith's Crime* and *Aunt Anne* that a really imaginative writer needs no other material than the pathos of everyday life.

But a word of recognition must be given to Miss Yonge, who has treated the problems of life in a commendably serious spirit. Dr. Whewell, who was at one time supposed to know everything, used to say that the *Clever Woman of the Family* was the first of English novels. He did not live to read *Robert Elsmere*. One might be misunderstood if one suggested that Miss Charlotte Yonge was the spiritual mother of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Yet daughters are often more learned and usually less orthodox than their parents. Miss Yonge wrote stories, and even religious stories, without an exhaustive study of Biblical criticism as made in Germany. Mrs. Ward has indulged in something very like original research, and is certainly the most learned of female novelists since the death of George Eliot. Her novels are entitled to the highest respect for the evidence of industry which they always display. They are also an interesting 'end-of-the-century' example of the art of separating instruction from amusement. The frivolous people who want to laugh, or even to cry, over fiction must go elsewhere. Mrs. Ward requires attention while she develops her theories. Since the publication of *Robert Elsmere* no unbelieving clergyman has any excuse for remaining in holy orders. *Davitt Grieve* taught married people that neither husband nor wife has any right to talk in a style which the other cannot understand. From *Marcella* we learn political economy, and in *Sir George Tressady* the private life of the aristocracy is held up for the admiration of the middle classes. In the Early Victorian novel there may have been too much sentiment. In the Late Victorian novel there is apt to be too much of everything. The 'smooth

tale, generally of love,' has become a crowded epitomé of universal information. In *Sir George Tressady*, we see the House of Commons in Committee, and tea on the terrace, and dinner in an under-secretary's room, and public meetings, and declarations of the poll. We may even notice a vast improvement in the evening papers, which report speeches delivered at ten o'clock. If novels are to contain everything, the world will not contain the novels, and all other forms of literature will be superseded. The Plan of Campaign was the subject of a very clever novel by Miss Mabel Robinson which actually bore that name. Mr. George Moore's *Esther Waters* is credited with having inspired the decision in *Hawke v. Dunn*. Miss Emily Lawless has kept Irish politics out of her sad and beautiful stories of Irish life. But Miss Lawless is an exception. She is no realist. When Nicholas Nickleby was employed by Mr. Vincent Crummles to write a play, it was made a condition that he should introduce a réal pump and two washing-tubs. 'That's the London plan,' said Mr. Crummles. 'They look up some dresses and properties, and have a piece written to fit 'em.' It is the London plan still. But it is now applied to novels, and not to plays.

HERBERT PAUL.

THE SPEECH OF CHILDREN

A DICTUM generally accepted among biologists says that 'ontogeny repeats phylogeny'; in other words, the stages of development observable in the individual recapitulate, more or less exactly, the stages of development which have occurred in the history of the race. Bringing this to bear on language, it may be assumed, as a workable hypothesis, that the genesis of language in the individual might recapitulate, and therefore yield a clue to the genesis of language in the race from the time when our simian, or rather pre-simian, ancestors acquired the power to make a noise. Truly so great an authority as Professor Max Müller has said, 'I fear it is useless to watch the first stammerings of children;' ¹ but, from the results obtained in biological research, these first stammerings should be of supreme importance. The object of the present investigation is to learn what are the first stammerings of children and how they are developed; then from these ontogenetic details to see what deductions may be drawn in regard to the phylogenetic origin of language.

A definition of 'language' is necessary; and it may be stated in the following terms: *a sound or sounds made by one individual for a specific purpose to convey to another individual a 'particular meaning'.* The connection of the word with *lingua*, 'tongue,' might confine the term to sounds uttered by the use of that organ, so that, strictly, correspondence by gesture or by writing ought not to be called 'language.' Such correspondence is, however, generally termed 'language;' but, on the other hand, the sounds made ~~by~~ animals other than man are not so described.

Max Müller says in a famous passage: 'The one great barrier between the brute and man is language. Man speaks, and no brute has ever uttered a word: Language is our Rubicon, and no brute will dare to cross it.' ² This is a remarkably dogmatic assertion. It entirely overlooks the fact that the sounds made by cats, dogs, hens, rooks, &c., are strictly language, because they are uttered purposely, they vary according to definite circumstances, and, as they incite

¹ *Science of Language*, i. 394.

² *Ibid.* i. 403.

particular actions among the auditors to whom they are addressed, they are certainly sounds made to convey particular meanings. There are more than twelve different words in the language of fowls, some half-dozen in the language of cats, as many or perhaps more in the language of rooks; ³ while Professor Garner reports two hundred or more words in monkey language.⁴ That such sounds are uttered with intent and purpose to convey definite meanings to their auditors may be learnt from the words used by hens, and their effect upon the chickens, if any large bird, suggesting a hawk to their ideas, fly over their heads.

In the speech of children it may be noted that one of the earliest sounds or words formed by a baby is the word *agoo*, made, as regards the *a* (the sound as in French), by inspiration, and as regards the *goo* by expiration. In later achievements expiration alone is used, and there follows the ability to pronounce what I will call the *ta-la-ma-da* series. This consists of a radical or primitive *ah* sound, the result of the expiration of breath through the wide-open cavity of the mouth modified according to the state of the child's feelings—the various feelings causing it to shape the mouth and move the tongue somewhat differently in giving forth the sound. Generally the first sound to be acquired is *ma*, but there may not be much, if any, priority in this respect.⁵ The reason for *ma* is obvious. If the child require attention it makes the loudest noise which it can produce: the parting of the lips and opening the mouth to the widest extent while the full volume of breath is emitted produces the sound *ma*.⁶ But if the infant require attention it is its mother whom it wants, and from whom it receives the attention; therefore *ma* very soon came to be recognised as the call for mother, and, by a further step in development, as the name for mother. We may picture to ourselves the time when our ancestors possessed only this one cry for succour both in young and old; we may next picture to ourselves the time when they had this cry in the youth and another cry among adults, by analogy with sheep. There the lamb, greatly excited to make itself heard, says *ma*; while the mother, not moved by such strong feelings, answers *ba*. A later stage of development would find the young in possession of *ma*, and of another sound for use according to its state of feeling; and then the distinction would arise that *ma* was the call, and next the name, for the mother only.

³ The following words may be noted in a rookery: *ark*, *na*, *naor* (deep bass), *ah*, *awa*.

⁴ A newspaper report. I have tried to obtain further information, but even Mr. P. L. Selator, Sec. Z.S., could not help me.

⁵ Country folklore has it that if the child say *ma* first, the sex of the next baby will be feminine; if *da* or *ta*, masculine.

⁶ If the noise be commenced while the month is being opened, the result is *ma*; but if the mouth be open before the sound is made, then *ah* is heard.

Let this be further exemplified by *da* and *ta*. Practically, at first, with the baby, *da* and *ta* are the same, and it is really what may be called pre-expectation on the part of the listeners which imagines that the child says *da* and *ta* distinctly, with a knowledge of the difference between the two. It says *da* or *ta* in the first place as a sign of recognition, or as a sound to attract attention, when it is not moved to make as much noise as possible in order to be heard. The person whose attention it would chiefly attract under such circumstances would be the father. As soon as its pleasurable feelings gave place to feelings of hunger, it would, as a necessity to making the loudest sound, utter *ma* and not *da*. The father could not supply the mother's place: the baby would call *ma* until it was satisfied by its mother's presence. It would thus arise, merely from the cries of the baby, that *ma* would be regarded as the call and then the name for 'mother,' and that *da* (or *ta*) would be regarded as its call and name for 'father,' although really the *da* is only used as a recognition sign.

Ma, or *ma* reduplicated, *mama*, has given the words for 'mother' in many languages—*mamma* in Latin, Greek, and English, *mam* in Welsh, &c. It also forms part of *mother* itself, for *mother*=Latin *mater*=Sanskrit *mātri* is *ma+ter*, of which *ter* means 'a person.' But there was also a confusion here with *ma*, 'to take care of'—or this *ma* was influenced by *ma*, 'mother'—a natural confusion that *ma-ter*, the person called *ma*, was also *ma-ter*, 'the person who cared for.'

The words *ta*, *da*, have also given rise to words for father—Sanskrit *tata*, Greek *térta*, *átta*, Cornish *tat*, Russian *tatja*, all=English *dadda*, *daddie*—while *ta* remains with us also as a recognition sign, and therefore yields a word for leave-taking, *tata*; and as leave-taking means going out and away, so *tata* denotes 'going a walk,' 'going out of doors': 'the baby goes a *tata*.'

However, the early Aryan, or better Teutaryan, children would seem to have made use of another word, not *da* nor *ta*, but *pa*, as the recognition sign, or as the word to denote less urgency than *ma*. This word gave in Latin and Greek terms for 'father,' *papa*, *πάπα*, *πάππας*; and it forms part of *father*, Latin *pater*, Sanskrit *pitrī*, which is *pa+ter*, and means 'the *pa* person,' 'the one called *pa*.' Further, this *pa* was known as the cry for food, not necessarily so urgent as *ma*. In Latin it gave *papa* as a call for food. But there was a certain confusion again between this *pa* and another *pa* which in Sanskrit meant 'to drink,' 'to maintain,' 'to protect,' so that *pa-ter* meant 'the protector,' and was confounded with *pa-ter*, 'the person called *pa*.' But *pa*, 'to drink,' &c., is traceable to another source—it was once possibly *pak*, and it obtained its form *pa* partly, perhaps, by influence of *pa*, the cry for father and attention.

* 'My daddie says gin I'll forsake him.'—Burns, *Tam Glen*.

The other sound to be considered is *la*. When it is alone and does not think of attracting any one's attention, the child says *la* as a special sign of pleasure by rapidly striking the tongue against the roof of the mouth, moving the lower jaw the while, producing *la la la* or *lal lal la*. This is termed the child's talking; and it is curious to notice that in Greek *λαλέω* means 'to chatter,' in German *lallen* is 'to stammer, to lisp,' and we have *lull*, *lullaby*. These words are said to be onomatopoeitic, but they may with equal reason be derived from this original *la* of the child—to *lala* meaning 'to talk.' From another direction they could be obtained; because a word-form *ra* is connected with sound, and has had a very different history.

We thus have three roots of Teutaryan language, *ma* as the root of *mother* and what is connected therewith; *da* with its varieties *ta*, *pa*, &c., the root of *dadda*, *pater*, and also meaning food; and *la* a root of words denoting 'to talk.' There is, however, yet another root of language—one more important than all these—to be discovered by following the baby's further progress in speech.

When the child has acquired the ability to utter *ma*, *da*, *la*, and to sound them in succession, or thus, *mam mam mam ma*, *dad dad da*, *lal*, &c., it may be observed to practise itself in this accomplishment; and then it begins to imitate the words that it hears.

Its first word at the age of about twenty months was '*ma-ha*,' an imitation of an elder child's attempt at *mother*; its next '*der-hi*,' an attempt at *dirty*; but to carry on a conversation it used only one word, *ach* or *ah*. By the use of this word, with gesture, and by varying the intonation, it was able to express want of something, satisfaction, displeasure, and so on.

Such, then, is the vocabulary of a baby twenty months old. I will place it here in order.

Ma, *mamma*. An urgent cry for attention.

Da, *dadda*. A cry of recognition, now applied to the father.

Ta, *tatta*. A sign of recognition, now applied to strangers.

Ach, or *ah* (slightly guttural). A general conversational word to call attention to the want of a toy, &c., to denote pleasure at attainment of any end, and, uttered vehemently, to express displeasure. Comparable to a dog's bark and not unlike in sound.

Kah. A strong sign of displeasure at anything nasty to the taste.

Ma-ha. Only just acquired, a call for mother, imitative.

Der-hi. Only just acquired, imitative of 'dirty.' This I have not heard used except the word 'dirty' have been first pronounced by some one.

Ba-ha. Apparently an accidental variation of *ma-ha*, formed when practising the words—which it does when alone.

The reduplication in such words as *mamma* should be observed, because this is an important process in the phylogenetic evolution of language. As this child became older it used this principle very

much for two-syllable words : *dinner* became *dindin* ; *medicine*, *med-med* ; *sugar*, *ollol*,^a that is, *ar* of *'gar=ol*. This principle of reduplication is found in Sanskrit *karkara*, in the Greek *βάρβαρος*, and in many other words. It was also an important feature in verbs to express past action, frequent action, and the like. No doubt its origin was desire for emphasis, like our *very very small*, &c.

The important word to notice in this baby's vocabulary is that for disgust—*kah*, a development like *ma* (*mah*), *da*, &c., from the primitive sound *ah*. This *kah* is used when the feelings of disgust are strongly excited ; and its utterance is accompanied by a raising of the upper lip in such a manner as to expose the canine teeth—an action frequently to be observed in adults when they wish to express disgust, scorn, or contempt.

Two influences have produced the result that *kah* should be the expression of disgust. First, the upraising of the lip so as to exhibit the canine teeth has necessitated the employment of a guttural sound ; but it may be asked why this upraising should be made.

The answer is as follows :

When an animal is angry, it exhibits the weapons with which it is wont to fight ; therefore animals possessed of canine or caniniform teeth, which are ready weapons of warfare, bare their teeth as a menace or warning to an adversary. Man's simian ancestors fought with their canine teeth, to which fact man bears witness by uncovering these teeth when he wishes to express scorn or contempt. The same fact is shown by children, who will try to bite one another when they are enraged. Then the form of man's body proves that the upright position for walking is but a lately acquired character—an attitude which a young baby is not able to assume, because the conservatism of heredity prevents it from placing its limbs otherwise than as a four-footed animal would. All this tells us, that man's ancestors progressed on all fours, that in such progression they would be unable to fight with their front limbs, and that necessarily the teeth would be the available weapons. The force of association and the conservatism of heredity would ensure the continuance of a former fighting action as an expression of anger long after fighting in that particular way might have been abandoned for some other method.

The second influence which tended to form *kah* was this. When an animal tasted anything which it disliked, or which was offensive, two feelings would arise simultaneously. First, anger, both at the offending mouthful and at the discomfort experienced ; secondly, a desire to eject the nastiness from the mouth as quickly as possible. This desire would cause a strong expiration, and the heaving of the throat would favour a guttural sound ; while the parting of the teeth

^a *Ollol* decapitated becomes *lol*, with diminutive suffix, *lollie* ; *lollipop* is *lolk* and the word for food, *pop* = *pap*.

and lips to give the nastiness an outward passage would prevent any labial or dental sound being made. *

Thus the word *kah* is shown to arise partly from the natural instinct which compels the getting rid of a distasteful mouthful in a particular manner, partly from an expression of anger which arose when man's ancestors fought with their canine teeth.

This *kah* is the important root of language. Its origin first came to my notice by observing that my children used certain words as expressive of their disgust, dislike, or distaste. These words were *gek*, which was the commonest; *kek*, which was rare; *gah*, which was somewhat frequent; and by reduplication for emphasis—a common feature in child-talk and in language—*gah* went into *gaggah*.

The next observation showed that these sounds were such as would naturally arise in the attempt to spit out with some vehemence an obnoxious morsel from the mouth; and it was also noticed that the canine teeth were uncovered in saying the words, indicating the accompanying anger. Hence a clue was obtained to the origin of these expressions for distaste in pre-human times: first, the desire to spit out, and the accompaniment of anger at the obnoxious mouthful; secondly, the noise purposely intensified to express the feelings; thirdly, the sound and actions became the conventional and habitual expression for anything distasteful; and lastly, they developed into an understood expression even possibly among our simian ancestors.⁹

A further observation with regard to the children's words for disgust showed their very close resemblance to the Greek word *κακός*, 'bad, evil.' This led to *κάκκη*, 'excrement,' to Latin *caco*, and to similar words in other languages. And there was not only a resemblance in form, but a likeness in the mode of usage. For instance, a child said *gek gek*, with signs of impatience, to mean that certain bodily functions were imperative (Latin *caco*); *gek gek*, with an indicative gesture, to tell that there was dirt lying about; *gek gek*, to show that something it had tasted was like *gek* would be, that is, nasty (Greek *κακός*); *gek gek*, addressed to another child who had got anything it ought not to have, to make it throw it away because it was nasty (French Bas Langage, *C'est du caca*¹⁰). This usage of the term for excrement to denote merely that which was nasty was also shown in other cases. An older child talked of his pudding as being *gek*

* When the investigations into the origin of speech, based on the idea that *kah* was the important root, had been carried far enough to show very remarkable results, I found apparent confirmation of the surmise that man's language is the greater perfection of simian speech in a chance cutting from the *Westminster Gazette* of the 24th of February, 1894, in a notice of Professor Garner and monkey language—namely, that the monkey word *kukcha* means 'water, rain, cold, and apparently anything disagreeable.'

¹⁰ 'Said to children to make them take a dislike to anything which they wish to possess, or sometimes solely to stop them from touching it.—*Dict. du Bas Langage* (Paris, 1808).

because it was burnt. Another qualified its medicine as *gagga*; while attention was called to the fact of a spoon being dirty by saying that it was *gek*.

Starting with the theory that the baby's *kak*, the classical *kak* in *caco*, *κᾰκῆ*, and the children's *gek* were no more than the intensification, so as to make it audible, of the process of spitting-out a nasty mouthful, it was seen that this would be a most natural beginning for language. Then it appeared possible that the bulk of human language might be no more than a natural development with variation of this original sound, and it was assumed that a study of the changes made by children in their efforts to repeat and learn the words of their elders might give important lessons in connection with word-variation—in fact, that it would be instructive to study the genesis of language in the individual as a further clue to the genesis of language in the race. It is well known that children are frequently unable to pronounce certain consonants until they have had several years' practice in speaking, that in other cases they invariably substitute one consonant for another; but as they can in most cases perceive the distinction in consonants and are yet unable to make the distinction in their own speech, the inference is that the defect lies in the power of utterance—in the inability to move the tongue and lips to the required positions—and not altogether in the power of hearing. Assuming that ontogeny represents stages of phylogeny, it is arguable that the individuals speaking primitive speech suffered from a similar inability in the control of their vocal organs, and it is unlikely that they suffered in hearing because all wild animals are so dependent for safety on the acuteness of their auditory faculties. Therefore a systematic study of children's words was undertaken. The result in the case of a baby has been already detailed; some of the results in the case of older children will now be shortly set forth.

The following are given as a specimen of the language of a girl (Isabel) 2½ years old.

Ifbang = Isabel; *Enher* = Pencil; *Ouer ahhoo* = Your petticoat; *Me ee oo* = I see you; *Ou ah en dahi* = You are in dressing [getting dressed].

The inability to pronounce certain consonants, more particularly at the beginning or ending of words, is the most noticeable feature; and that this ontogenetic phase is paralleled by a phylogenetic phase may be learnt not only from the imperfections of every language in regard to consonants, but from the far greater imperfection, compared with Teutaryan speech, of Polynesian in this particular. It 'has ten native consonantal sounds; no dialect has more; many have less.'¹¹

Still it does not necessarily follow that consonants which have

¹¹ Max Müller, *Science of Language*, vol. ii. p. 183. 'Hindustani has forty-eight consonants' (p. 182).

been once acquired are always retained: in fact, there is a constant tendency to rejection. For instance, comparable to the child's non-pronunciation of *p* in *enher*=*pencil*; *ahhoo*=*petticoat* is the rejection of *p* by the Celts in a wholesale manner: Irish *ibim* is really for *pibim*=Sanskrit *pibāmi*, 'I drink'; Irish *orc*=Latin *porcus*. Similarly in Teutaryan languages generally there is a great rejection of consonants closely allied to *p*, namely, *f*, *v*, *w*, and in English such rejection is most arbitrary; it is sometimes vulgar to reject *w*, as in the countryman's *Edurd*=*Edward*, but sometimes vulgar to retain it: *hwerd*=*s(w)ord* (*sorrl*), Anglo-Saxon *sweord*.

Another consonant which is dropped entirely in this child's vocabulary is *s*, so that *ee* means *see*, wherewith may be compared the almost similar practice in classical languages, *ἔρπω*=*serpo*, and, exactly parallel—the dropping even of the aspirate—*ἐῖρω*=*sero*. Then in the middle of words *h* takes the place of *s*, thus *enher*=*pencil*, *dahi*=*dressing*; and this change is found in classical languages: for instance, 'the Lacedæmonians used to throw out *σ* between two vowels, writing *Mōa* for *Μοῦσα*; ¹² in pronouncing, the second vowel was aspirated, as if written *Mōá*. A similar phenomenon occurs in living languages, for 'the *s* is absent in the Australian dialects and in several of the Polynesian languages, where its place is taken by *h*' (Max Müller, ii. 180).

Further in regard to *s*, it passes into *f*, *Isabel* into *Ifbang*. The nearest approach to this change in classical language is *σ*=*θ* with Greek dialects, as Doric *ἄγασός*=Attic *ἀγαθός*; but it obtains among German children, with whom *Wasser* becomes *Faffaf*.¹³ One more change may be noticed, namely, the substitution of *ng* or *n* for *l*; *Ifbang*=*Isabel*, *girkie*=*girlie*. Very near to this is the Deric substitution of *v* for *λ* in *ἡθον* for *ἡλθον*, and the north country *tin* for *until*.¹⁴

The following words belong to the same child: they are taken from a collection made between the ages of two and a half and three and a half years—principally between three and three and a half.

There is very little advance: *s* and other consonants are very frequently omitted, for *shoe* is *oo* only, *soap* and *store* are both *ō*, and *stone* is *ōme*.

In other cases *s* was rejected while a consonant was retained, *boining*=*spoiling*, *boom*=*spoon*. Such rejection of *s* is very common in Teutaryan language, *fungus*=*σφόγγυς*, and almost exactly parallel to the child's example, *βάλλω*=*σφάλω*.

¹² The form of the Greek genitive was the result of nearly the same principle: *θημσιο* became *θημοιο*, *θημων*. See Max Müller, vol. i. p. 123 n.

¹³ *Die Sprache des Kindes*, by Dr. Fritz Schultze (*Darwinistische Schriften*, i. Folge, Bd. xii. p. 38). This interesting pamphlet was kindly sent to me by Dr. C. Albert when he heard I was studying children's speech.

¹⁴ In Hebrew Lamed (*l*) is interchanged with Nun (*n*).

Final *s* is lost, *dar*=*glass*; similarly in Latin *pote*=*potis*; then in the middle of a word *s* becomes *h*, *ihha*=*scissors*,¹⁶ while medial and final *s* may also become *f* on occasion, as *if* for *is*, *mifel* for *mistletoe* (*missel*).

Another substitute for *s* is *th*, *dothe*=*those* and *goes*; *d'th*=*yes*, which is similar to Attic *θεῖος*=Doric *σεῖος*; while *for* *th* itself stands for *f*: *Efoo*=*Ethel*, similar to *φῆρ* for *θήρ*.

The child still retains the practice of putting *vg* or *n* for *l*, so that *dongi* (*dong-i*, not *donggi*) means *dolly* and, as it happens, also *jolly*; *ong* denotes *all*, *salt*, and even *are*; *oongrun* is actually the child's variation of *children*, and *ling-ing au i vang-i* is said for *lilies of the valley*.

Now, as *l* and *r* are so frequently interchangeable in so many languages, it is rather interesting to find that the child makes the same substitute for *r* as for *l*=*ang-i*, *carry*. The converse is Sanskrit *r* for *n*, *carvati*=*carvati*.

However *l* at the beginning of a word became *th*: as *leg* was *they*, the *th* soft. At the end of a word *l* passed into a vowel: *nīoo* was for *nail*. Similar to this is the Scotch *fou*=English *full*; comparable is the dropping of *ll* in French pronunciation, e.g. *bouillon*, and the form of the plural in certain French words, *canal*, *canaux* (*canals*).

At three and a half years old the child was beginning to sound an *l* in a few words, when she said *below*, but still retained *wing* for *will*, *dong* for *doll*, and so on.

In the majority of instances the child still drops *k*, *t*, &c.,¹⁶ as *air* for *chair*, *ee* for *sweet*, *eat*, and *street*. More or less similar hereto is English (poetic) *tū'en* for *taken*, a dropping of *k*. With regard to *t*, the loss of Latin *t* in French words is a normal phenomenon: as *chaîne*=*catena*, &c. (Max Müller, i. 71); while in Greek there is the Doric and Ionic dropping of *t* in oblique cases, namely, *κέραος* for *κέρατος*. However there is a tendency on the child's part to put something in the stead of the *t* rather than make a complete omission; and this something is the aspirate: *pihhy*=*pretty*, *dorher*=*daughter*. In the case of *k*, the tendency was not so noticeable; only one word has been recorded, *boher*=*poker*.

There is, however, in the child's talk a beginning, as it were, of the pronunciation of *t* and *k*; yet the distinction between the two letters is not kept. One result gives *mangkoobē*=*mantelpiece*; and another *tum*=*come*, *martit*=*market*.

This is just the beginning of that confusion between *t* and *k* so noticeable among older children, who say *tut* and *tut* for *cat* and *cut*.

¹⁶ Unless the followers of Zoroaster had pronounced every *s* like *h*, we should never have heard of the West Indies' (Hindu=Sindu).—Max Müller, vol. i. p. 265.

¹⁶ Other losses in this child's talk include *f*, *l*, and *r*, as *or* for *fork*, *ouer* for *flower*, *din* for *green*. In regard to *l*, the Ionians dropped it in *εἶλω* for *λεῖλω*.

It is also found among German children, who give *Tarl*=*Karl* (Schultze, p. 39). It is well known in the Polynesian languages: 'thus *t* in Maori becomes *k* in Hawaii, as *te Atua* = *ke Akua*.' It is a distinct phenomenon in Hebrew, as in *shaka* and *shata*, 'to drink.' It is a common feature in the Teutaryan languages: for instance, Sanskrit *chatur* (*chatvar*) = Greek *τέτταρες* (*tétrapes*).

A parallel change, *d* for *g*, is common with children. Isabel said *doohi* for *goosie*, and so on. German children say: *Dott*=*Gott*, and it is well known in Greek: *ἀμέρδω* for *ἀμέργω*.

Somewhat rarely *g* takes the place of *d*; for instances the following were noted: *āgel*=*cradle*, *aggoo*=*saddle*. Also *d* replaces *g*, so that *dilly* and *jolly* are indistinguishable—namely, *dong-i*—and *mender* is for *manger*.

That *ʔ* takes the place of *th* is too well known in nigger language to require any comment; but it does not seem so common with children, though this one used *de*=*the*, *dar*=*that*. This is paralleled in classical languages, *deus*=*θεός*; and in Welsh, *Eu Dduw*, *Dy Dduw*.

Well known, too, are the changes of *b* and *p*. With this child *b* usually took the place of *p*, while *p* for *b* seems rarer.

So the first gave *benhoo* for *pencil*, *boining* for *spoiling*, *badoo* for *potato*, and other words, and *p* for *b* made *peer* for *beer*.

Similarly in Welshman's English Shakespeare makes Sir Hugh Evans say *peat* for *beat*; in Welsh *p* becomes *b*, as *pen gwr*, *ei ben*. On the other hand a change of *t* into *b* does not seem to find any parallel, yet *tumble* was turned by this and another child into *bummoo*.

The substitution of *w* for *r*—*wūn* for *rinel*, *wibbum* for *ribbon*, *wum* for *run*—is extremely common with children, but I know nothing to compare with it. The substitution of *v* for *w* is illustrated in cockney talk; the child says *veoo* for *wheel*. Also, however, it gives a sort of *bv* sound rather than *v*, by a trick, often shown in children, of placing the under lip beneath the upper teeth, thus *bvur* for *words*.

One noticeable change is the putting of *m* for *n*, as *ome* for *stone*, *wom* for *one* (*wūn*), *ammoo*, for *flannel* and *animal*. A similar change is found in the classical languages, as the Attic *μῖν*=*Doric vīn*, &c., and the Greek termination *ον*=*Latin um*, *κοῖλον*=*coelum*.

As specimens of this child's dialect the following examples may be

Isabel, 3½ years old

Ihhoo Pongy inder
 Ah amunny inder
 Wommying phihy ihhoo ose
 M'ha ammer aur er
 Vip ihhoo dorher

Little Polly Flinders
 Sat among the cinders
 Warming [her] pretty little toes;
 [Her] mother came and caught her,
 [And] whipped [her] little daughter

Boining ni noo öse.	[For] spoiling [her] nice new clothes.
Up a dow a bayoom	Up and down a playroom,
Ih(m) be-an di dor	In behind the door,
Iming om di ohh	Climbing on the sofa,
Eeing om di or	Creeping on the floor,
Ih(m) below ¹⁷ di äboo	In below the table,
Wam in ehy air	Round the easy chair,
Dothe man ithoo m'ha	Goes my little brother ¹⁸
Iing 'Ong oo dere?'	Crying 'Are you there?'

Comparable with the vocabulary of this child is that of another, an elder sister, Ella, of which the following samples were casually taken down some years ago. The age was about three years, and, as her speech when she was older is to be noted presently, these few words will be very useful to show the advance made. But compared with Isabel there is a great advance in the letters employed, a quicker development in point of age; thus *f* and *s* are both in use. The following is an analysis.

Speech of a child (girl), Ella, when about 3 years old.

<i>d</i> for <i>g</i>	<i>daäser</i> = <i>gravy</i> .
<i>m</i> for <i>n</i> or <i>ng</i>	<i>pimmer</i> = <i>pinafore</i> .
<i>l</i> for <i>k</i>	<i>tots</i> = <i>stockings</i> (<i>stocks</i>).
<i>f</i> for <i>s</i> (<i>l</i> lost)	<i>fips</i> = <i>slippers</i> .
<i>b</i> for <i>t</i>	<i>pibby</i> = <i>pretty</i> .
<i>r</i> lost	<i>beb</i> = <i>bread</i> .
<i>th</i> lost	<i>fäär</i> = <i>feather</i> .

All the above are the same as those found in the younger child's speech, but the following are additions:

<i>b</i> for <i>d</i>	<i>beb</i> = <i>bread</i> .
<i>f</i> for <i>k</i>	<i>forf</i> = <i>frock</i> .

The words of a boy, George, have been collected between the ages of about four and five years; but he is regarded as being 'very backward in his talking.' As the playmate of Isabel there is considerable resemblance between his speech and her talk; consequently he usually made the same changes of letters, but he had his own peculiarities: so he said *mifero* for *mistletoe*, *ithers* for *scissors*.

He also gave *v* for *s*, *irven* for *is not*; *w* for *t*, *waver* for *water*.

The next speech to be considered is that of a child—the girl Ella before mentioned—collected between the ages of 5½ and 6½,

¹⁷ The *l*-sound was given fully in this case. I tested it several times.

¹⁸ The substitution of *mother* for *brother* gave a very comical turn to this ditty. It can hardly be claimed as the substitution of *m* for *b*, though such is well known in classical language (*μωπρός* = *βρωτός*), and obtains in Welsh *eu bara*, 'their bread,' *fy mgra*, 'my bread.' The explanation is probably that *mother* was a very familiar word, whereas *brother* was something unknown; she heard no one called simply 'brother'—her brothers were known to her by their fore-names.

mostly 6-6½ years. No omission of the *s* is found in this case ; but, on the contrary, *s* is made to do duty for *th*, which, by the way, is found a great stumbling-block. So *sirsty* does duty for *thirsty*, *sick* for *thick*, paralleled in Doric *σίος* for *θίος*. This *s* for *th* is just the opposite of Isabel's *h* for *s*; and similarly converse is *s* for *f*, *breksus* for *breakfast*, instead of *f* for *s*. Then, returning to the *th*, there is *ts* for *th* in *tsaw* for *thaw*, *tsink* for *think*; somewhat akin is Aramæan Teth, *t*=Hebrew Tzade, *ts* or *tz*. Next *d* is for *th*, as with Isabel; *smudder* for *smother*; *t* for *th*, practically the loss of the aspirate, *ting* for *thing*, corresponds to *αἶτις* for *αἶθις* in Herodotus. The change of *f* for *th* has already been noticed, and Ella gave examples, *fro*=*throw*; *harf*=*hearth*; while lastly the harder sound of *f*, namely *v*, is substituted for *th*, *bave*=*bathe*. Interchange of *k* and *t* is noticeable in Ella's speech, *pît-nît* for *picnic*; and the two following words show double change, *stirk* for *skirt*, *basic* for *basket*. Further, however, *k* is substituted for *p*, *poke* for *pope*, *oken* for *open*: in Greek *κου*, *κοτε*, *κως*=*που*, *ποτε*, *πως*. Next, for aspirated *k*, that is *ch*, *tth* was substituted, *ttheeks*=*cheeks*; and in one case *t* was replaced by *sh*, *pikshur*=*picture*; this of course being a common feature in English, where the termination *-tion* is pronounced *-shun*, e.g. *attention*. *D* for *g* has been noticed before in Isabel: Ella said *udly* for *ugly*, and so on.

The common change of *w* for *v* is shown in *wernely* for *very* *nearly*; while the converse, or rather *bv* for *w*, obtains, *bvater* for *water*. In another case *b* was substituted for *v*, *habn't* for *havn't*—a very common change; the converse is shown in respect to the Latin *b*, which has often become *v* in Romance languages, e.g. *habere*=*avoir*.

The letter *r* is another great stumbling-block. In some words it is omitted, *wong* for *wrong*. In other cases it is given as *w*, *kwy* and *skweam* for *cry* and *scream*.

The speech of another girl, Ethel, eighteen months older than the last, whose words were collected during the same time, shows many points of similarity. She gave an interesting example of confusion of *k* and *t* in her inability to say '*Stitchwort*' (*Stellaria holostea*). Although it was frequently pronounced for her, she made it either *Stickwort* or *Stitchwork*.

All these examples of children's speech illustrate the treatment to which certain consonants may be subjected in efforts at pronunciation; but there is what may be called a wider extension of the same phenomenon, arising from a desire for abbreviation consequent on articulating difficulties. It becomes manifest in three different forms, which may be styled respectively: 1. Decapitation, or cutting off the head of a word; 2. Decaudation, or cutting off the tail;¹⁹ 3. Mutilation, or a general shortening of the whole.²⁰ Sometimes more than

¹⁹ It is more than apocope.

²⁰ It is more than syncope.

one of the forms of abbreviation is exhibited, as when a baby shortened *vaccination* into *nate*, nearly paralleled by the Latin *cio* for original *acyâmi*. Decapitation children show in such cases as *zerve* for *deserve*, *hâve* for *behave*.²¹ We show it in *bus* for *omnibus*, in *spoil* for *despoil* (French *despoiller*); Sanskrit illustrates it in *bhishaj*, 'a physician,' for *abhisânj*; and Latin in *centum* for *dakantom*, itself short for *dakan-dakantom*. More or less complete decapitation is an important feature in early Teutaryan speech. Decaudation is shown by children in such words as the above-quoted *vaccination*, in common speech by *pram* for *perambulator*,²² in English in *tepefy* for Latin *tepefacio*, of which *facio* itself is shortened from original *facayami*. The less vigorous form of decaudation, known as apocope, is fully exemplified in English, as compared with Anglo-Saxon, and in French compared with Latin. Decaudation with mutilation is seen in *bike* for *bicycle*, which has a near parallel in Sanskrit *bhiksh*, to beg, mutilated for *bibhaksh*. But mutilation is really the extreme form of what Max Müller calls phonetic decay. Examples in children's speech are *m'ha* for *mother*, *wernely* for *very nearly*, in English *lord* for *hlafweard*, *blame* for *blasphemein*, Sanskrit *kaṇa* for *eka-akshana*.

All the above specimens of children's language are instructive, because they show the changes which may be effected, particularly by those who are relatively imperfect in the matter of pronunciation. But it must be remembered that there is no such thing as perfection in pronunciation: the more trained the human ear and organs of speech become, the more refined will be the distinctions to which pronunciation may attain. In comparison with such attainment adult pronunciation is quite as imperfect as children's prattle, beside adult speech. Not only is this borne out by the difficulty which every one experiences in acquiring the exact pronunciation of a foreign language, but it is attested by the mispronunciation of their own. We may hear *chimbley* for *chimney*, *nuffin* and *nuthink* for *nothing*, *noctlus* for *nautilus*. Well-educated people find difficulties with the aspirate, drop the final *g*, and say *arst* for *asked*, although they know perfectly well of the incorrectness; while every one fails more or less in the utterance of *Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper*.

However, in regard to children's pronunciation, we may reasonably assume that their gradual development towards greater articulating ability recapitulates the gradual development made by the adults of the race in respect to language. Hence it may be inferred that the infancy of speech in the individual shows what was the infancy of

²¹ Ella reproved a refractory doll by saying, "If you don't have yourself, dollie, you won't zerve nuffin."

²² *Pram* is common in newspaper advertisements, and the compound *pram-round* shows that a language in the amalgamating stage may degenerate into the monosyllabic stage and then make a new start towards the agglutinative stage.

speech in the race, and that the vocabulary of the present-day human baby at twenty months old approximately represents the speech of adult pre-human ancestors, who, like the baby, would be able to convey to each other by such an instrument as this a considerable number of ideas.²³

For the language of most adult monkeys certainly is only about equal to the *ah* language of the baby; and probably no adult monkeys of any species reach, after lifelong practice, to the capabilities in language of a three-year-old child. Such speech, with all its imperfections, would be about the attainment of primitive adult human speakers: witness to this are the consonantal deficiencies of Polynesian and what the Rev. J. G. Wood remarks of the Bosjesman: ²⁴ 'Intellectually they are but children, and, like children, the most voluble condescend to the weakness of those who cannot talk as well as themselves, and accept their imperfect words as integral parts of their language.'

Further the imperfections in speech-repetition of the older children were evidently imperfections of adults at an early stage of human language; and even at a later date, as may be seen by the fact that in the classical languages are found so many of the same features which have been noted for children's speech.

Rightly understood, these considerations give us an important principle—that the variation of human language originated in the imperfection of human organs of speech; and that all human language could, in the course of time, have been developed from the variations made by different human beings in their efforts, first, to pronounce one original word, then to speak the forms this word assumed by such treatment, and so on. For the purpose of tracing such original word or words through all their varied changes, a study of children's speech-variation is quite as important as a study of the changes which have arisen in language from any cause. Both, as I have shown, contribute to the same end—to give a clue to the development of language:

At another opportunity an attempt will be made to show the genesis of human language in the race, pointing out the assumed course of development from what has been the most prolific root-form, namely, the expression for disgust found in the word *cac* (*leak*), 'excrement.' Such tracing will be guided by the principle of consonantal transition, as seen, in children's speech, and in language

²³ It may be noted that the ability to speak is not a gauge of the ability to comprehend. A human baby understands what is said to it and the names of all common articles long before it makes any attempt to speak them. And this infantile stage is parallel to the adult stage attained by some intelligent dogs and the adolescent stage of the chimpanzee Sally.

²⁴ *Natural History of Man*, vol. i. p. 265. He also says that 'they are continually inventing new words,' but just the same Isabel would at first be thought to invent *enher* for *penail*, *oongun* for *children*, and so on. Yet these and all her words follow definite rules, and they are no more inventions than Irish *ibim* for Sanskrit *pidāmi* or French *age* for Latin *astatium*.

itself; and it must necessarily be concerned with two questions, the forms of words and the manner of their use. As to the first, the principles enunciated above will apply, as to the second it is necessary to follow the logical sequence in the development of man's ideas. The knowledge of what has been such logical sequence may be derived partly from a study of the manner in which language has grown in the past, and continues to grow at the present day, partly from that instinct which is the common heritage of mankind. The present-day growth of language in the main is denoted with us by the word 'slang;' and yet slang is only metaphorical language. The classical languages are built up of slang. When we talk of a white necktie as a *choker* we employ a metaphor similar to that of the Greeks in reference to a certain disease when they called it the 'dog-throttler,' *κυνάγχη* (quinsy). When we speak of a football as *the oval* we are doing no more than the Latins when they called the sky *cælum*, that is, 'the hollow.' When we name the cricket-bat *a willow* we merely follow the example set by the Greeks, who knew a herb as *κάλχη* because it was purple, and called 'purple' *κάλχη* because it was obtained from *κάλχη*, 'a sea shell.' When my children called the crust of a loaf *the bread-rind*, or the turves of grass *door-mats*, because, noting some resemblance, and requiring a word, they used the name of what the resemblance suggested, they did just the same as those speakers of Sanskrit had done who called 'light' by the same word as 'marrow,' 'oil,' &c., namely, *snigdḥā*, literally 'the oily,' made the same word also imply 'thickness,' and denoted affection as *snigdhatā*, what belongs to being oily, that is 'stickiness.' If we use *awfully* as an adverb to mean no more than *very*, without any idea or feeling of *awe* in the matter, we employ the word simply as a tool for a certain purpose, and we take no more account of its genesis than in handling a hoe we consider its stages of development from a bent stick; but the Greeks did just the same: they had a prefix *ἀρι-* used merely to strengthen the word before which it was placed, as *ἀριδάκρυς*, very tearful; but the original meaning of *ἀρι-* was 'like a man,' 'manly,' therefore 'good,' and so *ἀρι-* came to imply the same as 'good' does in our 'a good many,' or the countryman's 'a goodish few.'

These illustrations have been chosen to indicate that the speech of children, the slang of the playground, and the talk of the street may all be profitably studied for the better understanding of the genesis of human language:

S. S. BUCKMAN.

TOBACCO IN RELATION TO HEALTH AND CHARACTER

But oh, what witchcraft of a stronger kind,
Or cause too deep for human search to find,
Makes earth-born weeds imperial man enslave,
Not little souls, but e'en the wise and brave?

ARBUCKLE.

Is smoking injurious to health? is an old and oft-repeated question which has agitated men's minds for fully three centuries, and out of which has grown a literature of peculiar interest, now signalised by royal Counterblasts and Papal Bulls, now rising in grateful paeans for the blessing conferred on weary humanity by the weed whose

quiet spirit lulls the lab'ring brain,
Lures back to thought the flights of vacant mirth,
Consoles the mourner, soothes the couch of pain,
And breathes contentment round the humble hearth.

The recent utterances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer calling attention to the vast consumption of tobacco in these islands have given force and significance to the question, and naturally they suggest the further inquiry as to how we stand in the matter in relation to the past and to other civilised nations. On the threshold of the inquiry figures present themselves pointing directly to the conclusion that the British nation is spending upon the indulgence almost as much money as it does on the time-honoured staff of life, our daily bread. Certainly this aspect of the subject is somewhat startling. If the consumption of tobacco has grown to such a magnitude that it threatens to eclipse that of wheat then clearly its consideration has become a question of national importance. It is the purpose of this paper to lay before the reader some facts, statistical, botanical, and chemical, relating to this Indian weed, which has done more to set good people by the ears than the whole world of Flora besides. To this end it will be necessary to ponder for a brief space the skeleton forms and figures embalmed in State Blue Books.

Board of Trade returns are not what may be called recreative reading for leisure hours, but looked at good-naturedly we soon come to regard them as we should sure-footed sumpter mules

carrying the account-books of commerce. A little searching and sifting among their packs brings us upon figures which plainly tell the story of a steady, constant growth of the smoking habit, and that it has within the last half-century increased in strength more than two-fold. The ratio per head of the population, briefly stated, is as follows: In 1841, when the population of Great Britain and approximately of Ireland was 26,700,000, the quantity of tobacco cleared through the Custom-house for consumption in this kingdom was 23,096,281 lbs., or 13½ ounces for each inhabitant. In 1861, with a population of 28,887,000, the quantity of tobacco imported for home consumption amounted to 35,413,846 lbs., showing that its use had increased to 19½ ounces per head. Ten years later (1871) the proportion was 23 ounces for each person. And in 1891 the ratio per head had risen to 26 ounces; the quantity imported being 60,927,915 lbs. for a population of 38,000,000. Put plainly, this increase of consumption may only mean that the man who in 1841 smoked only one pipe a day, in 1891 found himself so much better off that he could afford to smoke two. Since 1881 the use of tobacco has increased still more rapidly. The quantity consumed last year, 1895, according to the figures given of importations for this country, was 65,216,848 lbs.

Here, however, we come upon an important factor which, in calculating the weight of tobacco actually consumed, must be taken into account. Dr. Samuel Smiles, in the course of his investigations into the subject, discovered that in the process of manufacturing the leaf into the tobacco of commerce water was added to the extent of 33 per cent. of the whole. The Statistical Office of the Customs has courteously furnished the writer of these lines with the further information that 'Raw tobacco when imported contains naturally 13 per cent. of moisture, but when it is cut up for sale the total moisture must not exceed 33 per cent.' In estimating the weight of the weed actually consumed it will be necessary to make an addition of 20 per cent. to the weight of the unmanufactured leaf imported. The Board of Trade Returns for 1895 state that of unmanufactured leaf 72,879,623 lbs. were imported, and of manufactured 4,240,770 lbs., making together a total of 77,120,393 lbs. Allowing for the quantity exported, and adding to the unmanufactured 20 per cent. of water, we get a total weight for home consumption of 78,260,272 lbs., or a trifle under 2 lbs. per head of the population, an amount which yielded to the national exchequer a duty of 10,547,310*l.*, or in the financial year ended the 31st of March last 10,748,000*l.*

As to the cost to the nation of this enormous quantity of tobacco, the official returns state that the declared value in 1895 was, for manufactured 1,256,313*l.*, and for unmanufactured 2,097,603*l.*, together 3,353,916*l.* It is clear, however, that these figures can have little or no significance from the consumer's standpoint. Besides

the declared value and the Customs duty, there is to be taken into account the cost of manufacture and all the expenses incidental thereto; the retail dealer's profits, varying from about 20 per cent. in the poorer districts to 75 per cent. in the best West-end shops. It may be mentioned also that the Customs duties vary, according to the kind of the tobacco imported, from 3s. 6d. to 5s. a pound weight, and that the price for which it is sold to the merchant ranges from 1½d. to 1s. 6d. per pound. No satisfactory data upon which a fair estimate can be based are to be found here. But if an average price per ounce be taken, as a starting-point, of the charge made by the tobacconist to the consumer of all the various kinds from the patrician Havana to the plebeian 'rough-cut,' then we may arrive at a fairly reasonable estimate. Sixpence an ounce is rather below than above the average price paid for the weed. At this rate, however, a total annual expenditure is reached of 31,304,108l. Then there is the almost endless variety of nick-nacks which accompany the use of tobacco, from the dhudeen and metal tobacco box of the Irish peasant to the lordly, gold-mounted meerschaum and amber pipe, with cases, pouches, jars, pipe-racks, and all the paraphernalia the nicotian epicure demands for the use and adornment of his favourite indulgence. And how is the cost of these accessories to be obtained? If out of the 40,000,000 inhabiting these islands there should be 10,000,000 smokers, each spending on an average 2s. 6d. only a year on these things, then would the annual outlay to the consumer mount up to the grand total of 32,554,108l.

Again the writer has to acknowledge his indebtedness to the statistical branch of the Customs for the interesting information that the quantity of wheat consumed in this kingdom in 1895 was about 27,500,000 quarters—770,000,000 lbs.—and that the average value was 24s. a quarter, making a total value of 33,000,000l. Thus we see how nearly the sum expended upon tobacco-smoking approaches to the sum spent upon wheat. Comparing the quantities of the two commodities we can only say, so much the better for the consumer of wheat, who obtains in weight about fifteen times more of bread than he could purchase of tobacco for the same sum—bearing in mind that wheat requires 45 per cent. of water for its conversion into bread. And herein lies the secret of the large consumption of tobacco: bread is so cheap, the poor man can afford to indulge in a little more of his comforter than he could formerly.

Commenting upon the vast increase in the consumption of tobacco, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was so mindful of the public interest as to give expression to his matured conviction that 'Everything spent on tobacco by those who have enough to eat is waste.' Acknowledging himself to be a non-smoker, and perhaps prejudiced, he would only appeal to smokers whether this was not waste: 'It is calculated,' said Sir Michael, 'by the Customs

authorities that no less a value than 1,000,000*l.* is literally thrown into the gutter in the shape of the ends of cigarettes and cigars. It is all the better for the revenue, but I think it may be a subject of consideration for smokers.' .

Looked at broadly, all such considerations are relative—relative to the numbers who smoke and to their ability to spend. Naturally we turn to our neighbours across the silver streak and ask what they are doing; are they more frugal than we are in the use of the weed? Germany, always to the fore where painstaking and close attention to minutiae is required, tells us that Holland uses the leaf at the rate of a trifle over 7 lbs. per head of her population; Austria, 3·8 lbs.; Denmark, 3·7 lbs.; Switzerland, 3·3 lbs.; Belgium, 3·2 lbs.; Germany, 3 lbs.; Sweden and Norway, each 2·3 lbs.; France, 2·1 lbs.; Italy, Russia, and Spain may be classed together with a consumption of 1½ lb.; while the United States rises in the scale to 4½ lbs. for each inhabitant. There is much virtue in figures; they give us the comforting assurance that after all we are not so bad as our neighbours by a pound or more, taking the average consumption of the leading nations of the world. So we may be permitted a little longer to smoke our pipe in peace undeterred by fearful forebodings of evil to come.

But then the whole world smokes, and what the whole world does must surely have some show of justification. It is estimated that two thousand millions of pounds weight are consumed every year, and that its money value far exceeds five hundred million pounds sterling; its production finds remunerative employment for countless thousands of families. In America alone the tobacco plantations cover an area of 400,000 acres, and in the labour of cultivation 40,000 persons win their daily bread. And what of the million of money wantonly thrown into the gutter every year? The smoker may well pause over his pipe and consider what this may really mean. One million pounds divided among forty million people would give sixpence to each. That every man, woman, and child should in this manner waste sixpence in the year is doubtless much to be deplored; in the eyes of our excellent guardian of the public purse it is reprehensible. But is the whole of this money or money's worth really lost past recovery? Investigations made at the instance of the Board of Inland Revenue concerning the fate that befalls cigar ends have been the means of revealing a curious aspect of our complex social system. Amid the crowd, the bustle and din of struggling humanity, glimpses may be caught of a quiet fellow-being plodding along the highways and byways of the great metropolis, with a bag slung over his shoulder, and his eyes fixed on the gutters intent upon picking up these unconsidered trifles, or wending his way to the side door of some hotel or hall where convivial souls do congregate of an

evening, and there doing a little private business with the janitor, who pours into his bag these spoils of the night's revelry. And so it comes about that out of the gutters and waste places of the earth there ultimately return to the manufacturer the sorry remains of the once-treasured Indian weed. Many a young hopeful of slender purse hugs with pride his penny or twopenny cigar, clad in a new coat, little dreaming of its having in a former existence shone, glow-worm like, in another sphere. Then there are 'fancy mixtures' made up for the pipe, enticingly scented with an odour unknown to the weed, and which, as if ashamed of the connection, vanishes in the burning, leaving not a trace behind, save wonder at what can have become of it, for the smoker gets none. And have we not always in view the lowly wayfarer along life's by-paths, whose feet have trodden thorny places and stumbled, maybe? He sees in the castaway an emblem of himself, and fraternally picks out of the gutter a little consolation for the buffets of the day; for tobacco has been aptly called the poor man's anodyne. And so life is rounded off with a smoke. Possibly thoughts such as these mingle with the smoker's reflections on the subject of waste to the consideration of which Sir Michael invited their attention. But the economic phase the question presents may be safely left to settle itself; for, after all, the cost of the indulgence is the merest trifle compared with the price paid for it in, say, Jacobean times, when paternal governments, out of a too tender regard for the interests of their loving subjects of mean estate, levied a tax upon tobacco which if converted into the coinage of the present day would be equivalent to six or seven times the sum for which it may now be purchased from the tobacconist. Curiously enough, another Michael (Drayton), well-nigh three hundred years ago (*Polyolbion*, 1613), raised his voice more in sorrow than in anger against the extravagance of his times, as compared with the days

Before the Indian weed so strongly was embrac't,
Wherein such mighty summes we profligally waste.

In this love of the weed, and the extravagant sums expended upon it, is to be found the key to Robert Burton's high praise and vigorous condemnation, uttered in one breath, of tobacco. As an example of Elizabethan nervous vigour the passage is worth quoting:

Tobacco! divine, rare, super-excellent tobacco! which goes far beyond all the panaceas, putable gold, and philosopher's stones; a sovereign remedy to all diseases; a virtuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used; but as it is commonly abused by most men, who take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purge of goods, lands, health—hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul.

Democritus Junior did not mince matters, either in writing or when indulging in lusty banter with bargemen on the Thames.

Of more vital importance than the price paid for it is the consideration of its effects on health and character, and if we would view the subject in its larger bearings on our physical and moral organisation it is obviously necessary that we should

Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture charms the mind.

At the outset, however, it cannot be too strongly emphasised that there is no question as to the baneful action of tobacco in any form on growing youths. Until the age of adolescence is safely passed, or till the riper age of one and twenty has been attained, there should be no thought of smoking. The tests and experiments of physiologists, the untrained observation of laymen, and the accumulated experience of civilised nations are agreed in this conclusion. Remarks pointing to the rapid growth of the smoking habit among youths were made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his recent Budget speech, where, commenting upon the augmented revenue from tobacco, he said it was mainly due to the vast consumption of cigarettes, which were specially attractive to our youthful population. 'I am told,' Sir Michael added, 'of one manufacturer who makes two millions of cigarettes a day who hardly made any a few years ago.' Every-day observation bears out the statement that the cigarette is the chosen smoke of youths. Go where we will, in crowded streets or country lanes, boys of the tender age of from nine or ten years upwards are almost constantly met with, smoking paper cigarettes, who were they better advised would prefer toffy, as was the case a few years ago. Surely every one knows that children cannot go on smoking tobacco with impunity, without, in fact, doing themselves life-long injury. Since parents are too heedless of their children's welfare to prevent them from pursuing a practice the inevitable results of which will, by and by, appear in stunted, weakly growth and the train of evils which follow on deranged nerve-tissue, it would seem to be no more than humane that the Legislature should step in and prohibit the sale of tobacco in any form to children under the age of, say, sixteen. Already some of the States of North America have instituted penal enactments for the protection of children against the indulgence, which to them is pernicious.

But what shall be said of the young man whose downy lip bears testimony to his approaching majority—the age when life is a romance and the future aglow with roseate dreams? He knows himself to be the hope and pride of his parents, that in him is centred all sorts of brilliant possibilities. Nothing could be more fitting, he thinks, than that he should proclaim to the world that he is now a man by airing the Park with his first cigar. And who so heartless as to say him nay? He now becomes confidential with the tobacconist, and learns from him the names of the choicest brands,

as the Vegueras, the kind specially prepared for the Prince of Wales, selected from the finest growths of the plant raised in the Veulto Abajo district of Cuba, as well as the outer signs of many another rich and rare leaf from the gardens of the Queen of the Antilles, or from the plantations of the Indian Archipelago. By and by his whole energies will be devoted to the service of his Queen and country, doing the world's roughest work away out in the wilds of Africa, or administering justice, it may be, among lawless tribes in Imperial India; and many a time, when belated on a desolate track with nothing to cover him but a blanket borrowed from his trusty peon, he will draw from the recesses of a deep pocket or knapsack a homely briar-root with more real pleasure than he ever felt when smoking the choicest cigar on the Mall.

The temperament of each individual or of a race is an important factor in a judicious consideration of the subject; it opens out a field of inquiry of no ordinary interest, more particularly as regards Eastern nations. By temperament physiologists mean certain physical and mental characteristics arising from the predominant humours of the body. Galen in the second century was perhaps the first to employ the term to designate, according to the teachings of the old school, the condition of the four elements of the body—the blood, choler, phlegm, gall—and the varying combinations of these, recognised to-day as the sanguine, lymphatic, nervous, or bilious temperaments. Interest in this aspect of the subject is heightened when we consider the marvellous effect the consumption of tobacco has had on races inhabiting Western Asia. Speaking on this curious point in the Indian Section of the Imperial Institute in February last, Sir George Birdwood called attention to the change wrought in the character of the Turks by its use. He remarked that

in ancient times the Scythians were a ceaseless scourge to the neighbouring nations; that they were referred to by the prophet Jeremiah as a 'seething caldron,' ever boiling over in fierce and cruel eruptions from the North. Where are they now? They have become the modern Turks; and the magic which changed them from restless, destructive nomads into the quiet and only too conservative sedentary Turks, Von Moltke tells us in his *Letters from Turkey*, was none other than the acquired American habit of smoking tobacco.

Coming from so profound an observer of men as the great German strategist, this testimony to the influence of the Indian weed on human character is to be accepted as a valuable contribution to our knowledge. And yet, viewed in the light of recent events in Turkey, the marvellous transformation mentioned would seem to be hardly yet completed. Besides, may not other influences tending to modify the character of the Turks be found in their four centuries of inter-marriage with tribes of a less turbulent disposition, as with Persians and Circassians, than the fiery, stubborn mountaineers from whom

they had descended? It seems but reasonable to think so. Let us hasten, however, to note that other distinguished travellers in Turkey speak to the same effect, and that they, too, attribute the change to the sobering and soothing action of tobacco upon them. Dr. Madden, whose *Travels in Turkey and Egypt* were published in 1829, says (i. 16) that

the pleasure the Turks had in the reverie consequent on the indulgence in the pipe consisted in a temporary annihilation of thought. The people really cease to think when they have been long smoking. I have asked Turks repeatedly what they have been thinking of during their long reveries, and they replied 'Of nothing.' I could not remind them of a single idea having occupied their minds; and in the consideration of the Turkish character there is no more curious circumstance connected with their moral condition.

Further testimony to Nicotina's benign sway over human character is borne by Mr. E. W. Lane, the talented translator of the *Arabian Nights* and author of the *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*. In this latter work Mr. Lane says that

in the character of the Turks and Arabs who have become addicted to its use it has induced considerable changes, particularly rendering them more inactive than they were in earlier times, leading them to waste over the pipe many hours which might be more profitably employed; but it has had another and better effect—that of superseding in a great measure the use of wine, which, to say the least, is very injurious to the health of the inhabitants of hot climates. . . . It may further be remarked in the way of apology for the pipe, as employed by the Turks and Arabs, that the mild kinds of tobacco generally used by them have a very gentle effect: they calm the nervous system, and, instead of stupefying, sharpen the intellect.

He next pays a high tribute to the Oriental method of smoking, and assures the reader that the pleasures of Eastern society are considerably enhanced by the use of the pipe, adding: 'It affords the peasant, too, a cheap and sober refreshment, and probably often restrains him from less innocent indulgences.' Mr. Layard and Mr. Crawford, whose large experience of Eastern peoples is known to the world, have each recorded his opinion to the effect that the use of tobacco has contributed very much towards the present sobriety of Asiatics. The presence of an array of witnesses such as these to the power of the pipe to subdue the savage breast naturally suggests the thought of a new field of operations for its use. That laudable organisation the Peace Society, which seeks to combat man's militant instincts by such persuasions as fall short of the shillelagh, ought certainly to find in the Indian's peace-pipe with a well-filled tobacco-pouch a coadjutor for the propagation of its amiable doctrines; at any rate, a pioneer that would prepare the soil for the seed, and the advent of the millennium. Lord Clarendon, when Minister of Foreign Affairs, used to excuse his room reeking with the fumes of tobacco by declaring that diplomacy itself was a mere question of the judicious

application of tobacco between opposing plenipotentiaries. The pipe, indeed, has always been recognised as a good diplomatist. If you want time to consider well before committing yourself to an answer you find that the pipe won't draw, though you puff and puff; then, having gained time and cleared your thoughts, the pipe mends, a cloud is formed, and out of chaos comes light, and now you are ready with your argument, though you may begin with, 'Your pardon, friend, but what were we talking about?' If diplomacy can be soothed and led out of thorny paths into pleasant ways then assuredly a useful career awaits the weed in the House, where the magic of its suasive breath would subdue a bellicose Parliament into easy complaisance, and so confer an inestimable blessing on a weary Legislature.

But it would be well to take a closer view of this marvellous weed which enters so largely into our domestic economy, dipping into our purses, affecting in some measure our health and habits, in a way too that leads people to think that surely a mischief-loving Puck lurks among its alluring leaves, delighting to send its votaries, some into dreams of Elysium, others into visions of—another place. *Nicotiana*, the name science has bestowed on the plant in recognition of the services of Jean Nicot in spreading a knowledge of it over Europe, more particularly as regards its supposed medicinal properties, is a member of a large and varied family of the natural order *Solanaceæ*, one of the largest genera, containing about 900 species. The whole family is more or less suspicious; some members are decidedly bad, as, for example, the deadly nightshade, henbane, and mandrake, evil names which startle the timorous and all self-respecting people. Relief, however, comes, and confidence is restored, when we learn that linked with *Nicotiana* as twin sister is our old and esteemed favourite the potato, whose humble services to hungry humanity are incalculable. Yet out of the leaves and fruit of this useful and innocent member of the family chemists extract a deadly poison called *solanine*, which they describe as an acrid narcotic poison, two grains of which given to a rabbit caused paralysis of the posterior extremities, and death in two hours. Traces of this poison are also found in healthy tubers. And yet nobody was ever poisoned by eating potatoes; far from this, many in times of scarcity have died for want of them. Considering these things, smokers may possibly comfort themselves with the thought that tobacco does not stand alone in evil repute, that even a vegetable which enters so largely into the composition of humanity as does the potato contains a portion—an infinitesimal portion it is true, but still some portion—of the element of evil which seems to permeate more or less all things earthly. But let them reserve their judgment until the evidence of the chemist has been heard. It may be urged, too, that the highly prized virtues of the tomato, a family connection, might be taken into account in estimating the sins of the shady ones. The love-apple of Eris, far

from creating discord, gives unalloyed pleasure, affording the epicure a gastronomic delight.

The genus *Nicotiana* comprises upwards of forty species, of which five only are cultivated for tobacco, and, of these, three stand out conspicuously as the best and most favoured ones of commerce. In botany they are designated: (1) *Nicotiana Tabacum*; (2) *N. rustica*; (3) *N. persica*. They differ one from another chiefly in the degree of thickness of the midrib and fibres, and in the evenness of the leaves, which are usually hairy and somewhat clammy feeling. The first-mentioned is the typical tobacco plant of America, whose home is still where Raleigh's first colonists to the New World found it, in Virginia. From its leaves is prepared the great bulk of the tobacco consumed in this country, as well as in America. It is a strong, handsome, flowering perennial, growing in latitudes varying from about 40° Fahr. to the tropics. And a most voracious feeder, it quickly exhausts the richest soils, yet it is so hardy that it will thrive in almost any soil and anywhere. In tropical lands, however, particularly such as are light, dry, and rich in potash, it flourishes most luxuriantly, and attains its fullest and healthiest development, sometimes rising to the grand altitude of 15 feet, though 6 feet is the usual limit of its upward growth. The root is large, long, and fibrous; the stalk or central stem is erect, strong, of the thickness of a man's wrist, and hairy; towards the top it divides into branches. The leaves embrace the stem from the base; they are large; symmetrical, lanceolated, and of a pale-green colour, measuring usually 2 feet by 18 inches. From the summit of the branching stalks clusters of rose-coloured flowers are produced of a bell-shape, the segment of the corolla being tapering and pointed; the seeds are contained in long sharp-pointed pods, and are so small that in one ounce no fewer than 100,000 have been counted.

Next in order of importance in a commercial sense ranks the Syrian plant, *N. rustica*. It is nevertheless a native of America which transplantation into Syrian soil has greatly improved in all those qualities which commend themselves to delicate smokers. It differs from its sister plant of Virginia chiefly in its dwarf-like stature, for it seldom attains a higher growth than 3 or 4 feet; and its leaves are not so symmetrical; they are of an ovate shape, and are not attached to the centre stem, but issue from the branching stalks, which in the season bear green flowers; the segment of the corolla is rounded. This too is a hardy plant, flourishes well in almost any latitude, and ripens earlier than *N. Tabacum*. For some years back it has been largely cultivated in Germany, Holland, and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean; indeed, it at one time flourished rapaciously in our own fields, flowering from midsummer to Michaelmas. From its leaves are obtained, under the varying conditions of soil and climate, the kinds of tobacco vended to the consumer under the names of

Turkish, Syrian, and Latakia. And on account of its retaining much of its primitive colour all through the process of drying and manufacture it is recognised in commerce as 'green tobacco.'

In the third variety we have the beautiful white-flowering Persian plant, from whose oblong stem-leaves is prepared the famous Shiraz tobacco, *N. persica*. It is now recognised as a native of Persia, though its original home is undoubtedly across the Atlantic. Being slow to ignite, this aromatic weed does not lend itself readily to the cigar; but surely the difficulty might be overcome by using an Indian wrapper. The planters of Dindigul, or, as Sir W. W. Hunter gives the name in the *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, Dindu-Kal (Rock of Dindu), are now sending to Europe large quantities of their fine-flavoured tobacco leaf which would form a very good wrapper for this fragrant but slow-burning weed.

There is a fourth variety named *Nicotiana glauca*, which has found much favour in the private gardens of England. It is not so symmetrical as those just mentioned, its leaves are small, widely separated, in fact, rather straggling; but under the training of a skilled gardener it is made to assume a bushy form. Its chief attraction is found in the delicate white flowers which it produces; these during the daytime droop, but at sundown they gradually assume an erect posture and become firm, then the petals expand and the flower emits a delicious perfume, sweeter far than jessamine. In the tobacco plant English florists and gardeners have found an accessory for filling up vacant spots in their shrubberies with good effect; and the side-beds along a carriage drive, or the shelves in a greenhouse, can be pleasingly diversified by selections from the varying kinds the genus *Nicotiana* presents. As an ornamental flowering plant it is certainly worthy of a place among the many charming indigenous and exotic shrubs which nowadays adorn private grounds. Then its uses either as a fumigator or as a wash are such as all experienced gardeners know well how to appreciate: in either form it is a powerful prophylactic, readily destroying insect pests and the germs of blight.

Let us now pass into the domain of the chemist and view for a while the operations of this modern magician as he summons the genii of the Indian weed to appear before him in all their naked deformity, and compels them to yield up their secrets. There is no poetry in the chemist's crucible; imagination fails to lend a transient charm to the grim constituents of the bewitching leaf. Here, in his silent retreat, the analyst weighs and measures, tests and resolves into their original elements whatever things, foul or fair, come into his hands. He weighs a pound of the prepared leaves, steeps them in water, and subjects them to distillation; presently there rises to the surface a volatile, fatty oil which congeals and floats. It has the odour of tobacco and is bitter to the tongue; on

the mouth and throat it produces a sensation similar to that caused by long-continued smoking. Taking a minute particle on the point of a needle he swallows it, and immediately experiences a feeling of giddiness, nausea, and an inclination to vomit. And yet the quantity obtained of this evil thing from the pound of leaves is barely two grains. Now he adds a little sulphuric acid to the water, and distils with quicklime; soon there is dislodged from the hidden cells of the leaves a small quantity of a volatile, oily, colourless, alkaline fluid, the prince of the genii—nicotine. The odour of an old clay pipe grown black with age hangs about it; it is acrid, burning, narcotic, and scarcely less poisonous than prussic acid, a single drop having the power to kill a dog. It boils at a temperature of 282° Fahr., and rises into vapour at a point below that of burning tobacco, consequently it is always present in the smoke. Evaporating one drop of this subtle essence you are at once seized with a feeling of suffocation, and experience difficulty in breathing. Distilled alone in a retort yet another element is called up of an oily nature, which resembles in its chief characteristics an oil obtained by a similar process from the leaves of the foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*). This also is acrid and poisonous; one drop applied to the tongue of a cat brought on convulsions and, in two minutes, death. All these evil things the chemist tells us dwell in the heart of the Indian herb, and, mingling with other unseen elements, lure men on to their fate. In the mystical glare of his laboratory there looms into shape before our mental vision the spectral form of the King of Denmark, in *Hamlet*, telling of the dark deeds done

With juice of cursed hebenon¹ in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leprous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body.

And memory recalls the case of the Comte de Bocarmé who was executed at Mons, in 1851, for poisoning his brother-in-law with nicotine, in order to obtain reversion of his property. The simple though crafty Hottentot, too, finds in the juice of tobacco a potent agent wherewith he can rid himself of the snake that, unbidden, glides into his kraal. Under the influence of one drop the reptile dies as instantly as if struck by an electric spark.

¹ Possibly hebenon is here employed for henbane, a name sometimes applied to tobacco by writers in Jacobean times. William Strachey, in his *Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannica* (1610), speaks of the tobacco-plant as 'like to henbane.' John Gerard in his description of the plant calls it 'henbane of Peru.' French writers of the same period had an unlimited vocabulary for tobacco, and among their names for it may be found 'Peruvian henbane' (*Jusquiam de Peru*). If this view be admitted, then we have in 'Rebevon' the only reference to tobacco the whole of Shakespeare's works contain.

A distinguished physician and man of science, Sir B. W. Richardson, has tested the tobacco leaf and all its component parts with a thoroughness which puts to flight all doubts as to what it is 'men put into their mouths to take away their brains.' The chief results of his experiments may be briefly summarised: Although evident differences prevail in respect to the products arising from different cigars, different tobacco, and different pipes, there are certain substances common to all varieties of tobacco-smoke. Firstly, in all tobacco-smoke there is a certain amount of watery vapour which can be separated from it. Secondly, a small quantity of free carbon is always present: it is to the presence of this constituent that the blue colour of tobacco is due. It is this carbon which in confirmed and inveterate smokers settles on the back part of the throat and on the lining of the membrane of the bronchial tubes, creating often a copious secretion which it discolours. Thirdly, the presence of ammonia can be detected in small quantity, and this gives to the smoke an alkaline reaction that bites the tongue after long smoking; it is the ammonia that makes the tonsils and throat of the smoker so dry, and induces him to quaff as he smokes, and that partly excites the salivary glands to secrete so freely. This element also exerts an influence on the blood. Fourthly, the test of lime-water applied to the leaf shows the presence of carbonic acid. In the smoke the quantity differs considerably in different kinds of tobacco; to the action of this constituent Sir B. W. Richardson traces the sleepiness, lassitude, and headache which follow upon prolonged indulgence of the pipe. Fifthly, the smoke of tobacco yields a product having an oily appearance and possessing poisonous properties; this is commonly known as nicotine, or oil of tobacco, which on further analysis is found to contain three substances, namely, a fluid alkaloid (the nicotine of the chemist), a volatile substance, having an empyreumatic odour, and an extract of a dark resinous character, of a bitter taste. From this comes the smell peculiar to stale tobacco which hangs so long about the clothing of habitual smokers—if the smell be from good Eastern-grown tobacco many persons think it wholesome. It is nevertheless this extract which creates in those unaccustomed to its use a feeling akin to sea-sickness. Hence it appears that the more common effects are due to the carbonic acid and ammonia liberated in the process of smoking, while the rarer and more severe symptoms are due to the nicotine, the empyreumatic substance, and the resin.

As to the effects of tobacco-smoking upon the human body Sir Benjamin Richardson would appear to see no reason for thinking that it can produce any organic change, though it may induce various functional disturbances if carried to excess. These are such as all young smokers experience more or less severely, according to their temperament and the quality or strength of the tobacco

they use. There can be no question that the first attempt at smoking reveals phenomena which plainly show that to become one of the initiated in the service of *Nicotiana* a certain ordeal must be passed through, if the novice aspire to rank amongst her votaries. It may be of use to remark that the stronger kinds of tobacco are the products of the Virginian and Kentucky plantations; French tobacco too is quite as strong; they contain from six to eight per cent. of nicotine; Maryland and Havana tobaccos, also those of the Levant, generally average two per cent.; while the products of Sumatra and China barely contain one per cent. of nicotine. The general conclusion Sir Benjamin Richardson deduces from his experiments is such as might be fairly expected from an eminent physician of large experience, unbiassed by prejudice. In this judicial sense he remarks that tobacco 'is innocuous as compared with alcohol; it does infinitely less harm than opium; it is in no sense worse than tea, and by the side of high living altogether it compares most favourably.' But on the question of youths smoking he speaks most decisively against even the smallest indulgence in tobacco before the system is matured. His words are: 'With boys the habit is as injurious and wrong as it is disgusting. The early "piper" loses his growth, becomes hoarse, effete, lazy, and stunted.'

The late Professor Johnston, of Durham, gave his attention to the subject, and in the eminently useful work on the 'Chemistry of Common Life' he minutely describes the results he obtained from a careful analysis of tobacco leaves. These in all essential particulars are such as have already been mentioned. Although he points out the highly poisonous nature of some of the constituents of tobacco, he yet speaks regretfully of his inability to derive from smoking the soothing pleasures mentioned by others, particularly by Dr. Pereira, who, remarking on its tranquillising effects when moderately indulged in, says that 'it is because of these effects that it is so much admired and adopted by all classes of society, and by all nations, civilised and barbarous.' Mr. Johnston continues:

Were it possible amid the teasing, paltry cares, as well as the more poignant griefs of life, to find a mere material soother and tranquilliser productive of no evil after-effects and accessible alike to all—to the desolate and the outcast equally with him who is rich in a happy home and the felicity of sympathising friends—who so heartless as to wonder or regret that millions of the world chafed should flee to it for solace? I confess, however, that in tobacco I have never found this soothing effect. This no doubt is constitutional, for I cannot presume to ignore the united testimony of the millions of mankind who assert from their own experience that it does produce such effects.

He draws attention to the effects of tobacco on the Turks, and, speaking of the drowsy reverie they fall into under its influence, asks if it is really a peculiarity of the Turkish temperament that makes

tobacco act upon them as it does, sending the body to sleep while the mind is alive and awake.

That this is not its general action in Europe [he remarks] the study of almost every German writer can testify. With the constant pipe diffusing its beloved aroma around him the German philosopher works out the profoundest of his results of thought. He thinks and dreams, and dreams and thinks, alternately; but while his body is soothed and stilled, his mind is ever awake. From what I have heard such men say, I could almost fancy they had in practice discovered a way of liberating the mind from the trammels of the body, and thus giving it a freer range and more undisturbed liberty of action. I regret that I have never found it act so upon myself.

• These reflections of the sympathetic Professor may be very grateful to the habitual smoker, who, influenced by a natural feeling of attachment, looks lovingly on his pipe and pouch, as he would on old friends grown dearer with time: the older and more worn the closer he clings to them, till by and by he talks to them as would primitive man to his fetich. But this amiable weakness needs to be looked firmly in the face, and if it cannot bear scrutiny, if the indulgence be found hurtful to body or mind, it must go; thrown out of the window if need be, with a resolve not to go out and look for it, to restore it to its old niche, though the old pouch may contain Mr. J. M. Barrie's beloved 'Arcadia Mixture.'

Undoubtedly we have among us, and have had in England since the days when Raleigh introduced the 'Indian's herb' into the royal palace and made it agreeable to his Queen and fashionable everywhere, some remarkable examples of great smokers occupying the highest positions in the domain of intellect. Instances crowd the memory; the tall dark figure of Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury presents itself, he whose *Leviathan* and other philosophical works stirred into activity the intellect of Europe, and who attained the ripe age of ninety-two. Sir Isaac Newton smoked, even in the presence of the lady who honoured him with well-meant attentions. Seated one day quietly by his side, happy in anticipations of what the future might bring forth, Sir Isaac suddenly seized her hand—now the blissful moment had arrived!—but, instead of tenderly pressing it within his own, he probed her little finger into the bowl of his pipe to remove some obstruction. The story told by Sir David Brewster points a moral—ladies should be chary of lavishing their affection on philosophers, they are so very absent-minded. Divinity furnishes a host of devotees to the pipe. Leading the throng are Dr. Henry Aldrich, of Christ Church, Oxford; Dr. Parr, whose Greek was the admiration of ripe scholars and the terror of little boys, who overwhelmed his friends with torrents of eloquence and clouds of tobacco-smoke; Robert Hall, England's greatest pulpit orator, and many another divine, burned incense continually at the shrine of Nicotiana; while towering in the forefront of the great

tobacco-smokers of the Victorian age are the figures of Carlyle and Tennyson. But these illustrious examples of great tobacco-smokers are, in respect to the whole community, altogether exceptional, and may be regarded as having no more bearing on any general rule applicable to all men than had their individual capacity for imbibing, say, 'sweet waters.' It may be observed, however, that those who pass severe censure on the smoking habit seem to overlook the fact that men do not eat or drink tobacco; that the prudent smoker is quite contented if its ambient fumes gently float about him regaling his olfactory sense. It can never satisfy reasonable inquiry to be told that deadly results follow the administration, not of the smoke, but of a single drop of the essential oil of tobacco to a dog, that dies of old age at fifteen years; or to a rabbit, that breeds seven times a year and dies at the age of five. Far above theorising there is the teaching of experience, and if each would-be smoker will in this as in other things be guided by this unfailing monitor, and act upon the dictates of common sense, no harm will come to him.

There are people of so gloomy a temperament that they would not let a man cultivate a flower-garden or listen to the songs of birds on the Sabbath; who look upon music as a sensuous indulgence, and reading as idleness. To these we have nothing to say; it is their misfortune to think and feel so. Stripping the argument of the puerilities and exaggerations of prejudice, let us recognise the broad fact that men of every nation and in every climate do smoke; a practice that is universal needs no apology. If it be an evil it will cure itself.

ED. VINCENT HEWARD.

GONGORA

AULUS GELLIUS in his *Attic Nights* tells how Favorinus once admonished a youth who affected archaisms, and piled up his daily speech with words for the most part unknown. Quoth that philosopher :

The ancient heroes Curius and Fabricius and the yet more ancient Horatii spoke plainly to the men of their time, not in the speech of Italy's earliest inhabitants, the Pelasgi, but in such terms as were in vogue in their own period. But you, just as if you were speaking with the mother of Evander, use words which have lain dead and buried for many ages. O fool, if you would be understood by none, why not rest silent, and so attain the object of your desire? If you are in love with the good old times—days, as you call them, of sobriety, decency, and honour—good: live with these virtues of the past, but speak at least in the language of the present. Avoid, after the advice of Cæsar, a rare and uncommon expression as a vessel avoids a rock.

If Gongora had followed this advice of Cæsar, he would in all probability never have found his present fame. It is owing to his deliberate choice of rare and uncommon expressions, his inversion of ordinary speech, his involved sentences, his remote allusions, his classic metaphors, that this 'angel of darkness' has achieved his notoriety.

Gongora's works, like Rembrandt's pictures, are most remarkable for their shadows. He is the Heraclitus, the Lycophron of Spain. Too often he approaches the abyss of unideal vacancy. Even the commentators of his own nation and of his own time confess themselves occasionally unable to unravel the perplexities of his speech. Certainly without these commentators a great portion of his labours would remain as dark as the Talmudic treatises without the assistance of Rashi.

'In Madrid,' said Fabricio, the barber's son, addressing Gil Blas, 'I made the acquaintance of Don Luis de Gongora. No Lucilius is he, bearing much mud in his turbid torrent, but a Tagus whose pure waters wander over sands of gold. A person of so much merit is, of course, surrounded by enemies; one inveighs against his inflated expressions full of metaphor and metathesis, while another says his verses are, as those sung by the sacerdotal Salii, beyond human comprehension. Such a master have I chosen, and I flatter myself I

imitate him.' The son of Chrysostom then read one of his sonnets with much fire, but he of Santillana understood not a word. 'It does not seem quite plain to you,' said Fabricio. 'I confess,' answered Gil Blas, 'I should have desired a little less darkness.' But Fabricio laughing replied, 'The best of this sonnet, my friend, is its unintelligibility. All works which are intended to be sublime, should avoid whatever is natural and simple—in their mistiness their merit lies. It is enough that the poet can persuade himself that he understands his own poem.'

In answer to all this irony of Le Sage, Gongora might quote with a slight substitution the epigram of Heraclitus :

- * I am Gongora : why hale me up and down, O fools ?
- I laboured not for you, but for such as understand me.
- One man with me is equal to thirty thousand, but the unnumbered
- * Are nothing. This I assert, even by the side of Persephone.

He might add that the fault of the ass is not, in the opinion of the learned, to be laid on the packsaddle.

Certainly Gongora's readers have a double delight, first in his poems themselves, and secondly in such success as they may have in their satisfactory elucidation. The doctrines of Pythagoras are so muffled in symbols that they have never yet been made bare to the general content. Yet how happy is he who is convinced that he understands them. Martial has in his books things fitter for Apollo, the exegetist of dark sayings, than for a human audience. Paul is not wholly without difficulty. Persius is a man of some little celebrity, but his poems will not be found a reed without a knot. Pindar admits words intelligible indeed to the wise, but without interpretation to the vulgar. And, with Ausonius to his own friends, Gongora might have said, 'If you do not understand me, I shall obtain that which I affected—to wit, that you should be in need of me, desire me, and keep me in mind.'

But in spite of all that Gongora might have said, or perhaps did say, his ingeniously conceited complications of a plain subject, like the labyrinthine folds of the linen ruffs of his time, make us yearn after that perspicuity which was the keynote of Lucan's lines, but turned that poet into an historian. Osric and Armado tire us; we do not prefer Cinna to Maro, and Rojas scarcely seems to have played the part of a Zoilus when, in his comedy *No Friendship without Honour*, to exaggerate the gloom of a hooded winter evening, he tells us the heavens had become a Gongora, more murky than his book.

What Le Sage wrote in satire may be and has been maintained by many in sober earnest. 'If you wish everybody to venerate you,' says Gracian, one of Gongora's poetical grandsons, 'allow yourself to be known but never understood.' This precept, however, is not newer

than anything else under the sun. Quintilian mentions a tutor, quoted by Livy, who ordered his pupils, in order to obtain success, to obscure their speech, as far as in them lay. The tutor used continually the word *σκοτίσσειν*, or 'make it dark.' Did any scholar distinguish himself by an exceedingly intricate exercise, he was wont to exclaim, 'Bravo! even I myself cannot understand you.'

One of the main difficulties in Gongora's poems is caused by his habit of inlaying his phraseology, like Puff in the *Critic*, with variegated chips of exotic metaphor. The Jupiter of Ennius, spitting hoary snow over the wintry Alps, is nothing to some of the strange notions of Gongora. They are equally numerous and recondite. He holds his reader in the prison-house of the shadow and keeps him at a distance with figurative expression. He is frequently, like Tacitus, an 'entire knot, occasionally worth untying, but not often. The result of very serious and heavy labour is sometimes, and not seldom, a very poor and light entertainment. Many of his works, begotten of poetic force on folly or vanity, are like Centaurs born of Ixion and Cloud, like the daughters of Ætna, made of much more smoke than fire. He endeavours rather to entangle the reason than to interest the passions. His main object is to make men think rather than to make them feel. Like all the metaphysical poets, he produces sentiments, not such as nature enforces, but such as meditation supplies. There is too much art in his amusement, as in the *Technopægnion* of Ausonius. That he might have done otherwise and better is beyond question, but he would not have become so famous.

In addition to his metaphorical use of words, he obscures his subject by their extraordinary collocation. The *ordo verborum* of Gongora would be, as welcome to the erudite Spanish critic as to a schoolboy a Delphin version of Horace or Virgil. From his frequent omission of the article the reader of the remarkable combat of Don Quixote and the Biscayan might imagine Gongora a compatriot of that peppery knight. In his use of Latin terms he recalls the *Latini-parla* of Quevedo. He seeks out unusual expressions. And if he cannot find them, he is fain to employ in most unusual senses those which are usual. In this respect, like Milton or Spenser, he may be said to have writ a new language. The Spaniard of the present day who is daring enough to attempt a perusal of his *Polypheme*, the chief corner-stone of his eccentricity, may suppose himself fallen into a foreign tongue mixed with some distorted Spanish broken, in the German phrase, upon the wheel, and, saying, as St. Jerome said of Persius, *non vis intelligi, neque intelligaris*, may pitch the work in a pet of despair against the wall.

The *estilo culto*, or cultivated style, in which the poetical heresiarch wrote was named after him, as one of its chief exponents, 'Gongorism.' It was nearly related to that of the *Conceptistas* or *Concettisti*, so called from the conceits of Marini, and of the Euphuism of which Quevedo

was the representative in Spain and Lily in England. It was admirably satirised in the *Précieuses Ridicules*.

The motive which induced Gongora to write in this style it is difficult to determine. He may have desired to civilise the language of his fatherland, or to acquire the fame of erudition or a monopoly of public praise, or he may have desired merely his own amusement. In this last case he would have been animated by the same spirit which moved the good sexton of Paulenca, a village near his own town. That official clomb on a winter day the stone staircase to the belfry of his parish church, to toll the Ave Maria. He gave the first two peals in the ordinary manner. Then, looking down from his elevation on all the people gathered together on the market-place bareheaded and busy at their prayers, the devil entered into him, and tempted him to delay the last peal. He could not resist this temptation. The resulting regards of confused surprise are said to have constituted his keenest recreation to the day of his death.

Possibly the real cause of Gongora's wayward words was that excessive intolerance of his time which clipped the wing of thought and restricted the growth of science by rivets of iron. The tree which the folly of a passing fashion will not allow to follow nature's laws in growing straight upwards, expends its energy by growing laterally, or downward, back again to the earth, and becomes deformed. Gongora, probably forbidden original sentiment, exhausted his genius in exaggerated expression.

But the grossest extravagances of Gongora may be paralleled, if not exceeded, by the flights of other poets of his own and other lands. If he called a bird a feathered harp, Lope also described a duck as a feathered boat. Demades surely trod on the brink of meaning where light and darkness begin to mingle, when he spoke of a trumpet as a public cock, and he reached the utmost confines of lawful poetic diction when by the city's cloak he signified the walls of the town. Nor is such mixed wit—*Moidingerwitz*, as some might call it—absent from the pages of ancient and modern Italy. Ennius degraded mountains into earthy warts, and Lesbia made Sanazzar pray that either Ætna would dry up the Nile or else the Nile extinguish Ætna. Marini's involved metaphoric conceits often turn his rhymes into riddles without an answer. Samples of the brocaded style in which the thread of verbosity is spun finer than the staple of argument meet us at every page in such poets as Donne and Cowley and Cleveland.

Gongora was a contemporary of Camoens and Cervantes and Shakespeare. He lived in the Augustan era of Marlowe and Lope de Vega, of Quevedo and Sir Philip Sidney. His age was illuminated by the pictures of Murillo, of Velasquez—whose portrait of Gongora may be seen in the Royal Gallery of Madrid—of Spagnoletto and of Zurbaran. He was born in Cordova, the country of Seneca and of Lucan, in 1561, and died in 1627. His father, a corregidor, was named

Argote; his mother was a Leonora de Gongora. His own name, Luis de Gongora y Argote, gives the preference of position and subsequent fame to his maternal patronymic. As few would recognise Gongora under the title of Argote as Meyerbeer under Beer or Sir Francis Palgrave under Cohen. This inversion of his name was an antitype of that of his verse. He went to the University of Salamanca to study law. But to the law Gongora was, as one of his biographers says, 'genially disinclined.' Instead of reading law, he wrote romances. He seems to have taken to the Church as a *pis aller*, and became honorary chaplain to Philip the Third. So high was the honour of this office that no pay was apparently attached to it. His rank became greater but his profit certainly less. He was kicked upstairs.

One of his romances gives the story of his daily life.

He rose, he says, at seven, put on a clean shirt with some loose stockings carelessly gartered, looked at himself in the glass and arranged his 'little lettuces' well or ill. 'Little lettuces' is a Gongorism for ruffs. Then, after Mass, he breakfasted like a Dutchman, in his garden in the summer time, but in winter in his kitchen. He devoured tripe and black pudding from September to Christmas, and from December to January rich loins of pork and sausages. From March to May he ate fried ham and truffles, and cold gammon with cherries from May to August. This yearly *carte* contains much the outer world would not conceive to be poetic food. The last item might be a novelty even to such experienced cooks as Soyer or Francatelli, Mrs. Glasse or Mrs. Beeton. In hot weather he took his drink with snow, but in cold as the Redeemer made it. At eleven he enjoyed the inevitable *olla*, with a slice of bacon or some such trifle added—a pigeon's leg or a kid's ribs, the breast of a partridge or a pullet's thigh. On the whole he does not appear to have fared ill.

After Gongora became a Churchman he passed most of his time at the Court at Valladolid, leaving the close streets of Cordova—which, from his sonnet, he seems to have loved well, if not wisely—with its rich bishops and poor tradesmen, its women walking like horses, and its horses walking like women, its shapeless houses, its men of the height of cornstalks, and its crowd of fools. But at Court, though leaving what he considered (since his conversion) the love follies of his youth, he nevertheless wrote several satirical poems, treating those who were hostile to him with caustic derision. Valladolid seems to have pleased him but little. In one of his sonnets he calls it the 'vale of tears,' punning on its name, a valley of Jehoshaphat without an hour—not to mention a day—of judgment, full of Counts indeed, but such Counts as *Chinchón* in summer, and *Niebla*, *Nieva* and *Lodosa* in winter, while neither in winter nor summer is Count *Buendia* seen. These are, we are told by his commentators, all names of good Spanish families in his time, and are related to words

which mean, the last, fine weather, the three preceding it respectively mist, snow, and mud, and the first that which Shelley describes in one of his letters as *coserella innominata*. In another sonnet, referring to the channel of poached filth, which in his time flooded the middle street of Valladolid, he again puns on the name of the city, 'You! the valley of good odour, nay, rather, valley of the Alexandrian rose'—an allusion whereof the explanation, with the rest of the poem, must, in deference to the guardians of our purity, be left behind the veil.

Retiring from the Court of Madrid more rich in regret than in reals, he writes some *Tercetos Burlescos*, taking for his model Horace's *Beatus ille* and *O rus, quando ego te aspiciam?*

Cursed be he who makes a lord his idol and loses his money. Laughing streams! continue laughing at him who thought to celebrate the festivals of the Court—as well might he have complimented Judas in an octave—who wished to immortalise the fair women who wander on the banks of the Manzanares, but was prevented by catching cold in its damp night air. Flattery and Falsehood, the modern Muses, have worn away the chords of my lyre. My song is dried up, like Madrid's river in the summer time. I have stripped the jackdaw of its peacock's feathers, and will hang up on my wall the trophies of my disillusion. Let deceit and adulation and leasing remain in their proper theatre, where hope feeds with its green meat beast after beast year after year. If there be such a thing as happiness in this world, I may find it awaiting me in my little garden, under that lemon tree whose verdure knows no change. There, amidst the whispers of happy waters, indolence without blame and slumber devoid of solicitude may be mine, if I rest not here in dust, worried to death in that mill in which the horse is always tired. Ah! happy he who hides himself far from the city's roar, and is no member of that long serpent formed by a sad succession of clients followed by their patron, who thus moves onwards as the crab, with his tail before him. Oh, happy solitude and divine repose! pleasant truce of a life in town! peace of the understanding strained as in an alembic by the discourses of human ambition! Jewels form the crown, and gold the mantle, of the monarch, but prudence long not after so much greatness, sister as it is to so much grief. Lying on the grass, it takes account of its stock of years, singing some old ballad about the expulsion of the Moors. Thus it passes a happy life, caring not a tittle for the Court's distribution of titles, paying no postage for news. Independent of the State and its ministers, it wanders in its own orchard at ease. Its table is spread with a cloth of emerald by the margin of some silver fountain, and is set out with fruit, an unbought banquet. Let luxury retain her crested plate, her bacchanal confusion—but lo! my mule awaits at my portal. O Dapple! I commend Gongora to your loins.

The edition of Gongora's works published by Gonzalo de Hozes in Madrid in the year 1654 contains his varied poems—he wrote, as Fabricio said, every style, of poetry—in the following order:

Sonnets, drawn after the Petrarchian model; *Canciones*, or Songs; *Octaves*, written in the Italian *ottava rima*; *Tercetos*, or Tiercets; *Déximas*, or ten-line stanzas; *Letrillas*, or poems adapted to music, and *Romances*. Most of these have been subdivided into heroic, amorous, burlesque, lyric, sacred, satiric, pastoral, funereal and miscellaneous. Then come the fable of Polyphemus and Galatea, the *Soledades* in two parts, and the Panegyric of the Duke of Lerma, a

very wearisome affair of some fourscore stanzas. The book concludes with Comedies, of which we have no space to treat.

To all authors whose merits have made their works survive, there comes sooner or later a period in which their performances are made the matter of learned curiosity and speculative research. And for Gongora this is well. Without such adventitious help, without the presumptive guesses of the scholiast, the words of Don Luis had been harder than those of our brother Paul. Gongora's chief commentators (to whom he and all who read his works owe a large debt of gratitude) are Pellicer and Corónel.

• Joseph Pellicer furnished in 1630 a commentary on the *Polyphemus*, the *Soledades*, the Panegyric of the Duke of Lerma and the *Pyramus and Thisbe*. In 1636 Garcia de Salzedo Corónel explained the first two poems—the latter of 2,000 lines, the former of some sixty stanzas—at considerable length, his book occupying some 420 quarto pages; and in 1645 the same indefatigable student published with his learned annotations the whole of the works of Gongora. Two volumes of this appeared—the second, containing some 800 pages, is in our national library: in this he promises yet a third volume. These two men, like the Cumæan Sibyl, guide the attentive reader through the subterranean mazes of Gongora's verse. Their exegetical help is enormous, but their expositions are commonly tedious by an unnecessary tale of words. Though they cannot be accused of shunning dark passages, they certainly hold too often their farthing candle to the sun. But a sieve cannot be made from the tail of an ass, nor is the ear of the pig suitable for a silk purse, and it is equally idle to hope to get from commentators instruction on the subject in hand without instruction on other subjects, collateral, or ingeniously made to appear so.

For instance, in a note to the *Polifemop* Don Garcia traces the lineage and history of asps through several pages, beginning with the information that the male and female invariably are found together—how fair an example for married life!—and if a traveller kills either (inadvertently or not: it is of little consequence), he is straightway pursued by the other, who will certainly avenge the death of his or her companion, unless the devoted one cross a stream; for 'water alone can detain asps.' More entertaining *obiter dicta* might be presented were the writer not afraid of laying himself open to the same charge which has been made against the commentators.

The *Polyphemus* can boast of many fine passages. For instance, the description of the ill-omened crowd of night birds, 'with their sad voices and their sleepy flight,' which gather together before the cave of the Cyclops, the subject of Handel's melody and Homer's song. How ludicrously horrible is the effect of his giant's music—

The wild woods shake, waves tremble on the shore
Convulsed, the sea nymph breaks her silver lute,
And deafened ships fly past with sail and oar,
When Polyphemus plays upon his flute.

When Galatea at last finds Acis asleep, or rather feigning slumber, fearing to break his assumed trance by any trouble of sudden sound, hanging over him like the queen of birds over a hawk, how beautifully is she described as rivalling in courtesy her lover (who had on his part hesitated to break the sleep of Galatea) by not only stopping her own steps but wishing also to stop the babbling of the lazy water which passed singing by his side; till at length gradually drawing nearer, she wonders at his hair like the last confused rays of the setting sun, and his mouth of flowers. The poet tells us how the asp Love lies hid rather in the grassgrown field than in the trim and shapely garden, and how the sea-nymph slowly drinks his poison in gazing on the unadorned and manly form of her shepherd lover. Acis, through the 'sight hole of his waking sleep,' watches her the while, like a second Argus or Lynceus, till at last, unable any longer to bear his sweet agony, he shakes the semblance of slumber from his limbs, and prostrates himself to kiss the marble feet in golden slippers of his love. Then they sit on a mossy stone, in the shadow of trees embraced by gadding ivy which makes for them a green verandah. There on a carpet of a thousand colours woven by the loom of spring, the shepherd suffers for a while the sorrows of him who languished between the rising fruit and the sinking waters. But in the mean time with the setting sun, Polypheme mounts a mighty rock—this incident with many others Gongora has copied from Ovid, who also copied it from Theocritus, who copied it probably from someone else now unremembered—mounts a rock to call, like Mr. Kingsley's Mary, his cattle home, and giving breath with the bellows of his mouth to his *albogues*, frightens Galatea into wishing herself a humble flower, dead with love of Acis, and no more alive from the fear of Polypheme. After a short prelude comes the song of the Cyclops, the beauty of which can scarcely be concealed even by the following translatory rhymes.

O fairest Galatea! ah, more sweet
 Than perfumed pinks, fresh cropt in dewy morn,
 Far whiter, far, than any swans, which meet
 Their death with soft songs down the river borne,
 More bright art thou, my only Paraclete,
 Than the eyed mantle by the peacock worn;
 The hosts of stars which stud the sapphire skies
 Ships for me, sweetheart, less than thy two eyes!

Leave in the dark cool deep thy sister band
 Of maidens rare, in weed-grown rocky-cell,
 And in day's twilight rising, on this strand
 Let ocean see two stars where one star fell;
 Cross the smooth sand, to me who love the sand
 Where silvered by thy feet each little shell
 Sparkles with pearls, or so it seems to me,
 Born without dew, but only touched by thee.

Then after all vain entreaty,

Deaf daughter of the deep, whose tender ears :
 Resist my sighs, as rocks resist strong wind,
 Do woods of purple coral from my tears
 Steal thee? or dreams—what dreams?—thy senses bind?
 Does harsh sea-music hold thee? with thy peers—
 If peers were thine—in the dance dost pleasure find?
 To my sweet song but once thine ear incline,
 For it is sweet, if not for it is mine.

The humour in the last touch is not the humour of Gongora but of Theocritus. 'I can play on the pipe,' says the Cyclops in the eleventh idyl of that poet, 'better than any other Cyclops, celebrating you, my dear sweet apple, and myself at the same time by my song, and I am wont to do so very often in the dead of the night.' The translation above given is of the first three out of a dozen stanzas which compose the giant's love song. It is written in the same metre as the original, and is as faithful as it was in the translator's power to make it, but to anyone capable of reading the breathing words of Gongora it is but a *caput mortuum*, an exhausted residuum from which all fire and spirit has been distilled.

Gongora's celebrated heroic *Cancion*, or 'Ode on the Armada which our master King Philip the Second sent against England,' appears to have been written before the winds and the waves fought against that naval outfit. The poet therein hopes that the 'eyes of the English pirates may be made as blind to-day as they are to the true faith, by means of the numerous heroes, for whose ships and sails sea and wind are scarcely sufficient.' He abuses in good set terms our Virgin Queen, Spenser's Gloriana and Belphebe, as condemning our country to eternal infamy, 'holding in her hand instead of the spindle the sceptre and the sword, the wife of many, and of many the daughter-in-law. Infamous queen! nay no queen, but fierce and lustful wolf.' He concludes his panegyric with a verse taken from the sonnets of Petrarch:

Fiammà del ciel su le tue trectie piovà !

translated with a bitter amplification of insult by a modern poet:

May Heaven's just flame on thy false tresses rain.

Gongora wrote his poem before the fate of the Armada was known, because in its conclusion he says: 'O song! since my rude lyre aspires to become a military clarion, hereafter the frozen car and the torrid zone shall hear me sing of the arms and triumphs and crown of our Spain, unless,' he adds in a parenthesis, 'Phœbus deceives me'—which Phœbus most assuredly did.

In a sonnet to a girl who had pricked her finger with a pin, the ring which the wounded finger wears is a prison of articulated mother of pearl. This compliment is not so pretty as that in which he tells one of his loves that she has while walking through the fields the faculty of

producing flowers with her feet as fast as she can gather them with her hands. But Gongora is not always polite to the ladies. Births of women he compares to rain clouds—we know not whence they come but only where they fall. The sufferings he underwent in his sundry courtships and serenades were possibly numerous, but there is some doubt whether he was justified by any canon of good breeding or *bienséance* in complaining to his mistress that he was, with waiting at her door one winter night, so completely frozen that even her lapdog took him for a stone pillar, and lifting up his leg debonairly and with delightful boldness, silvered his black boots in the moonlight.

As a specimen of a sacred octave, a poem in the heroic stanza of Italy, is given here an analysis of the Vision of the descent of the Virgin to present a gorgeous *casula* or chasuble to Saint Ildefonso, in the holy church of Toledo. This she did because Ildefonso had done battle for her in the matter of her disputed virginity against Helvidius and Pelagius, whom the poet classifies under the order 'Serpentes.' The daring of the miracle and the difficulty of the poem arouse almost equal admiration.

It is night, a night not shrouded in her thick shadow-woven mantle, but counterfeiting a twilight gloom. The moon has bowed her splendour behind a cold cloud as if saddened by a Thessalian sorceress. Suddenly like a nightly sun, and on a throne of feathers, supported on the shoulders of singing cherubim, Mary clothes the air with the purple beams of day. The walls of Toledo seem to rise through the fields of æther to receive her coming, with the music of as many harps as there are ripples on the shores of the Tagus. She seeks the shepherd of the sacred crook, him who bruised with his learned heel the large Helvidian snake, and finds him stealing himself from sleep on the threshold of her fane. The luminous horror of her presence turns the least timid of his acolytes into stone, but Ildefonso drinks her radiant glory as an eagle the rising sun. He prostrates himself in the rosy circle of her dewy shine. The queen throws over him a rich brocade. There is a reciprocity of thanks, to which Gongora modestly considers himself unable to do justice, and so leaves it for another hand. The Virgin vanishes, but the thin light of dawn which rests on the stones, but now stained by the ruby glow which shone warm around her, looks for awhile no less white than the sea-shore covered with ocean's spoon-subsiding foam. The poem ends with a complimentary address to the Virgin, and one yet more complimentary to the family of the Sandovals.

A sweet little madrigal occupies a position but a few leaves distant from this poem, though totally different from it in character, subject and treatment, composed on the death of 'the daughters of the Duke of Feria.'

'Three violets of the skies, three stars of the flowers, ah! set so

soon, you seal, O perfumed marble! three flowers over which Death has sown the seed pearls of his frost, unless they live elsewhere, weaving their hair in a never-dying dawn."

Due allowance being made for the usual Spanish extravagance of diction, these verses on those three blossoms of humanity, the eldest of whom was, in the words of Gongora; 'just in the uncertain twilight of her teens,' seem exquisitely sweet, pathetic and beautiful. They contain the four chief thoughts, the comparisons to a flower and to a star, that idea of Death's winter, and that closing one of immortality, which Milton has expanded in his verses on the death of a fair infant 'dying of a cough.' Of romances, *La mas bella niña* has been called by an eminent Spanish critic the best in the Castilian language. It describes the woes of a woman whose husband has left her for the war the day after her marriage. Of the stanzas translated the penultimate strongly calls to mind Virgil's *neget quis carmina Gallo?* and the last balances by an excess of plainness many preceding excesses of obscurity. 'The fairest maiden of our village, yesterday married and to-day a widow and alone, seeing her eyes (husband) have gone to the battle beseeches her mother to hearken to her sorrow. *Leave me to weep, O shores of the sea!* Sweet mother mine! who would not lament though his breast were flint, and would not cry aloud, seeing the greenest years of my girlhood withering away? *Leave me to weep, O shores of the sea!* Let the nights go, since the eyes which made mine watch have gone! let them go and not look on such loneliness, for my bed is too big for me by half. *Leave me to weep, O shores of the sea!*'

But perhaps the most elegant of Gongora's efforts in this style of poetry is that commencing *En un pastoral albergue*, which contains the story of Angelica and Medoro. Four lines out of this poem have been arbitrarily deleted by Quintana in his *Tesoro del Parnaso Español*; the lines are indeed highly coloured by Gongora's favourite faculty, but it may be a question whether this fact justifies Quintana's omission. If every editor were to expunge those verses which he considered improper, the works of our best poets would soon be reduced into pamphlets. Byron would be without *Cain* or *Don Juan*, while Milton's shade would weep over the loss of *Lycidas*, which Dr. Johnson deemed 'vulgar and disgusting.'

The *Soledades*, a word which Gongora appears to have interpreted woods or forests, contains some remarkable passages. The first book speaks of a country maiden as a virgin so fair that she could parch Norway with her two suns, and with her two hands bleach Æthiopia. In the second book is introduced a swift ardent scion of the lascivious Zephyr, in other words a jennet, who with a neigh salutes the egg-coloured horses of the sun, which hear his greeting in their ascent of the ecliptic and courteously reply. • Not otherwise when Wordsworth's Joanna laughed aloud—that laugh was re-echoed with a responsive

uproar by all the brotherhood of the ancient hills. Helm Crag gave, the poet tells us, this laugh of Joanna to Hammer-Scar, Hammer-Scar to Silver-how, and so leaping onwards it passed in turn Silver-how, Loughrigg, Fairfield, Helvellyn, Skiddaw, and Glaramara, till it settled wearily down at last at Kirkstone. In these *Soledades* Gongora spoke probably from experience when he called ceremony 'that profane custom, which wastes in salvoes of impertinence our most necessary time.'

It is difficult to determine whether Gongora has been more praised or blamed by his own countrymen. The great Lope worshipped him, as he worshipped Cervantes, with his mouth, but probably his heart was far from him. His panegyrics in the *Laurel de Apolo* are not to be trusted. That piece reminds the reader of Colman's *Odes to Oblivion* and to *Obscurity* in the matter of Gray. The Andalusian giant need not necessarily be understood of Gongora's mind. His body is described by Hoëz his friend, who has intoned the plain song of his life with no little skill, as that of another Saul, eminent by head and shoulders over his fellow-students at Salamanca. When Lope wrote that Gongora's wit is no less lively than that of Martial, and much more decent, and that all his works are distinguished by erudition—sincerity may have directed his pen, but surely irony alone could have induced him to say that Cordova has as much to boast of in Gongora as in his compatriots Seneca and Lucan. Lope speaks of him as dying a swan, and living a phoenix, but in his comedy *Las Bizarrias de Belisa*, in which Belisa is the antitype of Aminte or Polixène of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, he apparently includes him in the category of those reprobates who painted with rouge not only cheeks but noses, bringing all good things by the road of extremes to the gulf of ruin. In revenge, Gongora in his *Pyramus and Thisbe*, referring to the 'crannied hole or chink' as the player in Bottom's company called it, the player who had some plaster or lime or rough cast about him to signify wall, and was the wittiest partition that ever Demetrius heard discourse—Gongora, availing himself of the double sense of *rima*, says it was 'clearer than the rhymes of a certain person,' meaning, very likely, Lope. He also alludes to the followers of Lope, in one of his sonnets, as ducks dabbling in the slop which inundates their flat (*vega*) master. This is one of the instances, very numerous in Gongora, and adding to his intricacy, of a pun, a term which, like the tongue of a jackdaw, speaks, as it has been affirmed, twice as much for being split. He goes on to advise Lope's acolytes, and so presumably Lope himself, to sail quacking down the ancient channel, as a rabble rout never likely to attain to Attic style or Roman learning, and concludes by beseeching them to worship the swans—that is, of course, Gongora and his school.

Cervantes in his *Voyage to Parnassus* calls Gongora agreeable, beloved, acute, sonorous and solemn above all poets that Apollo has

seen, and declares him to hold the key of a grace of style unequalled in the universe. This seems, in spite of the well-known hyperbole of Spanish panegyric, too magnificent to be sincere. Other critics are undoubtedly favourable. Quintana, who says we must distinguish between the brilliant poet and the extravagant innovator, calls Gongora in *Romances* a king. Don José Pellicer, who pecked at everything in Madrid with his satirical pen, puts his genius, curiously enough, on a par with that of Pindar, and Saavedra Fajardo calls him the Muses' darling, and coryphæus of the Graces.

Though many may take exception to Antonio's estimate of his style as *ad Cleanthi lucernam elucubratus*, and to his use of *appositissimè* in the sentence *Latiporum vocabulorum pluribus appositissimè usurpatis pomæria Hispanæ linguæ quodammodo, extendit*, yet few can help endorsing the opinion of that eminent critic, when he says that Gongora was *vir ingenio maximus*, if not *poeta ad caterorum omnium invidiam*.

JAMES MEW.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS

THE controversy in which I find myself engaged with Mr. George Russell originated in Mr. Birrell's very natural inquiry, 'What, then, did happen at the Reformation?'¹ His contention was that this is a question which has never been settled, which must be faced, but which requires for its solution a study of contemporary evidence beyond the power of the ordinary individual who desires to learn the truth. No one who has made history his study will, I think, venture to dispute this proposition. Putting aside for the moment the works of rival theologians, we find in Dr. Lingard the champion of Rome, in Mr. Froude the apologist of Henry the Eighth. It is not to these that we can turn. And yet, as has been recently said by Professor Maitland of Domesday, the true story of the Reformation, if not 'the known,' is at least 'the knowable.' There is no reason why it should not be possible to do for the great struggle of the sixteenth century what my friend Professor Gardiner is doing for that of the century which followed: it is only for the man that we wait.

In the meanwhile, I endeavoured, in my article, to illustrate the importance and extent of that contemporary historical evidence which is now being brought to light, and which bears directly on the subject of Mr. Birrell's inquiry. Starting from Mr. Gladstone's position that 'the Church of England must fall back' on the Elizabethan settlement, 'in giving an account of herself,' I dealt, not with the changes and reactions of the three preceding reigns, but with 'the Elizabethan religion,' as I deemed it might, historically be termed. As might be expected, this style pleased neither, 'high' nor 'low' in the Church; but its justice, I think, is fairly established by this reluctant admission in a tractate on the 'Anglo-Catholic' side:

It is not a topic on which Churchmen love to dwell, but from 1558 to 1580 the dominant factor in our Reformation was Queen and Council; and, to speak in homely phrase, the Queen and Council, by means of the bishops, took the Church by the nose and drenched her.*

* . . .

The expression is not mine; I do not say that it is pretty; but

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, April 1896.

² *Bishop Guest*, by the Rev. G. F. Hodges (1894).

it forms an effective comment on the tale that the Church reformed herself.

And now, as to 'the Mass.' Mr. Russell, replying to Mr. Birrell's view of the difference 'between a Catholic country and a Protestant one' at the present day, thus defined the position :

'It is the Mass,' he says, 'that matters; it is the Mass that makes the difference.' And here it seems to me that Mr. Birrell attaches to the word 'Mass' some occult or esoteric meaning for which, as far as I know, he has no warrant. . . . The Reformers regarded the words as synonymous. . . . The Mass, then, is the service of the Holy Communion, nothing more and nothing less.³

As to the "order" there is no question: Mr. Russell admits that it has been 'largely and repeatedly modified' in the service of the Holy Communion Office, which differs accordingly from the Mass. This much is obvious. But, apart from the question of these changes, is 'the Mass,' as Mr. Russell persists, a 'perfectly colourless and in-descriptive' name for the Sacrament? The facts are simple. I proved, in my previous article, that the Elizabethan reformers (with whom I was there concerned) violently denounced 'the Mass,' not 'private' Masses, not 'superstitious ideas' about the Mass, but 'the Mass' itself, *sans façon*. I also proved that 'the Mass' was recognised as the distinctive feature of the old religion, and, as such, was suppressed and extirpated by law.

Mr. Russell, however, appeals to Ridley as an 'orthodox, learned, and authoritative' man, whose words triumphantly prove that his above assertion is correct.⁴ To Ridley, therefore, he shall go. Even in 1550, Ridley forbids, in his injunctions to his clergy, 'any counterfeiting of the popish mass . . . in the time of the Holy Communion,' and abolishes the altar 'that the form of a table may more move and turn the simple from the old superstitious opinions of the popish mass.' Of his views on 'April 15, 1557'⁵—a year and a half after his death—Mr. Russell alone can speak. I only know that, when in prison with Latimer his fellow-martyr—Latimer who said of 'Mistress Missa' that 'the devil hath brought her in again'—he held that

things done in the mass tend openly to the overthrow of Christ's institution. . . . I do not take the mass as it is at this day for the communion of the church, but for a popish device, whereby . . . the people of God are miserably deluded.⁶

The most extreme of modern Protestants could not go further than this. Again, in his farewell epistle penned before he went to the stake, this great reformer, whose 'language,' Mr. Russell reminds us, 'was remarkable for its theological temperateness,' wrote of the 'altar' and of the "mass" thus:

In the stead of the Lord's holy table they give the people, with much solemn disguising, a thing which they call their mass; but in deed and in truth it is a

³ *Nineteenth Century*, xl. 35-6.

⁴ P. 422, *supra*.

⁵ *Ibid*.

⁶ Ridley's *Works*, ed. Parker Soc., pp. 121, 120.

very masking and mockery of the true supper of the Lord, or rather I may call it a crafty juggling, whereby these false thieves and jugglers have bewitched the minds of the simple people . . . unto pernicious idolatry.

And then, turning in his agony to his own see of London, he who was to light that 'candle' for England, cried, as if in vision :

O thou now wicked and bloody see, why dost thou set up again many altars of idolatry, which by the word of God were justly taken away? Oh, why hast thou overthrowed the Lord's table? Why dost thou daily delude the people, *masking in thy masses, in the stead of the Lord's most holy supper?*'

Such is the witness of the man on whom Mr. Russell relies! He does not know when Ridley died; he does not know what Ridley wrote; and he then comes forward 'in correction' of my statements of the English Reformation.

It is beyond dispute that Masses are only mentioned by the Church of England in connexion with blasphemy, while its bishops, as we shall see, associated the term with idolatry. As to modern days, we need not travel further than Johnson's Dictionary—as brought up to date by Dr. Latham (1870)—for that 'occult or esoteric meaning' which came as a surprise to Mr. Russell. For we there find 'Mass' described as the 'Service of the Romish Church at the celebration of the Eucharist.' And who are those who would re-introduce the word 'Mass' among us? Notoriously, only that extreme school, of whom, in his last charge, Archbishop Longley said:

It is no want of charity to declare that they remain with us in order that they may substitute the Mass for the Communion; the obvious aim of our reformers having been to substitute the Communion for the Mass (p. 46).

This, which was merely the view of the Primate of all England, will be treated with the ridicule it deserves by an expert like Mr. Russell, who is able to assure us that 'the Mass is the Service of the Holy Communion, nothing more and nothing less.'

Now, this is a point that must be driven home, for Mr. Russell's position is a juggle. And, as a juggle, it is a perfect type of the policy of the sacerdotal party. We have only to ask ourselves what would happen if, instead of denouncing 'the squire and the parson,' Mr. Russell suddenly took to describing the villagers as 'villains.' His ingenuous surprise that anyone should object to a term which originally meant only, a *tunesman*, or dweller in a village (*villa*) would scarcely avert the wrath of his hearers who attached to it the strange 'esoteric meaning' of 'a clownish, a depraved person, a scoundrel.' And yet, it is with no less artless innocence that he

* Ridley's *Works*, ed. Parker Soc., p. 409.

* Hansard (1893), xviii. 123.

* Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*, where the development in the meaning is traced.

now claims, as a 'perfectly colourless and indescriptive' name, a term which, ever since the Church of England possessed her present (Elizabethan) Prayer Book (to say nothing of her Articles), had notoriously denoted the rival liturgy, *and the rival doctrine*, of Rome. Here is a term which, under Elizabeth, the reformers not only discarded but forced the people to abandon, because they identified it with Rome; here is a term which at the present day the sacerdotal party, and they alone, are trying to substitute for the Church's 'Communion.' Why? Because of the doctrines with which it is identified. This, as Mr. Russell would say, 'is elementary knowledge;' and yet he assures us, knowing this, that the Mass is 'a perfectly colourless and indescriptive' name.

Is not this a type, as I have said, of the whole sacerdotal position? Lights, vestments, ritual, are authorised (so far as they are) because they mean nothing; and then they are used on the avowed ground that they mean everything. The Roman Catholic and the loyal Churchman can, and do, unite against this double-faced position; indeed, to condemn it, one need not be either, one need only be an honest man.

It is exactly in the same spirit that Mr. Russell proclaims it 'a matter of great indifference' to him whether we speak of an 'altar' or a 'table.' It was scarcely a matter of 'indifference' to Ridley or to the other Reformers, when they not only erased the altar from the Liturgy, but overthrew it in the church, on the avowed ground of its connexion with 'the sacrifice of the Mass.' And, now that the doctrine of that sacrifice is revived by a party in the Church, the importance of the word 'altar' has revived with it. Hence the Primate to whom I have referred had already to speak thus some thirty years ago: §

The Romish notion of a true, real, and substantial sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ, as it is called in the Council of Trent, entailed the use of the term *altar*. But this term appears nowhere in the Book of Common Prayer, and was no doubt omitted lest any countenance should be given to the sacrifice.

This, as I showed above, was undoubtedly the case.¹⁰

Dealing with what I ventured to term Mr. Gladstone's 'astounding statement' that the altars replaced in Mary's reign were under Elizabeth allowed 'to continue,' I adduced evidence of their destruction. The fact of that destruction, Mr. Russell replies, 'is elementary knowledge.' What then is the meaning of his strange remark that, as Mr. Gladstone "has 'astounded' Mr. Round by some previous publications on this subject, perhaps he will astound him a little more in the treatise on Anglican Orders which he has just foreshadowed"? Is this a hint that in that treatise Mr. Gladstone will advance statements in even sharper conflict with 'elementary knowledge'? I do not say that he will not do so—Mr. Russell is likely to be well

¹⁰ See p. 199 above.

informed; but, surely it is scarcely fair to Mr. Gladstone to betray the fact beforehand.

And now from the 'Mass' and the 'altar' let us turn to the question of 'continuity.' Much, if not most, of the fighting that has raged about 'the continuity of the Church' is due simply to want of definition. What do we mean when we talk of 'continuity,' when we say that the Church of England was 'the same' before and after the Reformation? There is what I may term 'institutional' continuity; there is 'structural continuity,' as Mr. Russell styles it; and there is, lastly, doctrinal continuity. A Church may possess the first only, or the first two, or all three. It is with the first alone that the historian and the lawyer are concerned. A Church may 'shed' her doctrines like the English, or even her bishops like the Scotch, and yet remain, in the eyes of the State, the National Church. Viewed as a corporation (or aggregate of corporations) entitled to certain rights and endowments, the Church is, in my opinion, undoubtedly continuous: that a new Church was established and endowed in the sixteenth century is, of course, a vulgar fiction.

This, however, is not at all what Mr. Russell means when he speaks of 'continuity.' His view—or, at least, his latest view—is that

the organic or structural continuity of the Church of England is secured by the episcopal succession. . . . The Church of England has maintained, through the succession of her bishops, an unbroken continuity.¹¹

This, he says, I do not deny: I have no wish to deny it. But I reply with Bishop Jewell, as would, I gather, Mr. Birrell:

'Succession,' you say, 'is the chief way for any Christian man to avoid Anti-christ.' I grant you, if you mean the succession of doctrine. . . . It is not sufficient to claim succession of place; it behoveth us rather to have regard to the succession of doctrine.¹²

This he wrote in reply to Harding, who had impugned his episcopal succession.

Mr. Russell does himself less than justice in not mentioning that he himself has provided the Church with a new argument for proving 'the succession of her bishops.' In that same eloquent and studied speech in which, as he reminds us, he supported the disendowment of the Church in Wales, he quoted the words that Shakespeare places in the mouth of a former primate:

¹¹ Pp. 420, 426 above.

¹² *Defence of the Apology* (1567), in Cambridge edition of Works, vol. iii. pp. 348, 349. But he struck the key-note of the English Reformation when, taking his stand on St. Cyprian, he explained that what he meant was that 'we ought to return [*sic*] to the original of our Lord and to the tradition of the Gospel' (pp. 350-1). So long as the two Archbishops insist upon this principle, as they do in the Protestant portion of their letter (chaps. xviii., xix.), their position is impregnable.

Canterbury. It must be thought on. If it pass against us
We lose the better half of our possessions :
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us."

'Can anybody,' he urged, 'reading that, and comparing it with the present agitations of the Episcopal Bench in England and Wales, doubt the doctrine of episcopal succession?'¹³ Characteristically graceful though it be, the line of thought, one is bound to add, is not absolutely new. Was it not another gifted Churchman who found the Apostolical succession proved by the likeness of his bishop 'to Judas Iscariot'?

Having now given Mr. Russell's proof I pass to that doctrinal continuity which is the vital question at issue. Was there, or was there not, a real change of doctrine when, under Elizabeth, the English Reformation was complete?

In his former article, Mr. Russell gave us the five 'most important' changes, of which, in his opinion, 'infinitely the most important' was 'the repudiation of the Pope's authority.'¹⁴ Now, indeed, when my evidence has appeared, he tells us that he spoke of 'the repudiation of the Pope and Popery.'¹⁵ But it is obvious that the nation could repudiate 'the Pope's authority' without renouncing any of the doctrines included by our forefathers under 'Popery' (save, of course, the authority itself, so far as that was 'doctrinal'). This, indeed, I venture to assert, is the view now popularly taught by the sacerdotal party. The change on which they would lay the stress is England's repudiation of an authority which the Papacy had gradually usurped. This change was defined, in a recent lecture, by the present Bishop of London, as 'the assertion by England of its national independence.'¹⁶ He thus tersely expressed the position:

There was never a time in England when the Papal authority was not greatly resented. There was a continuous struggle against it, and really the final act of an entire repudiation of the Papal authority followed quite naturally as the result of a long process which had been going on continuously from the very earliest times of English history itself. . . . The English Church parted company with the Papal jurisdiction (p. 3).

The Bishop severs (Mr. Russell's phrase) 'the repudiation of the Pope's authority' from any change in doctrine; and as my opponent firmly denied that any such change was involved in 'the revision of the Liturgy,' the net result of his original summary is that there was virtually no doctrinal change, which is, as I have said, the sacerdotal position.

¹³ Hansard (1895), vol. xxxi. pp. 201, 202.

¹⁴ Vol. xl. p. 35.

¹⁵ P. 449 above.

¹⁶ Lecture on *The Church under Elizabeth*, at the Church House, April 29, 1896.

But in his second article, following mine, we find this startling *volte-face*:

Surely no candid critic can deny that the theological change made by the Reformation was a significant and a profound one. Surely the Thirty-nine Articles embodied a widely different system of theology from that which prevailed in the pre-Reformation Church.

Mr. Russell, we learn, 'completely' agrees with me that there was 'a considerable change of religion in England'! What is the meaning of it? Well, political life, we all know, has its exigencies; and when the Ministry of which Mr. Russell was a member found that it could only retain office by consenting to plunder the Church in Wales he discovered, in the speech from which I have quoted, 'that the persons who made gifts to the Church in mediæval times' would not have done so 'had they known that, as a body, the Church was about to rebel against the see of Peter.'¹⁷ To appreciate the full humour of the position—and Mr. Russell enjoys humour—we must remember that the Bill proposed to confiscate all endowments made before 1703! Now this rebellion 'against the see of Peter' (which is usually assigned to an earlier date) is quite distinct from the doctrine of the Thirty-nine Articles which bury it away in a corner.¹⁸ It is of this doctrine that I propose to speak; and I cordially welcome Mr. Russell's admission, the more so as Lord Halifax has reminded us, in this Review, that

theologians like Dr. Pusey, Bishop Forbes, and Mr. Keble have felt that the doctrines of the Council of Trent and our own formularies are not irreconcilable.¹⁹

'No candid critic,' Mr. Russell now admits, could reconcile the latter with even the theology of our own 'Pre-Reformation Church.' Quite so; that was the view of the Eastern Church's representatives, who observed of Mr. Palmer's explanation of the Articles: 'With you everything needs explanations and apologies;' and who, from their independent standpoint, declared that as to vital points (including, be it noted, the sacrifice of the Mass) 'the Articles seem to condemn them all without any reserve or limitation.'

But when we ask, with Mr. Birrell, whether the English Church did 'in mind and will cut herself off from further participation in the Mass as a sacrifice,' Mr. Russell sinks the politician in the sacerdotal partisan. On the supreme question of the Mass, the question on which, as historical fact, the martyrs avowedly laid down their lives, he will admit no change: the 'sacrifice of the Mass,'²⁰ is not abandoned; against 'the doctrine of the Mass, as the Catholic Church in East and West understood it, the Reformers of the Church of

¹⁷ P. 419 above.

¹⁸ 'The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England' (Art. XXXVII.).

¹⁹ Vol. xxxix. p. 860.

²⁰ P. 37.

England struck no blow ; ' that doctrine ' has been held by the Church of England since the Reformation as before.' ²¹

One feels a natural reluctance to discuss such doctrines as those of the Real Presence or the sacrifice of the Mass ; but the honest historian cannot ignore the points of supreme consequence at the Reformation as now.

Mr. Russell, with a mock apology for his 'offensive pleasantry of July,' begins his defence of the mystery of the Mass by citing 'Mr. Squeers' and 'Serjeant Buzfuz,' by a ponderous pun, and even by descending (to quote the organ of his own party) 'to a certain vulgar and disgusting comparison.' ²² I do not grudge him, even in humour, a 'forward movement' of his own ; but he seems, with his idea of 'a joke in season,' to be somewhat in advance of the rest of the world. Certainly I shall not follow his example by comparing some of the fine-drawn pleading that has lately been advanced on his own side with the meaning deduced by Mrs. Bardell's counsel from the words 'tomato sauce ;' I think one may safely leave to Mr. Russell the enlivenment of theology by Dickens.

In spite of that wondrous flood of verbiage by which (as a Roman Catholic would say) the elusive Anglican endeavours to obscure the real issues at stake, the sharp discord on the doctrine of the Mass defies the subtlest efforts to conceal it or explain it away. Every man of ordinary intelligence is able to draw the inevitable conclusion from this direct contradiction, which goes to the root of the matter. ²³

COUNCIL OF TRENT, 1551 (AND 1564) THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES, 1563 AND 1571

De Sancto Eucharistiæ sacramento

Of the Lord's Supper

Canon VIII. Si quis dixerit, Christum, in Eucharistia exhibitum, *spiritualiter tantum manducari*. . . anathema sit.

Art. XXVIII. Corpus Christi datur, accipitur, et *manducatur* in cœna tantum cœlesti et *spirituali ratione*.

I am conversant with the argument that this article was of Bishop Guest's 'own penning,' and that he was a believer in the 'Real (Objective) Presence.' It is best set forth in a little monograph published in 1894 with a highly commendatory preface by Dr. Mason, 'examining chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.' ²⁴ Writing as a champion of the doctrine in question, the author maintains that

²¹ Pp. 38, 39 above.

²² *Daily News*, March 4, 1897.

²³ I give the Latin text of the Article for more exact and accurate comparison. The date of this session of the Council was October 11, 1551, a point of importance, for 'in several letters of the Reformers we observe the interest with which they were watching the contemporary disputations at Trent, especially in the course of the eventful year 1551' (*Hardwick on the Articles*, ed. 1884, p. 83, note).

²⁴ *Bishop Guest*, by the Rev. G. F. Hodges. Mr. Fuller also relies strongly on the teaching of Bishop Guest.

Guest's treatise in 1548 implies that he held this doctrine, and that 'what he had been in 1548 he was in 1559' (p. 18). It is only, I am sure, by inadvertence that the author omits to quote, among the passages in that treatise opposed to this view, the fatal assertion that infants at baptism

eat his body and drinke his bloude *as realye* as we do at his supper: howbeit no man worshippeth eyther hys body as present at baptisme *ther no lesse presented then at his supper*, eyther els his godhed, ether for his own or for ye presens of his said body. Why then shuld ether his body be honoured as present in ye masse after the consecration? &c.²⁵

One is reminded of the author's own reluctant but candid confession, as to the quotations by Dr. Pusey and his followers, 'from Anglican divines who . . . had affirmed a Real Objective Presence,' that 'the greater part of these will not bear scrutiny' (p. 47).

In speaking throughout, as I have done, of the 'sacerdotal' party, I refer, of course, to that 'sacerdotium,' that power to offer sacrifice as a priest, which is denied to them by the Papal Bull, and which that Bull, rightly or wrongly (with this I am not concerned), declares essential to valid Orders. I am only concerned, I repeat, with the claim of Anglican clergymen that they are sacrificing priests, authorised to 'offer' what Mr. Russell terms the 'sacrifice of the Mass.' It is, of course, contended by them, against Roman Catholics on the one hand and the rest of their Church on the other, that Article Thirty-one is not directed against 'the sacrifice of the Mass.' I have read the subtle arguments of their ablest champions with care, and gladly bear testimony to their skill; but the question that the student of history will ask is: How was the Article in question understood at the time? For this we need only listen to the thunder of the rival Churches as heard in the Articles of Religion and the Canons of the Council of Trent. It is important to observe that the Canons which follow are preceded by a preface which distinctly asserts them to be aimed at the errors then being taught:—

Quia vero adversus veterem hanc . . . fidem, hoc tempore multi disseminati sunt errores, multaque a multis docentur et disputantur; sancta synodus, . . . quæ huic purissimæ fidei, sacræque doctrinæ adversarius, damnare, et a sancta ecclesiæ eliminare, per subjectos hos canones constituit.

And these errors are not those at which it is now pretended the Thirty-first Article was aimed, but are, on the contrary, as will be seen, those which are upheld in that Article, to which the canons, therefore, form the reply direct.

²⁵ Ed. 1840, p. 116. The italics are mine, but the absence of capitals is in the text. Guest undoubtedly had not changed 'in 1559,' for in his letter to Cecil justifying the omissions in the new Prayer Book he actually insists that no 'higher and better things be gyven' by 'ye communion' than by 'baptizyng, readyng, preachinge, and prayenge,' and that 'in ye worde [*i.e.* reading and preaching] we eate and drynke Christ'!

ARTICLES OF 1552, 1563, AND 1571

XXXI. *Of the one Oblation of Christ finished upon the Cross*

The Offering of Christ once made is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual; and there is none other satisfaction for sin, but that alone. Wherefore the sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was commonly said that the Priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous, fables and dangerous deceits.

SESSION XXII. (September 17, 1562)

De Sacrificio Missæ

Canon I. Si quis dixerit, in missa non offerri Deo verum et proprium sacrificium; . . . anathema sit.

Canon II. Si quis dixerit . . . Christum . . . non ordinasse ut . . . sacerdotes offerrent corpus et sanguinem suum; anathema sit.

Canon III. Si quis dixerit, missæ sacrificium . . . non . . . propitiatorium; . . . neque pro vivis, et defunctis, pro peccatis, poenis, satisfactionibus, et aliis necessitatibus offerri debere; anathema sit.

Canon IV. Si quis dixerit, blasphemiam irrogari sanctissimo Christi sacrificio, in cruce peracto, per missæ sacrificium, . . . anathema sit.

No dispassionate and candid critic (as Mr. Russell would say), comparing these canons with the Article, can fail to see that they treat it as directed against the 'Sacrificium Missæ,' and as asserting that this 'Sacrificium' was 'blasphemy' against the one Oblation 'finished upon the Cross' (*in cruce peracto*). To that assertion they retort that he who makes it is accursed. It was made, however, by Convocation in 1563, and again in 1571.²⁶

Even the strenuous pleader in the *Church Quarterly Review* is forced to admit that, after all, the Article 'touched the doctrine of the Mass' (p. 45).

The reformers attacked a system of practical abuses at a point where the influence of the misconception was most prominently displayed, viz. in the private masses. But it cannot be doubted . . . that in attacking these 'Missarum sacrificia' they used language fatal to the doctrine of the Mass.²⁷

We need, I may add, no better instance than Guest's treatise 'against the prevee Masse,' for although claimed as a moderate man, he denounces 'the masse sacrifice,' root and branch, throughout.

Bishop Jewell is claimed by Mr. Puller as a 'representative' Anglican theologian, and by the present Bishop of London 'as one of the great writers of Anglicanism';²⁸ and Bishop Jewell, Mr. Puller claims, taught that the Church of England 'had retained priesthood and sacrifice.' Would it surprise that able champion of

²⁶ 'One ought to remember,' Mr. Puller urges, 'that the definitions of the Council of Trent bearing on this question were neither authorised nor promulgated before . . . September 17, 1562.' No doubt. But Convocation adopted the Article, twice over, after that date.

²⁷ April 1896, pp. 47, 48.

²⁸ Lecture at the Church House on *The Church under Elizabeth*, April 29, 1896:

the sacerdotal party to learn what the Bishop meant by his 'priest' and his 'sacrifice'?

Thus we see all Christian men are priests, and offer up to God the daily sacrifice—that is, the sacrifice of Christ's passion.²⁹

It is difficult to imagine any words more absolutely destructive of the sacerdotal position than these of the very man on whom its champion relies.

It is, I believe, among the facts not generally known that in the present century—indeed, in the lifetime of the present Sovereign—each English bishop had to declare the sacrifice of the Mass to be 'idoltrous.' He could not sit in the House of Lords without making this declaration :

I, A. B., doe solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God professe, testifie, and declare that I doe believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the Elements of Bread and Wine into the Body and Blood of Christ at or after the Consecration thereof by any person whatsoever. And that the Invocation or Adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint and the Sacrifice of the Masse, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idoltrous. And I doe solemnly in the presence of God professe, testifie, and declare that I doe make this Declaration and every part thereof in the plaine and ordinary sence of the Words read unto me as they are commonly understood by English Protestants,³⁰ without any Evasion, Equivocation, or Mentall Reservation whatever.³¹

The closing words should be carefully noticed. There are those, no doubt—the people, for instance, who write to the *Church Times*—who will urge that it was possible to make this declaration, and yet to hold and teach the doctrines it is framed to condemn. I prefer to believe that, at least in those days, the Church of England taught not only religion, but morality.

'The sacrifice of the Mass' in the Roman Church was the same in 1678 as in the days of Elizabeth; and the wording, fortunately, is too precise for any 'evasion' or 'equivocation' as to the doctrine that the bishops denounced. Nor, indeed, did they attempt to evade it in 1829. If I select the admissions of the Bishop of Oxford, it is because he spoke as an expert, having been, as he reminded the House, *Régius* Professor of Divinity; and also because he had a horror of 'the Puritans' worthy of his present distinguished successor; while in his eloquent vindication of Roman Catholics he stood, among the bishops, almost alone.

²⁹ *Works* (Cambridge edition, 1848), vol. iii. p. 336. This passage is taken from the very treatise from which Mr. Puller quotes. The Archbishops' letter, published since this article was written, almost accepts Jewell's position, in reminding the Pope that even St. Peter exhorts 'the whole people about offering, as a holy priesthood, spiritual sacrifices to God' (p. 89), and that 'necessarily' the people with them takes 'its part' in what they are 'accustomed to call the Eucharistic sacrifice' (p. 19).

³⁰ The italics are mine.

³¹ 30 Car. II. (1678), cap. 1 (*Statutes of the Realm*, vol. v. p. 894).

I have sworn, indeed, that the invocation of saints and the sacrifice of the mass are idolatry, but I have not sworn that all papists are idolaters before God. . . . I trust we have as much regard for the solemn oath we have taken respecting the doctrines of transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the mass, as the noble and learned lord himself. . . . I say again that the invocation of saints is idolatrous, that the sacrifice of the mass is idolatrous; but I do not say that the whole of the Roman Catholic religion is idolatry. . . . Among these additions [to the fair and beautiful form of Christianity] are the invocation of saints and the sacrifice of the mass. But these tenets are not Protestant; . . . I assert that I never said the invocation of saints and the sacrifice of the mass were not idolatrous.³²

Here, then, we have the whole of the bishops, from the two Primates downwards, denouncing, in their character of 'Protestants,'³³ that 'sacrifice of the Mass' which, Mr. Russell claims, has been continuously and 'openly taught' in their Church, not as erroneous, but as 'idolatrous'! The final settlement of the Church of England took place, as all the world knows, 235 years ago; for 150 years out of that period its bishops thus stigmatised what Mr. Russell terms its 'unbroken and unchallenged' tradition.³⁴ Is there any other Church—if Mr. Russell is right—in which such a state of things is even conceivable?

Need one add that in the mouth of a bishop, of a Regius Professor of Divinity, the word 'idolatrous' is no term of mere vulgar abuse? We all know what the Protestant martyrs meant when they denounced the 'idolatry' of the Mass: the Council of Trent knew it well when it drew up its sixth Canon '*De sacrosancto Eucharistiæ sacramento*' (1551):—

Si quis dixerit, in sancto eucharistiæ sacramento Christum unigenitum Dei Filium non esse cultu latriæ, etiam externo, adorandum; atque ideo . . . ejus adoratores esse idolatras; anathema sit.

The Bishop of Oxford saw clearly that adoration was not 'idolatrous' in those who believed in the Real Presence: to him and his brethren it was 'idolatrous' because they did not. When we find even Mr. Puller admitting that

Truth obliges me to go further. I do not think that, later on, Cranmer and Ridley believed in the true doctrine of the Real Presence of the Body and Blood of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. . . . Although they considered their teaching to be in accordance with the doctrine of the Holy Fathers, in reality it was far removed from it;

when Mr. Hodges is forced to write:

It is indisputable that, with few exceptions, members of Convocation in 1562 and 1571 had discarded all belief in a Real Objective Presence;

when he is even driven to conclude that Article XXIX. was expressly 'penned to deny' that doctrine.³⁵ (which he was writing to uphold),

³² Hansard (1829), vol. xxi. pp. 82, 506, 507.

³³ *Ibid.* pp. 58, 60-66, 79, 143, 147-155, *et passim*.

³⁴ P. 426 above.

³⁵ *Bishop Guest*, pp. 28, 345.

we shall know what weight to attach to Mr. Russell's assertion that against the Catholic doctrine of the Mass 'the reformers of the Church of England struck no blow.'³⁶ We have only to turn to Ridley, his own selected reformer, to learn that 'when, formally charged with heresy'³⁷ by Pole, the Pope's legate, it was solely with heresy against the doctrine of the Mass. It was because the reformers held the doctrine known as 'the sacrifice of the Mass' to be neither 'primitive' nor 'protestant' that they ended by evicting the word 'Mass' from the Liturgy of the Church of England and from the lips of her people. 'It is' still 'the Mass that matters; it is the Mass that makes the difference.'³⁸

. J. H. ROUND.

³⁶ P. 843-4 above.

³⁷ P. 422 above.

³⁸ The Archbishops' letter nowhere accepts the *sacrificium Missae*, 'the oblation of the Body and Blood of the Lord' (p. 18), defined by the Council of Trent as the doctrine of the Church of Rome. It does use, of the Consecration, the words 'may become to us the Body and Blood,' in speaking both of the Communion service and of the office of the Mass (pp. 18, 19); but the careful reader will observe that it employs inverted commas in the latter, but not (for the best of all reasons) in the former instance. That reason is that those words (even with the milder 'be' of the 'First' Prayer Book) were, as is well known, expunged from the Prayer of Consecration in the 'second' Prayer Book, and in that of Elizabeth, to the ardent and undying grief of the High Church party. Guest, in his letter to Cecil (1559), justified the omission being made, because the words used by the Archbishops make for 'a doctrine that hath caused much idolatrie.' It is greatly to be hoped that the 'Bishops of the Catholic Church' will verify the Primates' statements by referring to the Liturgy for themselves, when they will also discover that Anglican priests do not, as alleged, 'when now consecrating' . . . signify the sacrifice 'owing to the eventful change made in 1552 and 1559.'

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL'S CRITICISMS.

IN the March and April numbers of this Review, the Duke of Argyll has raised afresh most of the questions involved in the general doctrine of Organic Evolution. An adequate discussion of all these questions would occupy a space which the Review cannot afford, and would diminish too much the small amounts of time and energy remaining to me. But though prompted for these reasons not to answer, it seems to me that I cannot with propriety keep silence, considering the generally courteous manner in which the Duke of Argyll has expressed his criticisms. Between deterrents and incentives I may perhaps best compromise by seeking to clear up some fundamental misunderstandings which have arisen.

(1) Throughout the earlier parts of his first article, the Duke of Argyll speaks of my view as standing in opposition to the view of Darwin. I am unaware of any opposition, save that resulting from unlike estimates of the shares its factors have had in producing Organic Evolution. Besides the effects of Natural Selection, Mr. Darwin recognised certain comparatively small effects of use and disuse: ascribing, however, more importance to them towards the close of his life than he did at first. I have contended that they are of far greater importance than he supposed—that while, in the evolution of inactive organisms, Natural Selection has been almost the sole factor, the inheritance of functionally-wrought modifications has come to the front as the chief factor in proportion as organisms have risen in the scale of activity: survival of the fittest continuing, however, to be always a cooperator.

(2) Along with the misapprehension implied in representing this difference as an antagonism, there goes the misapprehension implied in the following extract:—

But Darwin's theory is quite as distinctly and as definitely a theory of organic evolution as the theory of which Mr. Spencer boasts, that it will remain secure even if Darwinism should be abandoned. Both these theories are equally hypotheses as to the particular processes through which development has held its way in that department of Nature which we know as organic life.¹

I did not foresee that Mr. Darwin's conclusion and the conclusion

which would remain were his disproved, might be mistaken for alternatives; nor did I suppose it might be said that 'both these theories are equally hypotheses as to the particular processes through which development has held its way.' The theory of Natural Selection may rightly be called an hypothesis respecting a process, but the theory of Organic Evolution is in no sense the theory of a process. It is simply a generalisation, based on various classes of facts which show that Organic Evolution has taken place; and it would hold its ground even if the assigned causes, or all conceivable causes, were disproved. When I pointed out that if the theory of gravitation had been disproved the Copernican theory of the Solar System would have remained outstanding, and that, similarly, disproof of Natural Selection as a cause would leave outstanding organic evolution as a result of causes, known or unknown, it did not occur to me that I might be supposed to regard Organic Evolution as a cause comparable with Natural Selection as a cause.

(3) The passage with which the Duke of Argyll commences his second paper ascribes to me two beliefs, neither of which I recognise as mine. He says:—

Mr. Herbert Spencer's rebellion against the 'enormous' time which evolutionists have hitherto demanded, and to which Lord Salisbury only alluded as a well-known characteristic of their theories, marks a new stage in the whole controversy. Nobody had made the demand more emphatically than Mr. Spencer himself only a few years ago. His confession now, and his even elaborate defence of the idea that the work of evolution may be a work of great rapidity, goes some way to bridge the space which divides the conception of creation, and the conception of evolution as merely one of its methods.

The less important of these erroneous ascriptions is contained in the statement that I have made an 'elaborate defence of the idea that the work of evolution may be a work of great rapidity.' Lord Salisbury commented on the 'prodigious change requisite to transform' the jelly-fish into the man: implying that the demand for many hundred millions of years for this change was none too great, and, by implication, that it could not have taken place in the hundred million years assigned by Lord Kelvin. In reply, I pointed out that this 'prodigious change' was not greater than that undergone by every infant during the nine months preceding its birth. Basing on familiar facts an estimate of the number of generations which would succeed one another in the hundred million years, I further pointed out that the 'prodigious change' would be effected if each generation differed from the next as much as the unfolding foetus differs from itself in $\frac{1}{250}$ of a minute; and that if, of the successive increments of change, we assume that only one in 250 falls in the line of higher evolution, it would still result that the change from a protozoon to man would be effected in a hundred million years, if each generation differed from the next by as much as the foetus differs from

itself in successive minutes. And here I may add that the required average difference between each generation and the next, would be immeasurably less than that between individuals in each generation; since this is usually quite conspicuous. The implied rate of change can scarcely be characterised as one of 'great rapidity.'

(4) But the more important of these erroneous ascriptions remains. In his preceding article the Duke of Argyll speaks of my 'change of front,' and in the foregoing extract he speaks of my 'rebellion against the "enormous," time which evolutionists have hitherto demanded.' Being utterly unconscious of any 'change of front' or any such 'rebellion,' I could not at first understand why they were ascribed to me. Examination proved, however, that the Duke of Argyll had mistaken a hypothetical admission for an actual admission. The misinterpreted passage is one in which I have said of Lord Salisbury:

In support of his argument he cites Lord Kelvin's conclusion that life cannot have existed on the earth more than a hundred millions of years. Respecting Lord Kelvin's estimate it may be remarked that the truth of a conclusion depends primarily on the character of the premises; that mathematical processes do not furnish much aid in the choice of premises; that no mathematical genius, however transcendent, can evolve true conclusions out of premises that are either incorrect or incomplete; and that while putting absolute faith in Lord Kelvin's reasonings, it is possible to doubt the data with which he sets out. Suppressing criticism, however, let us accept in full the hundred million years, and see what comes of it.*

It seems probable that having, when first reading this passage, not duly noted its qualifying forms of expression, the Duke of Argyll did not refer back to it before writing his article; for otherwise it is difficult to understand how, after the indications of scepticism given in it, he could suppose that I have accepted Lord Kelvin's estimate. My argument was that even if the duration of life on the Earth had been only a hundred million years, still, within this period, the 'prodigious change' might be effected by increments which, in successive generations, would be insensible in their amounts. I did not intend to imply *actual* acceptance of the estimate; and I never imagined that any one would suppose I did. The arguments against acceptance remain with me in undiminished strength.

With these rectifications I must here end: excusing myself, for the reasons given, from entering upon detailed discussions.

HERBERT SPENCER.

* *Nineteenth Century*, 1895, p. 752.

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BRITISH MONARCHY AND MODERN
DEMOCRACY

I HAVE often regretted that no competent scholar has given the world a history of the monarchical idea. There would be few more curious and interesting tasks than to trace its career, from its simple beginnings in the infancy of civilisation to its complex manifestations in this sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign. We possess, indeed, valuable contributions to the subject from the pens of many able writers. To speak only of two. In Sir Henry Maine's masterly *Dissertations on Early Law and Custom* there is a most admirable account of the archaic king in his relation to civil justice. The Bishop of Oxford, in his well-known work, has traced, with singular fulness of knowledge and grasp of principle, the rise and early development of British sovereignty. But a general history of kingship is a task still to be executed—a task demanding for its satisfactory execution a rare combination of scientific scholarship and philosophical acumen.

I suppose most men and voters would regard Monarchy as an unnatural polity. In fact, it is the one form of government to which the term 'natural' may properly be applied. I need hardly observe how utterly unhistorical is the conception of primitive society so widely popularised through the influence of Rousseau. Not a community of men and citizens, all sovereign and equivalent, but auto-

cracy, is the earliest form of the State known to us. To this polity, I say, the term 'natural' may be with peculiar propriety applied. Civil society, indeed, whatever its form—there is no immutably best form—is man's true state of nature. For he is what Aristotle called him two thousand years ago—'a political animal.' But of civil society the family is the germ. The authority of the father, king over his own children, is, as a mere matter of historical fact, the earliest form of the *jus imperandi*, which must be referred to the nature of things as essential to human life, and therefore divinely ordained. And the patriarchal state is everywhere the primitive condition of civil society. The archaic king, or autocratic chieftain, is, if I may so express it, the artificially extended father. The regal power is but the paternal power in a wider sphere. Most people who have passed through a public school or a university understand, more or less clearly, how far-reaching this *patria potestas* was in ancient Rome. It reached even farther in ancient India, where we find the father as 'the rajah or absolute sovereign of the family that depends upon him.' In the expansion of the patriarchal family to the tribe, to the primitive nation, the attributes of the father remained unchanged. His word is still law; and what is significant, as Sir Henry Maine points out, 'his sentences, or *θέμιστες*, which is the same word with our Teutonic word Dooms, [though] doubtless drawn from pre-existing custom or usage, are supposed to come directly into his mind by divine dictation from on high, to be conceived by him spontaneously or through divine prompting.' 'It is in connection with the personage whom we call the king that law, civil or criminal, to be enforced by penalties to be inflicted in this world, first makes its appearance in the Hindu Sacred Books.' The archaic king is the supreme judge and legislator, as well as the supreme general, and is invested also with a distinctly religious character. It is interesting to observe how these attributes of kingship, in its earliest form, even now attach, in theory, to its latest development. The Queen is still the source of legislation: statutes are enacted by Her Most Excellent Majesty. The judges of the High Court are her judges, and derive their authority from her commission. She is the head of the Army and Navy: we speak of the troops as Her Majesty's troops, of the fleet as Her Majesty's fleet. She is, in virtue of her ecclesiastical supremacy, the ultimate arbiter in controversies, whether of faith or morals, within the National Church; and her theological determinations, given upon the advice of her Privy Council, are irreformable.

I merely note this point in passing. I go on to remark that the whole history of the progressive races of the world is a moving away, ever farther and farther, from the patriarchal state, and may not inaptly be regarded as the history of the evolution of the individual. The unit of archaic society is not the man but the family. The

individual, as we conceive of him, with his attributes of personal liberty and private property, has been slowly developed during thousands of years. He is the latest, not the first term in the career of humanity. And as he has developed, of course the forms of the social organism in which he exists have undergone vast modifications. To touch upon this subject, even in outline, would manifestly be an undertaking far beyond my present limits. Nor is it necessary that I should do so for my present purpose, which is specially connected with the actual political conditions in which we live.

It is, as we all confess, an age of Democracy. In so terming it we express its distinctive characteristic. The great political and social cataclysm which marked the close of the last century has largely transformed the public order of the progressive races of the world, and imprinted upon it a popular character. The acute intelligence of Kaunitz formed a juster appreciation of that event than was possible to most of his contemporaries. 'The French Revolution,' he said, 'will last for long, perhaps for always.' And even De Maistre, with his keen if narrow vision, realised the same unwelcome truth. 'For a long time we supposed the Revolution to be a mere event: we were wrong; it is an epoch.' Yes, it is an epoch—an epoch of what is vaguely called Democracy. A question-begging word, indeed, is that same Democracy. The rule or government of the *demos* or people. But what is the *demos* or people? Is it 'the majority of the adult population, told by the head,' in Burke's phrase? Are women's heads to be counted as well as men's? And does it mean, in practice, the absolute sway of a popular assembly, reflecting the average opinion or momentary whim—opinion implies too much—of the greater number who have taken the trouble to vote? Or are we rather to conceive of the *demos* or people as the nation in its corporate capacity, and of the function of representative institutions as being to give due weight to all the constituents of the body politic, to 'produce a balance of the historical elements in a given society'? It is a momentous question, apparently not so much as conceived by most of those among ourselves to whom the name of statesman is somewhat inconsiderately applied. On one occasion Boileau found himself involved in an argument with the great Condé, who, on being worsted in it, lost his temper a little. The poet suavely observed, 'In future I will take care to agree with M. le Prince when he is in the wrong.' What Boileau said in irony to the hero most so-called statesmen say in sad and sober earnest to the masses. Mr. Pickwick's rule, to shout with the largest mob, appears to be the Alpha and Omega of their statesmanship. Surely the true function of a statesman is to enlighten popular instincts, to dominate popular caprices. As assuredly the real occupation of the leaders of the factions which we call political parties, is mere majority-mongering, the most effec-

tive means of which is found to be a good stock of sonorous shibboleths adroitly applied. One of the commonest of these is 'the general will,' to which, we are told, all must bow. Upon this I observe that what is called 'the general will' is not will at all, strictly speaking. It may possibly be purpose, vague and amorphous; it is more commonly mere aspiration or desire. Professor von Sybel observes in his *History of the Revolutionary Period* that the *Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen* 'raised to the throne, not the reason which is common to all men, but the aggregate of universal passions.'

Now 'the aggregate of universal passions' cannot be the rightful ruler in any country. Nor is a majority of the adult inhabitants of any country the true demos or people. Such a majority is not the nation, I say. It is not even the most considerable element of the nation. There are other elements far more important than mere numbers. Hence it was that in a paper contributed some time ago to this Review I ventured to speak of the kind of Democracy at present so widely existing in Europe as False Democracy. It is chaotic, inorganic. The problem lying before the world is to organise it in accordance with those immutable principles of right and reason which are the only true laws of any polity. Herr Schäffle, in his extremely suggestive volume *Deutsche Kern- und Zeitfragen*, insists, 'A real popular chamber is not to be found in a chamber representing merely the majority told by heads. The four essentials to a good representation of a nation are completeness, proportion, independence, and capacity.' And such a representation, he argues, with great force and cogency, can be obtained only 'by a combination of representation by universal suffrage with a representation of the communal and corporate articulation of the nation'—that is, of the local and social interests and capacities of the whole body politic.

No doubt an essential feature of Modern Democracy is universal suffrage. I, for one, hail universal suffrage as essentially just in principle; and that, because it is a recognition of rights springing from human personality. In the New Monarchy, established so widely throughout Europe on the ruins of mediæval liberties, those rights suffered an almost total eclipse. The old doctrine of Aquinas, that the king exists for the people, was contemptuously rejected. It was held that the people exists for the king, whose 'right divine to govern wrong' was proclaimed by a servile clergy. The Parliamentary assemblies which throughout the mediæval period had served as the mouthpieces of popular aspirations, and as the guarantees of individual right, were suppressed, or turned into mere machinery for the enforcement of the royal will. Louis the Fourteenth's doctrine, 'L'État c'est moi,' became dominant throughout Continental Europe. This is what Lamennais termed 'that terrific disease called Royalism,

which little by little destroyed all the forces of society.' The drastic remedy of the French Revolution has, after long working, expelled the disease from most European countries: 'We may well demur—every scientific jurispudent must demur—to many propositions of *The Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen*, which served as the manifesto of that Revolution. But we must at all events recognise that it has impressed deeply—nay, we may hope and believe ineradicably—upon the popular mind this great truth: that man does possess political rights which may properly be called natural, and which are inalienable and imprescriptible, because they spring from the very ground of his personality. He is a *person*, not a thing. And it is precisely because he is a person that he has a right to be considered in the legislation of a community. But in a high state of civilisation, such as that in which we live, 'considered' means consulted. To say that a man has a natural right to a vote is an absurdity. To say that he has a natural right to some share of political power is the soundest of sense. And a vote is ordinarily, at the present day, the most convenient way in which that share of political power can be exercised. As a *person* his rational co-operation is necessary to his own development and to that of his fellows. Hence his consent, express or implied, is requisite, as the masters of the mediæval school taught, to a just law. But to say that all men are entitled to a share of political power is not to say that they are entitled to the *same* share. In a true Democracy suffrage will be universal; but it will be graduated, qualified, tempered. 'Every man to count for one, no man for more than one,' is a shibboleth with which we are all familiar. The first half of it is wholesome truth: the second half is poisonous sophism. All men are equal as persons: and every man should therefore count for one. But men are unequal in the endowments of nature and fortune. And therefore, some men should count for more than one. Hence it is, as John Stuart Mill trenchantly observes, that 'equal voting is on principle wrong.' There is a true sense in the Carlylesque doctrine that the rights of men are the rights of men. Character, fortune, race—yes, and all the forces which constitute the individual—ought to have free play. Human freedom, as Aristotle defines it, means 'belonging to oneself and not to another. And this implies the right of every man to be valued in the community for what he is really worth. Inequality and liberty are inseparably connected. To sum up in words which I have elsewhere used, and which I may be allowed to quote, as I do not know how to better them: 'In so far as men are in truth equal, they are entitled to equal shares of political power. In so far as they are in truth unequal, they are entitled to unequal shares of political power. Justice is in a mean—it lies in the combination of equal and unequal rights.'

On justice, assuredly, every polity must be based if it is to endure. Build on any other foundation than that adamant rock, and your political edifice, however imposing with 'cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces,' will pass away like 'an insubstantial pageant.' When the rain descends, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it, fall it must, and great will be the fall of it. I, for my part, believe that Modern Democracy will receive that rational organisation—that organisation in accordance with 'the moral laws of Nature and of nations'—which will allow due room to powers and interests other and more important than the powers and interests of numbers; which will secure for every social and historical element in the country its proper place and rightful influence. Such a Democracy men of good-will are everywhere looking for and hastening unto; and the future of civilisation is bound up with it. And now to speak of Monarchy. What is its function in this new age? Has it, indeed, any function? Or is it played out? its occupation gone? a survival of a dead past, soon to be swept away, like Temple Bar, as an antiquated obstacle to progress? The wonderful enthusiasm evoked by the approaching celebration of the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's reign may assist us to answer that question. What is the meaning of that spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm, that vast tumult of acclaim throughout the British Empire, which has carried away the strongest heads and the coolest temperaments? Of course, it is a beautiful and touching evidence of the love borne by her subjects to the illustrious Lady whose virtues during all that tract of years have been ever more and more revealed by 'the fierce light that beats upon a throne.' But it is more than that. It is a signal manifestation of certain essential elements of human nature, too little reckoned with by political sciolists in 'the unreasonableness of their reason.' It is a striking confutation of the vast delusion so industriously propagated by the school of political economists commonly known as orthodox that mankind is exclusively, or even chiefly, swayed by considerations of profit and loss. The objection which Hazlitt makes to Bentham is equally applicable to the whole Utilitarian school in politics, that he 'had struck the whole mass of fancy, prejudice, passions, with his petrific leaden mace; that he had "bound volatile Hermes," and reduced the theory and practice of human life to a *caput mortuum* of reason and dull plodding calculation.' Hazlitt adds, 'The gentleman himself is a capital logician, and he has been led by this circumstance to consider man a logical animal. We fear this view of the matter will hardly stand.' Hardly. Sympathies and antipathies, passions and prejudices, fancies and foibles, caprices and cupidities, are far more masterful than logic with the vast majority of men. The First Napoleon, who knew human nature much better than Bentham, observed, 'You can govern man only through his imagination; without

imagination he is no better than a brute.' It is true. Imagination is a faculty absolutely necessary to *human* life. It is at the basis of civil society. Emotions are called forth by objects, not by our intellectual separation and combination of them. Mere abstractions and generalisations do not evolve feeling. Loyalty, by which I mean devotion to persons, springs eternal in the human breast. And nowhere is it more eminently seen, more beautifully displayed, than in the Teutonic races. In Englishmen there is innate a veneration for the men and women in whom the institutions of the country seem—so to speak—embodied in visible form. Legitimism, in its old sense, is happily dead and gone. Kingship, as this vast Jubilee celebration witnesses, is very much alive.

Now it seems to me among the chief achievements of England in practical politics—that field where she has won so many magnificent triumphs—to have realised the true idea of Modern Monarchy; to have assigned to the Throne its rightful place in Modern Democracy. And this has not been done, in virtue of any preconceived theories, by any balancing of abstractions, by any application of *a priori* principles. No! it is the natural outcome of constitutional development, 'the long result of time.' The British Monarchy has grown *occulto velut arbor ævo*, ever manifesting that adaptation to its environment which is a chief law of life. For its beginnings we must go back to the dim antiquity of the year 493, when, according to the Chronicle, 'the two ealdormen, Cerdic and Cynric his son, came to Britain and became kings of the West Saxons.' A divine pedigree was claimed for them. They were said to be descendants of Woden. However that may be, certain it is that our present Gracious Sovereign is their direct representative. 'Our own Queen Victoria,' writes Sir Henry Maine, 'has in her veins the blood of Cerdic of Wessex, the fierce Teutonic chief, out of whose dignity English kingship grew; and, in one sense, she is the most perfect representative of Teutonic royalty, as the English institutions have never been so much broken as the institutions of other Germanic societies by the overwhelming disturbances caused elsewhere by Roman law and Roman legal ideas.' German kingship differed in most important particulars from Roman Cæsarism. The selection of the Sovereign, from among the members of the Royal House, belonged both in form and substance to the Witan. To the Witan belonged also the power, in grave cases, of deposing him. The advice and consent of the Witan was necessary to the validity of his laws. Important as were his privileges and prerogatives, he was hedged in on all sides by constitutional restrictions. No doubt as the English kingdom increased in extent, the English king increased in strength. No doubt the Norman Conquest brought a considerable accession of royal authority. But William the Conqueror professed to stand in the same position as Edward the Confessor, whose chosen

heir he claimed to be. Nor was it an empty profession. He set himself to rule as an English king, binding himself at his election and coronation by the accustomed oaths; and, upon the whole, he observed them fairly well. The feudalism which he brought with him no doubt introduced a disturbing element into our constitutional history, and under his immediate successors the distinctively English idea of kingship was largely obscured. But it is strictly accurate to say that the Great Charter, wrung from King John, is the corner-stone upon which the existing edifice of our political liberties rests. It is strictly accurate to say that the constitutional government prevailing in our country in this sixtieth year of Queen Victoria is the direct outcome of the policy of Henry the Second, of Simon de Montfort, and of Edward the First—the natural and healthy development of the system of government consolidated by those great statesmen. It was just six hundred years ago—in 1297—that the English Parliament, definitely constituted two years before, ‘achieved the fullest recognition of its rights as representing the whole nation.’ From that year to this the growth of English freedom, however thwarted at times, has been continuous and triumphant. ‘The tree grew and was strong; and the height thereof reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the earth; the leaves thereof were fair, and the fruit thereof much, and in it was meat for all; the beasts of the field had shadow under it, and the fowls of the air dwelt in the boughs thereof: and all flesh was fed of it.’

I cannot touch even upon the outlines of that marvellous story. But I must remark upon our immediate debt for the plenitude of civil and religious liberty which we now enjoy to the great transaction of two hundred years ago which our ancestors were wont—and with good reason—to style ‘The Glorious Revolution.’ To that substitution of a Parliamentary for a dynastic title, and to the statute which vested the succession to the Crown in the descendants of the Electress Sophia, we unquestionably owe the preservation, transmission, and ever increasing extension of British freedom. Nay, I think we may say that it was the predestined mission of the House of Hanover to introduce into the world the true idea of Modern Monarchy. Nothing is easier than to gibe at the Four Georges. Nothing is falselier than the estimate of the first two of them long popularly current. I suppose that estimate is largely due to the honest hatred of them so deeply entertained and so freely expressed by the most popular man of letters of the last century. ‘George the First knew nothing, and desired to know nothing; did nothing, and desired to do nothing’ was his judgment of that monarch upon one occasion, when, as Boswell goes on to tell us, he also ‘roared with prodigious violence against George the Second.’ But to George the First and George the Second must be conceded the merit—

which assuredly cannot be conceded to the First and Second Charles, or to James the Second—of scrupulously keeping faith with us. They were neither saints nor heroes. But the praise of probity, insight, and discretion cannot be withheld from them. In George the Third Johnson saluted ‘the only king who for more than a century had much appeared to desire, or much endeavoured to deserve, the affections of his subjects.’ There can be no doubt that he won them. And it must be remembered that in the matters in which, as we now judge, he was most egregiously wrong, the nation was enthusiastically with him. I know not that much can be said in eulogy of George the Fourth. The only panegyrist of him that I remember is Croker, who affirms that ‘his natural abilities were undoubtedly very considerable; that his reign was eminently glorious; and that his private life was, in a high degree, amiable and social.’ Whatever his natural abilities may have been, he certainly made no good use of them; to the glories of his reign he contributed nothing; and assuredly the less that is said of his private life the better. It is pleasanter to pass on to his successor; for William the Fourth must unquestionably be credited with honesty of intention and a sincere desire to rule as a patriot king, although it may be doubted whether his persevering study of Bolingbroke’s famous treatise furnished him with very clear rules for attaining that character.

But whatever the personal merits or demerits of the past Sovereigns of the House of Hanover, certain it is that under them the British Crown acquired the character which renders it the very type of Monarchy in a democratic age: the constitutional character expressed in the maxim ‘The King reigns, but does not govern.’ ‘Supreme Majesty with hypothetical decorations, dignities, solemn appliances, high as the stars, [but] tied up with constitutional straps so that he cannot move hand or foot for fear of accidents’—such is Carlyle’s mocking account. But the fact that this kind of Monarchy commended itself as the fittest to Lord Chatham, who stands so high among his heroes—‘a clear, sharp, human head, altogether incapable of falsity’—might have led him to doubt whether it is really disposed of by his flouts and gibes. In practical politics Lord Chatham is certainly a greater authority than Carlyle; and Chatham doubtless discerned that this theory of kingship, while it left the Sovereign indefinite freedom for good, effectively minimised his power for evil. Certainly it was not the deliberate creation of any human intellect; it issued from the course of events, and surely, we may say, *non sine Numine*. I cannot believe that He whose it is to bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and to loose the bands of Orion, to bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, to guide Arcturus with his sons, who knows the ordinances of heaven, and sets the dominion thereof in the earth, has

left the course of human events, the vicissitudes of commonwealths, the rise and fall of empires, to blind chance or irrational fate. I am not ashamed to confess, with one of the most eminent of living savants, my belief that 'progress in the direction of organised freedom is the characteristic fact of modern history'—especially of English history—and its tribute to the theory of Providence.' It has been said of a well-known work, dealing with the period at which we have just glanced, that in it Almighty God Himself wears the character of a Moderate Whig. No doubt this Theistic conception is inadequate. But it is less derogatory to the Infinite and Eternal than representations of Him which may be found in the writings of some accredited theologians.

Lord Tennyson, in an exquisite dedicatory poem prefixed to one of his volumes, anticipates as the judgment of posterity upon the illustrious Lady who now wears the British Crown, 'She wrought her people lasting good.' It is already the judgment of all sane men, of all political parties and religious creeds throughout her world-wide Empire. And I may be permitted to say that not the least considerable portion of the vast debt that the nation owes her is for giving the world a most beautiful and winning example of a Constitutional Monarch. 'The English,' said Montalembert, in his book *The Political Future of England*, 'have left to royalty the pageantry (*la décoration*), the prestige of power; they have kept for themselves the substance of it.' But this is a very inadequate account of the matter. The moderating, controlling, restraining, guiding influence exercised by the British Sovereign is assuredly most real and most important, although, from the nature of things, it is usually most hidden. It is, however, an open secret with what consummate prudence this influence has been exercised by her present Majesty, and how greatly the country has benefited by it. And here I am reminded of a story of St. Thomas Aquinas being consulted upon one occasion concerning the election of an Abbot. The choice lay between three. 'Describe them to me,' said Aquinas. 'What manner of man is the first on the list?' '*Doctissimus*' (most learned) was the answer. 'Well, *docet*' (let him teach). 'And the second?' 'Most saintly' (*sanctissimus*). 'Good; *orat*' (let him pray). 'And the third?' '*Prudentissimus*' (most prudent). 'Ah, that is your Abbot; *regat*' (let him rule). Now the virtue of prudence, the first and most essential qualification for a ruler, as this great thinker discerned, is assuredly more necessary to a Constitutional Sovereign than to any other. The duties of Modern Monarchy are among the most difficult and delicate that can devolve upon any human being. They are also of singular complexity when the Monarch is, so to speak, the central principle—*anima in corpore* is Aquinas's phrase—of the vast and widely spread Empire united under the British Crown. Of that unity the Crown,

let us remember, is not merely the type and symbol, but also the efficient instrument. It is the binding tie

That keeps our Britain whole within herself,
A nation yet: the ruler and the ruled.

And here we may note a cogent argument for the descent of the Crown in a princely family. Bishop Stubbs, discussing the reasons which led the Saxons to vest the sovereignty in the house of Cerdic, observes: 'A hereditary king, however limited his authority may be by constitutional usage, is a stronger power than an elective magistrate. His personal interests are the interests of his people, which is, in a certain sense, his family. He toils for his children, but in toiling for them he works also for the people they will have to govern. He has no temptation to make for himself or them a standing ground apart from his people.' The Bishop is writing of the year 519. His words are just as applicable to the year 1897. And the reason is that they express fundamental truths of human nature—general principles which are not of an age but for all time. They are as much a justification for the continuance as for the institution of hereditary Monarchy.

But further. The British Crown is something more than the centre and instrument of national unity: it is the effective pledge of national stability; of settled government; of moderation and longanimity, of uprightness and honour in public life. We have only to turn our eyes to other nations to realise that this is so. Look at France. Thrice during the last century she has been a republic, and always with the same result—immeasurable corruption, undisguised intolerance, the ostracism of men of light and leading, the sway of political adventurers of the lowest type; a republic twice—well nigh thrice—ended by a Saviour of Society and a military despotism. It is only under the Monarchy, whether of the elder or younger branch of the restored Bourbons, that tranquillity, decency, and the enjoyment of rational liberty were obtained by her. Or look at the great republic of the Western World, given over to the domination of 'bosses' and 'self-government by the basest.' The special note of the public life of the United States is its intense sordidness. This it was that wrung from Emerson the pathetic lament—even truer, now, alas! than when it was uttered—'Who that sees the meanness of our politics but only congratulates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud and for ever safe; that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him?' But I need not multiply comparisons. Surely, wherever we look throughout the world, we find ample reason to justify 'our loyal passion for our temperate kings;' ample reason to justify the present

universal and spontaneous outburst of enthusiastic devotion to the revered and beloved Lady in whom we salute the very type of Modern Monarchy ; ample reason to justify our belief that as her illustrious House has been the pledge and instrument of our liberty and empire in the past, so in 'rulers of her blood,' reared in her true traditions and following her prudent practice, we shall find the nursing fathers and the nursing mothers of our liberty and empire for ages to come.

W. S. LILLY.

INDIA UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA

THREE centuries are now very nearly completed since, in 1600, the East India Company obtained from Queen Elizabeth their first Charter, at the close of a period in our history during which the territory governed by the English Crown had been reduced, for about one hundred and fifty years, to an extent much smaller than before or since. For nearly three hundred years after the Norman Conquest the English kings ruled over great possessions on the European mainland; but we had lost them all (except Calais) by the middle of the fifteenth century. Scotland was still an independent kingdom; Ireland was a wild country in chronic revolt; the settled dominion of the Tudors was over little more than England, Wales, and the Channel Islands. The frontiers of the British Empire are now far in the interior of America, Africa, and Asia; and our little wars are waged on the slopes of the Afghan hills. In Elizabeth's day we fought on the Scottish border, or made a foray among the wild folk of Ulster or Kerry. But all through the sixteenth century the English people were increasing in wealth and power under the able Tudor dynasty, they were finding England too small for them; so they took to commerce in distant lands, and in the course of the last three hundred years they have been building up again a transmarine dominion, though not in Europe. What was begun under Queen Elizabeth is still going forward under Queen Victoria, whose reign has seen the consummation of the long series of events and enterprises that have gradually acquired for us the Empire of India.

The last sixty years of Anglo-Indian history have been remarkably characterised, by important affairs and great political changes. It is worth observing that at the opening of Her Majesty's reign a strong current of European politics was setting Eastward, for the Western Powers were just then turning their serious attention towards Asiatic affairs. Mehemet Ali, the Egyptian ruler, who could neither read nor write, had defeated the Turkish troops in a pitched battle, had seized Syria, was threatening Constantinople, and seemed likely to make an end of the Osmanli dynasty. The Persian Shah, backed and encouraged by Russia, had laid siege to Herat, the frontier fortress that commands Western Afghanistan. In India the English

Governor-General, Lord Auckland, had sent an army up the passes into southern Afghanistan, with the object of ejecting a strong Amir, Dost Mahomed, and of replacing him by a weak and unpopular nominee of the British Government. Runjit Singh, the founder of the Sikh dominion in the Punjab, had just died, leaving his kingdom to sons who were quite unable to manage the fierce soldiery by whom he had conquered it. From the Mediterranean eastward to the frontiers of British India the Asiatic nations were astir with news of war or of marching armies. It is true that our own Indian territory had been enjoying a long internal peace, that our north-western frontier had stood unchanged for thirty years, and that Lord William Bentinck, who vacated office in 1835, was the only Governor-General under whom there had been no serious fighting at all. Yet upon looking back at the general political situation in 1838-39, it is not difficult to understand why, about the time of the Queen's coronation, we were verging upon a period of wars in rapid succession, to be followed by a great expansion of territory.

For the beginning of this reign coincides with an epoch in Indian military annals, when our troops were for the first time to march beyond the geographical limits of Northern India, and to cross swords with the hardier races of Central Asia. Except in the Burmese campaign of 1824-25, their battles had hitherto been fought entirely on Indian soil, and (since the French quitted India) against the forces of the native States. Up to this time, therefore, our wars had been local, but we were now entering upon a much wider field of action. The political circumstances and motives which brought about our first campaign beyond the Indus are connected generally with the troubled condition of Western Asia, and particularly with the rise of apprehensions that the security of our Eastern possessions was imperilled by the growing influence of Russia in the countries adjacent to India. As French intrigues and menaces had been to Lord Wellesley the justification for striking down the Mysore Sultan and the Maratha princes, so the rumours of Russian advance through Central Asia led the Melbourne Ministry, in 1838, to issue orders for the ill-fated expedition into Afghanistan.

The first pages, therefore, in the record of a splendid and memorable reign over India are darkened with the blots of impolicy and consequent disaster. In January 1842 a whole division of the Anglo-Indian army, with a crowd of camp followers, was lost among the hills and ravines that separate Kābul from Jelalabad; and posterity will long remember the solitary horseman whose failing strength just carried him to the gate of our entrenchments at Jelalabad, the only Englishman who escaped death or captivity. In the next autumn, however, Pollock marched up through the defiles that were strewn with the bones of our soldiers, reoccupied the Afghan capital, and wiped off, so far as skill and courage could do it, the stain upon

our military reputation. But the attempt to advance permanently beyond the Indus, while the Punjab was still independent, had been altogether hazardous and premature. The English fell back upon their frontier along the Sutlej river; and the Queen had reigned forty years before the heads of our columns again pushed up into the Afghan highlands towards Kâbul, and ascended the Biluch passes on the road to Kandahar.

Thus the first years of the Victorian era witnessed an unfortunate beginning of India's foreign wars, and the retreat from Afghanistan was the first and only considerable step backward that has been made by Anglo-Indian arms or politics. It was followed immediately by Lord Ellenborough's occupation of Sind, which did little for our reputation though it may have restored the credit of our arms. Sir Charles Napier fairly defeated the Sind Amirs at Meeanee, and our conquest of their country gave us the only seaport (Kurrâchee) on the whole Indian coast line that had not already fallen into our possession or under our control. But the transaction so far touched the national conscience that of all our Indian annexations in this century, the conquest of Sind is the only one which a British Parliament has not ratified with distinct approval.

There are conditions of the political atmosphere in which the war-fever is contagious, and so we had little peace for the next fifteen years. Lord Ellenborough had scarcely cleared his troops out of Afghanistan before he was fighting with Gwalior in 1843. Then came, in the winter of 1845, the inevitable collision between the British forces and the mutinous, ungovernable Sikh army that was holding the Punjab by military terrorism. After some bloody and indecisive battles we occupied Lahore, and attempted to govern in the name of Runjit Singh's heir; until two years later another outbreak brought on fresh hostilities, which ended in 1849 with a shattering defeat of the Sikhs that left us undisputed masters of their whole country. The annexation of the Punjab, in the twelfth year of the Queen's reign, carried forward our dominion from the Sutlej river to the skirts of the Afghan mountains beyond the Indus, gave us command of all the passes leading into Central Asia, made our frontiers conterminous with the natural boundaries of India, and finally extinguished the long rivalry of the native powers. No State now remained that could oppose the English arms; our political control extended throughout the vast region that is fenced off from the rest of the Asiatic continent by the mountain ranges which demarcate India geographically from the Arabian sea right round to the Bay of Bengal. Inside these limits political absorption and reconstitution now went on rapidly. The larger native States, formerly our rivals or allies, had for the most part been formed out of the fragments of the dilapidated Moghul empire, with title-deeds no older nor better than our own, by the force or fortune of ambitious

chiefs and successful adventurers. As the English power grew, these States submitted or were subdued, so that the entire territory became again centralised under one sovereignty; and the empire established by the Moghul contemporaries of Queen Elizabeth, which had fallen asunder in the eighteenth century, was restored by the English under Queen Victoria. Lord Dalhousie, after conquering the Punjab, went on absorbing several minor inland principalities, until at the end of his Governor-Generalship he crowned the edifice, as he believed, by the annexation of Oudh, the last great autonomous kingdom of Northern India. In 1852 he was drawn, unavoidably, into hostilities with the King of Burmah; and at their close he had wrested from Burmah its sea coast and the Irrawaddy delta. By this conquest the English not only secured an important waterway and an outlet for the commerce of Indo-China, but completed their mastery of every seaport and river mouth on both sides of the Bay of Bengal. At the moment of leaving India, in February 1856, Lord Dalhousie was able 'to declare without reservation that he knew of no quarter in which it was probable that trouble would arise in India.'

But there is one political danger to which all Asiatic States are periodically liable, especially after a long and triumphant war time. An Oriental conqueror must enlist the fighting classes or castes; they are as essential to his victories as the best arms of precision are to military success in Europe; the milder races will no more serve his purpose than second-rate against superior artillery; he may preserve a nucleus of his own folk, but his army is never national; and when his work is finished, he has on his hands a formidable weapon which he cannot easily lay aside. This is why mutiny may be said to be chronic in all Asiatic camps; and this is what the British in India discovered by the terrible experience of 1857. The Bengal army had been constantly on active service for many years; the sepoys had become restless, arrogant, and suspicious of their foreign masters; they were offended at the dethronement of the King of Oudh, the country to which many of them belonged; and they really believed that the greased cartridge would imperil their caste. Their outbreak threw all Northern India into wild confusion: in the cities there was burning of houses and murdering of the English folk; in the country districts the armed peasantry plundered on the high roads, killed the money-lenders, and fought among themselves. At Delhi a pensioned descendant of the Moghuls was placed on the throne; at Cawnpore the Maratha Nana Sahib headed the revolt. The whole of Oudh blazed up into insurrection. The story of this catastrophe, perhaps the most tragic in all English history, has just been related, finely and forcibly, by Lord Roberts, one of the foremost among the Englishmen still living who stormed Delhi just forty years ago. No more arduous or brilliant feat of arms has been performed under British leadership during the

long reign of Queen Victoria, who has not forgotten that the honours were shared equally by English and Indian soldiers. Nor has a better example of stout-hearted resistance to heavy odds been ever given than by the garrison who held out in the Lucknow Residency through the summer of 1857. By the end of the next year this dangerous insurrection had been virtually put down; and thus ended the long succession of wars that had been waged within India for over a hundred years. They had begun in the south, where we first enlisted native soldiers; they were finished in the north, with the total dispersion of our mutinous regiments.

Thus the first twenty years of the Queen's reign witnessed, toward the opening and at their close, the two signal catastrophes of Anglo-Indian history—the retreat from Kábul and the sepoy revolt; and no previous period of equal length had seen so many campaigns. It has been followed by forty years of complete internal tranquillity.

From the suppression of the mutiny, indeed, we may date the beginning of modern India. The ordinary government, in England, of the country had up to 1857 been mainly in the hands of the East India directors, whose administration was pacific, conservative, and economical. Upon foreign affairs they were hardly consulted; and they acquiesced under protest in the military expeditions and the annexations which were carried out by their Governors-General with the assent or by the orders of Her Majesty's Ministers. In India, among the people of the outlying provinces, the manners and ways of life had been little changed by the substitution of European officials for the representatives of Moghuls, Marathas, or other native rulers. The English system was more regular and efficient; life and property were safer on the high roads and in the villages; the roving banditti had been dispersed; the superior courts were just and incorruptible; the revenue was collected methodically. But the peasantry still lived in the old fashion; every village was stocked with arms; men travelled abroad with sword and matchlock; the great landholders mounted cannon in their mud forts; faction fights and gang robberies were not uncommon; and there were large groups of villages which no creditor or process-server could enter safely. In many parts of the country the ordinary relations of landlord and tenant realised the New Testament parable of the man who planted a vineyard, and in due time sent to collect the fruits thereof first his servants, whom the husbandmen stoned, and afterward his son, whom they slew. Roads were few and bad; the railways had not penetrated inland; the police was loose and untrained; and the higher public instruction had not yet made itself felt.

When the old Nizam of Hyderabad was moved by the British Resident to introduce some kind of sanitation into his crowded capital, he replied: 'It has been for ages unswept;' and Northern

India was in a very similar condition. Upon this state of things the insurrection had produced the effect of a great fire in an ancient city; it cleared the ground, let in the air, and made room for extensive reconstruction on modern principles of order, progress, and utility. First and foremost came, in 1858, the Act that extinguished the East India Company and transferred to the Crown the direct government of India. Of the constitution then framed we may say that it has proved a solid piece of workmanship, well balanced and co-ordinated, although the Bill passed during a period of political commotion and ministerial change. Mr. Bright's plan was to abolish the Governor-Generalship and to mark off the whole country into five equal Presidencies, to be governed as compact States quite unconnected with each other, corresponding independently, like so many crown colonies, with the Indian Secretary of State. Such a scheme, which left both foreign and military affairs without any superior direction in India, and removed the administrative centre from Calcutta to London, may be noticed as showing how little skill in the art of political construction might in those days be possessed by a great English parliamentarian. On the other hand, one of the most important and valuable clauses in the whole Act was added on the motion of a private member—Mr. Gladstone.¹ All the naval and military forces of the Company were transferred to the Crown; and the native army was practically remodelled. In India Legislative Councils were established on a new basis; the criminal law was codified; High Courts of Judicature were invested with jurisdiction over all tribunals in the country; and the Governor-General, instead of being abolished, was materially strengthened. He was invested with the supreme dictatorial power of issuing under his own signature a law that might be in force for six months. It may be affirmed broadly that the statutes then passed by the English Parliament conferred a new constitution upon India.

The Proclamation which announced to all India, in November 1858, the assumption by the Queen of direct sovereignty, made a strong impression at the time, and has always been regarded by the people as a kind of Charter. It is well known that on receiving the first draft from Lord Derby, the Queen asked him to revise it, 'bearing in mind that it is a female sovereign who speaks to more than a hundred millions of Eastern people on assuming government over them, and after a bloody civil war, giving them pledges which her future reign is to redeem, and explaining the principles of her government.' And the final text embodied all the suggestions then made by Her Majesty. The Proclamation confirmed all treaties and engagements made with the native princes, strictly prohibited interference with the religious beliefs or worships of Her Majesty's Indian

¹ The clause forbids, except upon emergencies, the payment from Indian revenues of the cost of any military operation outside India, without the consent of Parliament.

subjects, and desired that all, so far as might be, should be freely and impartially admitted to offices in her service, for the duties of which they might be qualified. Under such auspices, and with the new spirit invigorating all branches of administration, the work of pacification and reform went on rapidly. Oudh submitted and quieted down after two years' confusion; the talukdars were disarmed, and conciliated by a fresh revenue settlement. On every protected chief throughout India Lord Canning bestowed the Sanad or solemn written assurance of Her Majesty's desire that their government should be perpetuated, and that the legitimate nomination of successors by adoption, on the failure of heirs natural, would be confirmed. Thus the last titular representative had scarcely disappeared from his Delhi palace in the storm and stress of the mutiny, when a new monarchy was inaugurated, and the political reconstruction of the old empire's fragments was completed and ratified by a series of statutes and edicts.

For more than a century we had been dealing with the native States as enemies, rivals, and allies; some of them we had destroyed or disabled; a large group of the oldest chiefships had been preserved by our intervention; and all the remaining States had acquiesced in the British supremacy. They were now formally restored to their natural relation of allegiance to the new Empire of India. When Lord Canning, the first Viceroy, left Calcutta in 1862, he made over to his successors a government very different in character and organisation from that which had been transferred to him six years earlier by Lord Dalhousie. The administrative machinery has indeed continued without substantial alteration; for in Asia, as in Europe, an executive system which has once taken root in a country survives conquests and revolutions. Our existing distribution of the whole British territory into districts, divisions, and provinces, with jurisdictions expanding like concentric circles—the greater always including the less—is little more than an adaptation of the ancient *régime* under the Emperor Akbar, resting upon written law instead of upon autocratic will. Our land revenue assessments still respect immemorial usages and the institutions of earlier rulers. Nevertheless, the old order did really pass away when the Queen's assumption of sovereignty became the outward visible sign of closer union with the Empire at large. The change gave a powerful impulse to the country's moral and material progress at a moment when the ground had been cleared for reforms; and the administrative history of India during the next forty years may be described as a development upon the lines of advancement that were laid down in the years immediately following the sepoy mutiny.

It is impossible to take more than a rapid backward glance over the course of the events and transactions from that time to the present year of the Queen's reign. In 1864 there were hostilities with Bhutan,

which ended with the cession to India of some borderlands. And between 1860 and 1878 we made numerous expeditions against the highland tribes beyond our north-west frontier. The most important is known as the Umbeyla campaign of 1863, when a combination of clans in the hills beyond Peshawar placed a British force in some jeopardy, and gave us some hard fighting. But these were merely punitive and protective measures, inevitable where a border line separates civilised districts from marauding barbarians.

When British India had expanded to its geographical limits, from the sea to the mountains, it might have been thought that our record of wars in Asia would be closing. Our command of the sea is unchallenged, and landward no country has stronger natural fortifications. But in the history of Asia during the last half century the cardinal point of importance is the growth and spread everywhere of European predominance; and at this moment every great Asiatic State, from Constantinople to Peking, is more or less under the influence or dictation of a first-class European power. The result is a feeling of general insecurity, for the political settlement of that continent is evidently incomplete; while the kingdoms of Asia feel the pressure of formidable neighbours, and the European Powers are striving to hold each other at arm's length. England is an established dominion, it is a force that has almost spent its onward momentum toward conquest; but Russia is still engaged in filling up the vacant spaces of central Asia; she is still conquering and consolidating. For reasons of policy and strategy, the English, who like elbow room in Asia, have adopted, so to speak, an Asiatic version of the Monroe doctrine; they insist on maintaining exclusive political influence far beyond the limits of their own territory; and so they have taken under their protection Afghanistan. As a country's real frontier is always the line which its Government is pledged to defend, we have been latterly very solicitous about Russia's approach toward the Afghan lands on the Oxus. Russia, of course, marked the sensitive spot, and when in 1877 we brought Indian troops to Malta, she retaliated by a demonstration toward the Oxus. Sher Ali of Kábul being just then much displeased with our Indian policy, accepted overtures from Russia, with the result that when a Russian envoy entered Kábul in 1878, we declared war against the Afghan Amir. Of the campaigns that followed with their dramatic vicissitudes, the massacre of Cavagnari's mission, the adventurous marches to Kábul in 1879 and to Candahar in 1880, nothing can be said here; our gains were the tightening of our hold on the northern passes, and a strong position at Quetta on the plateau of Belúchistan. We placed the Amir Abdurrahman upon the throne which he still occupies, and a few years afterward we made with Russia an arrangement of first-class importance, when we laid down by a joint commission the north-western frontier of Afghanistan. The subsequent demarcation of a border line between Afghanistan and India is another step to-

ward the political survey and settlement of all Asia ; where it must be understood that the delimitation of frontiers, like the conception of territorial sovereignty, is a very recent importation from the public law of modern Europe.

We have been steadily pushing forward our outposts into the tribal highlands on the British side of this border, and we have latterly swept within the radius of our protectorate Chitral, with all the petty chiefships beyond Kashmir on the southern slopes of the Hindu Kûsh.

In the meantime, while England has been closing up to the eastern frontier of Afghanistan, Russia has marched down to the northern border line ; and the Amir's country is now caught between the mighty masses of two civilised empires. He is probably the last representative of the old-fashioned Asiatic despot, governing by pitiless force, admitting no diplomatic relations, trusting no one, and well aware that in his dynasty the succession has always been decided by the sword. All the treaties, negotiations, and fighting of the last forty years have brought us very little nearer to a solution of the complicated Afghan problem. When the Queen began her reign Russia and England had just sat down before the chessboard, and after many moves the players are still facing each other.

But although our situation on the north-west frontier of India has undergone material changes, the only great accession of territory since the Crown superseded the Company has been made in the south-east, by the conquest, in 1886, of Upper Burmah. We have annexed the whole basin of the Irrawaddy up to the mountains ; we have brought into subjection a people very different from the races of India ; we have carried our outposts up to a long line of open Chinese frontier ; and we have come into very close neighbourhood with the Asiatic possessions of France. We are now responsible, politically, for the peace or protection of a vast tract in Southern Asia, extending from the Herat and the Oxus right across India to the petty Shan chiefships lying along the Mekong river and the Chinese province of Yunan. The attention of our explorers, diplomatists, and merchants is now turned upon that populous and fertile region of South-Eastern Asia where markets are now opening for competition between France and England. The scene of French and English rivalry in Asia has shifted, since the eighteenth century, further eastward ; Siam is held, as in a vice, between the frontiers of the two nations, and both Powers are negotiating at Peking for the prolongation of their railways into Western China. The English dominion in Asia has now for its immediate neighbour on the north the largest military empire in the world, and on the south-east the nation whose sea power ranks next to our own.

From the foreign affairs of India we may turn to its internal

condition. An immense accumulation of moral and material forces, accompanied by a great expansion of territory, has justified the assumption in India of the Imperial style and title. There is now no State in Asia more prosperous or so well organised; there is only one of equal military power. During the whole eighteenth century India was harassed by foreign invasions and exhausted by internal confusion. During the first half of the nineteenth century there was a process of mending and steady restoration, aided, in the greater part of this wide region, by longer periods of tranquillity than have been enjoyed by most European countries. In the second half of this century we have been engaged in improving the administration, developing the resources, and generally furnishing India with the refined apparatus of Western civilisation. The long prevalence of security has perceptibly modified in our older provinces the aspect of the country and the character of its inhabitants; the faces of the people have altered with the changing face of the land; roads and railways, the post office, the school teaching, and to some extent the native press, have stirred everywhere the surface of the popular mind. The circulation of Western ideas and inventions is felt to some degree by all classes. The foreign trade of India has increased with the multiplication of outlets, eastward and westward; it has been largely affected by the exchanges, and it has caused a shifting of the economical supply and demand which has seriously damaged some of the home industries that supported the poorer classes. In the decade between 1881 and 1891 the population of British India increased by over nineteen millions; and over the whole of India, including the protected territories, the increase is returned as equivalent to the total population of England. Of this increase three millions are accounted for by the incorporation of Upper Burmah in 1886. About two hundred and ninety millions of Asiatics are now more or less dependent on England for government or protection, while her influence for good or for ill extends beyond her outmost frontiers. It has been our recent Afghan policy that determined the surrender to Islam of the highland tribes in remote Kafiristan, which had held out, like Montenegro, against all previous Mahomedan invasions. The movements of European commerce, or a change of ministry in London, or any turn of the great wheel of England's Asiatic fortune, are felt far eastward in Siam; nor would it be too much to affirm that the destiny of half Asia hangs more or less upon the future relations between Great Britain and Russia.

Moreover, the multiplication of her people has stimulated migration beyond sea, so that India has acquired the command of a great labour market. Not only is there an exodus of labourers on their own score and venture, but there is a system of transmarine emigration, carefully regulated by law, to the colonies, British and foreign, from Mauritius and the Cape far westward across the oceans to the West Indies and Dutch Guiana. For the welfare and proper treatment

of these emigrants the Indian Government has provided by strict rules, based upon stipulations accepted by the colonial authorities. And as the roving Indian is liable to British jurisdiction all over the world, so everywhere he can claim the good offices and assistance of British Consuls.

This brief and most inadequate survey of the expansion of India during the last sixty years will at least show how enormously our responsibilities have grown in magnitude and complexity under the Queen's reign. But what effect, it may be asked, upon the mind and manners of this vast medley of races, castes, and religions, upon their social and political temper, has been produced by all these changes of environment? To have acquired dominion, with the aid and assent of the people, over such an immense country, and to have organised its administration, is a considerable political exploit; its success proves that the conditions were favourable, and that nations, like men, have great opportunities. The British rule came in upon the confusion bred out of centuries of governmental instability; it brought system and law to bear upon an incoherent mass of usages, traditions, and arbitrary despotisms. The English found themselves invested with a sovereignty of the single absolute kind so well known in the ancient world, with authority centralised after the pattern of modern Russia, where a strong Government presides over a wide and infinitely diversified territory. Representative institutions are treated in England as a matter of course; they are as natural as our clothes and our climate; and when I say that with us politics were for a long time everything, and administration up to recent days very little, I mean that contests for political power came long before our statesmen realised the duty of using that power for improving the condition and supplying the needs of the people. Now within India, under British rule, administration has for a long time been everything; and the people have taken a very small part in that true political life which reflects the character, feelings, and varying dispositions of the whole society. We began by great organic reforms; we introduced police, prisons, codes of law, public instruction, a disciplined army, a hierarchy of courts, a trained civil service, and so forth. We have laid out what is, perhaps, the largest system of irrigation in the world; we have spent great sums, mainly obtained from England on low interest, on productive public works. This was all done from above, for the people; to do it through the people was impossible at first; the initiation and superior control have been English; though it must be understood that in all departments of Government (excluding the highest grades) the public business is carried on by natives. Latterly we have undertaken the gradual introduction of representative institutions, legislative councils in each province, and municipalities in all the towns; we are doing our best to facilitate the slow devolution of self-governing principles. But undoubtedly this is a very

difficult operation. The task of devising machinery of this kind for an Oriental empire requires so much patient ingenuity that one need not be surprised if well-meaning reformers, at home and in India, are disposed to simplify it by importing British institutions wholesale. There is a tempting air of magnanimity about that easy way of cutting a puzzling knot. It is fundamentally true that by no weaker bond than common citizenship can we hope to hold together an empire more divided by race, religion, and climate than any other in the world's history. But it is also certain that as before you run a complicated locomotive you must lay the steel rails with the utmost care and skill, or disaster will ensue, so you must prepare the way cautiously for unfamiliar constitutional experiments that have barely succeeded up to the present time with any nation except our own. For in the event of failure and disappointment all the blame will be thrown upon a government which set up a political engine that it could not drive, in a country where the immense conservative majority of Indians rely entirely upon their rulers for guidance and safe conduct.

The Indian annals of the Queen's reign, written by an Englishman, are therefore necessarily a record of administrative improvements and foreign affairs. We may read through the excellent 'Decennial Reports of Moral and Material Progress,' which review, at regular intervals, the state of the empire, without obtaining much insight into questions that lie beyond the sphere of direct governmental operations.

Nothing could be more interesting, for those who study the art of governing distant dependencies, than to watch the course of our experimental methods in India; and at a time when all European nations are again, as in the sixteenth century, making a sort of partition of the non-Christian world, the English school of administration is coming into fashion abroad. Yet, although education is bringing the upper classes in India and England nearer to a common level of intelligence and culture, while capital, commerce, and even literature are creating a mutual appreciation of aims and interests, we have not that access to the people's ideas, or knowledge of their concerns, that is given by contact with what is really thought, said, and wanted; we are liable to be misled in these respects by orators and journalists who imitate but certainly do not flatter us. There is no mixed society in Asia, as in Europe, where difference of religion and of manners in the wider sense can be laid aside for general intercourse. The fact that the English in India live among themselves is not an exceptional circumstance, but is in accordance with the rule which everywhere marks off an Asiatic population into groups, isolated by diversity of usages, and often of languages. To no foreign observer, therefore, are sufficient materials available for making any sure and comprehensive estimate of the general movement or direction of ideas during the last forty years.

And yet to omit altogether any reference to religious, social, and intellectual tendencies, in writing, however briefly, of a people so quick-witted and receptive as the educated Indians have shown themselves to be, would be to leave an awkward gap in the outline of even a hasty sketch of the Victorian era.

In the first place, then, it may be said that in the past sixty years we have accustomed the people to regular government, which has a very moralising influence, and also that we have gradually instilled into the incredulous popular mind some belief in its stability. There have always been, and there are now, some very fair native administrators; but even under the best personal ruler good government has no permanence, for it will probably end with his life. Moreover, his very strength engenders instability, because a powerful despot, like the present Amir of Afghanistan, levels all checks and impediments to his plenary authority, and with the ability to resist him disappears the capacity to support him; while in the case of Eastern kings, as of gods, irresistible power knows no moral law. The British Government is at least systematic; and during the past forty years it has been carefully flusbanding its supports, by preserving (for example) all the native chiefships, and by endeavouring to extend limited representative institutions. We are now aware that universal British dominion is not the ideal state of things which it was to Lord Dalhousie, who lived at a time when liberal institutions and sound political economy were much more articles of positive faith, good for all men everywhere, than at present. We have also been slowly moulding the mind of all India to the habitual conception of law, which is a novelty in a country where written ordinances cannot be said to have existed before our time. The result has naturally been to inoculate the present generation of educated men with a taste for politics, which is also something new. Hitherto Asiatics have been used to concern themselves only with the question whether an autocratic ruler is good or bad, strong or weak; the device of improving a government by modifying its form has not taken root among them; their remedy, if things went intolerably wrong, has been to change the person. Now the English notion of political rights and duties is spreading among the more intelligent classes; and, of course, this is breeding the desire to obtain political power. The question is whither all this may be leading us, and whether any form of popular government has ever yet been invented that would answer upon so vast a scale of population and territory. It is no easy matter to devise such forms that will work safely and satisfactorily even in compact nationalities, where the essential interests and convictions are mainly identical. Much more hard it is to transport these forms, ready made, elsewhere, and to foresee how the leaven will ferment among the manifold varieties of race, religion, and manners that divide the citizens of the Indian Empire. The difficulty is increased by the natural tendency of the progressive Indian politician to take up these questions from the

standpoint provided by English education; so that instead of benefiting from his knowledge of indigenous needs and circumstances, we too often obtain little more than the imperfect reproductions of political warcries and patriotic attitudes that have been borrowed from our own history.

Yet a reasonable party of progress, which understands the real situation of the Government, is forming itself; and, on the whole, it is certain that in the past forty years the political education of India has spread and advanced remarkably; nor can we doubt that the moral standard of the people has reached a higher permanent level. There are signs of a turning, among a few leading men, from the sphere of constitutional politics to questions of social reformation, which is a field into which the English Government can only venture very cautiously, and where it must not lead but follow. The problem of adjusting the mechanism of a modern State to the habits, feelings, and beliefs of a great multitude in various stages of social change, was first handled philosophically by Sir Henry Maine. He reached India in 1862, when the whole country was still vibrating from the shock of the Mutiny, which was reactionary in its causes and revolutionary in its effects. He saw that the customs and rules of native society were becoming modified naturally and inevitably, and his object was to facilitate the process by timely legislation. His speeches on the Bills that he passed for the re-marriage of native converts, for the law of succession applicable to certain classes, and for the civil marriage of natives, must be read to understand with what breadth and insight he treated these delicate subjects. He laid out our legislative policy in regard to them on large and luminous principles; and the whole spirit of our law-making, on social reforms, during the second half of the Victorian era, may be traced to his influence. He stood between England and India as an interpreter who understood the ideas of both societies, and could show how often they belonged to the same train of thought in different phases of development. But the rules which govern family life are in India so inseparable from religious ritual and worship, that foreign governors must interfere only on clear necessity; and even native reformers touch these things at their peril. The generous efforts of Mr. Behramji Malabari to expedite the emancipation of Indian women, by correcting the evils of infant marriage and enforced widowhood, have met with serious opposition, mainly, perhaps, because India cannot be treated as one country; it is a region where a step forward may be possible in one province and totally impracticable in others. Throughout a very large proportion of the Indian population the re-marriage of widows has always been as lawful as in England; and where usage forbids it there is something to be said for a rule that provides, theoretically, for every woman one husband, although it allows a second to none of them. In that society the unmarried woman is an anomaly. A striking illustration of the very curious and antique customs which come for sanction before Indian

legislatures is to be found in the recent Malabar marriage law. Among certain classes of South India the joint family consists of several mothers and their children or their descendants in the female line, all tracing descent from a common female ancestor, the relation of husband and wife or of father and child being altogether excluded from this conception of a family. The Act enables courts of law to recognise as marriages certain unions, made and terminable at will, which have hitherto been recognised in these classes by fluctuating usage, for in some cases the husband was little more than an occasional visitor. Here we have a glimpse of English law operating upon some of the most primitive elements of Hindu society; and the legislative proceedings show with what scrupulous caution even the native members of the Council who had charge of the Bill interfered to clothe these lax customs with decent legal validity.

How far religion itself, which is the base of Indian society, has become modified during the last forty years, is a question to which perhaps no Englishman is qualified to make more than a conjectural answer. Two reforming movements have attracted some attention: the Brahmoism which was established in its second phase by Keshab Chander Sen in 1857, an eclectic system that is hostile to Pantheism, idolatry and caste; and the Arya Samâj, which undertakes, if I am not wrong, to restore a purified Hinduism upon the original Vedic foundations. Brahmoism seems to the European inquirer to be an exalted theism, suggesting a western rather than an eastern origin; and Keshab Chander Sen, although a teacher with high moral and spiritual aspirations, was apt to indulge more in rhapsodies than in clear doctrinal propositions. His lofty teaching was probably too vague for the masses; while the Brahmins know well how to prepare the slow but sure descent of divine personalities or types into the bottomless gulf of Pantheism. On the other hand, it is understood that in some branches of Hinduism the latest tendency is toward a high sacerdotal and ritualistic revival, connected, one may guess, with the increase of wealth and decorative tastes among certain classes, and with a tendency, observable in all religions, to define, fix, and regulate what at an earlier stage is left vague and undetermined. The movement may also signify a kind of protest from the orthodox party against the license given by the new education to personal conduct and opinions.

One fact is unfortunately not deniable, that the animosity between Mahomedans and Hindus, the friction at the points where their prejudices are most opposed, have by no means diminished latterly. This may be attributed partly to increased facilities of communication, which enable each community to correspond with other co-religionists, to compare notes, and to circulate grievances or to concert action. Moreover, the sphere of Islam is not, like that of Hinduism, confined to India; and our Mahomedan subjects are now much more closely connected than formerly with the religious centres of Western Asia.

It has been said, however, that the causes of this animosity, which has recently been shown in violent disputes over cow-killing, are not in reality so much religious as political—that the Hindus, who are much the more numerous, look forward to predominance in all State departments and in all representative bodies, while the Mahomedans deeply and justly resent any such possible subordination. The Arya Samāj, already mentioned, carries high the flag of advancing Hinduism in politics as well as in religion; and its missionary ardour has brought the party into sharp controversy with Northern Islam. We have to remember that the Maratha conquests of the eighteenth century represented a great rising of Hindus against Mahomedan governors, so that the tradition of rulership exists on both sides. But it is an old saying among Oriental statesmen that ‘Government and Religion are twins,’ which is interpreted to mean that rulership is intimately bound up with the protection of every faith professed by the subjects. And the British Indian Government, which is perhaps the only government in the world, outside America, that practises complete religious neutrality, has very strictly kept, since 1858, the pledge then given by the Queen’s Proclamation declaring it to be ‘our Royal will and pleasure that none be molested or disturbed by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all shall alike enjoy equal and impartial protection of the law.’

It is true that a fine point has been occasionally raised by some case where religious custom has prescribed what the law upon higher ethical grounds is constrained to forbid. But in such conflicts of jurisdiction the secular authority must prevail, for nobody has ever doubted (as Sir Henry Maine said once) that ‘the purely moral view of questions is one of the things that are Cæsar’s.’ The general conclusion, so far as it is possible to collect evidence of religious tendencies, would be that the last sixty years in India have witnessed a gradual relaxation of caste rules, which were never so rigid as is commonly supposed, and that the external polytheism has been shaken by the mobility of modern life. Renan, in his book, *Les Apôtres*, affirms that the religious inferiority of the Greeks and Romans was the consequence of their political and intellectual superiority. If (he says) they had possessed a priesthood, severe theologic creeds, and a highly organised religion, they would never have created the *État laïque*, or inaugurated the idea of a national society founded on simple human needs and conveniences. In India, where the atmosphere is still intensely religious, these Western notions of the State and of civic policy have never taken root. We do not know what future awaits Brāhmanism when brought more closely into contact with modern ideas. Yet it seems certain that as in Europe the fall of the Roman Empire made way for the building up of the great mediæval Church with its powerful ecclesiastic organisation, so, conversely, some large reform or dissolution of the ancient religious frame-

work of Indian society will be necessary to make room for civilisation on a secular basis.

In the higher branches of indigenous literature the Victorian period has little to exhibit. Throughout the greater part of India it had been at a standstill since the disruption of the Moghul Empire; and correct prose writing may be almost said to have come in with the English language. It would be a mistake to suppose that State-aided instruction in India began with the English dominion. The Court of Directors, writing as far back as 1814, referred with particular satisfaction 'to that distinguished feature of internal polity by which the instruction of the people is provided for by a certain charge upon the produce of the soil, and by other endowments in favour of the village teachers, who are thereby rendered public servants of the community.' And Lord Macaulay's celebrated minute, which in 1835 determined the Anglicising of all the higher education, is not quite so triumphantly unanswerable as it is usually assumed to be; for we have to reckon on the other side the disappearance of the indigenous systems, and the decay of the study of the Oriental classics in their own language. The new learning has been taken up by other classes; it is now in possession of all the best Indian intellects; but the inevitable consequence has been a lack of originality in style and thought; the literature, being exotic, bears no very distinctive impress of the national character.

In the domain of native Art we must strike a similar balance of loss and gain. Some important industries have multiplied and found larger markets, and latterly much attention has been paid to the encouragement of the finer Indian crafts. But the opening of safe and easy trade routes between Europe and Asia has drawn in upon the East a flood of cheap manufactures from the West. European capital and commerce, backed by steam, coal, and the pressure of a great industrial community, are overwhelming the weaker, poorer, and more leisurely handicrafts of India. Great Britain now deals with India mainly by importing food and raw material, which are paid for by machines and machine-made commodities that rapidly displace the slow production of native artisans. On the other hand, India's railways, factories, and public works find day labour for a very great number; and the outlets for raw produce are helping agriculture. But what is good for trade may be bad for art; and the decay of ancient callings, the shifting of workmen from the finer to the rougher occupations, the turning of the cottage artisan into the factory hand, are painful transitions when they come rapidly. Architecture, which has always been the principal method of artistic expression in India, is losing ground, partly through the influence of European buildings designed by engineers, and partly through the vulgarisation of the literary faculty. In all ages the higher polytheism has been favourable to the arts of building and sculpture, but in these latter days

the religious idea begins to find its expression more frequently in print than in symbolical stone carving of temples and images. On the other hand, the preservation of ancient monuments, which had been entirely neglected by preceding dynasties, has been taken in charge by the British Government all over India. Yet, on the whole, the spirit of the Victorian era, which was first military and administrative, then industrial and scientific, cannot be said to have been favourable to Indian Art.

In so very brief a review of a long reign it has been impossible to do more than touch lightly upon salient points and draw general outlines. The nineteenth century has been pre-eminently a law-making and administering age; but perhaps nowhere in the world during the last sixty years have so many changes, direct and indirect, been made in the condition of a great population as in India. As Maine has said, the capital fact in the mechanism of modern States is the energy of legislatures; and that energy has found an open field in India, particularly for the settlement of the executive power on a legal basis, and for adjusting it to a variety of needs and circumstances. The distribution of the whole Empire into provinces has virtually taken place in the Queen's reign. Up to 1836 there were only the three Presidencies of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras, with their capitals at the old trading headquarters of the Company on the Indian sea-coast. There are now ten provinces, besides the Government of India, which superintends them all. In regard to external relations, before 1837 they were chiefly with the native Indian States; for, although we had kept up and turned into political agencies the Company's ancient commercial stations in the Persian Gulf and at Bagdad, at that time British frontiers nowhere touched the Asiatic kingdoms lying beyond India proper, except on a wild Burmese border to the south-east. Our extreme political frontiers now march for long distances with Persia, Russia, and China; they touch Siam and French Cambodia; and the diplomatic agencies of the Indian Government are stationed on the Persian Gulf, in Turkish Arabia, and round westward by Muscat, Aden, as far as African Somaliland. The foundations of this empire were laid long ago by men who clearly foresaw what might be done with India; it has been completed and organised in Her Majesty's reign; the date of the Queen's accession stands nearly half way in its short history, being exactly eighty years after Clive's exploit at Plassey.² And the permanent consolidation of the union between Great Britain and India will demand all the political genius—the sympathetic insight as well as the scientific methods—of England, co-operating with the good will and growing intelligence of the Indian people.

A. C. LYALL.

² Battle of Plassey, June 23, 1757. The Queen's accession, June 20, 1837. Diamond Jubilee, June 22, 1897.

THE FORTHCOMING NAVAL REVIEW AND ITS PREDECESSORS

IN the annals of our Navy the great reviews which have been held from time to time at Spithead supply, as it were, the paragraph marks. They occur only at considerable intervals; and to mark some historic occasion. The royal review of 1814, when the Prince Regent and the Allied sovereigns inspected the very shot-dinted and battle-worn ships that had helped to win for us our sovereignty of the sea, was the fitting culmination of our Navy's heroic period. The royal review of 1845 was the funeral pageant of the sailing ship of war. The reviews of 1853 and 1854 were menacing demonstrations rather than holiday stock-takings of strength; but the magnificent assemblage of 1856 has a momentous importance, since then the ironclad first made its gala appearance at Spithead. Few as yet suspected how far-reaching the revolution in naval architecture was destined to be. In 1867, to do honour to the Sultan, for the first time sea-going ironclads were in our line of battle, though even now side by side with the three-decker. Eleven years later, in 1878, the old line-of-battle ship had gone, but armour-clads with wooden hulls still figured in our squadrons. Not till 1887 was the great transformation of our fleet accomplished, or had steel and iron finally driven wood from the field. The review of 1889 was but the postscript to 1887, as that of 1878 might be called the postscript to 1867.

The review of the 26th of June 1897 will transcend all these past reviews in importance. There will, it is true, be fewer pennants collected than in 1856; but in displacement, offensive and defensive power, and destructive force, this fleet of our own time will altogether outrival that of 1856. And yet we have not reached finality: it may even be that posterity will ear-mark this review as the funeral ceremony of the gigantic ironclad and of the piston-using pattern of marine steam-engine. Already the trials of the *Turbinia* and of the wheel-ship *Bazin* are opening up a new vista for marine engineers; already submarine navigation has entered on the stage of practicability, whilst aerial navigation is in the stage of possibility. For whenever the implements of war attain their most absolute per-

fection, history shows that a transformation in kind is at hand. It will therefore be the surest epitome of naval progress to glance at the various types of ships, which have figured in the epoch-making reviews that I have mentioned.

The fleet which the Allied rulers reviewed at Spithead on the 23rd of June 1814 was composed entirely of wooden sailing ships. Fourteen sail-of-the-line and thirty-one frigates and smaller craft were marshalled on this occasion, under the command of the Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral. The *Impregnable* was the flagship, and as such was visited by the Prince Regent, the Emperor Alexander, and King Frederick William. Alexander delighted the men by going into a marines' berth, where eleven men were sitting at dinner, and eating with them; and we are told that his sister, the Duchess of Oldenburg, 'endured the shock of firing salutes with great fortitude.'

The *Impregnable* herself was of 2,278 tons, a 98-gun ship by the official rating, though her ten carronades brought her total battery-up to 108 guns. She was, therefore, by no means one of the largest ships; indeed, we had ten of greater size and force at sea or in reserve. Her heaviest gun was the old 32-pounder smooth-bore, mounted on the rudest truck carriage, without sights or elevating screw: her broadside 1,018 lb. Her total crew was, when she was fully manned, 743—officers, men, and boys. The men were raised by impressment or recruited voluntarily for the ship's commission; we had not as yet adopted our present admirable system of manning the fleet. The discipline was arbitrary and cruel; there were merciless floggings with the cat for the smallest offences, and the number of lashes inflicted varied from a dozen or half-dozen to 500 and even 1,000. Reading the court-martials of those days, one alternately wonders how the officers held down the gangs of ruffians they commanded, and how the men endured the manifold brutalities of their officers. Brave to a superlative degree as these men were, with that fiery courage which welcomes battle and death, they cannot compare in quality with the officers and men who now take our ships to sea. Everywhere, except in the highest ranks, where our captains and admirals are too old, the change has been one wholly for the good. Yet it has not kept pace with the times, and to-day our sailors are poorly paid and not too well fed.

Between 1814 and 1857 came the adoption of the shell gun—the invention of General Paixhans—and the introduction of steam. Paddle steamers were built for the Navy as far back as 1822, and in 1837 the first screw steamer made its appearance—not as yet in our fleet. The line-of-battle ship at the Queen's accession still trusted to the winds for propulsive force. The paddle obviously could not be employed, as it was very much exposed to shot and shell, and furthermore took up very much space on the broadside; it was never

used in any ship above the rating of a frigate. In 1843 the screw was applied to H.M.S. *Rattler*, a small sloop of 888 tons and 200 horse-power; and when in April 1845 she was tried against the paddle steamer, *Alecto*, she towed the latter ahead at a speed of $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The trial was decisive.

The *Rattler*, then, may be said to have been the interesting feature of the 1845 review. Alone amongst the splendid sailing ships-of-the-line this ugly craft was what the *Erebus* and her sister floating batteries were in 1856, what the snake-like *Desperate* will be on the 26th of June 1897. The ships-of-the-line assembled were the *St. Vincent*, *Trafalgar*, *Queen*, *Rodney*, *Albion*, *Canopus*, *Vanguard*, and *Superb*, the first carrying the flag of Sir Hyde Parker, who commanded this 'Experimental Squadron.' The *St. Vincent* was a 120-gun vessel of the line, carrying as her heaviest weapons twelve 8-inch shell guns. Each of these fired a projectile of about 84 lb. weight, and the gun itself weighed $3\frac{1}{4}$ tons and was 9 feet long. The other weapons were all 32-pounder smooth-bores of various length, so that the broadside weighed in all 2,332 lb. There had thus been a great gain in force on the *Impregnable*. Amongst the other ships, the most noteworthy was the *Queen*, of 110 guns, the first three-decker launched in Her Majesty's reign, and firing a broadside of 1,942 lb.

After 1845 the screw was applied to the battleship, and the transformation of our fleet began with a vengeance. As yet, however, steam was to be only an auxiliary to sails, and not the motive force *par excellence*. Not till the later Eighties was this conception of the scope of steam changed, and sails abandoned for ever.

On the 11th of August 1853 the next important review was held. We were then on the eve of war with Russia, and the Government was anxious to make a great display of strength. Twenty-five men-of-war were assembled, all, except three, propelled by steam, so that the first great change was almost accomplished. The Prince Consort wrote of this occasion :

The great naval review has come off and surpassed all that could have been anticipated. The gigantic ships of war, amongst them the *Duke of Wellington* with 131 guns, a greater number than was ever before assembled in one vessel, went without sails and propelled only by the screw, *eleven miles an hour*, and this against wind and tide! This is the greatest revolution effected in the conduct of naval warfare which has yet been known. . . . We have already sixteen [screw ships] at sea and ten in an advanced state. . . . On Thursday 300 ships and 100,000 men [these totals, of course, include pleasure-steamers and sight-seers] must have been assembled on one spot. The fleet carried 1,100 guns and 10,000 men; the weather, moreover, was magnificent.

Less than a year later came another review. Her Majesty in her yacht led out the Baltic fleet. The war had come at last. On this occasion there was no joyous holiday-making: the fleet was known

to be execrably manned, and many foreboded serious disaster. The squadron sent out was weak in numbers: it included only eight screw ships-of-the-line and as many other vessels of various types. On the *Duke of Wellington* Sir Charles Napier's flag flew. As the ships went past the Queen, they saluted, and Her Majesty was observed to follow them attentively, even sadly, as they receded from view. In a letter written at this time she said: 'I am very enthusiastic about my dear Army and Navy, and wish I had two sons in both now. I know I shall suffer much when I hear of losses amongst them.'

The war came and went. The Baltic fleet, as all know, did little or nothing; the Black Sea fleet made a desperate and disastrous attack on Sebastopol. With peace, however, on the 23rd of April 1856, a great review was held of the ships which had returned from the war, or which had been specially built for the war. Our Navy had expanded with remarkable rapidity, and was now a very respectable force. No less than 240 warships were collected; of these, twenty-four were screw line-of-battle ships, nineteen screw frigates, eighteen paddle-wheel steamers, five floating batteries, 120 steam gunboats, one sailing frigate, two ammunition ships, one a hospital ship, one a floating workshop, and fifty mortar-boats. The weather was superb, and vast crowds of spectators covered the Southsea shore.

If 1845 was the funeral of the sailing battleship, 1856 rang the knell of the screw three-decker. The *Duke of Wellington*, indeed, made a gallant show, with her formidable broadside of 2,564 lb. weight fired from her sixteen 8-inch shell guns, her 114 32-pounders, and her pivot 68-pounder; with her 1,120 men, and her huge hull displacing 6,000 tons. But of what value were her 8-inch shells or her 32-pounder shots, when they rebounded like peas from the 4-inch mail of the five strange, ironclad, floating batteries which on this day held all eyes captive?—'low, squat, black, unwieldy constructions,' as a contemporary describes them. All five had been built especially for the attack on Kronstadt; the displacement was about 2,000 tons by modern measurement, and the armament fourteen or sixteen 68-pounders. Those who want real amusement should study some of the melancholy predictions concerning these ships, though none of their critics rose to the high level of that officer who opposed the introduction of steam in the Navy because 'the smoke from the funnels would injure the health of the topmen'!

It was an ominous sign that on this occasion, when the lines-of-battle went past the Royal Yacht, no canvas was spread. The ships used only steam. The *Royal George*, of 102 guns, headed the starboard column, the *Duke of Wellington* the port column: they steamed up past the Royal Yacht, and then turned and doubled back to their former stations. At nightfall the yards and port-holes were illuminated with blue lights, whilst flights of rockets were sent up between nine and ten, and the numerous gunboats delivered an attack upon

Southsea Castle. On this occasion the fleet stretched for twelve miles in one continuous line.

In 1867, in honour of the Sultan Abdul Aziz, a large fleet was reviewed by the Queen and the Sultan. There were present fifteen ironclads; sixteen wooden ships-of-the-line, frigates, and sloops; as many gunboats; and two paddle steamers. The two ships most noteworthy amongst the ironclads were the *Minotaur* and the *Royal Sovereign*. The first is one of the longest ironclads ever constructed, and is plated with $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch iron. Her heaviest gun was the 12-ton muzzle-loader, firing a 256-lb. shot through some eleven inches of iron. She was rigged with four masts. The *Royal Sovereign* was a very primitive turret-ship. Originally a wooden three-decker, she had been cut down by Captain Coles almost to the water-line, iron-plated, and equipped with four revolving turrets, each containing one or two 12-ton guns. These turrets were turned by hand, and were a great success.

As a fighting force the squadron of 1867 was of somewhat doubtful quality. It had, indeed, seven fair sea-going ironclads, but the other eight were not of very serious value, as they were indifferent sea-boats, and in several instances had low free-boards. There was little or no homogeneity in the battleships. The wooden or unarmoured squadron was quite worthless; its ships were slow, could not have got away from the *Warrior* or *Minotaur*, nor have fought a close action with them when overtaken. The gunboats were equally slow and unsatisfactory; and the law that rising speed should accompany diminishing force had not been obeyed. We had a fleet without scouts or fast cruisers. This want of fast cruisers continued till 1889.

Between 1867 and 1887 were changes innumerable and countless inventions, the most important being the rise of the torpedo and the torpedo-boat, the universal adoption of breech-loading guns, and the appearance of machine and quick-firing guns—as yet only in the smaller sizes. Iron displaced wood, and steel displaced iron as the material for ship-construction. Gun and armour competed against each other, till the first grew to a monstrous size and the second to a monstrous thickness. It was an age of fads; we had the fat, squat, dumpy ships of the *Ajax* class as the ideal battleship, and we narrowly escaped one or two circular ironclads. Men had hardly as yet codified tactics or applied the plain teaching of history to battleship construction. And for this reason the Jubilee review was not wholly satisfactory. A host of ships was collected, but the resultant was a jumble of specimens, not a homogeneous fleet. Before we contrast the display on this occasion with that of this June, let us give a short table comparing the fleets assembled in 1887, 1889, and 1897.

¹ On the 13th of August 1873, the Queen reviewed 'the Particular Service Squadron' of fifteen ironclads and eleven other vessels. From the standpoint of naval construction this review has little importance.

Year of Review	Armoured Ships					Protected Cruisers			Torpedo Gunboats	Destroyers	Torpedo Boats	Old Cruisers, &c.	Gunboats	Sloops, &c.	Total
	Battleships														
	Under 10 years	10-20 years	Over 20 years	Coast Defence	Cruisers	First Class	Second Class	Third Class							
1897	11	6	4	—	4	7	27	5	20	30	20	18	5	8	165
1889	8	5	—	8	7	10	4	9	4	—	38	8	12	2	112
1887	4	10	3	8	1	10	4	6	1	—	38	11	31	—	114

The figures given for 1897 are those published up to date, but may be subject to change.

Of the twenty-six ironclads of all sorts collected in 1887, there were only four battleships which were less than ten years old. These four were the *Collingwood*, *Edinburgh*, *Conqueror*, and *Ajax*—all, it will be observed, of different type, size, speed, and manœuvring quality. One of the four was actually armed with the old 38-ton gun muzzle-loader, and this ship, the *Ajax*, could neither steam nor steer. The British Navy was at its nadir when such a vessel had a place in its finest battle squadron. The *Conqueror* and *Edinburgh* are both faulty sea-boats, the former especially, and the guns in the *Edinburgh* are most awkwardly disposed. Altogether our four newest ships made a poor show—the *Collingwood* alone giving promise of better things. She is a fast, heavily armed, but ill-protected battleship, and has done us good service.

Turning next to the second group, battleships of ten to twenty years of age, the state of things was even worse. Of the ten ships included in it, all, save one, were armed with muzzle-loaders, and only two were alike. The value of homogeneity had been absolutely ignored. The third class was rather better; but the coast-defence ships, eight in number, were even then, ten years ago, of little value for anything beyond harbour defence. As a final blunder, the various ironclads, cruisers, and torpedo gunboats (or boat) were jumbled together in squadrons anyhow—turret-ship, broadside-ship, fast cruiser, and slowest ironclad, all pell-mell. 1887 was a revelation of weakness rather than strength.

With cruisers the fleet was miserably provided. The twenty-six ironclads had exactly nine scouts capable of steaming 15 knots or more an hour; and there was but one large and fast cruiser with a good coal supply. What the Admiralty had been dreaming about, where its strategists had been all this time, it is impossible to say. But the national awakening, the resurrection of our Navy, had only just begun, and had not then had time to produce any tangible effect. On the top of all these failings in *matériel* should be remarked the insufficiency of the *personnel*. Many, if not most, of the vessels assembled were under-officered and under-manned.

Want of space compels me to pass over the review of 1889, when the improvement in our fleet was very noticeable. We come now to 1897, and we can indeed congratulate ourselves. Defects there are still, no doubt, in our fleet—perhaps grave defects, but the advance since 1887 is enormous. It is a new fleet that will be shown to the public on the 26th, admirable in design, modern—with the exception of certain of our older battleships—homogeneous, fast; a fleet of which we may well be proud. If we analyse the *matériel*, we shall find that we have eleven thoroughly modern battleships of three different types—though really these types vary so slightly, and then only in non-essentials, that we can call the whole eleven homogeneous. Of the eleven, no less than six are *Majestics*, with sea-speeds of 16 knots an hour, when they have their full load on board, and with displacements in that condition of nearly 16,000 tons. These six ships are, save for a few insignificant particulars, identical in all respects—identical in speed, manœuvring quality, armament, and disposition of armour. They are capable of keeping the sea in all weathers. If we laid all the fleets of Europe under contribution, six ships their equals in offensive and defensive power could not at this hour be collected. They are armed with wire guns of the latest pattern—the heaviest weapon carried being the 46-ton gun, which projects an 850-lb. shell, capable of perforating 38½ inches of iron. This gun, it will be observed, is a marked reduction in size upon the 110-ton weapons which were in favour in 1887, but it will pierce as thick a plate, and in an emergency can be handled by manual power. The second feature of the *Majestics* is the ‘auxiliary’ armament of 6-inch quick-firers. These terrible weapons are now supplied with Lyddite shells, weighing about 100 lb. Of these they can fire with ease three in a minute. Smokeless powder is used, so that there is no impenetrable curtain of smoke to hamper the gunners’ aim. The weight of broadside from all guns above the 6-pounder is 4,096 lb.

After the six *Majestics* comes the *Reynown*, to my mind a very inferior ship when contrasted with either the *Majestics* or the *Royal Sovereigns*. Her heavy battery of four 16-inch guns is of somewhat antiquated pattern, and her armour has been thinned down to a dangerous extent. She carries, however, ten of the excellent wire 6-inch quick-firers, all behind armour; and in exchange for her loss of defensive and offensive power she has the very high speed of 18½ knots. In fact, she is by far our fastest battleship, though she is slower than the huge Italian *Surdegna*, which has covered 20 knots. In appearance she resembles closely the *Majestics*, and is well qualified to act with them. Last in our group of new battleships come the four *Royal Sovereigns*, which are heavily armed and splendidly protected. They carry the 67-ton gun, firing a 1,250-lb. shell, and an older pattern of 6-inch quick-firer. Their sea-speed is between 15

and 16 knots, with all coal and stores on board, when they displace about 14,600 tons.

The six battleships aged from ten to twenty years are all serviceable ships. These six—the *Benbow*, *Howe*, *Collingwood*, *Sanspareil*, *Colossus*, and *Edinburgh*—are armed with heavy breech-loaders and are receiving a 6-inch gun which stands midway between the newer quick-firer and the old slow-firer. But in these ships the quick-firing armament has scarcely any protection, and could never be fought in battle without the most appalling loss. The *Sanspareil* has a tragic interest as a replica of the unhappy *Victoria*; she is powerfully armed, but is too low forward to be a good sea-boat. All these ships want to be brought up to date—to have the woodwork as far as possible removed, to receive new boilers, new 46-ton wire guns, real and not sham quick-firers, and some protection for their auxiliary battery. Then they would be vastly more formidable than they are now.

The four older battleships are the *Thunderer*, *Devastation*, *Inflexible*, and *Alexandra*, of which the first two have been modernised and are of great value. The *Alexandra* is a vessel of sound construction, discreditably neglected, since the greater part of her heavy armament is muzzle-loading, whilst she has no heavy quick-firers. The *Inflexible* is in the same lamentable condition as so many of our older ironclads. She has still the antiquated muzzle-loaders of 1876, which ought long ago to have been relegated to the museum. It is at this point that the old German *König Wilhelm* reads us so valuable a lesson. She is a ship in no respect better than our *Alexandra* or *Superb*. Yet she has had her old guns taken out, and new quick-firers substituted; she has had new engines and boilers, and even a steel protective deck has been built into her. Scarcely any woodwork will be noticed on board her. Why, we may well ask, has not our Admiralty years ago treated our old ironclads in this manner?

But, after all, these old ships can only be at the best ancillary to our naval strength. We depend first and foremost upon our new battleships, our fast cruisers, and our torpedo flotilla. Well as we stand in the first, we are yet better off in the second, seeing that without the slightest difficulty we can collect four armoured cruisers of great fighting power, though somewhat antiquated design; seven first-class cruisers, all capable of steaming 20 knots; twenty-seven second-class cruisers; and five of the third class. All eyes will naturally be turned upon the gigantic *Powerful* and her sister, the *Terrible*. These two ships are capable of crossing the Atlantic at a speed of 21 or 22 knots; they have water-tube boilers, thoroughly protected armaments of the very latest pattern, and a vast coal supply. Contrasting them with the *Australia* or *Aurora*, we see the extraordinary advance in displacement which has

been such a feature of naval progress from 1887 to 1897. The five other first-class cruisers are slower, carry less coal and slightly weaker armaments; but they are all excellent and serviceable ships, with the sole exception of the *Blake*, whose boilers are in a very untrustworthy condition.

The splendid group of second-class cruisers is equally remarkable; and of the twenty-seven, twenty-three are practically homogeneous, and good for 18 knots at sea. These are the ships upon which falls the burden of scouting in manœuvres, and well they perform it. Necessarily they carry a large coal supply, and so we find that the 600 tons of the earlier *Apollos* have risen to 1,000 or 1,100 tons in the new *Doris* or *Minerva*. The armament has also been strengthened, though it is even now painfully weak. I fear that our ships in this class could fight on even terms with few French and no German cruisers of their own size. The third class need not detain us; it is composed of despatch boats without coal, and of older cruisers without sea-speed. For fighting or hard scouting, the ships in it are of little value.

Quite otherwise is it with our splendid flotilla of destroyers, of which we may expect to see twenty or thirty collected. With trial speeds of from 27 to 30 knots, these snake-like vessels are the surest antidote to the torpedo-boat bane. As representative we may take the *Desperate*, a Chiswick boat, which has steamed $30\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour. Her crew is 60 men and officers; her armament, two torpedo tubes and six small quick-firers. Light and small though she is, she has engines of 5,400 horse-power boxed up in her fragile hull, or more than the whole nominal horse-power of the eight battleships reviewed by the Queen in 1854. Still, she is hardly a sea-keeping craft, in spite of the fact that in Cretan waters our destroyers have done wonderful service, and attracted general admiration.

The gunboats and the old cruisers of the Training Squadron add nothing to the strength of the fleet, and will be of little interest to any save the antiquary. They are rigged ships whose day for fighting has passed. They cannot but appear out of place in an assemblage of powerful modern ships.

As far as can be judged, the increase in displacement of our ships has reached a limit, and a reaction has begun. In battleships and cruisers we are building smaller vessels than the *Majestic* or *Powerful*. How great has been the increase in displacement during the last ten years may be understood from the fact that in 1887 our twenty-six ironclads averaged 7,146 tons, whereas our forty of to-day average not less than 9,850 tons. The twelve cruisers of 1887 averaged only 3,254 tons; the forty-eight or more of 1897 will average 4,581.

The high explosive, the heavy quick-firer, the monster cruiser, and the destroyer, these are the new features of 1897. In *matériel*

our position is at last becoming satisfactory. In *personnel* we have yet to accomplish a good deal, for we are still dangerously short of lieutenants—the backbone of any fleet. But if the public continues to devote its attention to the Navy, if it continues in its policy of wise expenditure upon armaments, the removal of these defects is only a matter of time. Even now the world will gather that we are not impotent, but that we can strike—and strike hard.

NELSON¹

'ONE never knows,' wrote Catherine the Second to Grimm,² 'if you are living in the midst of the murders, carnage, and uproar of the den of thieves who have seized upon the Government of France, and who will soon turn it into Gaul, as it was in the time of Cæsar. But Cæsar put them down! When will this Cæsar come? Oh, come he will, you need not doubt.' These words were strikingly prophetic. Less than five years later a young Corsican artillery officer of twenty-six scattered the National Guards in the streets of Paris, and, having restored the waning authority of the Convention, was appointed second in command of the Army of the Interior. In the following year (1796), as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy, he defeated the Austrians, reduced the King of Sardinia to vassalage, occupied Milan, and shut up the veteran Wurmser in Mantua. 'Cæsar' had come to rule the destinies of France for eighteen years, to overturn the entire system of Europe, and to prove himself the greatest master of the art of land warfare that the world has known.

In 1793, a British post-captain of thirty-five sailed into the Mediterranean in command of H.M.S. *Agamemnon*, to enter upon a career of twelve years, which ended in the hour of his most glorious victory, and won for him undying fame as the most brilliant seaman whom the greatest of maritime nations has ever produced.

As Napoleon was the highest incarnation of the power of the land and of the military aptitude of the French people, so was Nelson the supreme exponent of the power of the sea and the embodiment of the naval genius of the Anglo-Saxon race. Fate ordained that the careers of these two should violently clash, and that the vast ambitions of the one should be shattered by the untiring energy of the other. The war which began in 1793 was in effect a tremendous conflict between the forces of the land and those of the sea, each directed by a master hand, and each fed by the resources of a great nation. The apparent inequality of conditions was considerable at the outset, and later overwhelming. Conquered or overawed by the power of the land, the allies

¹ *Life of Nelson the Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain.* By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., U.S. Navy. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1897.

² January 13, 1791.

of England fell away, becoming the instruments of Napoleon's policy, till the small island State stood alone. There was no outpouring of wild enthusiasm such as carried the armies of revolutionary France from victory to victory; but, instead, a stern determination to uphold the cause of order and of real liberty in the face of all odds, and in spite of much real suffering. With the ultimate triumph, won upon the sea, the name of Nelson will forever be associated. It is his immortal honour not only to have stepped forth as the champion of his country in the hour of dire need, but to have bequeathed to her the knowledge in which lies her only salvation.

Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson* is far more than the story of an heroic career. It is a picture, drawn in firm lines by a master hand, in which the significance of the events chronicled stands out in true proportion. Nelson's place in history, his mission as the great opponent of the spirit of aggression, of which the French Revolution was the inspiring force and Napoleon the mighty instrument, his final triumph—all are traced with infinite skill and inexorable analysis.

At each of the momentous crises, so far removed in time and place—at the Nile, at Copenhagen, at Trafalgar—as the unfolding drama of the age reveals to the onlooker the schemes of the arch-planner about to touch success, over against Napoleon rises ever Nelson; and as the latter in the hour of victory drops from the stage where he has played so chief a part, his task is seen to be accomplished, his triumph secured. In the very act of dying he has dealt his foe a blow from which recovery is impossible. Moscow and Waterloo are the inevitable consequences of Trafalgar.

In this passage the keynote of the book rings out clearly. We knew that the author of *The Influence of Sea Power* would place before us this aspect of Nelson's career as it has never yet been presented, that no writer of the present or the past was so competent to deal with Nelson's achievements and to portray him as a director of war. We did not know whether the brilliant naval historian could assume the more difficult rôle of the biographer, and could unveil a living image of the man of simple yet complex nature, of impulse, yet of cold reason. In some respects, at least, Captain Mahan's success in the more delicate portion of his task is complete. He has shown the gradual training of Nelson's mind in the school of experience. He has placed beyond the reach of cavil the fact of Nelson's genius, which a recent writer ventured to question, and he has rightly claimed for that genius in its maturity a wider range than the knowledge of the sea. Like his great antagonist, Nelson was something more than a born leader of fighting men, and both owed their success as directors of war to the insight which, when associated with self-reliance and readiness to accept responsibility, is the essence of real statesmanship. Captain Mahan is, however, not in the least carried away by an exaggerated hero-worship. It is evident that he is profoundly impressed by the personality of the man in whom sea power

found its greatest exponent; but he can be coldly—almost harshly—critical, and to the strain of human weakness, which mingled with but did not mar the closing years of Nelson's glorious career, he shows no excess of mercy. The aim 'has been to make Nelson describe himself—tell the story of his own inner life as well as of his external actions,' and in the main this course has been followed. It here and there the running personal comment—never the historical analysis—seems a little *fâde*, and leads to unconscious repetitions, the book holds the reader from beginning to end.

It is remarkable that Nelson, though almost continuously afloat from 1770 till 1783, saw no naval action during the great war of American Independence. In this period, however, the foundations of his future greatness were laid. The opportunities were few, but none were lost. As a post-captain of twenty-two he took a leading part in the siege and capture of Fort San Juan, gaining experience to be turned to full account in after years on the coast of Corsica. Of practical seamanship he became a master. He had shown marked independence of judgment, together with a certain restiveness under authority feebly or wrongfully wielded. In 1785, defying popular opinion in the West Indies, and disregarding the orders of the Admiral (which relieved him of responsibility), he enforced the Navigation Laws, and after much anxiety and vexation was upheld by the Admiralty. 'This struggle with Sir Richard Hughes,' states Captain Mahan, 'showed clearly not only the loftiness of his motives, but the distinguishing features which constituted the strength of his character both civil and military.' In 1788 Nelson returned to England with his newly-married wife, and being out of favour with the Court and the Admiralty for having openly shown his friendship for the Duke of Clarence, then attached to the party of the Prince of Wales, was unable to obtain a ship. His fearless assumption of responsibility in the West Indies, and the breadth of view which he displayed, had impressed both the Prime Minister and Mr. Rose, the Secretary of the Treasury. Although, therefore, for the moment under a cloud, his strong self-reliance had already made its mark. 'Even in the earlier stages of his profession,' said Codrington, 'his genius had soared higher, and all his energies were turned to becoming a great commander.' Such men were sorely needed when, at the end of 1792, Pitt realised that war with Revolutionary France was inevitable, and on the 30th of June 1793 Nelson was appointed to the sixty-four-gun ship *Agamemnon*. 'The Admiralty,' he wrote, 'so smile upon me, that really I am as much surprised as when they frowned.'

The three years which followed form, states Captain Mahan, 'the period in which expectation passed into fulfilment, when development, being arrested, resumed its outward progress under the benign influence of a favourable environment.' Nelson was fairly launched on his unparalleled career. Nothing could be better than the author's

treatment of the wonderful chapter of history which now opened. Here is no mere narrative of the actions of an individual, but a luminous exposition of war in which the interaction of the sea and land operations on a great scale is admirably traced. We are enabled to see the gradual establishment of law in a vast contest, which began with 'no sound ideas,' no vestige of a clear policy. And we can follow the rapid development of Nelson's genius maturing through rich experience, his reason correcting his impulse, and his power as a director of war rising to meet the ever-increasing demands which it was called upon to meet. Fortune was now propitious. In Lord Hood, Nelson found a commander-in-chief who recognised his special capacity for 'separate and responsible service.' Henceforth, till the battle of the Nile, his 'life presents a series of detached commands, independent as regarded the local scene of operations,' and exactly calculated to furnish the scope and the opportunities for which he craved.

The abandonment of Toulon in December 1793 left the Mediterranean fleet without a harbour east of Gibraltar. Naval warfare in sailing days demanded the use of harbours quite as much as now when coaling stations are regarded in the light of a new requirement. Corsica, held by a French garrison, appeared to offer the necessary facilities, and on Nelson's advice, in opposition to the opinion of General Dundas, the siege of Bastia was undertaken. 'If the Army will not take it,' he wrote, 'we must, by some way or other,' and he both planned the siege and directed the operations to a successful conclusion. At this juncture a French squadron sailed from Toulon, and Admiral Hotham, commanding an equal force, fell back towards Corsica, missing a great opportunity, as Nelson instantly recognised. Hood, concentrating his fleet, was unable to bring the enemy to action, but effectually covered the siege of Calvi, where Nelson lost the use of his right eye when directing the fire of the batteries on shore, whose construction he had advised. Corsica was now 'unassailable,' as Captain Mahan states, so long as the sea was controlled by the British Navy; but Nelson had not as yet realised the impossibility of over-sea operations in face of naval supremacy, and evinced traces of the same anxiety which later he felt for Sicily. In the memorable action of the *Agamemnon* and *La Ira* on the 13th of May 1795—his first sea fight—Nelson unmistakably showed 'the spirit which takes a man to the front, not merely in battle but at all times.' The difference between his bold initiative on this day and the decision instantly acted upon at St. Vincent was only one of degree. So also when, on the following day, Hotham rested satisfied with a temporary advantage, Nelson pleaded for a pursuit of Martin's fleet. 'There was risk, as the author shows, but in the circumstances it was a risk which ought to have been accepted. On the 15th of July, another chance presented itself to Hotham, but the signal for a general chase was delayed 'pending certain drill-ground manœuvres,' and the French lost only

...tacking... the great chance... rear ships to choose the chord... the formal movement, wear out of line, enemy: Nelson instantly seized this chance and... the course of the battle, arresting the Spanish movement, boarding the *San Nicolas* and *San Josef*. There was risk of being overwhelmed before support could arrive; there was the further risk which attached to an act undertaken without authority and in defiance of an ordered evolution; but Captain Mahan justly considers that in any case Nelson would have been upheld by an admiral who had just fought twenty-seven ships of the line with fifteen, because "a victory was essential to England at that moment."

To this signal success quickly followed a 'sharp reverse' in the failure of the attack on Santa Cruz. This was essentially a task in which military forces ought to have been employed, as Nelson originally proposed, and the lesson is important. The loss of his right arm and the months of suffering which followed brought temporary despondency, which disappeared when at length the wound... On the 10th of April Nelson sailed in the *Vanguard* to join... under St. Vincent, and to enter upon what Captain Mahan... the second period of his career. 'Before him was now to... of possibilities hitherto unexampled in naval warfare;... appreciation of them was needed: just those perceptions, gin, yet festing firmly on well-ordered, rational pro... the intellectual side, distinguished him above all men.'

situation demanded the resumption of a naval Mediterranean, where a great French expedition... sparing. 'If, wrote Lord Spencer to St. Vincent, in the Mediterranean, we can encourage Austria in, it is in the highest degree probable that the... ze the opportunity of acting at the same time.'... ally conceived, and Nelson was the instrument... to carry it out.

the records.

fleet at sea or ready.

most powerful deterrent to naval
over-sea transport of military forces.

In the chapters dealing with Nelson's proceedings in 1795 and 1796 Captain Mahan discusses with much possibilities of bringing sea power to bear on the land campaign. Nelson's plan for landing 5,000 men at San Remo on the French line of communications with Nice was not justified under the existing conditions. It was eminently characteristic of his marked capacity for seizing upon the decisive factor in a given situation; but his accurate instinct that war cannot be made without running risks combined with his lack of experience in the difficulties of land operations to mislead his judgment in this particular instance. Napoleon was now launched on a full tide of victory; Spain declared war; Corsica was in rebellion; on the 25th of September 1796 orders were sent to Jervis to quit the Mediterranean. By Nelson this decision was bitterly resented. 'I lament our present orders in sackcloth and ashes, so dishonourable to the dignity of England.' His earlier view had changed, and, realising all that the evacuation implied, he dwelt upon the advantages of a bold offensive on the sea. 'The fleets of England are equal to meet the world in arms.' The Admiral, however, left Jervis in a position of great inferiority. The fleet in being, already a heavy 'curb,' with the addition of the Spanish squadron, to thirty-line. It was natural that the British Government should find the odds too great.

To Nelson these three years were of the utmost importance, mind, continually occupied in solving naval problems, events, and in studying the European situation and its development. His exploits on a minor stage had, and, as Captain Mahan justly points out, the benefit which followed ought not to be permitted to obscure the antecedent period of unswerving continuance allowing no flagging of earnestness for a moment.

With the greatest skill Captain Mahan retells the story of the chase from the 7th of June to the memorable 1st of August. We are made to share Nelson's anxieties and difficulties, to follow the workings of his mind, and to realise the inflexible steadiness of purpose which at length led him to the goal. Neither England nor Nelson himself at first recognised the tremendous importance of the battle of the Nile. French designs in Egypt and in the Far East were checkmated; Minorca fell; the fate of Malta was decided; and a new alliance, joined by Russia and Turkey, was arrayed against the forces of the Revolution. Meanwhile Nelson, severely wounded and suffering greatly, sailed for Naples to meet his fate and Lady Hamilton, who from this period till the hour of his death dominated his affections.

No biographer can ignore the influence which this woman henceforth exercised over the hero's private life. The later breach with his wife, and the intimacy which he publicly avowed, have rendered the discussion of this phase of his career inevitable. The name of Lady Hamilton must always be associated with that of Nelson.

It was, however, the manner and not the fact of his liaison that imposes upon the biographer the duty of transferring it to his pages. The lives of many other great men—lives grossly impure compared with that of Nelson's—escape this form of investigation. We do not

how far some w

disobedience of the orders of Lord Keith was prompted by reluctance to leave Lady Hamilton. Nelson was not on good terms with the commander-in-chief, whose judgment he distrusted, and whose instructions, addressed from a dull pupil to a master, he resented. Moreover, it is certain that before he had seen Lady Hamilton well as long after she had returned to England, he rightly or wrongly attached special importance to the security of the Two Sicilies. The disobedience cannot be condoned; but unquestionably it did not prejudice the interests of England, and the real moral is the unwisdom of subjecting genius to mediocrity in order to comply with the dictates of petty routine. Nelson was marked out for command in the Mediterranean in succession to St. Vincent, and in sending out Keith the Government and the Admiralty made a grave mistake, from which the national cause suffered. In the six months of temporary independence which followed Keith's departure for England, Nelson showed no sign whatever of diminished energy. His brief administration of the station until Keith's return was characterised by the same zeal, sagacity, and politic tact that he had shown in earlier days. A second disappointment—the more bitterly felt since Keith, after having lost the French fleet, was sent back—and an Admiralty reprimand, which, though deserved, caused Nelson much pain and disappointment. To explain his 'testiness' at this time. Growing infatuation there may have been.

...ession that the mistress was better able to understand the heroic
 e of Nelson's character than the blameless wife whose sad fate evokes
 ar sympathy. 'Such things are,' as Nelson was wont to say in regard
 o the anomalies of life, and such things unhappily will be, so long as
 humanity retains its many imperfections. Nelson's great fault can-
 not ever be condoned; but the measure of that fault—not the
 publicity with which his headstrong will invested it—should supply
 the measure of the condemnation.

The coalition formed after the battle of the Nile proved short-
 lived. Napoleon, whose escape from Egypt Nelson 'sincerely re-
 gretted,' landed in France in October 1799, and Austria, struck down
 by repeated blows, made peace after Hohenlinden. Catharine the
 Second was dead, and the Tsar Paul, easily cajoled by Napoleon,
 revived the armed neutrality to which Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia
 at once acceded. Great Britain stood alone. The new combination
 was, as the author points out, the work of Napoleon, who sought to
 employ the Northern navies to his advantage, and at the same time
 'to exclude Great Britain from her important commerce with the
 Continent, which was carried on mainly by the ports of Prussia or
 by those of North Germany.' Again Nelson stands forth as the
 national champion. 'We have now arrived at that period,' he
 wrote, 'what we have often heard of but must—acute—that of
 fighting for our dear country.' 'I have only
 service of my country is the object nearest m
 ing blunder of giving the chief command o
 Hyde Parker was, in the opinion of Admiral
 due to a perception of 'the propriety of plac
 some more temperate, docile, and matured
 daring, and brilliant courage whose capric
 learned to dread.' Captain Mahan suggest
 hat the reason may be sought in Parker's

...acquired during the last preparat

...of which this cou-

hagen. The plan which he proposed shows similarity to executed at the Nile, but with an important difference. In the earlier case, a general idea was given to all the captains, to whom the details of the execution were left. In the later, the instructions were singularly careful and elaborate, aptly illustrating the completeness of Nelson's genius. The battle of the 2nd of April 1801 was an exhibition of seamanship finely conceived, as well as of fighting power, and the share of the commander-in-chief was practically limited to making a signal which might have wrecked the whole. Captain Mahan shows that Nelson, in applying his telescope to the blind eye, was not acting a little comedy, as has been represented. The frigates obeyed this 'remarkable' signal, and Rear-Admiral Graves, 'not being able to distinguish the *Elephant's* conduct,' repeated it, but happily did not haul down No. 16, signifying 'Close action.' As the author pointedly remarks, 'The man who went into the Copenhagen fight with an eye upon withdrawing from action would have been beaten before he began.'

One branch of the Northern Alliance having been lopped, Nelson, who had brought on an illness by rowing for six hours in an open boat to rejoin his flagship, was intensely anxious to fight the Russians. The assassination of the Tsar Paul had, however, changed the situation, and when the fleet, under Nelson's command, sailed for Revel, Parker departed, Russia could no longer be a danger. The Baltic campaign had ended; 'there was no more to be done, and considering how Nelson's life had been shortened by the severe wounds he had received, and the keen air of the north, the longing for rest and a home surely have been natural, apart from the influence of the Lady Hamilton.' Landing in England on the 26th in command of the *Victory*, he hoisted his flag on the 26th in command of the fleet, 'having previously drawn up a list of the names of the ships for the City of London.' The reality of Nelson's

be benefited by following it.' His generosity to the poor of the parish was unbounded, and he showed equal solicitude for the welfare of the tenants on his Sicilian estate. Nor did the alleged baneful influence of Lady Hamilton destroy his interest in public matters, although his representations on the questions of manning, desertion, and prize-money appear to have received no consideration from the Admiralty, then engrossed in economies soon to prove gravely injurious to the national cause.

The wonderful story of the Trafalgar campaign has already been admirably told by Captain Mahan ;⁴ but this later version, in which the heroic personality of Nelson dominates the drama, possesses an added interest. As Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean he sailed in the *Victory* on the 20th of May 1805. 'Government,' he had written, 'cannot be more anxious for my departure than I am, if a war, to go.' In this spirit Nelson entered upon the crowning period of his career—a period in which the wide experience of the past was to bear rich fruit, and the sterling qualities of the greatest of seamen were to shine forth in full splendour. Through the long and anxious cruising in the Mediterranean, the chase of Villeneuve to and from the West Indies, and the brief respite in England, down to the triumph at Trafalgar, Captain Mahan leads the reader in pages whose luminous analysis leaves nothing to be desired. The naval aspects of each phase of the great drama are grasped with a firm hand. Nelson's steady concentration of purpose upon the primary object—the enemy's fleet—his determination to keep his own ships at sea, thus maintaining the officers and crews in fullest fighting efficiency, and the wise administration by which he won the love and confidence of his command supply lessons for all time. The causes of the victory of Trafalgar lie deeper than either strategy or tactics. They may be traced in the life of Nelson; they may be reproduced by following the example he has left.

From beginning to end the Trafalgar campaign abounds in great lessons which are only now beginning to be understood. Assuming that the immense preparations on the French coast were seriously intended, Napoleon's correct perception of the risks was plainly shown. He might, as Captain Mahan intimates, be willing to sacrifice an army to accomplish the occupation of London. 'What if the soldiers of the Grand Army never returned from England? There were still in France men enough,' &c. He was not willing, however, to encounter the tremendous danger of being caught in passage or in landing by the British Navy. His far-reaching plans were deflected to the concentration of a superior force in the Channel, during a period which he variously estimated at six hours, fifteen days, and two months. He does not, however, appear to have realised that this concentration could not have been effected without

⁴ *The Influence of Sea Power on the Wars of the French Revolution and Empire.*

hard fighting, which must inevitably have changed the whole situation. Nor did he understand that his harbour-trained ships were no match for their weather-beaten opponents. Provided that the British blockading squadrons would have quietly withdrawn into space when threatened by superior numbers, the over-elaborate scheme might have succeeded. But this is exactly what could not reasonably be expected. On the arrival of Villeneuve from the West Indies to relieve the blockaded ships, the blockaders would have moved up Channel, gathering strength, and being joined by the considerable free force which is usually left out of account. There would then have been a real 'fleet in being'—a fighting fleet numerically not far inferior to that which Napoleon vainly hoped to assemble, and in all other respects vastly superior. At best a victory could have been obtained only at immense sacrifice, by which the French would have been crippled, while a fresh British squadron under Nelson must have been near at hand. Calder's action, incomplete as it was, showed clearly the moral ascendancy which rendered it certain that the French would in any case be attacked, and Nelson's words to his captains have a special significance: 'If we meet the enemy we shall find them not less than eighteen, I rather think twenty, sail of the line;⁵ do not be surprised if I should not fall on them immediately—we won't part without a battle.' The idea, frequently put forward, that England narrowly escaped invasion in 1805 has no foundation in reason or in fact.

On the other hand, it is remarkable that neither the British Government nor Nelson himself seems to have realised that, if Napoleon was really bent upon crossing the Channel, the movement of the Toulon squadron must have been directly connected with the project. Nelson did not live long enough to understand how deeply the lesson of 1798 had been graven on the mind of his antagonist, who, with a great object in view, was not in the least likely to contemplate an eccentric operation of any magnitude. In any case, Nelson's conduct of the Trafalgar campaign was based throughout upon sound principles of naval war, and his success was amply deserved. Trafalgar did not, as is frequently asserted, save England from invasion; but the results were of vital importance. On the sea the aims of Napoleon were finally shattered. Henceforth, abandoning all hope of direct invasion, he sought in vain to conquer the sea by the land. The Peninsular War, Moscow, Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena marked the inexorable series of events which sprang from Nelson's last victory. To Great Britain Trafalgar implied the means of expansion, the firm foundation of the present Colonial Empire, and naval prestige which still endures. The complexity of concurrent causes, by which, at a national crisis, the scale was turned in favour

⁵ Nelson had eleven sail of the line.

of this country, baffles analysis; but to Nelson, above all his contemporaries, honour is due.

It is Captain Mahan's great merit to have shown clearly that Nelson was far more than a fighting seaman. The great principle, that the offensive rôle was essential to the British Navy, dominated his actions. In 1795 he writes: 'I have no doubt but that, if we can get close to the enemy, we shall defeat any plan of theirs; but we ought to have our ideas beyond mere defensive measures.' He fully understood that, in certain circumstances, the loss of a squadron would be justified if the enemy's project could thereby be thwarted. When awaiting the incursion of Bruix into the Mediterranean, by which the British fleet was placed in a position of great numerical inferiority, he thus writes to St. Vincent: 'Your lordship may depend that the squadron under my command shall never fall into the hands of the enemy; and, before we are destroyed, I have little doubt but that the enemy will have their wings so clipped that they may be easily overtaken.' No one ever more perfectly grasped the fact that risks must be taken in war; no one certainly was ever more willing to take risks for a sufficient object. Yet Nelson, when determined to fight, left nothing to chance, never neglected details, willingly accepted counsel, while never for a moment evading responsibility, and was particularly careful in imparting his views to his captains.

A rare combination of qualities is thus implied. Captain Mahan sums these qualities as follows: 'For success in war, the indispensable complement of intellectual grasp and insight is a moral power, which enables a man to trust the inner light—to have faith—a power which dominates hesitation and sustains action in the most tremendous emergencies.' These qualities—rare in due combination—met in Nelson, and 'their coincidence with the exceptional opportunities afforded him constituted his good fortune and his greatness.' One other quality is, however, essential to a great commander—the power of winning the love of his subordinates and so of obtaining their best services. This also Nelson possessed in a marked degree. Restive under incompetent superiors, he was always thoughtful of the welfare of his inferiors. The man who, just before Trafalgar, recalled the mail by signal because a petty officer of the *Victory* had omitted to post a letter to his wife, and who refused to give to his valued friend the command of a seventy-four because it would rob a lieutenant of coming honour—'No, Blackwood, it is these men's birthright, and they shall have it'—could count upon the loyal support which never failed him in the hour of battle.

Captain Mahan has given us incomparably the best life of Nelson that has yet appeared. No other writer could have paid so worthy a tribute to the greatest director of naval war—a tribute which gains in force because of its evident spontaneity. To the British nation the value of this book cannot be overrated. The principles which

guided Nelson to victory are eternal ; the qualities he displayed have now a far wider scope than in his day. For rapidity and certainty of movement favour the offensive, and, by conferring a vast increase of possibilities, distinctly enhance the importance of the personal factor. Nelson was the most brilliant exponent alike of a national policy and a national spirit. If we cling to the one and keep alive the other, the unknown future can be calmly awaited.

G. S. CLARKE.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY: A PERSONAL RETROSPECT

WHILE progress in all branches of knowledge has been rapid beyond precedent during the past sixty years, in at least two directions, this knowledge has been so unexpected and novel in character that two new sciences may be said to have arisen: the new medicine, with which the names of Lister and of Pasteur will remain associated; and the new astronomy, of the birth and early growth of which I have now to speak.

The new astronomy, unlike the old astronomy to which we are indebted for skill in the navigation of the seas, the calculation of the tides, and the daily regulation of time, can lay no claim to afford us material help in the routine of daily life. Her sphere lies outside the earth. Is she less fair? Shall we pay her less court because it is to mental culture in its highest form, to our purely intellectual joys that she contributes? For surely in no part of Nature are the noblest and most profound conceptions of the human spirit more directly called forth than in the study of the heavens and the host thereof.

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men
. . . . may lift themselves up higher.

May we not rather greet her in the words of Horace: 'O matre pulchra filio pulchrior'?

As it fell to my lot to have some part in the early development of this new science, it has been suggested to me that the present Jubilee year of retrospect would be a suitable occasion to give some account of its history from the standpoint of my own work.

Before I begin the narrative of my personal observations, it is desirable that I should give a short statement of the circumstances which led up to the birth of the new science in 1859, and also say a few words of the state of scientific opinion about the matters of which it treats, just before that time.

It is not easy for men of the present generation, familiar with the knowledge which the new methods of research of which I am

about to speak have revealed to us, to put themselves back a generation, into the position of the scientific thought which existed on these subjects in the early years of the Queen's reign. At that time any knowledge of the chemical nature and of the physics of the heavenly bodies was regarded as not only impossible of attainment by any methods of direct observation, but as, indeed, lying altogether outside the limitations imposed upon man by his senses, and by the fixity of his position upon the earth.

It could never be, it was confidently thought, more than a matter of presumption, whether even the matter of the sun, and much less that of the stars, were of the same nature as that of the earth, and the unceasing energy radiated from it due to such matter at a high temperature. The nebular hypothesis of Laplace at the end of the last century required, indeed, that matter similar to that of the earth should exist throughout the solar system; but then this hypothesis itself needed for its full confirmation the independent and direct observation that the solar matter was terrestrial in its nature. This theoretical probability in the case of the sun vanished almost into thin air when the attempt was made to extend it to the stellar hosts; for it might well be urged that in those immensely distant regions an original difference of the primordial stuff as well as other conditions of condensation were present, giving rise to groups of substances which have but little analogy with those of our earthly chemistry.

About the time of the Queen's accession to the throne the French philosopher Comte put very clearly in his *Cours de Philosophie Positive* the views then held, of the impossibility of direct observations of the chemical nature of the heavenly bodies. He says:

On conçoit en effet, que nous puissions conjecturer, avec quelque espoir de succès, sur la formation du système solaire dont nous faisons partie, car il nous présente de nombreux phénomènes parfaitement connus, susceptibles peut-être de porter un témoignage décisif de sa véritable origine immédiate. Mais quelle pourrait être, au contraire, la base rationnelle de nos conjectures sur la formation des soleils eux-mêmes? Comment confirmer ou infirmer à ce sujet, d'après les phénomènes, aucune hypothèse cosmogonique, lorsqu'il n'existe vraiment en ce genre aucun phénomène exploré, ni même, sans doute, EXPLORABLE? [The capitals are mine.]

We could never know for certain, it seemed, whether the matter and the forces with which we are familiar are peculiar to the earth, or are common with it to the midnight sky,

All sow'd with glistening stars more thicke than grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightness parse.

For how could we extend the methods of the laboratory to bodies at distances so great that even the imagination fails to realise them?

The only communication from them which reaches us across the

gulf of space is the light which tells us of their existence. Fortunately this light is not so simple in its nature as it seems to be to the unaided eye. In reality it is very complex; like a cable of many strands, it is made up of light rays of many kinds. Let this light-cable pass from air obliquely through a piece of glass, and its separate strand-rays all go astray, each turning its own way, and then go on apart. Make the glass into the shape of a wedge or prism, and the rays are twice widely scattered.

First the flaming red
 Sprung vivid forth: the tawny orange next;
 And next delicious yellow; by whose side
 Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green,
 Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
 Ethereal played; and then, of sadder hue,
 Emerged the deepened indigo, as when
 The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
 While the last gleamings of refracted light
 Died in the fainting violet away.

Within this unravelled starlight exists a strange cryptography. Some of the rays may be blotted out, others may be enhanced in brilliancy. These differences, countless in variety, form a code of signals, in which is conveyed to us, when once we have made out the cipher in which it is written, information of the chemical nature of the celestial gases by which the different light rays have been blotted out, or by which they have been enhanced. In the hands of the astronomer a prism has now become more potent in revealing the unknown than even was said to be 'Agrippa's magic glass.'

It was the discovery of this code of signals, and of its interpretation, which made possible the rise of the new astronomy. We must glance, but very briefly, at some of the chief steps in the progress of events which slowly led up to this discovery.

Newton, in his classical work upon the solar spectrum, failed, through some strange fatality, to discover the narrow gaps wanting in light, which, as dark lines, cross the colours of the spectrum and constitute the code of symbols. His failure is often put down to his using a round hole in place of a narrow slit, through the overlapping of the images of which the dark lines failed to show themselves. Though Newton did use a round hole, he states distinctly in his *Optics* that later he adopted a narrow opening in the form of a long parallelogram—that is, a true slit—at first one-tenth of an inch in width, then only one-twentieth of an inch, and at last still narrower. These conditions under which Newton worked were such as should have shown him the dark lines upon his screen. Professor Johnson has recently repeated Newton's experiments under strictly similar conditions, with the result that the chief dark lines were well seen. For some reason Newton failed to discover them. A possible cause

may have been the bad annealing of his prism, though he says that it was made of good glass and free from bubbles.

The dark lines were described first by Wollaston in 1792, who strangely associated them with the boundaries of the spectral colours, and so turned contemporary thought away from the direction in which lay their true significance. It was left to Fraunhofer in 1815, by whose name the dark lines are still known, not only to map some 600 of them, but also to discover similar lines, but differently arranged, in several stars. Further, he found that a pair of dark lines in the solar spectrum appeared to correspond in their position in the spectrum, and in their distance from each other, to a pair of bright lines which were nearly always present in terrestrial flames. This last observation contained the key to the interpretation of the dark lines as a code of symbols: but Fraunhofer failed to use it; and the birth of astrophysics was delayed. An observation by Forbes at the eclipse of 1836 did thought away from the suggestive experiments of Fraunhofer; so that in the very year of the Queen's accession the knowledge of the time had to be summed up by Mrs. Somerville in the negation: 'We are still ignorant of the cause of these rayless bands.'

Later on, the revelation came more or less fully to many minds. Foucault, Balfour Stewart, Ångström prepared the way. Prophetic guesses were made by Stokes and by Lord Kelvin. But it was Kirchhoff who, in 1859, first fully developed the true significance of the dark lines; and by his joint work with Bunsen on the solar spectrum proved beyond all question that the dark lines in the spectrum of the sun are produced by the absorption of the vapours of the same substances, which when suitably heated give out corresponding bright lines; and, further, that many of the solar absorbing vapours are those of substances found upon the earth. The new astronomy was born.

At the time that I purchased my present house, Tulse Hill was much more than now in the country and away from the smoke of London. It was after a little hesitation that I decided to give my chief attention to observational astronomy, for I was strongly under the spell of the rapid discoveries then taking place in microscopical research in connection with physiology.

In 1856 I built a convenient observatory opening by a passage from the house, and raised so as to command an uninterrupted view of the sky except on the north side. It consisted of a dome twelve feet in diameter, and a transit room. There was erected in it an equatorially mounted telescope by Dollond of five inches aperture, at that time looked upon as a large rather than a small instrument. I commenced work on the usual lines, taking transits, observing and making drawings of planets. Some of Jupiter now lying before me, I venture to think, would not compare

unfavourably with drawings made with the larger instruments of the present day.

About that time Mr. Alvan Clark, the founder of the American firm famous for the construction of the great object-glasses of the Lick and the Yerkes Observatories, then a portrait-painter by profession, began, as an amateur, to make object-glasses of large size for that time, and of very great merit. Specimens of his earliest work came into the hands of my friend Mr. Dawes and received the high approval of that distinguished judge. In 1858 I purchased from Mr. Dawes an object-glass by Alvan Clark of eight inches diameter, which he parted with to make room for a lens of a larger diameter by a quarter of an inch, which Mr. Clark had undertaken to make for him. I paid the price that it had cost Mr. Dawes—namely, 200*l*. This telescope was mounted for me equatorially and provided with a clock motion by Mr. Cooke of York.

I soon became a little dissatisfied with the routine character of ordinary astronomical work, and in a vague way sought about in my mind for the possibility of research upon the heavens in a new direction or by new methods. It was just at this time, when a vague longing after newer methods of observation for attacking many of the problems of the heavenly bodies filled my mind, that the news reached me of Kirchhoff's great discovery of the true nature and the chemical constitution of the sun from his interpretation of the Fraunhofer lines.

This news was to me like the coming upon a spring of water in a dry and thirsty land. Here at last presented itself the very order of work for which in an indefinite way I was looking—namely, to extend his novel methods of research upon the sun to the other heavenly bodies. A feeling as of inspiration seized me: I felt as if I had it now in my power to lift a veil which had never before been lifted; as if a key had been put into my hands which would unlock a door which had been regarded as for ever closed to man—the veil and door behind which lay the unknown mystery of the true nature of the heavenly bodies. This was especially work for which I was to a great extent prepared, from being already familiar with the chief methods of chemical and physical research.

It was just at this time that I happened to meet at a soirée of the Pharmaceutical Society, where spectroscopes were shown, my friend and neighbour, Dr. W. Allen Miller, Professor of Chemistry at King's College, who had already worked much on chemical spectroscopy. A sudden impulse seized me to suggest to him that we should return home together. On our way home I told him of what was in my mind, and asked him to join me in the attempt I was about to make, to apply Kirchhoff's methods to the stars. At first, from considerations of the great relative faintness of the stars, and the great delicacy of the work from the earth's motion,

even with the aid of a clockwork, he hesitated as to the probability of our success. Finally he agreed to come to my observatory on the first fine evening, for some preliminary experiments as to what we might expect to do upon the stars.

At that time a star spectroscope was an instrument unknown to the optician. I remember that for our first trials we had one of the hollow prisms filled with bisulphide of carbon so much in use then, and which in consequence of a small leak smelt abominably. To this day this pungent odour reminds me of star spectra!

Let us look at the problem which lay before us. It is difficult for any one, who has now only to give an order for a star spectroscope, to understand in any true degree the difficulties which we met with in attempting to make such observations for the first time. From the sun with which the Heidelberg professors had to do—which, even bright as it is, for some parts of the spectrum has no light to spare—to the brightest stars is a very far cry. The light received at the earth from a first magnitude star, as Vega, is only about the one forty thousand millionth part of that received from the sun.

Fortunately, as the stars are too far off to show a true disk, it is possible to concentrate all the light received from the star upon a large mirror or object-glass, into the telescopic image, and so increase its brightness.

We could not make use of the easy method adopted by Fraunhofer of placing a prism before the object-glass, for we needed a terrestrial spectrum, taken under the same conditions, for the interpretation, by a simultaneous comparison with it of the star's spectrum. Kirchhoff's method required that the image of a star should be thrown upon a narrow slit simultaneously with the light from a flame or from an electric spark.

These conditions made it necessary to attach a spectroscope to the eye-end of the telescope, so that it would be carried with it, with its slit in the focal plane. Then, by means of a small reflecting prism placed before one half of the slit, light from a terrestrial source at the side of the telescope could be sent into the instrument together with the star's light, and so form a spectrum by the side of the stellar spectrum, for convenient comparison with it.

This was not all. As the telescopic image of a star is a point, its spectrum will be a narrow line of light without appreciable breadth. Now for the observation of either dark or of bright lines across the spectrum a certain breadth is absolutely needful. To get breadth, the pointlike image of the star must be broadened out. As light is of first importance, it was desirable to broaden the star's image only in the one direction necessary to give breadth to the spectrum; or, in other words, to convert the stellar point into a short line of light. Such an enlargement in one direction only could be given by the device, first employed by Fraunhofer himself, of a lens convex or

concave in one direction only, and flat, and so having no action on the light, in a direction at right angles to the former one.

When I went to the distinguished optician, Mr. Andrew Ross, to ask for such a lens, he told me that no such lenses were made in England, but that the spectacle lenses then very occasionally required to correct astigmatism—first used, I believe, by the then Astronomer Royal, the late Sir George Airy—were ground in Berlin. He procured for me from Germany several lenses; but not long after, a cylindrical lens was ground for me by Browning. By means of such a lens, placed within the focus of the telescope, in front of the slit, the point-like image of a star could be widened in one direction so as to become a very fine line of light, just so long as, but no longer than, was necessary to give to the spectrum a breadth sufficient for distinguishing any lines by which it may be crossed.

It is scarcely possible at the present day, when all these points are as familiar as household words, for any astronomer to realise the large amount of time and labour which had to be devoted to the successful construction of the first star spectroscope. Especially was it difficult to provide for the satisfactory introduction of the light for the comparison spectrum. We soon found, to our dismay, how easily the comparison lines might become instrumentally shifted, and so be no longer strictly fiducial. As a test we used the solar lines as reflected to us from the moon—a test of more than sufficient delicacy with the resolving power at our command.

Then it was that an astronomical observatory began, for the first time, to take on the appearance of a laboratory. Primary batteries, giving forth noxious gases, were arranged outside one of the windows; a large induction coil stood mounted on a stand on wheels so as to follow the positions of the eye-end of the telescope, together with a battery of several Leyden jars; shelves with Bunsen burners, vacuum tubes, and bottles of chemicals, especially of specimens of pure metals, lined its walls.

The observatory became a meeting place where terrestrial chemistry was brought into direct touch with celestial chemistry. The characteristic light-rays from earthly hydrogen shone side by side with the corresponding radiations from starry hydrogen, or else fell upon the dark lines due to the absorption of the hydrogen in Sirius or in Vega. Iron from our mines was line-matched, light for dark, with stellar iron from opposite parts of the celestial sphere. Sodium, which upon the earth is always present with us, was found to be widely diffused through the celestial spaces.

This time was, indeed, one of strained expectation and of scientific exaltation for the astronomer, almost without parallel; for nearly every observation revealed a new fact, and almost every night's work was red-lettered by some discovery. And yet, notwithstanding, we had to record 'that the inquiry in which we had been engaged has been

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more than usually toilsome; indeed, it has demanded a sacrifice of time very great when compared with the amount of information which we have been able to obtain.

Soon after the close of 1862 we sent a preliminary note to the Royal Society, 'On the Lines of some of the Fixed Stars,' in which we gave diagrams of the spectra of Sirius, Betelgeux, and Aldebaran, with the statement that we had observed the spectra of some forty stars, and also the spectra of the planets Jupiter and Mars. It was a little remarkable that on the same day on which our paper was to be read, but some little time after it had been sent in, news arrived there from America that similar observations on some of the stars had been made by Mr. Rutherford. A very little later similar work on the spectra of the stars was undertaken in Rome by Secchi, and in Germany by Vogel.

In February 1863 the strictly astronomical character of the observatory was further encroached upon by the erection, in one corner, of a small photographic tent furnished with baths and other appliances for the wet collodion process. We obtained photographs, indeed, of the spectra of Sirius and Capella; but from want of steadiness and more perfect adjustment of the instruments, the spectra, though defined at the edges, did not show the dark lines as we expected. The dry collodion plates then available were not rapid enough; and the wet process was so inconvenient for long exposures, from irregular drying, and draining back from the positions in which the plates had often to be put, that we did not persevere in our attempts to photograph the stellar spectra. I resumed them with success in 1875, as we shall see further on.

At that time no convenient maps of the spectra of the chemical elements, which were then but imperfectly known, were available for comparison with the spectra of the stars. Kirchhoff's maps were confined to a few elements, and were laid down on an arbitrary scale, relatively to the solar spectrum. It was not always easy, since our work had to be done at night when the solar spectrum could not be seen, to recognise with certainty even the lines included in Kirchhoff's maps. To meet this want, I devoted a great part of 1863 to mapping, with a train of six prisms, the spectra of twenty-six of the elements; using as a standard scale the spark-spectrum of common air, which would be always at hand. The lines of air were first carefully referred to those of purified oxygen and nitrogen. The spectra were obtained by the discharge of a large induction coil furnished with a condenser of several Leyden jars. I was much assisted by specimens of pure metals furnished to me by Dr. W. A. Miller and Dr. Matthiessen. My paper on this subject, and its accompanying maps, appeared in the volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society for 1864.

During the same time, whenever the nights were fine, our work

on the spectra of the stars went on, and the results were communicated to the Royal Society in April 1864; after which Dr. Miller had not sufficient leisure to continue working with me. The general accuracy of our work, so far as it was possible with the instruments at our disposal, is shown by the good agreement of the spectra of Aldebaran and Betelgeux with the observations of the same stars made later in Germany by Vogel.

It is obviously unsafe to claim for spectrum comparisons a greater degree of accuracy than is justified by the resolving power employed. When the apparent coincidences of the lines of the same substance are numerous, as in the case of iron; or the lines are characteristically grouped, as are those of hydrogen, of sodium, and of magnesium, there is no room for doubt that the same substances are really in the stars. Coincidence with a single line may be little better than trusting to a bruised reed; for the stellar line may, under greater resolving power, break up into two or more lines, and then the coincidence may disappear. As we shall see presently, the apparent position of the star-line may not be its true one, in consequence of the earth's or the star's motion in the line of sight. Our work, however, was amply sufficient to give a certain reply to the wonder that had so long asked in vain of what the stars were made. The chemistry of the solar system was shown to prevail, essentially at least, wherever a star twinkles. The stars were undoubtedly suns after the order of our sun, though not all at the same evolutionary stage, older or younger it may be, in the life history of bodies of which the vitality is heat. Further, elements which play a chief rôle in terrestrial physics, as iron, hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, were found to be the first and the most easily recognised of the earthly substances in the stars.

Soon after the completion of the joint work of Dr. Miller and myself, and then working alone, I was fortunate in the early autumn of the same year, 1864, to begin some observations in a region hitherto unexplored; and which, to this day, remain associated in my memory with the profound awe which I felt on looking for the first time at that which no eye of man had seen, and which even the scientific imagination could not foreshow.

The attempt seemed almost hopeless. For not only are the nebulae very faintly luminous—as Marius put it, ‘like a rush-light shining through a horn’—but their feeble shining cannot be increased in brightness, as can be that of the stars, neither to the eye nor in the spectroscope, by any optic tube, however great.

Shortly after making the observations of which I am about to speak, I dined at Greenwich, Otto Struve being also a guest, when, on telling of my recent work on the nebulae, Sir George Airy said: ‘It seems to me a case of “Eyes and No Eyes.”’ Such work indeed it was, as we shall see, on certain of the nebulae.

The nature of these mysterious bodies was still an unread riddle. Towards the end of the last century the elder Herschel, from his observations at Slough, came very near suggesting what is doubtless the true nature, and place in the Cosmos, of the *nebulae*. I will let him speak in his own words:—

A shining fluid of a nature unknown to us.

What a field of novelty is here opened to our conceptions! . . . We may now explain that very extensive *nebulosity*, expanded over more than sixty degrees of the heavens, about the constellation of Orion; a luminous matter accounting much better for it than clustering stars at a distance. . . .

If this matter is self luminous, it seems more fit to produce a star by its condensation, than to depend on the star for its existence.

This view of the *nebulae* as parts of a fiery mist out of which the heavens had been slowly fashioned, began, a little before the middle of the present century, at least in many minds, to give way before the revelations of the giant telescopes which had come into use, and especially of the telescope, six feet in diameter, constructed by the late Earl of Rosse at a cost of not less than 12,000*l*.

Nebula after nebula yielded, being resolved apparently into innumerable stars, as the optical power was increased; and so the opinion began to gain ground that all *nebulae* may be capable of resolution into stars. According to this view, *nebulae* would have to be regarded, not as early stages of an evolutionary progress, but rather as stellar galaxies already formed, external to our system—cosmical ‘sandheaps’ too remote to be separated into their component stars. Lord Rosse himself was careful to point out that it would be unsafe from his observations to conclude that all *nebulosity* is but the glare of stars too remote to be resolved by our instruments. In 1858 Herbert Spencer showed clearly that, notwithstanding the Parsons-town revelations, the evidence from the observation of *nebulae* up to that time was really in favour of their being early stages of an evolutionary progression.

On the evening of the 29th of August, 1864, I directed the telescope for the first time to a planetary nebula in Draco. The reader may now be able to picture to himself to some extent the feeling of excited suspense, mingled with a degree of awe, with which, after a few moments of hesitation, I put my eye to the spectroscope. Was I not about to look into a secret place of creation?

I looked into the spectroscope. No spectrum such as I expected! A single bright line only! At first, I suspected some displacement of the prism, and that I was looking at a reflection of the illuminated slit from one of its faces. This thought was scarcely more than momentary; then the true interpretation flashed upon me. The light of the nebula was monochromatic, and so, unlike any other light I had as yet subjected to prismatic examination, could not be extended

out to form a complete spectrum. After passing through the two prisms it remained concentrated into a single bright line, having a width corresponding to the width of the slit, and occupying in the instrument a position at that part of the spectrum to which its light belongs in refrangibility. A little closer looking showed two other bright lines on the side towards the blue, all the three lines being separated by intervals relatively dark.

The riddle of the nebulae was solved. The answer, which had come to us in the light itself, read: Not an aggregation of stars, but a luminous gas. Stars after the order of our own sun, and of the brighter stars, would give a different spectrum; the light of this nebula had clearly been emitted by a luminous gas. With an excess of caution, at the moment I did not venture to go further than to point out that we had here to do with bodies of an order quite different from that of the stars. Further observations soon convinced me that, though the short span of human life is far too minute relatively to cosmical events for us to expect to see in succession any distinct steps in so august a process, the probability is indeed overwhelming in favour of an evolution in the past, and still going on, of the heavenly hosts. A time surely existed when the matter now condensed into the sun and planets filled the whole space occupied by the solar system, in the condition of gas, which then appeared as a glowing nebula, after the order, it may be, of some now existing in the heavens. There remained no room for doubt that the nebulae, which our telescopes reveal to us, are the early stages of long processions of cosmical events, which correspond broadly to those required by the nebular hypothesis in one or other of its forms.

Not indeed that the philosophical astronomer would venture to dogmatise in matters of detail, or profess to be able to tell you *pat off* by heart exactly how everything has taken place in the universe, with the flippant tongue of a Lady Constance after reading *The Revelations of Chaos*—

‘It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing could be so pretty. A cluster of vapour—the cream of the Milky Way; a sort of celestial cheese churned into light.’

It is necessary to bear distinctly in mind that the old view which made the matter of the nebulae to consist of an original fiery mist—in the words of the poet:

. . . a tumultuous cloud
Instinct with fire and nitre—

could no longer hold its place after Helmholtz had shown, in 1854, that such an originally fiery condition of the nebulous stuff was quite unnecessary, since in the mutual gravitation of widely separated

matter we have a store of potential energy sufficient to generate the high temperature of the sun and stars.

The solution of the primary riddle of the nebulae left pending some secondary questions. What chemical substances are represented by the newly found bright lines? Is solar matter common to the nebulae as well as to the stars? What are the physical conditions of the nebulous matter?

Further observations showed two lines of hydrogen; and recent observations have shown associated with it the new element recently discovered by Professor Ramsay, occluded in certain minerals, and of which a brilliant yellow line in the sun had long been looked upon as the badge of an element as yet unknown. The principal line of these nebulae suggests probably another substance which has not yet been unearthed from its hiding place in terrestrial rocks by the cunning of the chemist.

Are the nebulae very hot, of comparatively cool? The spectroscope indicates a high temperature: that is to say, that the individual molecules or atoms, which by their encounters are luminous, have motions corresponding to a very high temperature, and in this sense are very hot. On account of the great extent of the nebulae, however, a comparatively small number of luminous molecules might be sufficient to make them as bright as they appear to us; taking this view, their mean temperature, if they can be said to have one, might be low, and so correspond with what we might expect to find in gaseous masses at an early stage of condensation.

In the nebulae I had as yet examined, the condensation of nearly all the light into a few bright lines made the observations of their spectra less difficult than I feared would be the case. It became, indeed, a case of 'Eyes and No Eyes' when a few days later I turned the telescope to the Great Nebula in Andromeda. Its light was distributed throughout the spectrum, and consequently extremely faint. The brighter middle part only could be seen, though I have since proved, as I at first suggested might be the case, that the blue and the red ends are really not absent, but are not seen on account of their feeble effect upon the eye. Though continuous, the spectrum did not look uniform in brightness, but its extreme feebleness made it uncertain whether the irregularities were due to certain parts being enhanced by bright lines, or the other parts enfeebled by dark lines.

Out of sixty of the brighter nebulae and clusters, I found about one-third, including the planetary nebulae and that of Orion, to give the bright-line spectrum. It would be altogether out of place here to follow the results of my further observations along the same lines of research, which occupied the two years immediately succeeding.

I pass at once to a primary spectroscopic observation of one of

those rare and strange sights of the heavens, of which only about nineteen have been recorded in as many centuries :

. . . those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

On the 18th of May, 1866, at 5 P.M. a letter came with the address 'Tuam, from an unknown correspondent, one John Birmingham.' Mr. Birmingham afterwards became well known by his observations of variable stars, and especially by his valuable catalogue of Red Stars in 1877. The letter ran :—

I beg to direct your attention to a new star which I observed last Saturday night, and which must be a most interesting object for spectrum analysis. It is situated in Cor. Bor. ; and is very brilliant, of about the second magnitude. I sent an account of it to the *Times* yesterday, but as that journal is not likely to publish communications from this part of the world, I scarcely think that it will find a place for mine.

Fortunately the evening was fine, and as soon as it was dusk I looked, with not a little scepticism, I freely confess, at the place of the sky named in the letter. To my great joy, there shone a bright new star, giving a new aspect to the Northern Crown ; of the order doubtless of the splendid temporary star of 1572, which Tycho supposed to be generated from the ethereal substance of the Milky Way, and afterwards dissipated by the sun, or dissolved from some internal cause.

I sent a messenger for my friend Dr. Miller ; and an hour later we directed the telescope, with spectroscope attached, to the blazing star. Later in the evening a letter arrived from Mr. Baxendale, who had independently discovered the star on the 15th.

By this evening, the 18th, the star had already fallen in brightness below the third magnitude. The view in the spectroscope was strange, and up to that time unprecedented. Upon a spectrum of the solar order, with its numberless dark lines, shone out brilliantly a few very bright lines. There was little doubt that at least two of these lines belonged to hydrogen. The great brilliancy of these lines as compared with the parts of the continuous spectrum upon which they fell, suggested a temperature for the gas emitting them higher than that of the star's photosphere.

Few of days, as indeed had been its forbears appearing at long intervals, the new star waned with a rapidity little less remarkable than was the suddenness of its outburst, without visible descent, all armed in a full panoply of light from the moment of its birth. A few hours only before Birmingham saw it blazing with second-magnitude splendour ; Schmidt, observing at Athens, could testify that no outburst had taken place. Rapid was the decline of its light, falling in twelve days from the second down to the eighth magnitude.

It was obvious to us that no very considerable mass of matter could cool down from the high temperature indicated by the bright lines in so short a time. At the same time it was not less clear that the extent of the mass of the fervid gas must be on a very grand scale indeed, for a star at its undoubted distance from us, to take on so great a splendour. These considerations led us to suggest some sudden and vast convulsion, which had taken place in a star so far cooled down as to give but little light, or even to be partially crusted over; by volcanic forces, or by the disturbing approach or partial collision of another dark star. The essential character of the explanation lay in the suggestion of a possible chemical combination of some of the escaping highly heated gases from within, when cooled by the sudden expansion, which might give rise to an outburst of flame at once very brilliant and of very short duration.

The more precise statement of what occurred during our observations, as made afterwards from the pulpit of one of our cathedrals—'That from afar astronomers had seen a world on fire go out in smoke and ashes'—must be put down to an excess of the theological imagination.

From the beginning of our work upon the spectra of the stars, I saw in vision the application of the new knowledge to the creation of a great method of astronomical observation which could not fail in future to have a powerful influence on the progress of astronomy; indeed, in some respects greater than the more direct one of the investigation of the chemical nature and the relative physical conditions of the stars.

It was the opprobrium of the older astronomy—though indeed one which involved no disgrace, for *à l'impossible nul n'est tenu*—that only that part of the motions of the stars which is across the line of sight could be seen and directly measured. The direct observation of the other component in the line of sight, since it caused no change of place and, from the great distance of the stars, no appreciable change of size or of brightness within an observer's lifetime, seemed to lie hopelessly quite outside the limits of man's powers. Still, it was only too clear that, so long as we were unable to ascertain directly those components of the stars' motions which lie in the line of sight, the speed and direction of the solar motion in space, and many of the great problems of the constitution of the heavens, must remain more or less imperfectly known.

Now as the colour of a given kind of light, and the exact position it would take up in a spectrum, depends directly upon the length of the waves, or, to put it differently, upon the number of waves which would pass into the eye in a second of time, it seemed more than probable that motion between the source of the light and the observer must change the apparent length of the waves

to him, and the number reaching his eye in a second. To a swimmer striking out from the shore each wave is shorter, and the number he goes through in a given time is greater than would be the case if he had stood still in the water. Such a change of wave-length would transform any given kind of light, so that it would take a new place in the spectrum, and from the amount of this change to a higher or to a lower place, we could determine the velocity per second of the relative motion between the star and the earth.

The notion that the propagation of light is not instantaneous, though rapid far beyond the appreciation of our senses, is due, not as is sometimes stated to Francis, but to Roger Bacon, 'Relinquitur ergo,' he says, in his *Opus Majus*, 'quod lux multiplicatur in tempore . . . sed tamen non in tempore sensibili et perceptibili a visu, sed insensibili. . . .' The discovery of its actual velocity was made by Roemer in 1675, from observations of the satellites of Jupiter. Now though the effect of motion in the line of sight upon the apparent velocity of light underlies Roemer's determinations, the idea of a change of colour in light from motion between the source of light and the observer was announced for the first time by Doppler in 1841. Later, various experiments were made in connection with this view by Ballot, Sestini, Klinkerfues, Clerk Maxwell, and Fizeau. But no attempts had been made, nor were indeed possible, to discover by this principle the motions of the heavenly bodies in the line of sight. For, to learn whether any change in the light had taken place from motion in the line of sight, it was clearly necessary to know the original wave-length of the light before it left the star.

As soon as our observations had shown that certain earthly substances were present in the stars, the original wave-lengths of their lines became known, and any small want of coincidence of the stellar lines with the same lines produced upon the earth might safely be interpreted as revealing the velocity of approach or of recession between the star and the earth.

These considerations were present to my mind from the first, and helped me to bear up under many toilsome disappointments: 'Studio fallente laborem.' It was not until 1866 that I found time to construct a spectroscope of greater power for this research. It would be scarcely possible, even with greater space, to convey to the reader any true conception of the difficulties which presented themselves in this work, from various instrumental causes, and of the extreme care and caution which were needful to distinguish spurious instrumental shifts of a line from a true shift due to the star's motion.

At last, in 1868, I felt able to announce in a paper printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society for that year, the foundation of this new method of research, which, transcending the wildest dreams of an earlier time, enables the astronomer to measure off directly in

terrestrial units the invisible motions in the line of sight of the heavenly bodies.

To pure astronomers the method came before its time, since they were then unfamiliar with Spectrum Analysis, which lay completely outside the routine work of an observatory. It would be easy to mention the names of men well known, to whom I was 'as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice.' They heard my words, but for a time were very slow to avail themselves of this new power of research. My observations were, however, shortly afterwards confirmed by Vogel in Germany; and by others the principle was soon applied to solar phenomena. By making use of improved methods of photography, Vogel has recently determined the motions of approach and of recession of some fifty stars, with an accuracy of about an English mile a second. In the hands of Young, Dunér, Keeler, and others, the method has been successfully applied to a determination of the rotation of the sun, of Saturn and his rings, and of Jupiter.

It has become fruitful in another direction, for it puts into our hands the power of separating double stars which are beyond the resolving power of any telescope that can ever be constructed. Pickering and Vogel have independently discovered by this method an entirely new class of double stars.

Double stars too close to be separately visible unite in giving a compound spectrum. Now, if the stars are in motion about a common centre of gravity, the lines of one star will shift periodically relatively to similar lines of the other star, in the spectrum common to both; and such lines will consequently, at those times, appear double. Even if one of the stars is too dark to give a spectrum which can be seen upon that of the other star, as is actually the case with Algol and Spica, the whirling of the stars about each other may be discovered from the periodical shifting of the lines of the brighter star relatively to terrestrial lines of the same substance. It is clear that as the stars revolve about their common centre of gravity, the bright star would be sometimes advancing, and at others receding, relatively to an observer on the earth, except it should so happen that the stars' orbit were perpendicular to the line of sight.

It would be scarcely possible, without the appearance of great exaggeration, to attempt to sketch out even in broad outline the many glorious achievements which doubtless lie before this method of research in the immediate future.

Comets in the olden time were looked upon as the portents of all kinds of woe:

There with long bloody hair, a blazing star
Threatens the World with Famine, Plague, and War.

Though they were no longer, at the time of which I am speaking, a

terror to mankind, they were a great mystery. Perhaps of no other phenomenon of nature had so many guesses at truth been made on different, and even on opposing, principles of explanation. It was about this time that a beam of light was thrown in, for the first time, upon the night of mystery in which they moved and had their being, by the researches of Newton of Yale College, by Adams, and by Schiaparelli. The unexpected fact came out of the close relationship of the orbits of certain comets with those of periodic meteor-swarms. Only a year before, the observations of which I am about to speak were made, Odling had lighted up the theatre of the Royal Institution with gas brought by a meteorite from celestial space. Two years earlier, Donati showed the light of a small comet to be in part self-emitted, and so not wholly reflected sunshine.

I had myself, in the case of three faint comets, in 1866, in 1867, and January 1868, discovered that part of their light was peculiar to them, and that the light of the last one consisted mainly of three bright flutings. Intense, therefore, was the great expectancy with which I directed the telescope with its attached spectroscopé to the much brighter comet which appeared in June 1868.

The comet's light was resolved into a spectrum of three bright bands or flutings, each alike falling off in brightness on the more refrangible side. On the evening of the 22nd, I measured the positions in the spectrum of the brighter beginnings of the flutings on the red side. I was not a little surprised the next morning to find that the three cometary flutings agreed in position with three similar flutings in the brightest part of the spectrum of carbon. Some time before, I had mapped down the spectrum of carbon, from different sources, chiefly from different hydrocarbons. In some of these spectra, the separate lines of which the flutings are built up are individually more distinct than in others. The comet bands, as I had seen them on the previous evening, appeared to be identical in character in this respect, as well as in position in the spectrum, with the flutings as they appeared when I took the spark in a current of olefiant gas. I immediately filled a small holder with this gas, arranged an apparatus in such a manner that the gas could be attached to the end of the telescopé, and its spectrum, when a spark was taken in it, seen side by side with that of the comet.

Fortunately the evening was fine; and on account of the exceptional interest of confronting for the first time the spectrum of an earthly gas with that of a comet's light, I invited Dr. Miller to come and make the crucial observation with me. The expectation which I had formed from my measures was fully confirmed. The comet's spectrum when seen together with that from the gas agreed in all respects precisely with it. The comet, though 'subtle as Sphinx,' had at last yielded up its secret. The principal part of its light was emitted by luminous vapour of carbon.

This result was in harmony with the nature of the gas found occluded in meteorites. Odling had found carbonic oxide as well as hydrogen in his meteorite. Wright, experimenting with another type of meteorite, found that carbon dioxide was chiefly given off. Many meteorites contain a large percentage of hydrocarbons; from one of such sky-stones a little later I observed a spectrum similar to that of the comet. The three bands may be seen in the base of a candle flame.

Since these early observations the spectra of many comets have been examined by many observers. The close general agreement as to the three bright flutings which form the main feature of the cometary spectrum, confirms beyond doubt the view that the greater part of the light of comets is due to the fluted spectrum of carbon. Some additional knowledge of the spectra of comets, obtained by means of photography, will have its proper place later on.

About this time I devoted some attention to spectroscopic observations of the sun, and especially to the modifications of the spectrum which take place under the influence of the solar spots.

The aerial ocean around and above us, in which finely divided matter is always more or less floating, becomes itself illuminated, and a source of light, when the sun shines upon it, and so conceals, like a luminous veil, any object less brilliant than itself in the heavens beyond. From this cause the stars are invisible at midday. This curtain of light above us, at all ordinary times shuts out from our view the magnificent spectacle of red flames flashing upon a coronal glory of bright beams and streamers, which suddenly bursts upon the sight, for a few minutes only, when at rare intervals the light-curtain is lifted by the screening of the sun's light by the moon, at a total eclipse.

As yet the spectrum of the red flames had not been seen. If, as seemed probable, it should be found to be that of a gas, consisting of bright lines only, it was conceivable that the spectroscope might enable us so to weaken by dispersion the air-glare, relatively to the bright lines which would remain undispersed, that the bright lines of the flames might become visible through the atmospheric glare.

The historic sequence of events is as follows. In November 1866 Mr. Lockyer asked the question: 'May not the spectroscope afford us evidence of the existence of the red flames which total eclipses have revealed to us in the sun's atmosphere; though they escape all other methods of observation at other times?'

In the Report of the Council of the Royal Astronomical Society, read in February 1868, occurs the following statement, furnished by me, in which the explanation is fully given of the principle on which I had been working to obtain the spectrum of the red flames without an eclipse:

During the last two years Mr. Huggins has made numerous observations for the purpose of obtaining a view, if possible, of the red prominences seen during an eclipse. The invisibility of these objects at ordinary times is supposed to arise from the illumination of our atmosphere. If these bodies are gaseous, their spectra would consist of bright lines. With a powerful spectroscope the light reflected from our atmosphere near the sun's limb edge would be greatly reduced in intensity by the dispersion of the prisms, while the bright lines of the prominences, if such be present, would remain but little diminished in brilliancy. This principle has been carried out by various forms of prismatic apparatus, and also by other contrivances, but hitherto without success.

At the total eclipse of the sun, August 18, 1868, several observers saw the light of the red flames to be resolved in their spectroscopes into bright lines, among which lines of hydrogen were recognised. The distinguished astronomer, Janssen, one of the observers in India, saw some of the bright lines again the next day, by means of the principle described above, when there was no eclipse.

On October 29th, Mr. Lockyer sent a note to the Royal Society to say that on that day he had succeeded in observing three bright lines, of a fine prominence.

About the time that the news of the discovery of the bright lines at the eclipse reached this country, in September, I was altogether incapacitated for work for some little time through the death of my beloved mother. We had been all in all to each other for many years. The first day I was sufficiently recovered to resume work, December 19, on looking at the sun's limb with the same spectroscope I had often used before, now that I knew exactly at what part of the spectrum to search for the lines, I saw them at the first moment of putting my eye to the instrument.

As yet, by all observers the lines only of the prominences had been seen, and therefore to learn their forms, it was necessary to combine in one design the lengths of the lines as they varied, when the slit was made to pass over a prominence. In February of the following year, it occurred to me that by widening the opening of the slit, the form of a prominence, and not its lines only, might be directly observed. This method of using a wide slit has been since universally employed.

It does not fall within the scope of this article to describe an ingenious photographic method by which Hale has been able to take daily records of the constantly varying phenomena of the red flames and the bright faculae, upon and around the solar disk.

The purpose of this article is to sketch in very broad outline only, the principal events, in the order of their succession in time, *quorum pars magna fui*, which contributed in an important degree to the rise of the new astronomy. As science advances it follows naturally that its further progress will consist more and more in matters of

detail, and in points which are of technical, rather than of general interest.

It would, therefore, be altogether out of place here, to carry on in detail the narrative of the work of my observatory; when, as was inevitable, it began to take on the character of a development only, along lines of which I have already spoken: namely, the observation of more stars, and of other nebulae, and other comets. I pass on, at once, therefore, to the year 1876, in which by the aid of the new dry plates, with gelatine films, introduced by Mr. Kennett, I was able to take up again, and this time with success, the photography of the spectra of the stars, of my early attempts at which I have already spoken.

I was now better prepared for work. My observatory had been enlarged from a dome of 12 feet in diameter, to a drum having a diameter of 18 feet. This alteration had been made for the reception of a larger telescope made by Sir Howard Grubb, at the expense of a legacy to the Royal Society, and which was placed in my hands on loan by that society. This instrument was furnished with two telescopes: an achromatic of 15 inches aperture, and a Cassegrain of 18 inches aperture, with mirrors of speculum metal. At this time, one only of these telescopes could be in use at a time. Later on, in 1882, by a device which occurred to me, of giving each telescope an independent polar axis, the one working within the other, both telescopes could remain together on the equatorial mounting, and be equally ready for use.

By this time I had the great happiness of having secured an able and enthusiastic assistant, by my marriage in 1875.

The great and notable advances in astronomical methods and discoveries by means of photography since 1875, are due almost entirely to the great advantages which the gelatine dry plate possesses for use in the observatory, over the process of Daguerre, and even over that of wet collodion. The silver-bromide gelatine plate, which I was the first, I believe, to use for photographing the spectra of stars, except for its grained texture, meets the need of the astronomer at all points. This plate possesses extreme sensitiveness; it is always ready for use; it can be placed in any position; it can be exposed for hours; lastly, immediate development is not necessary, and for this reason, as I soon found to be necessary in this climate, it can be exposed again to the same object on succeeding nights; and so make up by successive instalments, as the weather may permit, the total long exposure which may be needful.

The power of the eye falls off, as the spectrum extends beyond the blue, and soon fails altogether. There is therefore no drawback to the use of glass for the prisms and lenses of a visual spectroscope. But while the sensitiveness of a photographic plate is not similarly limited, glass like the eye is imperfectly transparent, and soon becomes

opaque, to the parts of the spectrum at a short distance beyond the limit of the visible spectrum. To obtain, therefore, upon the plate a spectrum complete at the blue end of stellar light, it was necessary to avoid glass, and to employ instead Iceland spar and rock crystal, which are transparent up to the limit of the ultra-violet light which can reach us through our atmosphere. Such a spectroscope was constructed and fixed with its slit at the focus of the great speculum of the Cassegrain telescope.

How was the image of a star to be easily brought, and then kept, for an hour or even for many hours, precisely at one place on a slit so narrow as about the one two-hundredth of an inch? For this purpose the very convenient device was adopted of making the slit-plates of highly polished metal, so as to form a divided mirror, in which the reflected image of a star could be observed from the eye-end of the telescope by means of a small telescope fixed within the central hole of the great mirror. A photograph of the spectrum of α Lyrae, taken with this instrument, was shown at the Royal Society in 1876.

In the spectra of such stars as Sirius and Vega, there came out in the ultra-violet region, which up to that time had remained unexplored, the completion of a grand rhythmical group of strong dark lines, of which the well-known hydrogen lines in the visible region form the lower members. Terrestrial chemistry became enriched with a more complete knowledge of the spectrum of hydrogen from the stars. Shortly afterwards, Cornu succeeded in photographing a similar spectrum in his laboratory from earthly hydrogen.

I presented in 1879 a paper, with maps, to the Royal Society, on the photographic spectra of the stars, which was printed in their Transactions for 1880. In this paper, besides descriptions of the photographs, and tables of the measures of the positions of the lines, I made a first attempt to arrange the stars in a possible evolutionary series from the relative behaviour of the hydrogen and the metallic lines. In this series, Sirius and Vega are placed at the hotter and earlier end; Capella and the sun, at about the same evolutionary stage, somewhere in the middle of the series; while at the most advanced and oldest stage of the stars which I had then photographed, came Betelgeux, in the spectrum of which the ultra-violet region, though not wanting, is very greatly enfeebled.

Shortly afterwards, I directed the photographic arrangement of combined spectroscope and telescope to the nebula in Orion, and obtained for the first time information of the nature of its spectrum beyond the visible region. One line a little distance on in the ultra-violet region came out very strongly on the plate. If this kind of light came within the range of our vision, it would no doubt give the dominant colour to the nebula, in place of its present blue-greenish hue. Other lines of the hydrogen series, as might be expected, were seen in the photograph, together with a number of other bright lines.

In 1887, for the first time since the spectroscope and also suitable photographic plates had been in the hands of astronomers, the coming of a bright comet made it possible to extend the examination of its light into the invisible region of the spectrum at the blue end. On the 22nd of June, by leaving very early a banquet at the Mansion House, I was able, after my return home, to obtain with an exposure of one hour, a good photograph of the head of the comet. It was under a great tension of expectancy that the plate was developed, so that I might be able to look for the first time into a virgin region of nature, as yet unexplored by the eye of man.

The plate contained an extension and confirmation of my earlier observations by eye.^o There were the combined spectra of two kinds of light—a faint continuous spectrum, crossed by Fraunhofer lines which showed it to be reflected solar light. Upon this was seen a second spectrum of the original light emitted by the comet itself. This spectrum consisted mainly of two groups of bright lines, characteristic of the spectra of certain compounds of carbon. It will be remembered that my earlier observations revealed the three principal flutings of carbon as the main feature of a comet's spectrum in the visible region. The photograph brought a new fact to light. Liveing and Dewar had shown that one of these bands consisted of lines belonging to a nitrogen compound of carbon. We gained the new knowledge that nitrogen, as well as carbon and hydrogen, exists in comets. Now, nitrogen is present in the gas found occluded in some meteorites. At a later date, Dr. Flight showed that nitrogen formed as much as 17 per cent. of the occluded gas from the meteorite of Cranbourne, Australia.

I have now advanced to the extreme limit of time within which the rise of the new astronomy can be regarded as taking place. At this time, in respect of the broad lines of its methods, and the wide scope of the directions in which it was already applied, it had become well established. Already it possessed a literature of its own, and many observatories were becoming, in part at least, devoted to its methods.

In my own observatory work has gone on whenever our unfavourable climate has permitted observations to be made. At the present moment more than one research is in progress. It would be altogether beyond the intention, and limited scope, of the present article to follow this later work.

We found the new astronomy newly born in a laboratory at Heidelberg; to astronomers she was

a stranger,
Born out of their dominions.

We take leave of her in the full beauty of a vigorous youth, receiving homage in nearly all the observatories of the world, some of

which indeed are devoted wholly to her cult. So powerful is the magic of her charms that gifts have poured in from all sides to do her honour. It has been by such free gifts that Pickering, at Cambridge, United States, and in the southern hemisphere, has been able to give her so devoted a service. In this country, where from almost the hour of her birth she won hearts, enthusiastic worshippers have not been wanting. By the liberality of the late Mr. Newall, and the disinterested devotion of his son, a well-equipped observatory is now wholly given up to her worship at Cambridge. This Jubilee year is red-lettered at Greenwich by the inauguration of a magnificent double telescope, laid at her feet by Sir Henry Thompson. Next year, the Royal Observatory at the Cape will be able to add to its devotion to the old astronomy a homage not less sincere and enthusiastic to the new astronomy, by means of the splendid instruments which Mr. McClean, who personally serves under her colours, has presented to that Observatory. In Germany, the first National Observatory dedicated to the new astronomy in 1874, under the direction of the distinguished astrophysicist, Professor Vogel, is about to be furnished by the Government with new and larger instruments in her honour.

In America, many have done liberally, but Mr. Yerkes has excelled them all. This summer will be celebrated the opening of a palatial institution on the shore of Lake Geneva, founded by Mr. Yerkes, and dedicated to our fair lady, the new astronomy. This observatory, in respect of the great size of its telescope, of forty inches in aperture, the largest yet constructed, its armoury of instruments for spectroscopic attack upon the heavens, and the completeness of its laboratories and its workshops, will represent the most advanced state of instrument making; and at the same time render possible, under the most favourable conditions, the latest and the most perfect methods of research of the new astronomy. Above all, the needful men will not be wanting. A knightly band, who have shown their knighthood by prowess in discovery, led by Professor Hale in chivalrous quest of Truth, will surely make this palace of the new astronomy worthy to be regarded as the Uraniborg of the end of the nineteenth century, as the Danish Observatory, under Tycho and his astronomers, represented the highest development of astronomy at the close of the sixteenth.

WILLIAM HUGGINS.

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ROSES OF JERICHQ .

A DAY IN PROVINCIAL FRANCE

A ROSE of Jericho resembles at first sight a bunch of withered roots ; but plunged in boiling water it expands, unfolds, and regains its pristine shape. Our memories are, in a sense, roses of Jericho. They seem to be dead ; but a sound, a smell, a sight, warms their dried-up fibres into a sudden renewal of life, and recreates, in all their freshness, hours of our past experiences.

Every winter, thousands of English travellers rush through provincial France on their way to the Riviera, without bestowing a thought on the millions of lives which are being spent in the little towns and villages through which they are carried in the night express. The very names of the stations are unknown to them ; except from a momentary blaze of confused light and the increased roar of the train, they are even unaware of their existence. If any chain of association is aroused by what they see, it is generally one which, by contrast or comparison, carries them back to their own homes. Arrived at their destination, surrounded by their fellow-countrymen, occupied with their imported amusements, they have often neither the time nor the wish to study the natives of the country in which they are guests. Such a study cannot be pursued in company ; it is necessarily solitary ; it does not lend itself to the excitement of competition ; it is unaccompanied by the delightful thrill of danger ; it is not an athletic exercise ; still less is it a stepping stone to London society.

The result is, perhaps, in some respects to be regretted. We know next to nothing of our nearest neighbours, for it is in the quiet of the provinces, rather than in the parade and glitter of cosmopolitan Paris, that the heart of the French nation is beating, and that the best aspects of the national character are presented. Satisfied, as is only natural, that the Englishman is the ideal type of humanity, we are apt to decide that a Frenchman is inferior to ourselves because he is deficient in certain qualities which we prize. We do not consider whether our criticism is well-founded, or prejudiced, or based on traditions which never had, or long ago have lost, any justifi-

cation. We are, in fact, so keenly alive to his defects that we are blind to the many points in which he is our superior, and which ought to modify our judgment. We regard him, for example, as wanting in manliness, in stability, in reserve and self-restraint. We condemn his taste in neckties, despise his boots, and suspect that he wears white lining to his trousers. We laugh at his sporting achievements, and believe that he looks on a meet as something between a picnic and a review, or only shoots for the sake of the noise and the society. The Frenchman, on what appear to him equally good grounds, feels the same contempt for us. The result is that the two nations have drifted further apart in their sympathies than they ever were in the eighteenth century, when, though constantly at war, they understood each other better.

To the traveller who knows and loves rural France, such a journey as we have spoken of is at least different. It has one pleasure to compensate the discomfort—that of retrospect. Every detail awakens some recollection or association. Now it is a turn in the limbs of a tree, standing out dark against the horizon, on the summit of a copse-clad hill; now it is a farmstead, with its high-roofed grange, its sharp-pointed *tourelle*, and pigeon-cote, and one window red with the lamp of a lonely watcher. Sometimes it is the short sharp yap of a sheep-dog, or a snatch of song from a group of belated countryfolk returning from market, sounds that are the next moment lost in the rattle of the already distant train. Faster than the hurrying express speeds the memory, recalling scenes that are as disconnected as the visions of a dream, but yet seem to group themselves round some provincial town or upland village.

Alight at one of these obscure stations, and make your way to the little town which it serves. It matters little for the purpose where the town may be situated, provided that it is far enough away from bustling centres of trade to have escaped some of the conventionalities that follow in the wake of material progress. It is best to reach it by an omnibus, if not a *diligence*; for, though the distance be not greater than five miles, the delays, the frequent halts, the dust, the self-importance of the driver, the clatter of the arrival, and the interest with which the coming of the vehicle is expected by the natives, all create the impression that thirty times that space divide the journey's end from the starting point.

The town must have seen better days, but, though decayed, it should not be entirely dead; it should rather be the centre of local life, the seat of a market, the *chef-lieu* of the *arrondissement*. It has not yet adapted itself to the fashion of the day; it has no bald, boulevarded, Parisianised streets, wide, straight, and long as a day without bread, in which the traveller is frozen by the wintry wind or grilled by the summer sun. It has bits of old ramparts shaded with plane trees, and labyrinths of lanes engineered on the mediæval

principle—dear alike to statesmen and architects—that one good or bad turn deserves another. It has, in fact, an abundance of corners and crevices, in which may grow the flowers and the weeds of the past.

The very name of the hotel at which the traveller alights will help to foster the illusion that he has put not only miles, but centuries, between himself and his ordinary surroundings. Its sign, *de la Haute Mère Dieu* or *de l'Image*, carries him back to the days when men relied for safety in their journeys rather on the hand of an unseen Protector than on the latest sanitary patent of Jennings. So, too, the names of the streets serve to strengthen the same impression. Here he can sip Loney with the *Bourdon blanc*, caper with the *Chèvres qui dansent*, caracole on his destrier by the side of the *Quatre fils d'Aymon*, hunt Huguenots in the *rue des Renards*, or make the best of both worlds with the *Chapeaux Violettes*. The houses that rise on either side of these quaintly named and tortuous streets are in keeping with the old-world atmosphere. They belong to every age and every style. Here is one with high-pitched roof and timbered front, its three stories jutting out one above the other, like an inverted staircase. Another, decorated with the broken escutcheon of some noble family, fascinates the passer-by with the grotesque figures into which its joists are carved, or that grimace from the gable-ends. On the door of a third, huge nails trace mysterious hieroglyphs, some Protestant's confession of faith, or some Leaguer's curse on Henri Quatre. A fourth, of less ambitious type, bears upon its front the symbols of a burgher's *noblesse de la cloche*. A fifth, standing back a few paces from the street, with a stone-paved courtyard, where pigeons are wooing with all the formal courtesies of Sir Charles Grandison, has an iron gateway, worked in the style of Louis the Fifteenth, with marvellous interlaced branches, the masterpiece of some unknown Jean Lamour.

There are but few windows in these narrow streets through which the passer-by can peer; probably also but few interiors, even if he could see them, would repay his curiosity by presenting any characteristic features. The furniture is modern, and gives no clue to the habits or tastes of the owners, past or present. Crimson plush and gilding are as omnipresent as once were black horsehair and mahogany in this country. At the most a few crudely coloured prints from Épinal, in staring red and blue, suggest the churchwoman. But more rarely the style is distinctive. Here, for example, is a house which must once have belonged to a good citizen who prospered under the First Empire, and bequeathed to careful heirs the alabaster clock, the pier-glass set in its frame of fluted columns, the lyre-backed chairs, and the sofa with its arms adorned with brazen heads of rams or sphinxes. Here, rarer still, is another in the style of the eighteenth century; the walls are wainscoted with varnished walnut-

wood, with the panels decorated with scenes of the chase, or of Arcadia; in a corner stands a bed of painted wood; on the chimney-piece groups of *faïence de Lunéville* represent the four elements or the four seasons; from the walls hang a pair of prints—*L'Amour et Psyché* and *L'Amour désarmé*. Whatever may be the taste of the present owner, we may feel sure that in the days of her great-grandmother there lay in the drawer of the chiffonier, by the side of the piece of tapestry work, a volume of Voltaire's tragedies, and that the good lady declaimed scenes from *Zaïre*, or hummed *La Belle Bourbonnaise*, as she prepared her pickles and preserved her jam.

Emerging into the business street of the town, the traveller passes into modern life, and, if it be market day, plunges into a scene of bustle and picturesque confusion. Carts and gigs, tilted against the edges of the cobbled roadway, crowd the thoroughfare. The pavement is thronged with market-gardeners; farmers, pig-jobbers, horse-dealers, fowl-merchants, people with thick voices, thick red necks and thick sticks, wearing new blouses and fur caps. Shrillest and shrewdest bargainer of all, and conspicuous among the men, with her umbrella of cottonnade, her short skirts, her strong boots, and her round black straw hat, is the *maîtresse femme* who has been early left a widow. Stout, high-coloured, with sharp black eyes twinkling under thick eyebrows, and with something more than a suspicion of a moustache, she is given over body and soul to saving money. If she for a moment falls into a fit of abstraction—and you might almost as soon catch a weasel asleep—one hand unconsciously forms a cup, and above it mechanically rises the other, as though she were counting her *sous* by transferring the coins from the right hand to the left. Yet she has her virtues. Her bargain may be hard driven; but, once struck, she will carry it out with strict honesty and scrupulous punctuality.

The crowd grows denser, the noise more continuous, as we approach the little *place*, which opens on the main street. Along its northern side runs the grey and buttressed wall of the Church of St. Austremoine, whose western front still remains, from base to summit, a floral burst and laughter of stone, though its sculptured niches were defaced by the Huguenots, and its cloister, half-destroyed at the Revolution, is now used as a granary which bears upon its makeshift door the rudely daubed inscription, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité." In its centre stands a fountain of the epoch and in the delicate style of the Renaissance, surrounded by avenues of limes, beneath which at intervals are placed benches of stone. On the side opposite to the Church stretches the white front and green verandah of the *Café de la paix*.

On ordinary days the *place*, except in the evening, is almost a deserted spot. A retired citizen occupies one of the seats, a grizzled *militaire* suns himself on another, warming himself into the fancy

that he is once more in Algeria; on a third sits the grocer's maid-of-all-work, her hands clasped under her white apron, dreaming of her native village, and paying little heed to the overdressed child which plays by her side in the dust. But to-day the *place* is bright with the red and blue umbrellas that shade the stalls, and noisy with the clatter of the keenest chaffering. Yet, busy though the scene is, it is steeped in that undefinable atmosphere of gay leisure which is the heritage of a people who, in spite of their indefatigable industry, have yet succeeded in keeping on good terms with idleness. The itinerant tinman, the vendor of brown earthenware, and the dealer in damaged goods—a strangely miscellaneous assortment, which ranges from tattered books to rusty fire-irons—are the only representatives of the masculine gender among the stall-keepers. One or two men, with the abstracted air and shuffling gait which in France are peculiar to the unprotected male, are doing their marketing. But, for the rest, buyers and sellers alike are all women, and all appear to be middle-aged. Vain as a Papal bull against a comet is that Salic law passed by Frenchmen to exclude French women from ruling over them. The very existence of such a law is at once the admission of a danger and the acknowledgment of a defeat. Women, with their thumbs thrust through the handles of their doorkeys, and their knitting needles stuck into the bodies of their gowns, try, basket in hand, to cheapen their purchases. Beside the stalls of vegetables, eggs, poultry, and fruit, sit or stand rows of women, who to the eyes of the foreigner are all curiously alike. Dressed in plain cloth gowns, with blue aprons tied round their ample waists, their sleeves turned up to the elbows and showing their bare arms—browned and roughened by exposure—they one and all have apple cheeks, short square chins, and snub noses, set in the white framework of the caps from which their grizzled hair escapes in rebel locks. Bright-eyed, quick in movement, ready of tongue, lively in gesture, they seem by their vivacious vitality to give the lie to the premature wrinkles, which tell a tale, not so much of years, as of a hard, preoccupied, and anxious life.

The *Café*, like the *place*, is transformed by the bustle of the market. On ordinary days between the hours of ten and twelve, or from two to four, the whiskered waiter, in his black jacket and white apron, would be lounging at the door, smoking his cigarette in the verandah among the box-trees in green tubs, the wooden tables covered with brown oilcloth, and the footstools. Within, the fat landlord might be playing piquet with the auctioneer, the veterinary surgeon, and the retired *militaire*. But no stranger is present, unless it is a black-suited commercial traveller, who, in a quiet corner, contemplates with pride the elaborate flourish which concludes the report of his morning's work. Even the throne behind the bar, placed in a commanding situation to face the door, and flanked on either side by an edifice of punch-bowls crowned with a pyramid of billiard balls,

would be unoccupied. But to-day all is different. Not, indeed, the external or internal decorations—they remain as they were. Outside, the rabbit still hangs suspended, by the side of a painter's palette, from a festoon of pink riband which loosely binds together the three piled billiard cues. Inside, the panels, which alternate with looking-glasses in covering the walls, still represent the groups of musketeers and amazons, who, with their usual air of detached unconcern, drink champagne out of tall glasses in glades of hollyhocks. But the marble-topped tables within, and the wooden tables without, with fresh handfuls of sawdust thrown beneath them, are thronged with guests. Backwards and forwards hurries the waiter; the fat landlord bustles to and fro, ministering with his own hand to the wants of his more important guests, the stout, comely *dame de comptoir*, with a new riband in her dark hair, occupies her throne, and, with lynx-eyed quickness, anticipates the wishes of her visitors by the incessant ringing of her bell.

The *Café*, on such a day, or any evening, offers infinite scope for observation and reflection. In France its life is led by all the world, from the highest to the lowest. A history of *cafés* would be the most important chapter in the history of modern French society; clean, bright, and gay, they are the *salons* of the democracy. We have, to our national loss, nothing like them. There is a babel of voices; but the chief stimulants are coffee or *sorbets*, and drunkenness is practically unknown within their doors. At nearly every table there is the keenest gambling; the faces of the players are ablaze with eagerness; the air resounds with 'J'en donne' or 'Je coupe et tout'; cards or dominoes are banged down with a triumphant emphasis which rings through the room. But two lumps of sugar are the stake, and give that zest to the game which the English clerk or shopboy craves, and too often gratifies by a fraud upon his master. If there are soldiers quartered in the town, the room becomes a shifting scene of blended colour. Here the blouse, there the broadcloth; here the light blue and silver of a *kussar*; there the dark blue and green facings of the *chasseurs à pied*, or the red facings and red plumed shako of the *artillerie à pied*, or the red facings and red pompon of the *infanterie de la ligne*. Officers and men take their pleasures together under the same roof, but distinctions in rank are preserved by punctilious salutes. The groups of officers are worthy of a moment's study, because in the knots that gather at the various tables may be marked those common differences in origin which to us are so rare as to present insuperable difficulties. By the side of the grizzled veteran, who has won his epaulettes from the ranks, sits the smooth-faced lad who has jumped into the same grade through the *École*.

Wearied with the hubbub of the market, and dizzy with the babel of the *Café*, the traveller seeks to vary the scene. He has not

far to go. He has but to cross the river and gain the summit of the hill above. On this side of the town the ground rises sharply towards a rocky crest, crowned by the ruins of a feudal fortress—a dismantled castle, whose solid keep has alone defied the powder of Mazarin. A steep path, deeply worn in the rock, winds upwards. A wrinkled sibyl, distaff in hand, herds the solitary goat which browses on the scanty herbage on its banks; a bare-headed, bare-footed girl, knitting as she goes, marshals her flock of geese with a switch; a priest, with half shut eyes and his thumb in his closed breviary, repeats his mid-day prayers, as he follows its windings, courting the line of diapered shadow which the plane trees cast upon the path. So far as human voices go, it is a silent spot, from which the traveller, seated among the ruined walls, looks down on the town nestling below between the hill and the river. All around, the air is resonant with the chatter of jackdaws, the hum of insects, and the chirrup of grasshoppers. But these sounds, like that of the sheep cropping the short herbage, merely serve to intensify the stillness and the solitude. Only the ceaseless rataplan of the bats of the washerwomen, rising from below, remind him that he is near the haunts of men.

The castle and its owners have played a stirring part in French history. The path itself, worn by the traffic of centuries, is that by which the mail-clad men-at-arms hurried down to hold the ford, or drove their booty to their fastness. No wise man travels without a hobby. One is an architect or a botanist, a geologist or a fisherman; another a student of manners and customs; a third a conqueror of Alpine peaks. Nor is the Muse of history so cold a prude that she can never put off her dignity. When once her robe and buskin are laid aside, and she has escaped the glacial influence of the critic, she becomes the most genial, accommodating, and resourceful of companions. Never in the way and never out of it, she requires no paraphernalia of fishing-rods, or hammers, or specimen-cases, or ice-axes. She neither dwells apart on inaccessible peaks of snow, nor hides in antediluvian formations; she is no shy nymph, only to be wooed and won in exceptional conditions of wind and sky and water. At home in all weathers and all places, she can, with a wave of her hand, people the grass-grown streets of dull villages and humdrum towns with all the picturesque and motley actors in a brilliant past, and carry her companions back to the fresh spring morning of the world, when poetry and romance sparkled like dew on forms of life which now are parched and dust-begrimed. Happy those with whom she travels, and nowhere happier than in provincial France.

So now, if that were the present object, we might close our eyes and hear again the clank of men-at-arms, or conjure up the gay *va-et-vient* of mediæval court and hunting-lodge. But France of to-day, not France of the past, is the theme. Refreshed by the quiet of the deserted castle, the traveller descends along the path, by

which groups of market-women, chattering faster than their legs can carry them, are now returning to their homes among the villages on the plateau above. The river lies beyond him. If he be wise, he will traverse the town and seek its banks.

The river is a sluggish stream, maintaining between flat banks an undeviating course. Yet, if the fierce, turbulent Loire, with its sudden and disastrous floods, is truly the river of revolutionary France, a stream of this more common type more adequately represents the ordinary aspects of French provincial life and character. It has passed through no stage of enthusiasm or romance; it was grown up when still a brook. It flows through centres of human life, caring for no other world than that of men. Easy of access, keenly alive to external impressions, suffering no passing object to escape the alertness of its notice, quick to reflect on its surface the most passing lights and ephemeral shadows, it will never achieve a romantic end by precipitating itself from a precipice. So, too, the Frenchman—intensely and essentially objective, never pausing to analyse his own feelings or those of others, concentrated but not absorbed in the immediate object of his pursuit, projecting himself readily and rapidly into the feelings of those by whom he is for the moment surrounded—has overleaped the stage of imaginative romance which separates the child from the man.

It is this perennial childhood which, combined with the instinctive precision of touch, the delicate dexterity of a subtle style, and the perfection of finish, constitutes one peculiar charm of French literature. But if it gives a charm, it also imposes limitations. In French verse, for example, Victor Hugo excepted, we find irrepressible gaiety, charming slyness, simple railery, piquant originality, the ingenuity of fancy which presents a subject in a hundred different lights. We have a cheerful optimism, which is bred of involuntary self-deceptions, natural hallucinations and unstudied illusions. If there is melancholy, it is artificial and used for effect. But the priceless gift and sacred mission of transporting us out of our black thoughts into a fairyland of the imagination belong only to those who have themselves felt and suffered, and are optimists in spite of the problem of evil and its grim realities.

The average Frenchman remains, throughout his life, in many respects a child, just as the average Englishman remains, if not a schoolboy, an undergraduate. The Frenchman *se range*, when his English contemporary is wandering in the Rocky Mountains of thought or of reality. Sometimes for better, sometimes for worse, many of the national characteristics are governed by the fact that the intermediate stage between the child and the man—that of boyhood—is a transition through which the one never passes, and from which the other never emerges. A Frenchman, for example, courts admiration with the simplicity of a child; he has a child's

boastfulness, and a child's power of making believe. He calls the solitary box-tree in a painted barrel, by the side of which he drinks his coffee, a *bosquet de verdure*; he describes his square yard of garden, with its miniature bed of dahlias, as *à vaste jardin d'agrément*; with the eagerness of a six-year-old, he solicits your appreciation of their beauties. The Englishman, on the other hand, would rather bite his tongue off than express all the admiration that he feels for his own possessions; he affects to belittle them, describes his rural palace as his 'little bachelor box in the country,' and would be seriously offended if his depreciation were accepted literally.

The Frenchman never feels the personal sense of the ludicrous; he has no perception of incongruities: he knows nothing of *mauvaise honte*; he is a stranger to the self-consciousness of unrecognised dignity; he cannot understand the meaning of the word 'prig,' because at no time, though often self-important, does he take the serious view of life, or of his part in it, the precocious conception of which distinguishes that variety of the human race. It is as a child that he can take delight in simple, almost infantine pleasures, that he enjoys himself freely and often selfishly, expresses his emotions openly, whether of joy, pleasure, affection, or rage, and walks in processions as if he were part of a pageant, not as if he were a shame-faced criminal. He cannot sympathise with the Englishman's dread of attracting attention. He cannot comprehend why the only emotion which it is desirable to display in public is ill-temper, or why crayfish *à la Bordelaise* should be eaten with the same air of stoical indifference with which we sit down to a cold mutton chop. If he is immoral, he is so frankly and without disguise; he bangs the front door noisily as he goes or returns, while the Englishman, shoes in hand, lets himself out and in with a latchkey, and probably officiates the next morning at family prayers. It is, again, because he is never a boy, that the Frenchman remains a child in the zest with which he pursues his immediate end, the naturalness of his enjoyment, the perpetual freshness of his interests. He never mortgages the present for the future. It is this concentration on the passing moment which gives to French life its *élan* and *abandon*, its directness and rapidity, its sparkle, allurements, and caprice.

But the river has other lessons to teach. By the side of the stream stand rows of poplars, and under the shade of every tree sit fishermen watching intently the motions of their floats. Every age and rank are represented. The provincial dignitary, laden with the affairs of state, sits between two ragged *gamins*, each more successful than himself. Their tackle is equally miscellaneous; it ranges from the mast of 'some tall ammiral' and a line capable of holding Leviathan himself, to a mere twig, a coloured string and a crooked pin. Their common prey is the gudgeon, and the sport is *par excellence* the national pastime of provincial France, the index and the

school of national character. It is here that the good people of the provinces acquire habits of frugality and patience, and are trained to be content with little and to make the most of everything. It is here that the rural shopkeeper was taught the motto, 'au-gagne-petit,' which is the canon of his trade. It is here that the peasant has learnt to cultivate every barlécorn of soil, to utilise every possible coign of vantage, and, prodigal of nothing but himself, sparing of everything except his labour, to toil the livelong day for infinitesimal rewards.

Small and unworthy of notice though the single gudgeon may be, the *friture* is incomparable. The lesson has been learned in many ways, and the influence of the national pastime is not only culinary, but literary, social, and moral. From it the man of letters has learnt the art of raising a dainty palace out of airy nothings and of building on slender facts his unrivalled generalisations. In society it has taught the Frenchman the value of small-talk, and the unwisdom of only opening his mouth when he thinks that he has hooked a salmon. Morally it has revealed to him the secret that happiness consists, not in an isolated day of expensive enjoyment purchased by a vast outlay of time and trouble, but in the succession of small pleasures which lie at his feet—that it is, in fact, rather a mosaic of an infinite number of tiny gems than the single jewel of great cost, which philosophers seek and seldom find. The jostling of young and old in pursuit of the same sport keeps the *grandpère* in touch with the *bébé*. The juxtaposition of rags and respectability on the banks of the same stream carries on the work of the *Café*, and promotes the kindly feeling of rural classes. It also fosters that contempt for appearances which enables the country gentleman to tether his cows under his dining-room windows, to dispense with liveries for his servants, and to drive in his antiquated shay a horse not unacquainted with the plough. Gudgeon fishers can have no false shame. Peasants do not aspire to broadcloth, but wear their patched blouses with complacency. Their wives are content to cover their heads with gay handkerchiefs, and are not tempted to make their honest faces ridiculous in the latest Parisian novelty. Finally the absurd disparity between the means and the end—a disparity which runs through all forms of French sport—accounts for the absence of any sense of incongruity which in France meets and amuses us on every side. When, with imperturbable gravity, the cat's-meat man proclaims his wares with a fanfaronade of trumpets which might herald the approach of a conqueror of kingdoms, we feel that he must occupy his spare time in fishing for gudgeon with a barber's pole and a hawser. The same reflection may explain, in French literature, the frequent contrast between the grandiloquence of the exordium and the insignificance of the conclusion; it may also help us to comprehend the process of thought by which a would-be landscape gardener, with a taste for topiary work, can cheaply satisfy

his passioⁿ by clipping the back of his poodle into rosettes and pompons, or to understand the habit of mind of the carter who gravely harnesses with bits of string an ass no bigger than a dog as the leader to the magnificent *Percheron* who stands eighteen hands high in the shafts.

But writer and reader alike are weary of moralising. It is growing late in the evening of an early autumn day. Summer is dying; a sniver passes over the plain, and faint white mists begin to float in undulating wisps across the flat meadows. It is time to make for the bridge and the town.

On the bridge is gathered a motley crowd. Sleek citizens have closed their doors, and sallied forth, with their wives and sons and daughters and servants, to take the air; peasants bid adieu till the next market day to the dancing lights of the local metropolis, and, laden with baskets and bundles, tramp sturdily homewards; artisans lean over the bridge to catch the freshness of the river breeze; on the parapet sit men and women, boys and girls, chattering and twittering like swallows on a church tower. Here the *bûcherons*, bent double beneath their loads, rest their burdens against the sides of the bridge to interchange a pinch of snuff. There washerwomen poise their *hottes* upon the wall and free their arms for a gossip. Beneath, great timber-laden barges shoot silently from under the arches, and lose themselves in the dark shadow of the poplars beyond. Above, soldiers swarm like bees, gather into knots, disperse, and collect again. *Réservistes* of all shapes and sizes, uniform only in the inevitable red trousers and long blue coat, stand awkwardly at attention to salute a group of officers who pass clanking down the pavement. Now and then a tramp slouches by, begging his way, not, like the mediæval palmer, to the Holy Land, but to Paris.

Two priests, enjoying a hard-earned holiday, pause by the parapet; the one short, round and rubicund; the other tall, spare, severe. It is ever thus; the *jour gras* always hunts in couple with the *jour maigre*. The one leans his paunch against the bridge, doffs his *tricorné*, mops his face, and looks down upon the lights dancing on the stream below; the other stands erect, gazing, across the mirror which the river holds out to life, into the depths of the distant shadows. Sportsmen, faultless in all the details of their appointment, followed wearily by their liver-and-white pointers, tramp over the bridge into the town. A grey-bearded goat jumps upon the parapet, looks inquisitively at the water below, shakes his head, leaps down, and scampers off, as the wild reedy note of the herdsman's pipe blends with the blare of the cowhorn with which a personage in a general's uniform hawks copies of *Le Petit Journal* at a halfpenny apiece. Down the centre of the bridge pours an incessant stream of vehicles. Over the paved causeway clatters a 'dogue cart,' with jangling bells, and César or Minos yelping in advance. The great

grey horses strain against their lyre-shaped painted collars, and strike sparks from the stones as they answer to the whips and shouts of the drivers in the effort to drag the high-wheeled timber-laden waggons up the steep pitch of the crown of the bridge. Creaking and groaning over the pavement lumbers a bullock cart, as rude in construction as the state coach of King Dagobert. Antediluvian hooded gigs pass by at a steady pace, filled with peasants, the women holding lanterns on their ample knees, the horses going at a dogged, patient trot, as though they knew that they must travel far on into the night before the home is reached in one of the little clearings of the forest of the Laigue. From the town beyond comes the lively rattle of the drums, as with quick step the patrol beats the rataplan through the streets, and all is over for the day.

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

THE LIMITS OF FRENCH ARMAMENT

WHEN the military history of the nineteenth century is written, two circumstances will stand out beyond all others: the extraordinary advance made in the man-killing and destructive powers of the weapons employed, and the great increase in the numbers of armed men maintained both in peace and war by European continental nations.

The one is caused by the advance of science, the other by the distrust entertained of each other by several rival nations of about equal strength, and is rendered possible by the gradual development of the modern system of military organisation introduced at the beginning of the century and gradually perfected towards its close.

Of the two circumstances the latter is undoubtedly the more remarkable from a national and the more interesting from an historical point of view.

It is evident that if no limit is set to the numbers to which the military forces of rival powers may attain—no such technical limit, I mean, as is imposed by the difficulty of moving, feeding, or commanding great masses of men in war—a national, as distinct from a military, limit will sooner or later be reached.

Such a limit may be found in the objection of the people to be compulsorily taken for an unproductive and dangerous profession; in the difficulty of financing such great armies, not only in war, but in the long days of peace; in the interruption of trade, commerce, and manufacture caused by the permanent inclusion in the ranks of a large proportion of the nation's manhood; or—last, but most effective limit of all—in the annual absorption in the active army of the entire able-bodied male population at the age of enrolment.

All these limits have been approached at various times in the last quarter of a century by different continental nations; the people grow less and less content with the burden of universal service; the budgets increase year by year; in many cases trade and commerce suffer; and in one instance—and that a very striking one—the final limit, that of want of men, against which there is no possible appeal, has now been reached.

France, not so long ago the leader in the military competition,

has exhausted, not the patience of her people, not her credit nor her commercial and industrial prosperity, but the able-bodied youth of the nation; she has staked her last coin in the European gamble in which the counters are armed men, can 'raise' no more or 'throw' a higher number.

This is a startling and most unpleasant fact, whose approach has long been apparent to careful observers, and whose actual presence has at last given pause to every reflective Frenchman.

It may be argued that the armies of the past were as great as those most recently engaged in Europe, that the hosts employed by the races of the ancient world were often as numerous as any this generation has seen, in the field, and that the forces with which France and Germany engaged in their latest struggle were no larger than those placed in line in many of the campaigns of former days.

This is no doubt true; but the development of modern armies, both in peace and war, has received its chief impetus within the last quarter of a century, a period chiefly remarkable for the huge forces permanently maintained in peace, which, by the present elaborate system of organisation, will result in the opposition of far larger masses of men than have ever yet been engaged, when next two great European nations meet in war.

The peace strength of the German army, for instance, is upwards of 580,000 of all ranks, an enormous establishment to maintain permanently when war does not threaten, the number annually incorporated in the ranks is almost a quarter of a million, and the war strength, when the present system has had time to obtain its full effect, will reach, it is calculated, some 4,300,000 men.

Beside such figures as these, supplied by a people of little more than fifty millions, even the somewhat fabulous numbers of the armies of the old world seem to assume ordinary proportions. Nor does Germany stand alone in this respect, as is shown by the following table, which I take from a well-informed article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 15th of September 1896:

Power	Trained men	Untrained men	Total
Italy	1,473,000	727,000	2,200,000
Austria	2,076,000	442,000	2,518,000
Germany	4,300,000	2,900,000	7,200,000
Russia	4,677,000	4,000,000	8,677,000
France	4,300,000	400,000	4,700,000
Grand Totals	16,826,000	8,469,000	25,295,000

Thus in these five nations, out of a total of twenty-five millions of men of the military age, two-thirds are fully trained soldiers, while a considerable number of the remaining third have received some military instruction.

Never before has the world been presented with such a spectacle of armed manhood collected within so comparatively confined an area.

The system upon which these great masses of men are levied, trained, and organised is to all intents a growth of the present century, and, as the manner in which it affects both the army and the nation may not be fully understood by the general reader, it may be as well to explain briefly its action and the conditions that make for its effective working in a military sense.

Every nation from the earliest times has aimed at the maintenance in peace of an adequate army at as small a cost as possible, combined with its ready expansion at a given time to the numbers required for war.

This expansion can be effected either by the addition to the peace strength of an increased number of raw recruits, or by the recall to the ranks of trained men who have already left the active army. There is no question which is the better system in principle: in the one case the fresh additions are young, untrained men, and are restricted in numbers by comparatively narrow limits of age; in the other the men are older, are already trained soldiers, and are more numerous, seeing that they may be of any age up to about forty or forty-five.

In the one case months must elapse before the new recruits are sufficiently trained to take the field; in the other a few days, or at most a few weeks, should suffice to rub off the rust accumulated in civil life by the older soldiers.

Under that system the blade must be forged and tempered; under this it merely needs a sharper edge.

In former days, and even comparatively recently, campaigns were conducted so leisurely that time was of no great importance; now the first blow is struck at once, the harder it is struck the better, and thus overwhelming strength is essential at the very outset.

For this reason we find that all Europe has adopted the latter of the two systems outlined above, the one known to us as that of short service and reserves, by which the active army in peace becomes a military training school from which a man returns to his civil avocations on completion of his training—making room for another—but remains liable for a longer period to recall to the ranks on occasions of national emergency.

The war strength thus becomes the peace strength or active army *minus* the very latest recruits and *plus* the reserves. If these latter consist of many classes—that is, if reserve service extends over many years—the reserve men will obviously form the greater part of the war strength, and thus the object of all military nations is to have as large a reserve as possible, especially as it is the cheapest form of military force.

Now a reserve increases in direct proportion with two things—the increase in the active army or training school, and the rapidity with which the training in it is imparted. The larger the school, the greater the number of individuals trained in a given time; the quicker the training, the more men required in a given time to keep that school up to a given strength.

And with the compulsory service now general on the Continent, the number of men required—so long as it is within the limits of the population—is the number obtained, and the tendency therefore of every continental nation is to increase its active peace army or training school and to diminish the period of training, or, in other words, the length of service in the active army.

The army in time of peace becomes, in fact, a gigantic cramming establishment, the size of which is only limited by the cost of maintaining it and by the numbers of men capable of entering it.

Never, until recently, has the latter limit been reached, and there has always been, even in the most military States, a surplus population each year which could not enter the active army and therefore overflowed untrained into the reserve to receive such occasional military training as its ranks could afford. France has now practically stopped this waste or overflow, but this desired result has not been attained by an unusual enlargement of the active ranks, but by the absorption of the whole able-bodied male population, thanks to its failure to increase at any ordinary rate. The army is strong indeed in numbers, but no stronger than is required having due regard to the position of the country and the forces of the rival European States; it is the nation that has ceased to grow, not the army that has unduly developed.

This retarded growth has come gradually, as we shall see.

When the downfall of Napoleon afforded Europe a welcome breathing space, and the nations set about the organisation of their military forces on a permanent basis, Prussia, with one-third the population of France, annually absorbed in the ranks about the same number of men as her greater neighbour—namely, 40,000 men.

The two forces have since grown side by side, France generally having the advantage of numbers, as her larger population permitted. Her annual military contingent, which had risen to 80,000 men by the middle of the century, reached 140,000 in the years of the Crimean and Italian campaigns, and now amounts to some 240,000.

Prussia's first advance was to 63,000, and as late as 1893 the entire German contingent only amounted to about 176,000 per annum. To avoid the great waste of men who thus passed into the Ersatz Reserve without any previous training in the ranks, the law of 1893 provided for a yearly inclusion in the active army of about

230,000 men, which, with the addition of the one-year volunteers, has raised the total number to about that of France.

Thus, after the lapse of three-quarters of a century, the two nations stand once more upon the same mark in regard to the numbers yearly taken for the ranks, and are also about even as to both peace and war effectives. But whereas Prussia in 1818 drew her men from a population of but 10,000,000, while France had 30,000,000 on which to draw, Germany now numbers 52,000,000 to the 38,000,000 of her neighbour.

The two have changed places, and the strain is now on France.

That she has not unduly increased her forces compared with Germany is evident from the fact that since 1872 her active army has increased by 133,000 men to the 183,000 of Germany.¹

In point of numbers France is, at best, only a tie for second place, Russia being easily first and Germany probably slightly ahead of her in quantity as she decidedly is superior in system.

Assuming the figures in the preceding table to be correct, which they probably are in the main, the proportion of military strength to population in France and Germany is far greater than in Russia, Italy, or Austria, the war strength of these five Powers having the following ratio per 1000 to their respective populations :

France	111 per 1000
Germany	82 "
Russia	50 "
Italy	48 "
Austria	46 "

We see then the price France has to pay and the strain she has to endure to retain her place, and the gradual increase in this strain is shown in the following figures, which give the numbers of young men attaining the military age annually and the numbers actually taken for the ranks. The present German figure is included for purposes of comparison.

Period or year	Average of total yearly class attaining age of enlistment	Average numbers yearly taken for active army	Percentage of conscripts to class
1841-50	304,237	80,202	26
1851-60	305,516	109,151	35
1895	337,109	240,575	71
Germany, 1895	470,000	240,000	51

Thus, in the middle of the century, before the ambitions of the Second Empire caused France to seek for the military glory obtained under the great Napoleon, the men taken to form the yearly contingent little exceeded 25 per cent. of the male population of that age. The decade containing the wars in the Crimea and in

¹ Tables annexed to the French War Budget of 1897.

Italy raised this figure to 35 per cent., which has now been more than doubled. The less than 30 per cent. still remaining are composed of the physically unfit and the youths exempted for various reasons, and it is therefore evident that while the army has but kept pace with rival forces it has only done so by imposing a gradually increasing strain on a population continually growing more and more feebly.

The questions now engaging military thought in France are, first: Can this strain be in any way increased so as to keep pace with the still growing armies of other Powers, especially Germany? and second: If not, can the organisation of existing numbers be improved so as to substitute quality for the coming deficiency in quantity?

The most recent annual report on army recruiting, that for 1895, seems to answer the first question in the negative.

It shows (speaking in round numbers) that the youths reaching the age of enrolment in that year numbered 337,000, of whom over 9,000 failed to appear and between 27,000 and 28,000 were found physically unfit to serve in any capacity. 25,000 entered as volunteers, and 54,000 were admitted for one year's service only, under certain exempting clauses. 46,000 were put back for a year by reason of physical deficiencies, and about 21,000 were posted to auxiliary services from similar causes. When some 6,000 had been taken for the navy, 1,000 totally exempted for various reasons, and over 4,000 passed direct to reserve or to the colonial forces, there remained 142,000 men entering the active ranks for the regulation term of three years. If to these are added some 18,000 put back from the two previous years, the 25,000 volunteers, and the 54,000 one-year exemptions, a grand total of 240,000 is reached, who enter for periods of one, two, or three years. Of these no less than 38 per cent. enter for but one year, 3 per cent. for two years, and the remaining 59 per cent. for the full term of three years.

There are but two of the above categories from which increased numbers might be found for the ranks: from among the 54,000 one-year exemptions, who might be made to give a longer service; or from the 21,000 whose comparatively slight defects do not incapacitate them for the auxiliary services. The young men composing the former class come under various heads, such as the only sons of widows, clergy, instructors or students in certain establishments, &c. General Billot, the French War Minister, speaking not long ago, gave it as his opinion that the law of 1889, by which these exemptions are sanctioned, had been so much abused that owing to the dispensations no less than 50 per cent. of the military contingent of each year served for but one year in the ranks. This figure does not quite agree with that of the official report given above, but the one refers to actual service, the other to the term for which original entry was made, and this may account

for the discrepancy. In any case it is evident that for a very considerable proportion of the youth of the country the length of service in the ranks is but one-third of the regulation period; but even if a less latitude were allowed in this respect it would not increase the *number* of men entering, but merely add to the *average length of service* in the active army, and it is doubtful whether the country would approve of a tighter drawing of the already rather close net.

As to the men who although considered unfit for the first line will serve for the auxiliary ranks, but few can be expected to make effective soldiers according to the details given in the report, from which it appears that of those thus classed in 1895, 3,202 suffered from defective eyesight, 461 from goitre, 3,140 from hernia, 1,453 from mutilation, and 2,975 from varicose veins—to name only a few of their various disqualifications. The physical standards in France are already low enough; to admit such men as these to the ranks and expect them to bear the hardships of a campaign would be to subject them to too great a trial—indeed, the very severe routine of peace training for three years would probably suffice to break down the majority.

It would therefore seem that France cannot hope to greatly increase her present military strength in point of numbers so long as her population is in its present condition. What this condition is, and is likely to remain, is disclosed in recent publications.

The growth of French population throughout the present century exhibits a most curious and regular falling off. Not only has this growth been slower than in many other countries, but, what is far more significant, this reduced rate is constantly diminishing, until at the present time the growth has absolutely ceased.

Population, as is well known, is affected by the birth and death rates and by emigration and immigration, of which the two first named are by far the more important.

The French birth rate commenced the century healthily enough with a figure of 33 births per 1000 of population per annum. It has now fallen to less than 22 per 1000, and the regularity of its decline is apparent from the following table:

Period	Births per annum per 1000 of population	Period	Births per annum per 1000 of population
1801-10	33	1861-70	26
1811-20	32	1871-80	25
1821-30	31	1881-90	24
1831-40	29	1891-05	23
1841-50	27	1895	21.4
1851-60	26		

The growth of the population shows a corresponding decline. The following are the figures of the last six census years:

Year	Population in millions	Increase in millions	Increase per cent.
1872	36.103	—	—
1876	36.906	0.803	2.2
1881	37.672	0.766	2.0
1886	38.219	0.547	1.4
1891	38.343	0.124	0.32
1896	38.518	0.175	0.45

The year 1895 is the most depressing yet experienced, for in it the birth-rate fell to 21.4, and, the death-rate being 22.4, the population actually suffered a decrease of 57,581 from that of the previous year, in these respects.

In the eighty-seven departments into which France is divided the increase and decrease of population are thus marked in the last three census years :

	1886	1891	1896
Departments where population has decreased ...	29	55	63
Departments where population has increased ...	58	32	24

Thus in the last ten years the departments showing an increase and a decrease have more than changed places, and in over two-thirds of them a decrease is now taking place. The chief increase takes place in those departments containing large towns, for the depopulation is most marked in the rural districts. Paris, for instance, with her suburbs, has alone taken 200,000 from France in five years, while the increase in the whole country in that period is but 175,000. Compulsory service, universally applied, contributes largely to this result, men being not only assembled chiefly in the towns when in the army, but attracted thereto after they have left the active ranks by higher wages and a more agreeable existence.

'Le service actuel,' says the writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* already quoted, 'est trop court pour faire un vieux soldat, il est trop long pour permettre à l'homme de garder le souvenir de son clocher natal et lui laisser l'envie d'y retourner.'

A comparison with Germany is of course inevitable with French statisticians, and the result is not a cheerful one for them. While France has only added 175,000 to her population in five years, Germany has increased hers by nearly three millions, and whereas the number of young men yearly attaining the age of enrolment in France is but 340,000, in Germany it amounts to about 470,000.

In the last seven years the German births have doubled the French births, and in another thirteen or fourteen years, we are told by M. Bertillon, the head of the Municipal Statistical Department in Paris, there will therefore be two German conscripts for every French one.

This state of things, we may be sure is not lost sight of in

Germany. M. Bertillon says that it was one of the favourite topics of conversation when he was travelling there; and, as a German writer puts it, 'the moment is approaching when the five poor sons of the German family, attracted by the resources and the fertility of France, will easily overcome the only son of the French family.'²

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that Frenchmen are staggered by the condition of their country. The extraordinary revival in wealth and trade of the last twenty-five years has not been accompanied by a corresponding increase of population, and everywhere one meets such cries as these:

Cette stagnation de la natalité en France est le péril le plus grave qui menace notre nationalité.' 'Nous sommes arrivés à l'extrême limite de nos ressources en hommes.—*Journal des Sciences Militaires*.

'Soon France, which once was the greatest country in Europe, will be one of the weakest.'—*L'Avenir Militaire*.

'La France périt faute de naissances.' 'Unless a miraculous change for the better takes place, she will soon disappear as a great nation.' 'La disparition ou du moins l'amoindrissement de notre patrie est certaine si nous ne tentons rien pour le relever.'—M. Bertillon in *Le Temps* and elsewhere.

One meets this subject everywhere in France, and can scarcely open a newspaper without finding some mention of it. When recently in the country, I found in one number of *Le Temps* no less than three separate allusions to the depopulation and its effect upon the armed strength of the nation.

It would be out of place here to inquire into the causes of this startling phenomenon, or to make any but the smallest allusion to the remedies proposed; but the gravity of the situation is marked by the fact that a society has actually been formed by M. Bertillon, and others who share his views, with the somewhat curious title of 'L'Alliance Nationale pour l'Accroissement de la Population Française,' with offices in the Avenue Marceau, Paris.

One remedy recommended by M. Bertillon is the extension of the principle of 'dégrèvement proportionnel' to bachelors and people with small families, the bachelors above thirty being most heavily taxed, and then, on a descending scale, those families with no children, and with one, two, or three children respectively, while all those with more than three children should be exempt.

We may leave these somewhat fanciful schemes for the more solid consideration of what improvements, if any, can be made in the organisation of the existing numbers of the army, since it would seem that these numbers cannot be appreciably enlarged, amounting as they do to what is already almost a breaking strain upon the country.

Quantity is not, of course, everything. We must have quality as well, and efficiency is as necessary to a military force as sufficiency.

² 'Population in France,' *The Globe*, January 12, 1897.

The present cramming system, as I have ventured to call it, of short service stretched to its very furthest limit, has certain obvious disadvantages.

In the first place, it is doubtful whether any instruction thus ground into a human being by a continuous process of forcing is as effective as a more gradual absorption of knowledge, military or otherwise. Even granted that such a system is not inferior to any other, is there time in the present continental limits to attain the high professional knowledge now required of even the private soldier by the many advances in the science of war? The period of service in the German Army is now but two years for all except the cavalry and mounted artillery, and, although three years is still the regulation period for all arms in France, we have it on the authority of the War Minister that but 50 per cent. serve longer than one year in the ranks. The early age of entry, the short period spent in the ranks, the tremendous pressure of military training while in them, all tend to turn out vast masses of untried, rapidly trained, inexperienced young men, who will form the major part of the war armies of the future, a large majority of whom will have been some years in civil life, with but a few weeks' yearly training since they left the ranks, when called upon for the decisive struggle.

Of military experience or practical knowledge they will have but little on leaving the ranks to return to the civil life they can scarcely be said to have quitted.

I do not wish it to be thought that I am opposed to the reserve system; on the contrary, I recognise it as the only one by which nations can be fully prepared for war; but, although the system may be sound enough, it does not follow that the manner in which it is administered is invariably correct. Is there not a danger on the Continent of its being abused in the rage for numerically great forces, or, as the French style it, 'la folie du nombre'? A necessary consequence of extreme short service in the ranks followed by long service in the reserves, and the incorporation in both in turn of practically the whole male population, is that when the army is mobilised for war by far the larger portion of it will be reserve men, who for a more or less extended period have left the ranks in which they originally served, so short an apprenticeship.

Were France to go to war in the early spring, when her annual contingent—which joins about October of each year—had been so few months in the ranks as to be useless for fighting purposes, the four millions which she claims to be able to put in the field would be composed of about 300,000 men of the active army and some 3,700,000 reservists: the latter would outnumber the former by 12 to 1. Of course the whole of these reservists would not be in the first line; many of them would form the garrisons of fortified camps and fortresses denuded of their ordinary garrisons by the field army;

but even then the troops in the fighting line would contain a large proportion of reserve men.

To reserve men as such there is no objection, but it is from the point of view of what the French call 'l'encadrement' that their presence in overwhelming numbers may be a doubtful blessing.

These large quantities of reservists who will flood the units or cadres of the fighting line will be men who have served but a brief period of one, two, or at the most three years in their respective corps, at some anterior date; they will have formed but few ties in and have been but slightly in touch with them during their brief sojourn in the ranks as untrained conscripts, and will probably have lost what little touch they once had in the years they have spent in civil life since leaving the ranks. They will all be older men than those they find serving when they rejoin, older as a rule than the very non-commissioned officers who will be in authority over them; and thus in many most important ways they will be wanting in that cohesion, that unity of ideas and interests, which form the basis of all *esprit de corps*, of all true discipline and military control.

The question of non-commissioned officers is in itself a serious one, as the French have long recognised. So apparently distasteful is the military life to the average Frenchman, that when his short period of service is over he can with the greatest difficulty be induced to re-engage to complete a longer period as a 'sous-officier.' In 1889 the re-engaged sous-officers in the French Army—that is, men of over three years' service—numbered but 16,000.

Even in our own small regular force we have at present upwards of 14,000 sergeants. Such a figure is quite inadequate for the purposes of an army with a peace strength of over half a million and an estimated war strength of about eight times that size.

So obvious was the danger that inducements were offered in 1889, on what even we should consider a liberal scale, in the shape of bounties, increased pay, pensions on leaving, and eventual civil employment to those 'sous-officiers' who should re-engage beyond three years for even comparatively short terms; and these measures caused the numbers of re-engaged men to rise to over 24,000 in 1893, but at a considerable cost.

The law of 1892 reduced these advantages in some particulars, with the immediate result that the re-engagement fell off, so that on the 1st of January, 1896, the numbers of re-engaged 'sous-officiers' had sunk below 16,000—lower than ever.

A new law, restoring some of the privileges to this very important class, has lately been passed, and it is hoped that the numbers may again rise.

Much attention is constantly paid to this question in military reviews, where 'La question des sous-offs' is a frequent heading. A

writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 15th of December, 1896, says: 'Sans ces rengagés pourtant, par ce temps de service à court terme, l'œuvre militaire du pays ne saurait vivre; ils sont la tradition, c'est-à-dire l'âme même de l'armée,' and General du Barail, an ex-Minister for War, and a very able one, says that the army must have older men in the ranks, and that the reserves will not suffice for this, but that there must be in each company, squadron, or battery, 'quelques soldats vraiment d'élite, c'est-à-dire des soldats de métier ou de vocation.' What makes matters worse is that the inevitable comparison with Germany shows that in her army of about equal strength there are upwards of 70,000 re-engaged soldiers.

The importance of a, so to speak, permanent element in every army cannot be denied, and, with the present extreme short-service armies of great size, to which some millions of reservists will return on mobilisation, this need for older non-commissioned officers than the original term of service can provide, and with them a continuity of tradition, becomes most pressing.

When the Germans in 1893 added to their army by the yearly incorporation of increased numbers, they raised the extra cadres thus necessitated in the shape of a fourth battalion for each of their 173 existing three-battalion regiments. These 173 new cadres, as originally constituted, were but weak units, or half-battalions as they called them; but they have since seen the inadvisability of a number of weak cadres, and have now transformed the original 173 half-battalions into 86 full battalions capable of taking their place in war alongside the other battalions of the army.

The French are anxious to follow the German lead and to add fourth battalions to their 145 three-battalion regiments; but, in the first place, they know not where to turn for the men; and even if by utilising the services of those now exempt after one year's service, and by taking some of those now passed to the auxiliary ranks as physically unfit, they could raise sufficient, there is a growing feeling against a number of weak battalions which will be flooded with reservists on mobilisation.

- Rather, it is argued, have fewer cadres of greater merit than a larger number chiefly composed of partially trained reservists, whose connection with the corps they join for war is extremely slight.

The Comte de Villebois-Mareuil, in an able article entitled 'L'organisation des troupes de première ligne' in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 15th of December, 1896, to which allusion has already been made, has some sensible remarks on this head. Since 1870, he remarks, the efforts of France have been directed to obtaining an increased number of troops without asking if they are of military value, and, according to him, the 'mass' has suffocated the 'élite.' France, he says, thinks too much of her reserve, and

especially of its older classes; and too little of the mobilised peace army and the troops of the first line.

He sums up the rival policies of France and Germany by saying that Germany looks to her first line, and aims at striking a hard blow at once, France relies on her reserves, and at retrieving first losses by their means; the one is for speed, the other for staying power.

"The other writer in the *Revue*, whose article I have quoted more than once, takes the same view of this question, but advances a scheme of his own, into which I cannot enter in detail. He holds that the essential of a good recruiting law is the creation of a 'très solide' active army to serve for the 'encadrement' of trained reservists when they are required to rejoin the ranks, and to ensure this he would encourage the re-engagement of as many men as would provide the present army with 250,000 veterans, serving on extended terms of six, fourteen, and twenty-four years beyond the original one year he would exact from every man.

There are two considerable objections to such a scheme. In the first place, an enormous expenditure would be necessary to induce so many men to extend their service for such long periods and to provide them with pensions on their final retirement, an expenditure the author does not appear to have at all correctly estimated. Any such expenditure cannot, of course, be exactly determined beforehand, but, being the result of voluntary action on the part of the individuals concerned, can only be arrived at by actual experiment.

In the second place, if so great a number remain for such long periods in the active army or training school, a much reduced number of vacancies will yearly arise in its ranks, and a considerable waste will therefore take place, unless the peace establishment be largely increased to incorporate the full supply every year. The author would retain the same establishment, and yet counts on incorporating the present numbers, a state of things incompatible with the retention of 250,000 veterans for so many years. He goes, however, too far in the direction of stiffening the ranks with older and more experienced men.

France does not require—nor do any of the armies of the Continent—large numbers of veterans of twenty-four, fourteen, or even six years' re-engaged service in the active ranks in peace; a far smaller number, with far less service, will suffice. But whatever the faults of this scheme in detail, it is significant that its author, as well as the Comte de Villebois-Mareuil and others, should advocate strengthening the fighting line by stronger and more experienced cadres rather than an accumulation of great quantities of extremely short-service men; and when we have similar testimony from high military authorities,

such as General du Barail and General Billot, both Ministers for War, we may regard it as highly probable that it will be in this direction, of improving the quality of their ranks, that French military policy will tend in the future, especially now that an increase in quantity is debarred by a stagnation in the growth of the population.

The next great war will undoubtedly bring many surprises in its train. The advance in weapons of destruction, especially in the power of artillery and repeating rifles, will not, perhaps, produce more marked results than will the great masses of short-service soldiers which the extreme development of the system permits great continental powers to place in the field. Whether the results of the training of these men will be at all in proportion to their numbers; above all, whether they will have among them a sufficient number of experienced soldiers by profession—men of military experience, knowledge, and resource—to leaven the numbers of swiftly trained, machine-made reservists, remains to be seen; but I venture to predict that the army which, while not greatly numerically inferior, has devoted its attention to quality rather than to quantity, to providing trained and experienced soldiers rather than hordes of men who are as much armed civilians as soldiers, will be at a decided advantage in the next great struggle.

Providence is on the side of big battalions—but of big battalions of soldiers, not of men whose experience of the active ranks of their profession has not extended on an average over one or two years of their life.

Here lies the last great hope of France. In point of numbers she cannot hope any longer to keep her place in the race, to compete with her powerful rival, nor apparently to enter into competition with her own past. Her stationary, almost diminishing, population renders this impossible now and for some time to come; for it must be remembered that it is to the children born to-day that she must look for her army of a quarter of a century hence, and the coming generation of French soldiers will be strong or weak according as the birth-rates of the present time are large or small.

The nation is alive to the deplorable circumstances disclosed by statistics of population, census returns, and figures of births and deaths. Whether any means can be taken to improve these circumstances and restore France to her former vigorous national growth is very doubtful; but it is not numbers alone that win battles, as a thousand instances in history—not the least significant of which are to be found in our own island story—go to prove. At present there is little doubt, judging by the utterances of French military authorities from the highest downwards, that France is

inferior to her great rival not only in numbers, but in organisation. The race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong, but it would be madness therefore to assume that the slow will first arrive at the desired goal, or the weak emerge victors from the struggle; and at present everything conspires to point to a decided failure of France in the great national competition in which all Europe is engaged."

JOHN ADYE,

Major R.A. and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SIAMÈSE VISIT

OLD chroniclers tell us that as far back as the Georgian epoch a mission from 'the King of Siam, in the East Indies,' was 'received,' at the Court of St. James's. However this may have been, the present ruler of Siam had never journeyed westward of Calcutta—albeit his own city of Bangkok is the most considerable place encountered by the *voyageur* between the capital of British India and Canton—until this year, when something besides a natural desire to see the world has brought him to Europe. That England was from the first the objective point of King Chulalongkorn's tour was immediately known at the Quai d'Orsay, where, indeed, it has been the cause of much speculation and more than a little uneasiness. In the present paper I propose to show how extremely well founded this feeling of unrest both is and ought to be. It must be borne in mind that practically, from first to last the aim of the King of Siam's visit to Great Britain has almost a purely political significance.

What are the facts? The beginnings of French earth-hunger in Indo-China date back to 1774. In that year the Annamite people, then under the suzerainty of the Chinese Emperor, had the ill-grace to put to death the petty ruler of their country, together with his eldest son. His second son sought sanctuary with the Bishop of Arah, a Franciscan missionary, through whose influence at the Court of Louis the Sixteenth the throne of Annam was regained with the co-operation of a few French officers. Between this date and 'the thirty years' peace' Gallic missionary influences were steadily at work in Annam; but it was not until exactly fifty years ago (1847) that a persecution of the Christians by King Thien-Tri afforded all the excuse deemed necessary for an open act of aggression. In that year the French destroyed Thien-Tri's 'fleet'; nine years later they seized the citadel of Turon and acquired Cambodia; and in February 1861, France and England being then allied against China, Admiral Charner secured possession of Saigon—never again to be evacuated by his countrymen.

In 1868, the present King of Siam, Phra Somdetch Chulalongkorn, ascended the throne. Almost at once it was forced upon him that his French neighbours were casting covetous eyes upon his dominions. Could he hope to resist them successfully? He did not know, but desired to try. In the early eighties France commenced the subjugation of Tonquin. Although, it will be recollected, no actual declaration of war with China took place, hostilities on a formidable scale were undertaken by the French. Formosa was bombarded, and—this by a *ruse* very similar to that subsequently employed by them when forcing the bar of the river at Bangkok—the French also destroyed the Chinese fleet at Foo-chow. General Brière de l'Isle was given supreme command of 'the Army of Tonquin,' with General Négrier as second. In 1885 the latter (who appears to have resembled Hannibal's description of Marcellus—'a brave soldier but a bad general') was driven back from Langson with heavy loss, and had the mortification of seeing his wounded have their hands cut off by the barbarous Tonquinese. This disaster was disguised as much as possible at the time, the French authorities having forbidden the presence of foreign correspondents in their camps; but the affair was described fully to the writer by their Consul at Bangkok.

A campaign of 'negative triumphs' left the French in touch with a half-conquered people. Coupled with the death, from sickness or wounds, of Admiral Courbet and many another capable officer of both services, it created something like a revulsion of feeling at home. On the voting of the Tonquin credits stormy debates were the order of the day, and M. Clémenceau was keenest of the keen in opposing the prolongation of the struggle, just as Jules Ferry led the movement in its favour.

It was not until 1893 that France openly attacked Siam. The demand was subtly formulated—on behalf, not of the Government of the French Republic, but of 'the Empire of Annam.' But even so the French had been in Annam for perhaps a quarter of a century, whereas Siam could show an undisturbed, undisputed tenure of the Mekong River's *rive gauche* for at least ninety years. To slightly paraphrase a familiar passage in *Henry the Fourth*, by her sword she had won it, and by her sword she desired to keep it.

It would be interesting to learn from the King's own lips the effect of this 'just and moderate' claim upon the Court of Siam. It burst upon them like a thunderclap. The Foreign Minister, Prince Devawongse,¹ and his colleagues suggested a little substantial proof of this shadowy claim; and to this day such proof has never been vouchsafed them. The cession to France of territory amounting to rather more than one-third of the entire kingdom was insisted upon;

¹ The King's half-brother and brother-in-law.

and in March 1893 that Power sent the ship-of-war *Lutin* to Bangkok, where she remained for months a standing menace.

A rigorous blockade of the Siamese seaboard followed, resulting in a few short days in complete surrender of the disputed territory to France and the payment of a heavy war indemnity. The De Lanessan school of diplomacy had scored a shining success.

And the attitude of affairs at the present time? By the Anglo-French Convention of last year the King of Siam's position became, to say the least, slightly anomalous. That agreement practically amounted to the fair division, between France and England, of the whole of Siam save that portion situate in the fertile valley of the Meinam, whose autonomy they still guarantee to preserve. And yet is the arrangement 'fair' in the fullest sense of that commercial term? Anyhow, France holds, in addition to the long-coveted port of Chantabun, that part of the province of Luang Phrabang which is situate upon the *right* bank of the Mekong. Moreover, under the Convention between France and China in 1895, the former Power was given every facility for completing her control of the great trade route into Yunnan. Enough has been written by others on the subject of a neutral zone to convince Imperialists of the vital importance to Great Britain of Siam as a buffer between Burma and French Indo-China. Mr. George Curzon, in most of whose conclusions one is forced to concur, has very aptly described British India as 'between two fires'—Russia and France. But was Mr. Curzon exact in committing himself to the assertion that 'the commercial position of Great Britain in the Far East stands unassailed and unassailable'?² France, by winning for herself what may be vulgarly described as 'the best of the deal,' has proved alike her ability and her anxiety to strike a decisive blow at British commercial supremacy in this direction. Absolutely devoid of the colonising instinct as they are, these Chauvinists cannot be made to recognise that whatever country has the misfortune to come under theiregis is henceforth doomed to commercial extinction. Of this truth all history is pregnant.

The King of Siam, as he glances towards England, must feel that the hand of ill-fate has pressed heavily upon his country of late years. In addition to the blows dealt by the wiles of French statecraft, the death of the Crown Prince, Maha Vajirunhis, a bright, promising, and talented boy, was a misfortune as staggering as it was wholly unexpected. The King himself is in a delicate state of health, and the outlook cannot be such as to inspire him with a renewal of high hope while his 'friends the enemy' are knocking so impatiently at the gates of Bangkok. From the walled and battlemented city within a city, in which His Majesty passes the greater part of his time when at home, he cannot possibly see many gleams of hope upon the cloudy political horizon. Former treaties and conventions between

² *The Destinies of the Far East.*

France and the countries of the Orient have not remained binding upon the former Power during many years.

The staunchest adherent of a peace-at-any-price policy will hardly venture to deny that Great Britain was badly outwitted on the Mekong question. With M. Develle at the Quai d'Orsay, M. de Lanessan at Saigon, and M. Pavie at Bangkok, the cause of aggression was in the safest hands. In Paris, Baron de Mohrenheim was instructed to promise Russia's support and co-operation 'on all points of the dispute with Siam.' The idea of France needing a partner in her aggression is of itself ridiculous enough, but not so ridiculous having regard to the possibility of England or Germany rendering aid to the unfortunate King. Leading jurists were unable to determine, at the time, whether a 'state of war' existed between France and Siam—whether the presentation of a peremptory ultimatum after a naval battle in the Meïnam, the absolute rupture of diplomatic relations, and sharp fighting on the Mekong itself, did not constitute *war*. The press of the Triple Alliance, particularly that of Berlin (where the *Tageblatt* has represented John Bull standing open-mouthed while Jean cuts a Siamese soldier in half), affect to marvel at the pacific tone preserved by the British Government upon this question. The *Vossische Zeitung*, while appraising the policy of France weakening her hold in Europe by dint of attempts at 'colonial expansion,' said :

Looked at impartially, there cannot be the slightest doubt that Siam was entirely within her right. During the last twenty years the kingdom has made progress to such an extent—by constructing railways, taking large numbers of English and Germans into its employ, and developing trade and commerce (more especially with the places situate along Siam's coasts and inland rivers)—that it can no longer afford to be cut off from its distant dependencies . . .

It is obvious, therefore, that this visit of King Chulalongkorn the First to England has a well-defined political significance. The treatment meted out to him has been, even from the debauched standpoint of French colonial politics, dastardly in the extreme. Nor is it advisable or permissible to forget that the Siamese king is *nulli secundus* among Oriental monarchs as a progressive ruler. And fate has been unkind to him indeed ! He has encouraged English customs and the English language by all the means in his power—has taken the kindest possible interest in the introduction of electric light, electric tramways, &c., into his capital—has endeavoured to model his army and navy, his prison and other systems, upon the English method—and has in person opened the first railway (that connecting Bangkok with Paknam) in Siam. It is, indeed, one of the strangest and most interesting sights, as you stroll through the streets of the capital, to witness the riksha and gharry of comparative barbarism travelling in juxtaposition to the electric tramcar and the bicycle ! And for his broad and enlightened views the King of Siam has been

requited by the wholesale and utterly unjustifiable plunder of his most fertile lands.

What, it may be asked, can Great Britain do at this juncture, both to strengthen her own hand in Siam, and prevent another Power from—as Prince Henri d'Orléans would say—‘holding all the trumps’? The increase of our consular service at Bangkok seems to me imperative, if we are to keep pace with France at all. French commerce with Siam is in the actual ratio of 5 per cent. to England's 95 per cent. This is solid fact, and is partially explained by the circumstance that Hong Kong and the Straits derive a great part of their rice supply from Siam. Hence the severe blow struck at British commerce by the blockade of Bangkok. Siam's potentialities as a great mineral-producing country may be classed as another cogent reason for her ‘opening-up’ by Europeans. This has been brought out in very ingenious fashion by Prince Henri d'Orléans, whose skill and turgescence as political pamphleteer do not place him, as Mr. Archer would express it, ‘on the summits of literature.’ Prince Henri's tour *Around Tonquin and Siam* appears to have possessed him of the wild idea that his countrymen alone hold in their hands the destinies (miscalled by him ‘the trumps’) of *l'extrême Orient*. The Prince's ‘splendid impertinences’ may be summarised in this cardinal idea—that the President of the French Republic should revive in his own person the style and title of ‘Emperor of Asia.’ ‘We may win the game,’ he cries, ‘with the products of our national industry in the great markets of China. Do not let us lose it. Be Asiatic: there lies the future!’ Now this, as Mr. Kipling's devil would have it, ‘is very beautiful, but is it art?’ But how does Prince Henri explain the trifling circumstance that the imports of England into Burma are five or six times greater than those of France into Tonquin? Do the innate commercialism and indomitable resolution of the Briton alone explain the contrast? I think not. Why, even Germany and the Netherlands have a larger commercial stake in Siam than France has. Imagine to yourself a ‘commerce’ (French) carried on—at all events until quite recently—by a solitary steamer making a couple of voyages per month, and carrying, as the net result of *twenty-four* such voyages, cargo estimated to value under 10,000*l.*! On the other hand, we have to consider that nine-tenths of the shipping which enters the Meinam flies the British flag. How, under these circumstances, did the Rosebery Government manage to remain passive what time a friendly Power was engaged in steadily, openly, and flagrantly violating the independence of a State whose only offence would appear to have been that its frontiers ran co-terminous with those of a powerful and unscrupulous neighbour?

It is not to be denied that there are certain ‘wrongs which require remedies’ in connection with the internal administration

of Siam to-day. His Majesty's soldiers—at no time noted for their blind valour,—can scarcely be expected to feel an absolute enthusiasm for their master's cause while 'army reform' is (apparently) untranslatable so far as the Aryan tongue is concerned. Moreover, the spirit that appears to animate Siam's *phras* and princes is not, on the whole, good or in the interests of reform, and makes one all the more readily give credence to the rumour—current talk in Bangkok at the time—that at a meeting of the *Seena-boddee* held during the blockade of 1893, Prince — suggested the massacre of the entire European community in the capital as the happiest solution of the Franco-Siamese difficulty. Of the lack of *esprit de corps* I witnessed numerous examples. This was notably the case on the occasion of a determined *émeute* by some of the prisoners confined in the New Gaol at Bangkok, in which a number of the convicts were shot. Several of the Royal Princes who, fully armed, hastened to the scene of the outbreak seemed to me to find nothing better to do than spurn the dead and dying as they lay. Doubtless the convicts were 'carrión' in their eyes; but, seeing that the vultures of Wat-se-Kâte would be feasting off their bones in a few short hours, it struck me as being unnecessary to give thus openly this little display of barbarism.

The well-informed correspondent of the *Times* in the Far East has managed to keep us *au fait* with the wiles of French and Russian statesmanship in respect to the manifest 'doctoring' of the Convention of Peking, as well as of certain furtive attempts to go beyond the terms of the agreement of last year in regard to Siam. Curiously enough, when I was passing through Singapore shortly after the 'war' of 1893, the special correspondent of *Le Temps* was supplying the Straits newspapers with an elaborate scheme for the practical partition of the disputed territory by France and England—the identical solution which came to pass a couple of years later. It is a solution, however, which does not contain the essence of finality. The King of Siam, with the bitter experience of the past four years behind him, has been quick to recognise this—hence the chief of the motives which have brought him to England during Her Majesty's Commemoration Year.

The Government of Great Britain, now in other hands than when Lord Rosebery so weakly surrendered to M. Develle, can have no mission save to afford the King of Siam all reasonable guarantees and assurances that it will stand by the arrangement of January 1896, and will aid him in every legitimate way towards consolidating and adjusting his country's relations with our own. The Quai d'Orsay does well to feel alarm. And the King of Siam must be made aware that in looking towards the English Foreign Office he is looking towards a source that has both the will and the power to assist him.

As this article goes to press it is officially announced that a number of Russian officers are about to undertake the experiment of

reorganising and reconstructing the Siamese Army. This I take to be supplementary to an attempt made (I believe) in 1894-5 to raise the standing army of Siam to a strength of 30,000 by enlisting the male population between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, though I have not sufficient data as to the result of that endeavour. It is, however, a curious commentary upon the relations known to exist between Russia and France, that the King of Siam should have hailed with satisfaction and approval this offer of co-operation from the military officers of a Power which, no less than France, is playing the deepest of deep games in the Farthest East. It is noticeable, indeed, that His Majesty's visit to the Russian capital, ere continuing his journey to England, has been largely concerned with this decision to employ the services of Muscovite officers. It will be interesting to follow the progress of this fresh attempt at reorganisation in the light of the King's visit.

PERCY CROSS STANDING.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS

ROUND the cradle of every new study cluster hypotheses like the old fairy godmothers, some to leave beneficent gifts and depart, others malignantly to crowd the space with their obstinate presence and pretensions. And nowhere have the gossips been more bustling than round the still young discussion of woman's place in the world of letters. The doors lie wide open, and the subject is obscure. Scarcely more than a hundred years of enterprise, and behind that, in England at least, a general darkness. Such glimpses as we get of the mediæval woman in this country may give us the highest idea of her great capacity in affairs, her frequent erudition, her just authority: and Shakespeare confirms history in the woman that he praises—holy, wise, and fair. Radiant with intelligence she stands before us (save the one pathetic figure so strangely marked out by her name of Ophelia, the 'Useful'), endowed with wit and character for every emergency, and inexhaustible in resource and skill for the conduct of any matters with which she cared to trouble herself—crowned moreover with the admirable dignity that belongs to perfect efficiency. But the mediæval woman, incessantly occupied with the very considerable affairs that in those days fell to her charge, kept silent so far as books are concerned even from good words, and it is only on rare occasions that her vigorous administration is illuminated by incidental notices, and we are allowed to see something of the pride, the fortitude, the wide-reaching capacity and ready charity that distinguished her. From book-making she generally refrained till the middle of the last century. But with the extraordinary influx of wealth at that period a new age opened for women. For the first time in English history they were able to exchange country life for the town and the Court, and the wife might have brocades and jewels for London instead of practising economies at home to pay for her husband's journeys to the capital. The child of centuries of discipline and experience, mere fashion did not long hold her. With leisure and opportunity latent ambitions and modest rivalries revealed themselves, tremulous at first and gently deprecating, as many pioneers crossed the border of the world of letters and surveyed new fields to conquer.

A century is a short span in the history of woman, and the most

acute observers will be the least bold to foretell the secret counsels of Nature and Fate, and what they have in store for this new enterprise of hers. Nor is the shortness of the experiment the only difficulty we feel. For even in her literary venture woman remains essentially mysterious. It is as though some inherent diffidence, some overmastering self-distrust, had made her fear to venture out into the open unprotected and bare to attack. She covers her advance with a whole complicated machinery of arrow-proof hides and wooden shelters. Or she seeks safety in what is known in Nature as protective mimicry—one recalls the touching forms of beautiful creatures that, dwelling in the arid desert, have shrouded themselves in the dull hue of the soil, or in arctic cold have taken on a snowy whiteness; of live breathing things that have made themselves after the likeness of a dead twig, and harmless beings who in their alarm have donned the gay air of predatory insects and poisonous reptiles. Over wide seas, where it is hard to say if she fears man or Nature most, woman sails under any colour but her own—as though in perilous days a racing yacht hoisted the black flag of the pirate to be in fashion with the wild world.

The impression of this protective mimicry seems to deepen as we observe woman at her work. There is nothing of the reckless enthusiast or spendthrift about her. With a sober, straightforward, practical air she makes her entry into the literary world, all her resources counted, ranged, and ready, in her bearing a gravity as though something more than mere literature were at stake. In the serious and sustained attempt to create for herself a domain in the intellectual sphere she has from the outset seized, on occasion, not so much with the passion of the devotee as with a high sense of duty and an honourable resolution that no single talent shall be lodged with her useless; with something too, perhaps, of the fine thrift of the housewife, averse to waste, and exercised in a long tradition of homely perseverance. 'The rectitude of my intention,' says Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, the 'first of women historians,' 'has hitherto been, and, I trust in God, will ever be, my support in the laborious task of delineating the political history of this country,' and she promises to preserve throughout the same indefatigable industry and an integrity that cannot be justly called in question by the most invidious investigator; as for mere inaccuracies of style, these she hopes will not be condemned in a female historian. The painstaking conscientiousness of Mrs. Macaulay, the equal impartial gaze of Mrs. Hemans scanning the wide world through all time in search of useful material, represent qualities which have not been denied to women of a later date; no one can question the gravity with which they pursue at once the maxims of duty and the laws of business.

'Le génie,' it is often said, 'n'a pas de sexe.' And no doubt this may be true in a sphere, if genius care to enter there, where all

is artificial. The busy contrivances of women for adaptation and assimilation do tend to obliterate distinctions, and to rob their work of both the eccentricity which they fear and the originality they distrust. The tortoise's head is kept well under cover. Only under some stress of overpowering emotion can woman be betrayed into anything like self-revelation—and perhaps she is never quite self-forgetful enough for frank expression of her feeling, save under the passionate impulse of poetry. There are prose writers, such as in the highest degree Charlotte Brontë with feeling set afloat by a burning imagination, and George Eliot in whom emotion is sustained by intellectual passion, who at the height of their argument overleap common bounds; but it may be doubted whether there is any woman save Christina Rossetti (and within her own limits Emily Brontë), whose sincerity has never faltered, and whose ardent soul has constantly scorned to wear the livery of any passion save its own. Her range indeed is narrow, and Mrs. Browning, with an emotion in some directions no less intense, may seem to throw open the doors to a wider and more varied scene. But if we separate the songs in which under a genuine poetic inspiration she gives the direct intimations of her own soul from those that betray the iridescent activities of a sympathetic and gifted intellect, not untinged with literary ambition, the personal contribution of her independent genius may prove, to say the least, equally limited in its scope and less profound in its significance. Christina Rossetti still remains the one poetess who, passing the bounds of the world to that awful region beyond fear, has dared steadily to survey the ultimate deep that lies within the woman's nature. In the singleness and intensity of her vision she has perhaps found one secret of that rare artistic completeness in which she surpasses not only all women but most men.

It is no doubt a very complicated story, this story of precaution and disguise. If we have merely to account for a prudent demeanour, we may explain it by timidity, self-distrust, a sensitive vanity, and hatred of criticism. But the problem is far more profound. We have to follow it down even into the mysterious unconsciousness which lies in the ultimate depths of woman's nature. To the truth first, pointed out by Schopenhauer—that there is another and a greater force than Thought in the Universe, namely the force of Will—woman remains the living witness. That elemental power which inspires the whole of unconscious Being reaches in her its highest expression, welling up from hidden springs of Nature. Whether feeling surges up to flood and submerge her consciousness, or sinks back into fathomless recesses, leaving the sensible shore bare and desolate, it transcends the bounds of direct observation or just expression. Hidden from herself as it were in the unsounded depths of Life, she must ever be helpless to justify experiences as imperative as they are obscure, or to find in mere language, which in every age of the world still lags behind

thought and perception, terms to express the subtle intimations that visit her. Hence her strange inarticulateness, as of primitive peoples painfully forging speech to serve the violent needs of the Life that possesses them. Conscious expression becomes a sort of agony—

With stammering lips and insufficient sound,
I strive and struggle to deliver right
The music of my nature. . . .
But if I did it, as the thunder-roll
Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there
Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

She is haunted by a twofold experience. Primitive emotions and instincts that rise from abysses of Nature where she herself is one with the world that lies below consciousness, carry with them an authority so potent and tyrannical that she is impelled to rank them above all functions of intelligence. On the other hand, a rude and ruthless discipline warns her that these are but the raw material with which Nature works, lopping off here, and cutting down there, everything that pushes above the sanctioned level. By a thousand indications, too, Life mocks her with the awful panorama of emotion continually swept before the power of common realities of the world like shifting sand driven before the storm—nothing stable that is not comprehended. Nowhere is the bewildering civil strife of Nature, the battle that is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood, stranger or less intelligible than in the devastated field of woman's experience.

Under the pressure of perplexities such as these we cannot wonder that woman has fled for refuge to the traditional commonplaces of the market; or submitted to discipline under which the promptings of her instinct are brought into line, and set soberly marching along the common track to the national music. The direction in which she herself would wish to travel we can only surmise dimly out of a thousand lightest guesses, as the forest traveller may use tiny growths of moss on the tree stems to discover where the southern sun lies to which he journeys. In certain regions she seems to show no intention of setting foot. There are inimitable deserts and silent snow ranges whose solitudes have not cast their spell on her. Theology she has left on one side, though without her theology might possibly before now have disappeared; Philosophy and Metaphysic she has skirted with precaution; and in silence, though instinct tells her—what man has laboriously to discover—that the invisible is the real; before abstract speculation she has stood neutral, viewing with the same indifference, or at least giving no fruitful thought to, Logic, or the practical sciences of conduct, Law and Ethics. Very rarely has she turned her mind to political philosophy. There was indeed a moment in England when the passion for political freedom mounting high in the Great Rebellion swept every chivalrous nature

away from personal concern into the swelling tide of enthusiasm for the public good; and in Mrs. Hutchinson we see a very noble instance of woman under the impact of so violent a commotion—one who worthily illustrated her belief that 'the celebrated glory of this isle's inhabitants, ever since they received a mention in history, confers some honour upon every one of her children, and with it an obligation to continue in that magnanimity and virtue which hath famed this island and raised her head in glory.' A later age produced in Mrs. Catherine Macaulay a Liberal of integrity, if not of conspicuous intellect. But our list of constitutional thinkers is neither extensive nor very laudable, and the only political writer of moderate eminence, Madame de Staël, has needed for her nurture nothing less than France and the Revolution. On the whole, it would seem that in speculations on the Constitution and Comity of States, woman's activity only blossoms in a specially heated atmosphere, and tends to lie dormant in temperate seasons. Seeing in the State no more than a useful machine to redress the unequal balance of forces and prepare the world for a new era, her views are of a directly practical kind, and in public life we mainly know women as moral reformers, not as political thinkers or zealots for constitutional freedom and development.

The comparative aloofness of woman from theological, metaphysical, and political speculation is possibly of the same character as her detachment from the whole classic world. In old times, no doubt—in the days of Alcuin and of Colet—there were women who with the rise of the New Learning caught something of the scholar's passion; but in later days the most fervent advocates of women's claims, like the most distinguished among women writers, represent a wholly different tendency. The modern Englishwoman has in no way been subdued to the civilisations of Greece and Rome; her cry still resounds: 'Let them see no wisdom but in Thy eternal law, no beauty but in holiness.' Mrs. Browning, who drank deep, as she tells us, at the beaker of Greek poetry, not as a mere fly sipping at the brim, is respectful to that 'antique tongue;' but her exultant pæan rings out over the dead Pan:

O ye vain false gods of Hellas,
Ye are silent even more!
And I dash down this old chalice
Where libations ran of yore.

When George Eliot paints for us Florence of the Renaissance, the figure that stands in the forefront is the monk Savonarola, thrown out in tender light against a dark background of men abandoned to intelligence. For a scholar of the great scholarly time she gives the most sympathetic portrait she has drawn of a man of learning. It is a sad likeness of pedantic prepossessions, and aspirations half pathetic, half contemptible; fortitude and integrity are called in to

lend a show of dignity which intellectual passion cannot supply, but Bardo's very Stoicism is like the rattle of dead bones. When his poor baffled futile effort is over, Romola may piously busy herself about the outward conservation of a library, but she lightly brushes from her soul the ashes of the earth's giants, the unvalued dust of ancient philosophy. Of her scholarly training, with every emotion of loyalty enlisted in its behalf, not a trace remains. Her mind is empty and swept bare till the domineering fanaticism of a monk streams in to replenish the vacant tenement. 'That subtle result of culture which we call "Taste" was subdued by the need for deeper motive,' comments her historian, with something of the strange desire to diminish the things of the mind which English women from time to time betray.

True to her policy of protective mimicry, woman may indeed soon efface these differences, and boast of skilful original achievements in the worlds of Classical and Speculative learning. But at present she reveals herself as intensely modern. It is to the latest subjects that she turns; and in Science and the new study of human life in the Novel her chief laurels have been won. For her the world has practically no past—it begins here and now where she stands. It is indeed astonishing to survey all that she has tacitly rejected in making her selection out of the world's material, as one might fastidiously pick a rosy apple from a decaying heap; nor can we feel that the problem is met by easy explanations and commonplaces of want of opportunity or want of capacity. As we watch this strange indifference, at times indeed these spasms of hostility, to the Past and to all Law that the Past has revealed, are there not moments when we again seem to touch those profound instincts whose roots go down into the deep of unconscious Being? What if these things should be but signs that woman is herself no better than a stranger in the visible established order of this world—a strayed wanderer from some different sphere—a witness, a herald it may be, of another system lying on the ultimate marge and confines of Space and Time. Man is no stranger in this sense. In the world without he can distinguish a harmony, an intellectual order which responds to and justifies his reason. Generation after generation of scholars may study the constant laws that unthawingly present themselves to the intellectual vision. In the ranks of science each soldier carries the flag on from the very point where the last laid it down; and conquests in the realm of pure reason are never lost. The very energy of man, his love of fight, and his natural courage, are not ill placed in a world where all creation is subdued to Nature's stupendous machinery of war and destruction. He is but another manifestation of the universal Force that drives Life forward over the rubbish heaps of waste.

For woman, on the other hand, the natural order of things affords

no adequate justification. Her deepest instinct is hostile to the visible order of Nature. She does not speak the tongue of this world, nor does she in her heart think its thoughts. For much that it offers her she cares nothing, while what she herself has to give is strangely disproportionate and uncalled for, and fits in ill with the ordinary course of life. Inspired by a ceaseless passion—unconscious, inarticulate, blind, with no warrant of triumph—she appears as the astonishing and miraculous manifestation of a new Force that has never reigned here as Law, the Force of redeeming Love. With a sublime economy she is everlastingly busy retrieving the waste of the world. Alone she wanders in desolate places strewn with wrecks and waifs, for ever gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost—a sad, obscure, interminable contest with the Destroyer, lightened by no promise. The trophies she carries home at night are the broken, the sick, and the dead. Painters have shown us in the group that gathered round the dead Christ the scene that is evermore renewed; from the beginning of the world till now women have brought their tears, their frankincense, and myrrh as a vain, sweet protest against the brutalities of Nature and of Destiny. . .

For outside her own heart what warrant can she find for that gift of love which transcends the uses to which Nature has put it? The torch of Love cannot be handed on like the torch of Reason; it is quenched with every lover. If the object of Reason stands changeless as the heavens, the object of Love is as fleeting as the summer cloud. In spite of woman's unending protest,

Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wast and art . . .

what provision does Nature make for the passion that binds souls together across gulfs of years and chasms of space? On this mysterious plane Death is closer and more conclusive than in all the world beside. The whole life of woman lies, indeed, under the immediate shadow of Destiny. In that region ordinary human activity dies. There is no battling with the silent shades that people it. Here no effort can avail to win a boon or to avert a doom. It is in the silent abysses of ultimate experience that woman has learnt 'that meagre hope of good and that dim wide fear of harm' which leaves so terrible a stamp on her writings, breaking even the cheerful sanity of Mrs. Hemans:

. This lone, full, fragile heart—the strong alone
In love and grief—of both the burning shrine.

There Christina Rossetti drank deep of the only well that springs in the outer darkness—the bitter waters of final resignation—

And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

But nowhere has the shadow of that realm of Fate been revealed more terribly than by Shakespeare in the awful figure of Goneril suddenly arrested in the midway of her violence at the first icy waft sent forth from the throne of darkness; or in Lady Macbeth, unconquerable by the whole visible world till all unseen the touch of Destiny is laid on her, at whose familiar Presence, a spectre well known to the woman's soul, her strength becomes even like melting wax.

Of all pilgrims and sojourners in the world, woman remains in fact the most perplexed and the most alien. From the known order of things she has everything to fear, nothing to hope. Contemptuous of experience with its familiar tricks and deceptions, for the benefits of law in the actual world her scepticism is profound, and her disillusionment as to the Past complete. In the natural order she has found no response; her indignant appeal rises to the supernatural. With her dim consciousness of having come from beyond Law, or at least from regions where there is the adumbration of a new Law, her eyes are turned only to the Future. There she images ceaselessly another Life to be revealed which shall utterly efface old codes and systems. In her need and desire she has allied herself with the poor, the slaves, the publicans and sinners, with all who, like herself, were seeking something different from that which they knew; and the two great religions which have expressed the feminine side of feeling, the Buddhist and the Christian, have been sustained by her ardour. 'This system is at least not of this world,' she cries; 'my place may be there!' For an alliance which gives her Hope she has been content to suffer the loss of equal spiritual dignity with man, which was hers in the ancient world; she has borne the degradation and humiliation brought on her by the debased theories of Semitic materialism; she has silently subjected herself to codes of spiritual duty and discipline in many ways calculated, since woman is not man, to quench her nascent virtues and to nourish her full-blown vices; she has refused to arraign the formal conventions of spiritual perfection; too often, indeed, she consents to become the very slave of convention, and what with alarm, what with ignorance, builds again and again for her refuge, with busy, trembling hands, barriers that reason and judgment had already shattered. At every moment she betrays freedom in a very abandonment of terror and doubt; for her scorn of experience and defiance of reason leave her without fear of tyranny, temporal or spiritual, and without arms against it. From her bitter logic it must follow that where no law is true and beneficent, none is false and baneful, and sheer scepticism and ignorance meet in her terrific code, with its cruel consequences—'There is no kind of conscious obedience that is not an advance on lawlessness.'

It is in this capacity of a stranger that woman is so interesting in her observation of life. We see her as an anarchist of the deepest

dye. A certain license runs through all her work. Not only is she fundamentally indifferent to form, and but moderately skilled in language, but at bottom, as we have seen, she tends to be sceptical and lawless. Her observation has something in it detached, curious, alert, before which every detail teems with significance. She analyses life as an alchemist of old searched all matter for the philosopher's stone that should transmute every element to gold; and where science fails the passion of faith steps in. Beginning simply in the fashion of Miss Austen, with a direct and homely observation of the world about her, by the very freshness of her realism she touched, almost without knowing it, deep springs of Nature, and deceptive, as Nature is deceptive, seemed to the unseeing eye alone to be very busy with trivialities. But before long her self-consciousness began to march with the times, clearing the road of weaker emotions. In a man's novel the author will often challenge his reader's masculine love of a gallant fight for its own sake. Whether the hero emerges from his battle with Fate beaten or triumphant is no such great matter. Alive or dead he is surrounded, like the Spanish toreador, with the applause of the onlookers, and pity is mitigated by a sort of conviction that, whatever may be the final outcome of things, the excitement and renown of a stout battle annihilate its suffering. Or, again, the masculine writer may claim our interest on the ground of pure Art—the form and balance of the story somehow convey the sense of a general order in which discords merge in a mysterious harmony. But with woman neither the passion of struggle nor the love of form is overpowering. Her instinct is to lay hold of another harmony. With a sense of values permanently different from that of the man, success, efficiency, inherent worth count no more for her than they did for Mrs. Barton; it is fitness for mercy, not native value, that attracts her. Her tendency is to obliterate distinctions of experience—

Fire is bright,
 Let temple burn or flax; an equal light
 Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed,
 And Love is Fire.

Casting aside all verdicts of the present, she refuses to reckon with defeat, and claims another Judgment. All alike—Tito, Savonarola, Romola—may become the vessels of her grace, filled from the deep reservoir of love. Occasional modern writers indeed, seeking to escape from an instinct which they fear, as an effeminate snare, fall into forced brutality, while others are led by an undiscerning pity to seek heroes in the wastes of the vulgar and the commonplace. But perhaps the most curious result of the woman's point of view is the sort of fascination with which modern novelists depict their own sex, no longer as the active intelligent beings of Shakespeare's time, but meekly helpless before circumstances, sitting with baffled hands clasped in a fruitless patience. Charlotte Brontë is perhaps the last

who portrays woman of the old type, erect, alert, full of resource, by the majesty of her own honour emancipated from lower forms of servitude. In what sharp contrast with Jane Eyre does Dorothea stand! or Romola, the type of resigned unintelligent suffering, in limitless self-abnegation bowing her neck to the yoke of duty imposed by external authority, only to fall into an obedience passive and inconclusive, which she never lifts out of the region of formal convention, and which leaves her barren of influence in any real sense to save or help.

In Wagner, the very personification of the modern as opposed to the classical genius, we see many of the new conceptions which women have at once reflected and indefinitely repeated, nor would it be easy to measure what might have been the limits of his fame in a world where the woman's emotion had less force. There have been times when the country, the city, the church, were clothed with a romantic splendour, and the individual man served humbly as the common soldier of a disciplined army. But the modern perspective is different, and women have gladly carried their stones to build the new temple of Man. On the vast platform sustained by their sympathy the human being stands, a demigod in the magnitude of his sorrows and his temptations, the startling magic with which Heaven and Hell contending for his soul surround him, and the universal trepidation at the crisis of his fate. In modern thought and literature, in fact, the personal note dominates all others. Stoicism with its masculine fortitudes has been routed, and the enormous value supposed to attach to each separate being, the importance of life and death, have been given a prominence such as was never before known. And strangely enough this has been mainly done by woman, who is herself perhaps Nature's chief witness to the truth that humanity is not the centre of the universe.

For good or evil the influence so plainly marked will grow in strength, and there are many signs that the feminine as opposed to the masculine forces in the modern world are becoming more and more decisive in human affairs. The consequences are not easy to forecast. Where the soul is strong enough to bear the vision of ultimate righteousness and truth, we see women lifted into regions of the noblest freedom. They shake from them their servitude to fear and to convention like a worn-out garment. Rising again into the sphere of the great Equity from whose dominion they have come, they discover there secrets hidden from the lower world, and, helpless as they are to give any sanction to their sentence, they still express, at their best, the deepest and truest verdict on human character that the earth knows—a verdict which is the very forecast of Judgment to come. Of the Divine passion which in that upper world casts down the formal barriers that hedge in duty and part Law from Love Desdemona will ever stand as the tragic prophetess:—

Emil.—Oh! who hath done this deed?

Desdemona.—Nobody: I myself. Farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord.

Othello.—... . She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:

'Twas I that killed her.

Emil.— O, the more angel she.

And you the blacker devil!

But the great emancipation is rare; and too often the authority justly conceded to the free woman is claimed as an inherent feminine right by those who are still the slaves of their own egotisms. Reverence is demanded for her who refuses to know any law save feeling, and measures all things solely by what they minister to her own emotional vitality; the spendthrift of a pity she flings abroad with no nobler rule than that of her personal predilections; the lover, in her ignorance of history and man, of sham virtues, and the supporter of cheap philosophies and ignoble tyrannies. To doubt obligations which her emotion imposes she holds to be simply a negation of high sensibilities, in whose defence she calls upon the Divine Nemesis; and where emotion is the ultimate test and supernatural sanction the ultimate power, there is little chance for reason or liberty. These, however, are the first conditions for discovering the contribution which woman has to make to human thought. If she is to deliver her true message, or to be the apostle of a new era, she must throw aside the curiosity of the stranger and the license of the anarchist. The history and philosophy of man must be the very alphabet of her studies, and she must speak the language of the world to which she is the high ambassador, not as a barbarian or foreigner, but as a skilled and fine interpreter. From culture she must learn deeper lessons than 'Taste,' and the Reason which in the last resort must give stability to the shadows projected by her instinct must be honourably reckoned with. While learning ripens there may cling to it some husks of pedantry, and knowledge may perhaps seem to check the spontaneous message. But we have prophets enough of the message which cannot survive knowledge, and has no roots in reason. No equipment of heart or brain can be too great for the pioneers that a suffering world sends forward to sink wells where the solid rock has till now promised no water, and open new horizons where man's vision has stopped short.

ALICE STOPFORD GREEN.

THE ISLAND OF SOCOTRA

[A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to this paper, which was the last ever written by its delightful and adventurous author. It reached me from Aden with the letter from him which I subjoin, and the next thing I heard was that he had returned home suddenly and had died. —*Ed. Nineteenth Century.*

Aden, Feb. 22, 1897.

Dear Mr. Knowles,

I have occupied a week of enforced idleness here to put together a short account of an expedition we have just made to the little known island of Socotra.

We are going off in a few days for another expedition into Arabia, and the time of our return home is uncertain, so perhaps you will not mind seeing through the proofs. Mrs. Bent joins me in kind regards.

*Yours sincerely,
J. THEODORE BENT.]*

CAST away in the Indian Ocean, like a fragment rejected in the construction of Africa, very mountainous and fertile, yet practically harbourless, the island of Socotra is, perhaps, as little known as any inhabited island on the globe. Geographically it is African, though really it is Arabian.

Most people have a glimpse of it on their way to India and Australia; but this glimpse has apparently aroused the desire of none to visit it, for the Europeans who have penetrated into it could be almost counted on the fingers of one hand. During recent years two botanical expeditions visited Socotra, one under Professor Balfour, and one under Dr. Schweinfurth, and the results added marvellously to the knowledge of quaint and hitherto unknown plants.

We spent two months on it this winter, traversing it from end to end, with the object of trying to unravel some of its ancient history, so shrouded in mystery, and to learn something about its present inhabitants.

Marriette Bey, the eminent Egyptologist, identifies Socotra with To Nuter, a place to be bracketed with the land of Punt in the pictorial decorations in the temple of Deir el Bahari, as resorted to

by the ancients for spices, frankincense and myrrh; and he is probably correct, for it is pretty certain that no one given spot in reach of the ancients could produce at one and the same time so many of the coveted products of that day—the ruby-coloured dragon's blood (*Draco Kinnabari* of Pliny), three distinct species of frankincense, several kinds of myrrh, besides many other valuable gum-producing trees, and aloes of super-excellent quality.

It is, perhaps, annoying to have to add another to the list of the many tongues spoken in the world, but I think there is no room for doubt that Socoteri must be added to that already distracting catalogue: Before going there we were informed that the inhabitants spoke a language closely resembling the Mahri tongue of Southern Arabia, and we very fearfully committed the indiscretion of engaging a Mahri-speaking interpreter at Aden. Though Socotra has been under Mahri rule probably since before our era—for Arrian tells us that in his day the island of Dioscorida, as it was then called, was under the rule of the king of the Arabian frankincense country, and the best days of that country were long before Arrian's time—nevertheless, the inhabitants have kept their language quite distinct both from Mahri and from Arabic. Of course, it is naturally strongly impregnated with words from both these tongues; but the fundamental words of the language are distinct, and in a trilingual parallel list of close on 300 words, which I took down in the presence of Mahri-, Socoteri-, and Arabic-speaking people on the island, I found distinctly more in the language derived from an Arab than from a Mahri source.

In subtlety of sound Socoteri is painfully rich, transcribing the words causing us the most acute agony. They corkscrew their tongues, they gurgle in their throats, and bring sounds from most alarming depths, but luckily they do not click. They have no word for a dog, for there is not a dog on the island; neither for a horse or a lion, for the same reason; but for all the animals, trees and articles commonly found there they have words as distinct from the Arabic and Mahri as cheese is from *fromage*.

Dr. Schweinfurth sees in the name of Socotra a Hindoo origin, and the survival of the Hindoo name for the island, Diu Sukutura, which the Greeks after their easy-going fashion changed into Dioscorides; this is very ingenious, and very likely correct. When the Portuguese reached it in 1538, they found the Arab sheikh dwelling at the capital, called Zoko, now in ruins, and still called Suk, a survival, doubtless, of the ancient name. The present capital is called Tamarida by Arabs and foreigners, and Hadibo by the natives, and its construction is quite of a modern date; the name is apparently a Latinised form of the Arabic *tamar*, or date fruit, which tree is largely cultivated there.

The old capital of Zoko is a delicious spot, and the ruins are

buried in groves of palm trees by the side of a large and deep lagoon of fresh water; this lagoon is only separated from the sea by a narrow belt of sand, and it seems to me highly probable that this was the ancient harbour, where the boats in search of the precious products of the island found shelter. The southern coast of Arabia affords many instances of these silted-up harbours, and the northern coast of Socotra is similar, many of the lagoons, or *khors* as they call them, being deep and running over a mile inland. The view at Suk over the wide lagoon fringed with palm groves, on to the jagged heights of Mount Haghier rising immediately behind, is, I think, to be placed amongst the most enchanting pictures I have ever seen.

• Extensive excavation at Suk might probably bring to light some interesting relics of the earlier inhabitants of this island; but it would have to be deep, as later edifices have been erected here; and labour and tools would have to be brought from elsewhere.

Much is said by old writers about the Greek colonists who came to Socotra in ancient times, but I cannot help thinking that the Hellenic world never carried its enterprise much in this direction, for, if they did, they have left no trace whatsoever of their existence there. The few inscriptions we found on the island are all purely Ethiopic. We got one at the west of the island, near Kalenzia, very much obliterated, but in Ethiopic characters of a late date; we got another inscribed stone to the east of the island, bearing similar lettering; and the large flat, inscribed surface at Eriosh, on the northern coast, of such soft stone that we could easily cut into it with pebbles, is covered with purely Ethiopic graffiti, exactly similar to those found in and around Aksum in Abyssinia—long serpent-like trails of Ethiopic words, with rude drawings interspersed of camels, snakes, and so forth. Conspicuous amongst these are the numerous representations of two feet side by side, with a cross frequently inserted in one of them; there are many separate crosses, too, on this flat surface—crosses in circles, just exactly like what one gets on Ethiopic coins.

Hard by this flat, inscribed surface are many tombs of an ancient date. These tombs, which are found dotted over the island, bear a remarkable resemblance to the tombs of the Bedja race, once dwelling on the shores of the Red Sea to the north of Suakim, and subject to the Ethiopian emperor; they consist of enormous blocks of unhewn stone inserted in the ground to encircle and cover the tomb; and this forms another link connecting the remains on the island with Abyssinia.

When the Abyssinian Christian monarchs conquered Arabia in the early centuries of our era, and Christianised a large portion of that country, they probably did the same by Socotra, and, inasmuch as this island was far removed from any political centre, Christianity probably existed here to a much later period than it did in Arabia.

Marco Polo touched here, and alludes to the Christians of the island. Francis Xavier, on his way to India, and Father Vincenzo are explicit in describing a base form of Christianity as existing here as late as the middle of the seventeenth century. Needless to say that all ostensible traces of our cult have long ago been obliterated, and the only Socotri religious term which differs in any way from the usual Mohammedan nomenclature is the name for the devil; but we found, as I have already said, the carved crosses on the flat surface at Eriosh, and we found a rock at the top of a hill to the east of the island which had been covered with rude representations of the Ethiopic cross. Scattered all over the island are deserted ruined villages, differing but little from those of to-day, except that the inhabitants call them all Frankish work, and admit that once Franks dwelt in them of the cursed sect of the Nazarenes. I feel little hesitation in saying that a branch of the Abyssinian Church once existed in Socotra, and that its destruction is of comparatively recent date.

If we consider that the ordinary village churches in Abyssinia are of the flimsiest character—a thatched roof resting on a low round wall—we can easily understand how the churches of Socotra have disappeared. In most of these ruined villages round enclosures are to be found, some with apsidal constructions, which are very probably all that is left of the churches.

Near Ras Momî, to the east of the island, we discovered a curious form of ancient sepulture. Caves in the limestone rocks have been filled with human bones from which the flesh had previously decayed. These caves were then walled up and left as charnel-houses, after the fashion still observed in the Eastern Christian Church. Amongst the bones we found carved wooden objects which looked as if they had originally served as crosses to mark the tombs, in which the corpses had been permitted to decay prior to their removal to the charnel-house, or *κοιμητήρια*, as the modern Greeks call them.

The quondam Christianity of Socotra, I think, is thoroughly well established, and its nature as a branch of the Abyssinian Church. I wish we could speak as confidently about the origin of the so-called Bedquins, the pastoral inhabitants of the island, who inhabit the valleys and heights of Mount Haghier, and wander over the surface of the island with their flocks and herds.

It has been often asserted that these Bedquins are Troglodytes, or cave-dwellers pure and simple, but I do not think this is substantially correct. None of them, as far as we could ascertain, dwell always or by preference in caves; but all of them own stone-built tenements, however humble, in some warm and secluded valley, and they only abandon these to dwell in caves when driven to the higher regions in search of pasturage for their flocks during the dry season, which lasts from November till the south-west monsoon bursts in the beginning of June.

Whilst we were on the island the season was exceptionally dry, and most of the villages in the valleys were entirely abandoned for the mountain caves.

The Bedouin is decidedly a handsome individual, lithe of limb like his goats, and with a *café-au-lait*-coloured skin; he has a sharp profile, excellent teeth; he often wears a stubbly black beard and has beautifully pencilled eyebrows, and though differing entirely in language, in physique and type he closely resembles the Bedouin found in the Mahri and Gara mountains. Furthermore, the mode of life is the same—dwelling in caves when necessary, but having permanent abodes on the lower lands; and they have several other striking points in common. Greetings take place between the Arabian Bedouins and the Socotran Bedouins in similar fashion, by touching each cheek and then rubbing the nose. We found the Bedouin of Mount Haghier fond of dancing and playing his teherane, and also peculiarly lax in his religious observances; and though ostensibly conforming to Mohammedan practice, they observe next to none of their precepts; and it is precisely the same with the Bedouins whom we met in the Gara Mountains. There is certainly nothing African about the Socotran Bedouins; therefore I am inclined to consider him as a branch of that aboriginal race which inhabited Arabia, with a language of its own; and when Arabia is philologically understood and its various races investigated, I expect we shall hear of several new languages spoken by different branches of this aboriginal race, and then, perhaps, a parallel will be found to the proudly isolated tongue of this remote island.

The Bedouin's house is round, and surrounded by a round wall in which the flocks are penned at night; it is flat-roofed and covered with soil, and inside it is as destitute of interest as it is possible to conceive—a few mats on which the family sleep, a few jars in which they store their butter, and a skin churn in which they make the same. In one house into which I penetrated I found a bundle hanging from the ceiling, which I found to be a baby by the exposure of one of its little feet.

Everything is poor and pastoral. He has hardly any clothes to cover himself with, nothing to keep him warm when the weather is damp, save his home-spun sheet; and he has not a soul above his flocks. The closest intimacy exists between the Bedouin and his goats and his cows; the animals understand and obey certain calls with absolute accuracy, and you generally see a Socotran shepherdess walking before her flock, and not after it; and they stroke and caress their little cows until they are as tame as dogs.

The cows in Socotra are far more numerous than one would expect, and there is excellent pasturage for them; they are a very pretty little breed, smaller than our Alderney, without the hump, and with the long dewlap; they are fat and plump, and excellent milkers.

The Bedouin does very little in the way of cultivation, but when grass is scarce, and consequently milk, he turns his attention to the sowing of jowari in little round fields dotted about the valleys, with a wall round to keep the goats off. In each of these he digs a well, and waters his crop before sunrise and after sunset; the field is divided into little compartments by stones, the better to retain the soil and water; and sometimes you will see a Bedouin papa with his wife and son tilling these bijou fields with pointed bits of wood, for other tools are unknown to them.

Socotra without Mount Haghier would be like a body without a soul. Haghier makes it in every sense of the word. Rising as it does to a height close on 5,000 feet in many jagged and stupendous peaks, Haghier occupies a central position in the island, and catches the fugitive sea mists, which so rarely visit the Arabian coast, at all seasons of the year. Bubbling cascades and deep pools are found in all its valleys at the driest season of the year, and in the rainy season these become impassable torrents, sweeping trees and rocks before them; and the hillsides up to the edge of the bare granite peaks are thickly clothed with vegetation.

Three considerable streams run to the south of Mount Haghier, fertilising three splendid valleys until the waters, as the sea is approached, lose themselves in the sand. To the north there are many more streams, and inasmuch as the sea is considerably nearer, they all reach it, or rather the silted-up lagoons already alluded to.

By the side of these streams innumerable palm groves grow; in fact, dates form the staple food of the islander. And out of his date tree he gets branches for his hedges, stems for his roofs; the leaf provides him with his sleeping-mats, and, when beaten on stones, with fibre, with which they are exceedingly clever in making ropes. Our camel-men were always at it, and produced, with the assistance of fingers and toes, the most excellent rope at the shortest possible notice. They also make strong girdles with this fibre, which the niggers who are employed in fertilising the palm trees bind round their bodies and the trees so as to facilitate their ascent, and provide them with a firm seat when the point of operation is reached. They weave, too, baskets, or rather stiff sacks, in which to hang their luggage on either side of the camel.

A Socotran camel-man is a most dexterous packer. He must do away with his camel's hump by placing against it three or four thick mats or nummuds, and on this raised surface he hangs all his luggage, carefully secured in his baskets, with the result that we never, during any of our expeditions with camels, had so little damage done to our property, even though the roads were so mountainous and the box-tree bushes constantly rubbing against them. The camels, too, are very fine specimens of their race, standing considerably higher than

the Arabian animal, and when mounted on the top of our luggage, above the hump thus unnaturally raised, we felt at first disagreeably elevated.

Whilst on the subject of camels and camel trappings, I may add that each owner has his own mark painted and branded on his own property. Some of these marks consist purely of Himyaritic letters, whilst others are variants, which would naturally arise from copying an alphabetic original, very old-world. I take these marks to be preserved by the steady conservatism of the Oriental; we copied many of them, and the result looks like a partial reproduction of the old Sabæan alphabet.

The glory of Mount Haghier is undoubtedly its dragon's-blood tree found scattered at an elevation of about 1,000 feet and upwards over the greater part of Socotra. Certainly it is the quaintest tree imaginable, from 20 to 30 feet high, exactly like a green umbrella which is just in the process of being blown inside out, I thought. One of our party thought them like huge green toadstools, another like trees made for a child's Noah's ark.

It is a great pity that the Socotrans of to-day do not make more use of the rich ruby-red gum which issues from its bark when punctured, and which produces a valuable resin, now used as varnish; but the tree is now found in more enterprising countries—in Sumatra, in South America, and elsewhere. So the export of dragon's blood from its own ancient home is now practically nil.

If the dragon's-blood tree, with its close-set, radiating branches and stiff, aloe-like leaves, is quaint—and some might be inclined to say ugly—it has, nevertheless, its economic use; but not so its still quainter comrade on the slopes of Mount Haghier, the gouty, swollen-stemmed *Adenium*. This, I think, is the ugliest tree in creation, with one of the most beautiful of flowers; it looks like one of the first efforts of Dame Nature in tree-making, happily abandoned by her for more graceful shapes and forms. The swollen and twisted contortions of its trunk recall with a shudder those miserable sufferers from elephantiasis; its leaves are stiff and formal, and they usually drop off, as if ashamed of themselves, before the lovely flower, like a rich-coloured, large oleander blossom, comes out. The *adenium* bears some slight resemblance, on a small scale, to the unsightly baobab tree of Africa, and looks as if it belonged to a different epoch of creation to our own trees at home.

Then there is the cucumber tree, another hideous-stemmed tree, swollen and whitish; and the hill slopes covered with this look as if they had been decorated with so many huge composite candles which had guttered horribly. At the top of the candle are a few short branches, on which grow a few stiff crinkly leaves and small yellow flowers, which produce the edible fruit. This tree, the *Dendrosicyos Socotrana* of the botanist, is alone, like the language of

the Bedouin, found on Socotra, and is seldom more than 10 or 12 feet in height. It is a favourite perch for three or four of the white vultures which swarm in the island, and the picture formed by these ungainly birds on the top of this ungainly tree is an odd one.

To the south of Mount Haghier one comes across valleys entirely full of frankincense trees, with rich red leaves, like autumn tints, and clusters of blood-red flowers. No one touches the trees here, and this natural product of the island is now absolutely ignored. Then there are the myrrhs, also ignored, and other gum-producing plants; and the gnarled tamarinds, affording lovely shade, the fruit of which the natives do, oddly enough, know the value of, and make a cooling drink therewith. Then there are the tree euphorbias, which look as if they were trying to mimic the dragon's blood, the branches of which the natives throw into the lagoons, so that the fish may be killed, and the poisonous milky juice of which they rub on the bottoms of their canoes to prevent leakage.

Such are among the oddest to look upon of Socotra's vegetable productions. Wild oranges, too, are found on Mount Haghier, of a very rich yellow when ripe, but bitter as gall to eat; and the wild pomegranate, with its lovely red flowers and small yellow fruit, the flannelly coating of which is only eaten, instead of the seeds, as is the case with the cultivated one.

The Bedouins would bring us aloes both in leaf and in solution, in hopes that we might take a fancy to this venerable Socotran production. Now a very little of it is collected, and everybody takes what he likes from the nearest source, whereas, I believe, in former times, when aloes were an object of commerce here, the plantations were strictly divided off by walls, and the owners jealously looked after their property.

The vegetable world is indeed richly represented in this remote island, and one could not help thinking what possibilities it would offer for the cultivation of lucrative plants, such as tobacco, which is now grown by the natives in small quantities, as is also cotton; and perhaps coffee and tea would thrive on the higher elevations.

Some of our camps on Mount Haghier, and the expeditions therefrom, were very delightful. At a spot called Adahan, where a sort of pass winds its way between the granite peaks, we were encamped for several days at an elevation of close on 3,000 feet above the sea-level. Here, when the mist came down upon us, we were enveloped in clouds, rain, and wretchedness; but the air to us was cool and invigorating, though I fear our scantily clad attendants found it anything but agreeable.

There were drawbacks, too, to the enjoyment of our mountain camps in the shape of several kinds of pernicious grasses, which grew thickly round our tent, and the seeds of which penetrated relentlessly into everything. Grass thorns invaded our day and night raiment,

getting into places hitherto deemed impregnable, and the prickly sensation caused by them was irritating to both body and mind.

Mount Haghier is such a very peaky-mountain. Ghebel, Bit Molok (a name which sounds, by the way, as if it was of Assyrian origin) is the highest; it is very sheer and unapproachable at its summit, and though only 4,900 feet high will give trouble to the adventurous crag-climber who is bent on conquering it. Then there are the Dryat peaks, the Adouna peaks, and many others piercing the sky-like needles, around which wild goats and civet cats roam wild, but no other big game.

From Adahan we were easily able to ascend to the highest ground; though perhaps one ought not to say easily, for climbing is no joke up here through dense vegetation and rocky gullies. Looking down into the gorges, we enjoyed some splendid effects, and, I was constantly reminded of the Grand Corral of Madeira.

Of all our camps in the more mountainous district, I think one called Yehagahaz was decidedly the prettiest. It was low down on the southern slope of Mount Haghier; our tents were pitched in a grove of palm trees at the meeting of two rushing streams; tangled vegetation hung around us on every side, and in whichever way we looked we had glimpses of granite peaks and rugged hillsides clad with dragon's blood. The village was quite hidden by trees and creepers, but its inhabitants were away on the higher pasturage, and our men occupied the empty tenements.

Then, again, Fereghet was a most charming spot. Here our tents were pitched beneath wide-spreading tamarinds, and we could walk in shade for a considerable distance under these gigantic old trees. Fereghet, moreover, was the site of an ancient ruined town which interested us exceedingly; walls, 8 to 10 feet thick, had been constructed out of large unhewn boulders to check the torrent, which in the rainy season rushes down here, carrying all before it to the sea. These walls are clearly the work of an age long gone by, when weight moving was better understood than it is at present, and doubtless the ruins of Fereghet may be traced back to the days when Socotra was resorted to for its gums. The old tamarind trees had done much to destroy the colossal wall, only about 100 feet of which now remains; but there are many other traces of ruins and a small fort of later date. It is likely enough that Fereghet was a great centre of the trade of the island, for frankincense, myrrh, and dragon's blood grow copiously around, and the position under the slopes of Haghier, and in almost the centre of the island, was suitable for such a town.

We opened a tomb not very far from Fereghet with a great block of stone over it 6 feet long by 3 feet thick; but the ill-conditioned relatives of the deceased had placed nothing therein save the corpse; and we were annoyed not to find any trace of inscriptions

near this ruined town, which might have thrown some light on the subject. All I feel sure of is that the Portuguese did not build this town, as it is commonly asserted. In fact I did not see any building on the island which can definitely be ascribed to that nation. When one has seen the elaborate forts erected by the Portuguese on the coasts of the Persian Gulf and East Africa, one feels pretty confident in asserting that they took no steps to permanently settle themselves in Socotra; in fact their occupation of it only extended over a period of four years, and the probability is that, finding it harbourless, and worth little for their purposes of a depot on the road to India, they never thought it worth their while to build any permanent edifices.

On the plain behind Tamarida there is a conical hill about 200 feet high called Hasan, which has been fortified as an Acropolis, and was provided with cemented tanks. These ruins have also been called Portuguese, but they looked to me more Arabic in character. There are also the foundations of some curious unfinished houses at Kadhoop, also assigned to the Portuguese; but there appears to me to be no reason whatsoever for ascribing these miserable remains to the builders of the fine forts at Muscat, the founders of Ormuz and Goa, and the lords of the East up to the seventeenth century.

Below Fereghet the valley gets broader and runs straight down to the sea at the south of the island, where the streams from Mount Haghier all lose themselves in a vast plain of sand called Noget. This is the widest point of the island of Socotra, and it is really only thirty-six miles between the sea at Tamarida and the sea at Noget, but the intervention of Mount Haghier and its ramifications make it appear a very long way indeed.

The island to the east, and to the west of its great mountain very soon loses its fantastic scenery and its ample supply of water. We first landed on Socotra at the town of Kalenzia, at the extreme western end of the island, with an apology for a port or roadstead facing Africa, and the one most sheltered during the prevalence of the north-east monsoon. Kalenzia is a wretched spot, a jumble, like the capital, of the scum of the East: Arab traders, a Banyan or two, a considerable Negroid population in the shape of soldiers and slaves, and Bedouins from the mountains, who come down with their skins and jars of clarified butter to despatch in dhows to Zanzibar, Muscat, and other butterless places.

Butter is now the great and almost the only export of the island, and the butter of Socotra has quite a reputation of its own in the markets on the shores of Arabia and Africa. The Bedouin's life is given up to the production of butter, and the Sultan of Socotra owns a dhow which exports it in very large quantities; and for this purpose they keep their numerous flocks and herds—more numerous, I think, than I ever saw before in so limited a space.

Scattered over Socotra there are numerous villages, each being a little cluster of from five to ten round or oblong houses and round cattle pens. I was informed by a competent authority on the island that there are 400 of these pastoral villages between Ras Kalenzia and Ras Momi, a distance of some 70 odd miles as the crow flies; and from the frequency with which we came across them during our marches up only a limited number of Socotra's many valleys, I should think the number is not over-estimated. If this is so, the population of the island must be considerably over the estimate given, and must approach twelve or thirteen thousand souls; but owing to the migratory nature of the inhabitants, and their life, half spent in houses and half in caves, any exact census would be exceedingly hard to obtain.

Kalenzia, like Tamarida, has its lagoon, fed by water coming down from its more humble, encircling mountains, reaching an altitude of about 1,500 feet. The shore here is rendered pestiferous by rotten seaweed and the bodies of sharks, with back fin and tail cut off, exposed for drying on the beach, and the eight days we had to tarry at Kalenzia before our journey inland could be arranged for were the most tedious of those we spent on the island.

Kalenzia boasts of a wretched little mosque, in character like those found in third-rate villages in Arabia; Kadhoop possesses another, and Tamarida no less than two; and these represent the sum-total of the present religious edifices in Socotra, for the Bedouins in their mountain villages do not care for religious observances, and own no mosques.

It is a wonder that all the inhabitants of Kalenzia do not die from fever, for the lagoon here is very fetid-looking, and they drink from nothing else; we preferred the brackish water from a well hard by until we discovered a nice stream under the slopes of the mountains about three miles away, to which we sent skins to be filled. This stream is under the northern slopes of the Kalenzia range, and near it are the ruins of an ancient town, and as it trickles on towards the island it fertilises the country exceedingly, and its banks are rich in palms and other trees. The abandoned site of this old town is infinitely preferable to the modern one, and much healthier.

Whilst at Kalenzia we must have had nearly all the inhabitants of the place at our tent asking for a remedy for one disease or another; mostly gastric troubles they seemed to be, which they would describe as pains revolving in their inside like a wheel, and wounds. The Socotran medical lore is exceedingly crude. One old man we found by the shore having the bowels of a crab put on a very sore finger by way of ointment; a baby of very tender age (11 months) had had its back so seared by a red-hot iron that it could get no rest, and cried most piteously. They have no soap, no oil, no idea of washing or cleansing a wound, and cauterisation with a hot iron appears to be

their panacea for every ailment. Yet the Bedouins in the mountains certainly understand the efficacy of cupping; one of our servants had a touch of fever, and the native Bech, who demanded 2 annas from me as his fee, shaved a bit of hair off his patient's head, punctured the skin, and to this applied a horn, which he sucked, and then proceeded with certain incantations necessary to complete the cure, sitting and looking at his patient, and making passes with his hands as if he were about to mesmerise him. A favourite remedy with them is to stop up a nostril with a plug to prevent certain noxious scents penetrating into it; but, as far as we could see, they make no use whatsoever of the many medicinal herbs which grow so abundantly on the island.

The women of Kalenzia use turmeric largely for dyeing their faces and their bodies yellow, a custom very prevalent on the south coast of Arabia; they wear long robes, sometimes dyed with indigo, sometimes of a bright scarlet hue, the train of which is cast over one arm, and a loose veil of a gauzy nature, with which they conceal half their faces. Silver rings and bracelets of a very poor character and glass bangles complete their toilet, and the commoner class and Bedouin women weave a strong cloth in narrow strips of goat's hair, which they wrap in an unelegant fashion round their loins to keep them warm. From one end of Socotra to the other we never found anything the least characteristic or attractive amongst the possessions of the islanders, nothing but poor examples of what one finds everywhere on the south coast of Arabia.

Many weddings were going on during our residence at Kalenzia, and at them we witnessed a ceremony which I had not seen before. On the morning of the festive day the Socotrans, negro slaves being apparently excluded, assembled in a room and seated themselves round it. Three men played tambourines or tom-toms of skin called *teheranes*, and to this music they chanted passages out of the Koran, led by the 'mollah'; this formed a sort of religious preliminary to a marriage festival; and in the evening, of course, the dancing and singing took place to the dismal tune of the same tom-toms, detrimental very to our earlier slumbers. The *teherane* would seem to be the favourite and only Socotran instrument of music—if we except flutes made of the leg-bones of birds common on the opposite coast, and probably introduced from there—and finds favour alike with Arab, Bedouin, and negro.

The houses of Kalenzia are pleasantly shaded amongst the palm groves, and have nice little gardens attached, in which, gourds, melons, and tobacco grow; and in the middle of the paths between them one is liable to stumble over turtle backs, used as hencoops for some wretched specimens of the domestic fowl which exist here, and which lay eggs about the size of a pigeon's.

Owing to the scarcity of water in the south-western corner of the

island we were advised not to visit it; the wells were represented to us as dry, and the sheep as dying, though the goats still managed to keep plump and well liking. Perhaps the drought which has lately visited India may have affected Socotra too; and we were told before going there that a copious rainfall might be expected during December and January; but during our stay on the island we had hardly any rain, except when up on the heights of Mount Haghier.

We took five days in getting from Kalenzia to Tamarida, and found the water question on this route rather a serious one until we reached Mori and Kadhoop, where the streams from the high mountains began. Mori is a charming little spot by the sea, with a fine stream and a lagoon, and palms and bright yellow houses as a foreground to the dark blue mountains.

Kadhoop is another fishing village built by the edge of the sea, with a marshy waste of sand separating it from the hills; it possesses a considerable number of surf-boats and canoes, and catamarans on which the fishermen ply their trade. Just outside the town women were busy baking large pots for the export of butter, placing dung fires around them for this purpose. The Socotrans are very crude in their ceramic productions, and seem to have not the faintest inclination to decorate their jars in any way.

Between Kadhoop and Tamarida the spurs of Mount Haghier jut right out into the sea, forming a bold and rugged coast-line, and the path which connects the two places is as fine a one to look upon as I have ever seen. It is marvellous to see the camels struggling along this road, and awful to hear their groans, and the shouts of the camel-men as they struggle up and down and in and out of rocks; in parts the road was so bad that we had to engage twelve men to carry our luggage slung on long poles.

The views inland up the rugged yellow crags, covered with verdure and studded with the quaint gouty trees, are weird and extraordinary, and below at our feet the waves dashed up in clouds of white spray. We had heard much of the difficulties of this road and the dangers for foot-passengers, and we were told of the bleaching bones of the camels which had fallen into the abyss below. In fact, at Kadhoop our men tried all they could to persuade us to go round by sea; but we ourselves experienced none of these difficulties. We certainly saw the bones of one camel below us, but none of ours followed its example, but we revelled in the beauty of our surroundings, which made us think nothing of the toilsome scramble up and down the rocks.

As we left the mountain side and approached the plain of Tamarida we passed close by what would seem to have been an ancient ruined fort on the cliff above the sea, evidently intended to guard this path.

Sultan Salem of Socotra, the nephew of old Sultan Ali of Kisheen,

the monarch of the Mahri tribe, whom we had visited two years before on the south coast of Arabia, governs the island as his uncle's deputy. He has a castle at Tamarida of very poor and dilapidated appearance, which he rarely inhabits, preferring to live in the hills near Gárriah, or at his miserable house at Hanlaf, some eight miles along the coast from Tamarida. Hanlaf is as ungainly a spot as it is possible to conceive, without water, without wood, and invaded by sand; quite the ugliest place we saw on the island, its only recommendation being that during the north-east monsoons the few dhows which visit the island anchor there, since it affords some sort of shelter from the winds in that direction, and Sultan Salem has a keen eye to business.

His Majesty came to visit us shortly after our arrival at Tamarida from his country residence, and favoured us with an audience in the courtyard of his palace, with all the great men of the island seated around him. He is a man of fifty, with a handsome but somewhat sinister face; he was girt as to his head with a many-coloured *kafieh*, and as to his loins with a girdle supporting a finely inlaid Muscat dagger and a sword. His body was enveloped in a clean white robe, and his feet were bare.

We had again occasion to see him before we left the island, when we were bargaining with him for the use of his own dhow to take us back to Aden; and we found him in business matters very grasping and cunning, and, after demanding four times as much as we ought to pay, he finally managed to extort from us double the proper sum by forbidding the captains of any other craft to deal with us. This degenerate descendant of the kings of the frankincense country did not impress us much as a man in whom we could place implicit confidence, but nevertheless he gave us two fat kine and four lean lambs.

Certainly Tamarida is a pretty place, with its river, its lagoon, and its palms, its whitewashed houses and whitewashed mosques, and with its fine view of the Haghier range immediately behind it. The mosques are new, and offering but little in the way of architectural beauty, for the fanatical Wahhabees from Nejd swept over the island in 1801, and in their religious zeal destroyed the places of worship; and the extensive cemeteries still bear testimony to the ravages of these iconoclasts in ruined tombs and overturned headstones.

Still, as in Marco Polo's time, there is a mysterious glamour about the inhabitants of this island. They bear a very uncanny character with their neighbours, and two nervous Somali lads, who accompanied us in the capacity of servants, expressed great fear of being bewitched, and got hold of a story of a woman of Mustat who was bewitched by a Socotran and turned into a seal, in which form she was compelled to swim to the island. This imputation of magic power has survived long, for in ancient days Socotran women were believed to lure ships on to their doom with their magic wiles, and to possess the power of

producing calms and storms at will. As for the inhabitants of Tamarida, they are much afraid of certain *jinni*, or goblins, which haunt their stream, and never, if they can help it, go near it at night.

We hired our camels for our journey eastwards from the Arab merchants at Tamarida; they are the sole camel proprietors in the island, as the Bedouins own nothing but their flocks: and excellent animals they are, too—the strongest and tallest I have seen. Of our camel-men, some were Bedouins and some were niggers, and we found them on the whole honest and obliging, and with the usual keen eye for a possible backsheesh, not uncommon elsewhere.

The eastern end of Socotra is similar in character to the west, being a low continuation of the spurs of Haghier, intersected with valleys, and with a plateau stretching right away to Ras Momi about 1,800 feet above the sea-level. This plateau is a perfect paradise for shepherds, with much rich grass all over it; but it is badly watered, and water has to be fetched from the valleys below. In the lower ground are found quantities of wild donkeys, which, the Bedouins complained, were in the habit of trampling upon and killing their goats. Whether these donkeys are naturally wild or descendants of escaped tamed ones I am unable to say. Some are dark and some are white, and their skins seemed to me more glossy than those of the domestic moke. The Bedouins like to catch them if they can, and tame them for domestic use.

The east of the island is decidedly more populous than the west, as the water supply is better, and we were constantly passing the little round-housed villages, with their palm groves and their flocks. At first we kept along the lower ground for some time, passing by Garriah Khor, a very long inlet or lagoon which stretches inland for at least two miles; and then we ascended to a plateau which runs all the way to Ras Momi, about 1,500 feet above the sea-level. We found here large numbers of Bedouins dwelling in deep caves with their cattle; and as we ascended we passed a peak 2,000 feet high, called Godahan, which has a great hole in the middle of it, through which a large patch of sky is visible. Behind this peak is a curious flat ridge, raised not so many feet above the plateau, which is called Matagioti, and is perfectly honeycombed with fissures and crevices, offering delightful homes for people of troglodytic tendencies. Huge fig trees grow in these crevices; and dragon's-blood trees, and the large herds of cows and goats revel in the rich carpet of grass which covers the flat surface of the plateau. Unfortunately, this rich pasture ground is only indifferently supplied with water. We obtained ours from two very nasty holes where rain water had lain, and in which many cattle had washed; and when these dry up the Bedouins have to go down to the lower valleys in search of it. Before we left it had assumed the appearance of porter.

As Ras Momi is approached the country wears a very desolate

aspect ; there are no trees here, but low bushes and stunted adeniums covered with lichen ; very little water, but plenty of undulating grass-covered hills. It is curious that in this somewhat wild and at present uninteresting locality we found more traces of ruins and bygone habitations than we found in any other part of the island. About five miles from Ras Momi, and hidden by an amphitheatre of low hills on the watershed between the two seas, we came across the foundations of a large square building, constructed out of very large stones, and with great regularity. It was 105 feet square ; the outer wall was 6 feet thick, and it was divided inside into several compartments by transverse walls. To the south-east corner was attached an adjunct, 14 by 22 feet. There was very little soil in this building ; nothing whatever save the foundations to guide us in our speculations as to what this could be. Other ruins of a ruder and more irregular character lay scattered in the vicinity, and at some remote period, when Socotra was in its brighter days, this must have been an important centre of civilisation.

The hills all about here are divided into irregular plots by long piles of stones stretching in every direction, certainly not the work of the Socotrans of to-day, but the work of some people who valued every inch of ground, and utilised it for some purpose or other. The miles of walls we passed here, and rode over with our camels, give to the country somewhat the aspect of the Yorkshire wolds. It has been suggested that they were erected as divisions for aloë-growing ; but I think if this was the case traces of aloes would surely be found here still ; aloes are still abundant about Fereghet and the valleys of Haghier, but here near Ras Momi there are none. Near the summit of one hill we passed an ancient and long disused reservoir, dug in the side of the hill, and constructed with stones ; and during our stay here we visited the sites of many ancient villages, and found the cave charnel-houses already alluded to.

Before leaving this corner of the island we journeyed to the edge of the plateau and looked down the steep cliffs at the Eastern Cape, where Ras Momi pierces with a series of diminishing heights the Indian Ocean. The waves were dashing over the remains of a wreck, still visible, of a German vessel which went down here with all hands some few years ago, and the Bedouins produced for our edification several fragments of German print, which they had treasured up, and which they deemed of fabulous value. Ras Momi somewhat reminded us of Cape Finisterre, in Brittany, and as a dangerous point for navigation it also resembles it closely.

We took a southern path westward again, and after a few days of somewhat monotonous travelling after leaving Ras Momi we again came into the deeper valleys and finer scenery of the central district

of the island, and found our way across the heights of Haghier to Tamarida again.

I should think few places in the world have pursued the even tenor of their ways over so many centuries as Socotra has. Yakout, writing 700 years ago, speaks of the Arabs as ruling here; the author of the *Periplus* tells us the same thing; and now we have a representative of the same country and the same race governing the island still.

Socotra has followed the fortunes of Arabia; throughout, the same political and religious influences which have been at work in Arabia have been felt here. Socotra, like Arabia, has gone through its several stages of Pagan, Christian, and Mohammedan beliefs. The first time it came in contact with modern ideas and modern civilisation was when the Portuguese occupied it in 1538; and this was, as we have seen, ephemeral. Then the island fell under the rod of Wahhabee persecution at the beginning of this century, as did nearly the whole of Arabia in those days. In 1835 it was for a short time brought under direct British influence, and Indian troops encamped on the plain of Tamarida. It was then uncertain whether Aden or Socotra would be chosen as a coaling station for India, and Lieutenant Wellsted was sent in the *Palinurus* to take a survey of it; but doubtless the harbourless condition of the island, and the superior advantages Aden afforded for fortification and for commanding the mouth of the Red Sea, influenced the final decision, and Socotra, with its fair mountains and rich fertility, was again allowed to relapse into its pristine state of quiescence, and the British soldier was condemned to sojourn on the barren, burning rocks of Aden, instead of in this island paradise.

Finally, in 1876, to prevent the island being acquired by any other nation, the British Government entered into a treaty with the Sultan, by which the latter gets 360 dollars a year, and binds himself and his heirs and successors, 'amongst other things, to protect any vessel, foreign or British, with the crew, passengers and cargo, that may be wrecked on the island of Socotra and its dependencies,' and it is understood that the island is never to be ceded to a foreign Power without British consent.

A more peaceful, law-abiding people it would be hard to find elsewhere—such a sharp contrast to the tribes on the south Arabian coast. They seem never to quarrel amongst themselves, as far as we could see, and the few soldiers Sultan Salenu possesses have a remarkably easy time of it. Our luggage was invariably left about at night without anyone to protect it, and none of it was stolen, and after our journeys in Southern Arabia the atmosphere of security was exceedingly agreeable. Money is scarce in the island, and so are jealousies, and probably the Bedouins of Socotra will remain in their bucolic innocence

to the end of time, if no root of bitterness in the shape of modern civilisation is planted amongst them.

It is undoubtedly a providential thing for the Socotran that his island is harbourless, that his mountains are not auriferous, and that the modern world is not so keen about dragon's blood, frankincense and myrrh as the ancients were.

J. THEODORE BENT.

DO FOREIGN ANNEXATIONS INJURE BRITISH TRADE?

I have often thought how strange is the contrast between men in their individual and in their collective capacities. The individual Briton is the boldest, the most disregarding man as to danger you can find anywhere on earth; he never expects that evil is coming upon him or doubts his power to resist it. The collective Briton, however, is as timorous as a woman; he sees danger everywhere. If any nation increases its exports for a single year, the downfall of British trade is at hand. If any nation finds an outlet for its trade in some new or unexplored portion of the world, instead of rejoicing at the amount of natural resources which is proclaimed for human industry, he says there is a rival to whom our fall will be due. I entreat them to abandon this state of fear and to believe that which all past history teaches us—that, left alone, British industry, British enterprise, British resource is competent, and more than competent, to beat down every rivalry, under any circumstances, in any part of the globe, that might arise.¹

THERE is a very widespread impression that the recent colonial activity of European powers has already had, and is destined to have in the future in a still larger degree, an evil influence upon the maintenance and expansion of British foreign trade. It is pointed out with truth that the area of possible *new* markets for the produce of European manufacture is steadily diminishing, while competition in the older markets of the world becomes each year more acute. European states are endeavouring to secure for themselves the monopoly of such new markets as remain by wholesale annexations. Africa, which even a few years ago appeared to offer all sorts of possibilities, is being mapped out into 'spheres of influence' within which the occupying power is to be left free to reap all the advantage it can, both political and commercial. The scramble for the remaining markets of the world is in fact becoming fast and furious. It is not denied that into this scramble Great Britain has entered with at least as much vigour as any of her rivals, but it is pointed out that whereas Great Britain allows her competitors to share with her upon absolutely equal terms at all events the opportunities offered by her new territories, the first thing every other Power does

¹ Speech of Lord Salisbury at the Annual Dinner of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, March 10, 1897.

is to erect a tariff wall round its new acquisitions for its own benefit and to the disadvantage of all competitors.

This is undoubtedly a point of great importance and cannot be made too clear.

It is a fact that the colonial policy of Great Britain—whether for good or evil—has not in recent times sanctioned the imposition of preferential duties in favour of the mother country.² Whatever part of the earth's surface Great Britain annexes, she opens as freely to foreigners as to her own subjects, and to that extent she may be said to be a true pioneer of commerce wherever she goes. So far her unrivalled financial and (in a less degree) commercial position has given her a dominating influence in her own colonial markets, but that does not detract from the merit of having offered her competitors the same opportunities as are presented to herself.

It has, on the other hand, been the policy of other European countries in their colonial fiscal legislation to discriminate in favour of the mother country. Their views of colonial expansion are the views which were held in England until the early part of this century. Apart from a sentiment of which I shall presently speak, they value and maintain their colonies as a source of direct and exclusive profit for themselves. I am not concerned to criticise this policy one way or the other. It is one of the facts of politics which has to be accepted by statesmen and men of business. Foreign annexation means a tariff wall, a wall of varying height and varying solidity, but a wall all the same.

And, so far as one can judge, this policy is not likely to be speedily changed. Colonial expansion is in the air. It has become an essential part of the policy of the more progressive European states. They are realising—perhaps a little late in the day—that the future of the world belongs to the great states, the 'world states' as Seeley called them. In comparison with such empires as Great Britain and her colonies, the United States of America, and perhaps Russia, will have become in say fifty years' time, Germany and France without colonies must inevitably dwindle in importance and status. They might retain great military strength, they no doubt would retain great intellectual and commercial vitality, but their influence outside Europe would necessarily decline until they came to take a secondary place in the life of the globe. It is certain that they have perceived this. The very movement which has brought about in Great Britain so striking a change in the views of all public men, and indeed of all educated persons, with regard to our colonies has had its counterpart in a less degree in France and Germany. Since the great war of 1870, France has set herself to build up with almost feverish haste a great colonial empire in Africa and Indo-China. Her Government

² Our right to accept exclusive preferential treatment from our own colonies appears to have been surrendered in our treaties with Belgium and Germany.

has not hesitated to take upon itself responsibility after responsibility for distant annexations, even during those earlier years when the whole sentiment of the nation was in favour of husbanding and concentrating the national resources in view of dangers and eventualities nearer home.

In the case of Germany—absorbed as she has been in multiplying her means of production and fitting herself for a deadly struggle with Great Britain for the commercial supremacy of the world—colonial expansion has been somewhat less rapid and on a less extended scale. Still large territories in Africa have been added to her Empire during the last fifteen years, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that other schemes are being held over for future execution as opportunity may arise.

It is not surprising that the development of an active policy on the part of foreign powers in a field which we had come to regard as peculiarly our own should have excited apprehension in the minds of many Englishmen, especially when they saw an active colonial policy always accompanied by a restrictive commercial policy. Surely territory annexed by foreign powers and at once fenced round with a protective tariff would be lost to our industry? To the somewhat nervous patriot every foreign annexation seems another possible market snatched from British trade.

I believe these fears to be exaggerated. I believe that a careful examination of our trade with foreign colonies will be found both consoling and reassuring, consoling because we shall see how valuable a trade is already carried on with the old and long settled colonies of Spain, Holland, and Portugal, reassuring because of the fair promise for the future afforded by our growing trade with the recently acquired territories of the more progressive powers.

I think that such an examination will bring home to our minds just those lessons which are so admirably summarised by Lord Salisbury in the quotation at the head of this article. And the first of those lessons is that most of the annexations which can now take place, by whomsoever they are made, really do mean new opportunities for human industry and human enterprise, opportunities which British traders can avail themselves of, and do avail themselves of with far more success than any other traders. And another and more unexpected lesson is that tariff walls are not the greatest hindrance to trade. They are a hindrance of course, and a serious hindrance; but given a settled country with inhabitants who attach a value to European products, and have something to exchange for them, British traders will find means to do business with them tariff or no tariff. It is far better for British trade that a country should be settled under an orderly government, even though that government imposes a hostile tariff, than that it should be a free and open market with anarchy and social disorder reigning within.

I propose to examine our trade with foreign colonies in the following pages, and I am persuaded that many of the figures and many of the facts will be new to most readers. Probably few but experts have a very definite idea of the amount of our exports to foreign colonies. There is a general and vague impression that under the circumstances they cannot be large. The figures are not often presented to the public in a clear and simple form, and a natural horror of statistics prevents the ordinary man from following the matter very far. * And yet it is certain that every one who takes an interest in foreign and colonial affairs would be glad to know the facts, especially if they come as a relief to the pessimism which has of late invaded the public mind with regard to the future of British trade.

Before proceeding to give the figures, a word of caution is necessary. We must not expect large amounts, because many of these colonies are in their infancy, nor must we expect large increases from year to year, because the growth of trade with new markets is comparatively slow. The days of 'leaps and bounds' belong to the past. Except for purely journalistic purposes few striking or sensational facts can be elicited from statistics of trade. One must be satisfied with small growths if they are steady, and with tendencies if they are uniformly in one direction.

These are the figures of our total exports ³ to foreign colonies.⁴

Annual Average for the Period 1881 to 1890	Annual Average for the Period 1886 to 1890	Annual Average for the Period 1891 to 1896
£ 7,940,288	£ 7,518,563	£ 7,744,016

That is to say we export annually direct to the colonies of foreign powers, in spite of hostile tariffs, about 8,000,000*l.* worth of goods of one kind or another. This is more than the total value of our annual exports to the kingdom of Italy, or to Spain and Portugal, or to Turkey. It represents four-fifths of the value of our exports to Russia. It greatly exceeds what we send to China, and does not fall far short of our exports to China and Japan together. It is just as much as we send to our own Dominion of Canada.

In face of such figures as these the importance of foreign colonial markets cannot be questioned.

And further, they are increasing markets, not declining markets. This statement hardly appears to be borne out by the above figures, but the apparent falling off is entirely due to a reduction in our exports to the Spanish colonies, owing no doubt to the insurrection in Cuba and disturbances in the Philippines. Our exports to the colonies of France, Portugal and Holland all show an increase during the last quinquennial period.

* Only exports are dealt with because they alone are directly affected by tariffs.

⁴ Tunis is not included.

This will be made clear by the following table:

	Annual Average for Period 1881 to 1885	Annual Average for Period 1886 to 1890	Annual Average for Period 1891 to 1895
	£	£	£
French possessions *	808,520	703,308	950,841
Dutch "	2,212,059	1,882,314	2,372,475
Portuguese "	648,696	787,140	941,270
Spanish "	4,006,696	4,047,630	3,410,547
Danish "	174,317	98,171	68,883
German "	† —	† —	† —

* Excluding Tunis.

† No reliable record.

Comparing the last quinquennial period with the period 1881 to 1885, the money value of our annual exports to French possessions has increased from 17 to 18 per cent., that to Dutch possessions about 7 per cent., and that to Portuguese possessions about 45 per cent. Taking the three groups of colonies together, the latest period shows an increase of 16 per cent. upon the earliest. And this increase has taken place in face of a steady and continuous fall in prices.⁵

In our exports to the colonies of Spain there is a decline of about 15 per cent., but this, as already stated, is mainly due to the war in Cuba, which has seriously impaired the fortunes of that island, and to the disturbed state of the Philippines, where trade has greatly suffered.

In confirmation of this view it may be stated that the exports of other European countries to Spanish possessions during the same period have declined considerably. But for these untoward circumstances it is fair to assume that our exports to the Spanish colonies would have held their own.

The Danish West Indian Islands, which constitute the colonial possessions of Denmark, do not apparently afford an expansive market for our commerce. The totals of our exports to these islands are not large, but the falling off during the last two quinquennial periods is very heavy. I am not able to explain the cause of this falling off, but that it is *not* due to the action of a customs tariff discriminating in favour of the mother country is clearly proved by the figures of Denmark's own exports to her colonies during the same period.

*Total Value of Danish Exports to Danish West Indies**

Annual Average for Period 1881 to 1885	Annual Average for Period 1886 to 1890	Annual Average for Period 1891 to 1895
£ 15,160	£ 11,700	£ 13,745 (about)

⁵ Lest it should be said that perhaps the latest period corresponds with a period of general inflation, I call attention to the fact that on the contrary the years 1891 to 1895 were years of declining exports in our general foreign trade.

* These figures, which are only approximate, are taken from the 'Statistical Abstract for the principal and other Foreign Countries,' issued by the Board of Trade.

There is certainly no sign here of the Danish exports being swollen by trade diverted from Great Britain.

Of our trade with German colonies there are no reliable returns for the fifteen years with which I am dealing. However important and dangerous Germany may be as a rival in the markets of the world, up to the present her colonial activity has been more tiresome and embarrassing to diplomatists than to traders. Her acquisitions are too recent for them to afford any profitable illustration of the effects of tariffs upon trade.

Foreign colonies fall naturally and obviously into two groups:

(1) The old and long settled colonies, such as those of Holland, Spain, and some of the most important settlements of France and Portugal.

(2) The more recently acquired possessions of France and Germany, and any other actively colonising power.

A glance at the above table will show how valuable our trade is with these old colonies. The possessions of Spain take almost as much from us as Spain herself. Our exports to the Dutch East Indies are greater than our exports to the Austrian Empire. Still these colonies are like the older countries of the world. They have been exploited for a long time. We do not expect a rapid and striking development of British commerce with them any more than with the mother countries. It is interesting and gratifying to know that they do continue to afford us valuable and, on the whole, not declining markets.

But the main interest and importance of an examination such as this lies not with them but with the new and undeveloped territories which European powers in our own day keep on adding to their possessions. Are they practically lost to British trade or are they not? It is with this question that I am most concerned.

In the present state of the world, European powers can only add to their colonial possessions in two ways. They may encroach upon the more or less civilised and settled territory of the enfeebled Oriental states, as for instance the French have done in Tunis and Indo-China, or as we ourselves have done in Zanzibar—veiling exclusive influence under the title of protectorates—or they may annex out and out the lands of barbarous peoples, as most of the European states have done in Africa and elsewhere. In the first case it is probable, and in the second it is possible, that British traders may already be doing business with the territory which falls under foreign influence. It so happens that the French possessions include instances of both kinds, and that they have been in existence long enough to give at all events some indication of what is likely to be the effect of foreign occupation upon Great Britain's trade with those lands. For instance there is the State of Tunis, with which we were carrying on a considerable trade before the French declared their protectorate in 1881. After that event, it need hardly

